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THE YELLOW VAN DRAWINGS IN COLOR  
BY THE AUTHOR OF OF THE GREAT SOUTHWEST BY  
Nº 5 JOHN STREET MAXFIELD PARRISH

# THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE



THE PROLOGUE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

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VI. Water let in on a Field of Alfalfa

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EDWARD EDWARDS



THE GRAND CAÑON OF THE COLORADO



# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXV

NOVEMBER, 1902

No. 1

## THE NEW YORK POLICE COURT

BY EDWIN BIORKMAN

WITH PICTURES BY E. L. BLUMENSCHNEIN

THE boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx maintain seven city magistrates' courts, which dispose of petty offenders and decide whether the evidence against prisoners charged with more serious misdeeds is sufficient to warrant their trial before a court of higher instance. Popularly they are known as police courts; officially they are classed as courts of examination. I like to call them courts of mercy, because within their precincts the letter of the law is not necessarily binding, and legal right does not always take precedence of moral right. In other courts, suitors and sued alike can expect only justice at the best, while in these they may look for what is more—for mercy, forbearance, charity.

The police court is the court of the people, and to many it is the only court known to exist. Men and women who have been deceived, cheated, robbed, or annoyed go there to secure a quicker and more certain redress than they would be able to obtain by civil process. Many grievances which under a strict construction of the law could be remedied only in the civil courts are accepted by the magistrates as foundations for criminal charges, and many persons who would disregard a

civil-court judgment become very anxious to make amends when threatened with a criminal-court sentence.

To get an idea of the importance of the police courts of the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx it is not enough to mention that 93,389 prisoners were arraigned in them during the year 1900, and that 68,769 of these were under the summary jurisdiction of the magistrates, who had categorical power to dismiss them, to fine them, or to place them under bonds to keep the peace, with the alternative of sending them to the workhouse if the bond was not forthcoming. It should also be remembered that a preliminary hearing before a magistrate is an inalienable right of the prisoner, and that an adverse decision by the magistrate may be reversed by the trial court. A discharged prisoner may be indicted, and then rearrested. Thus, out of 22,174 prisoners who in 1900 were charged with felonies or misdemeanors, more than one half were spared a trial because the magistrates recognized their innocence or found that the evidence against them was insufficient to secure a conviction.

The old police justices, with all their patriarchally arbitrary interpretations (or

misinterpretations) of the law, were legislated out of existence in 1895. The new law created a separate board of justices for the trial of "misdemeanors," or minor offenses that do not call for a jury trial, and placed the remaining duties of the police justices in the hands of a board of nine city magistrates, who were to be appointed by the mayor from the ranks of the legal profession. The members of the first board were to retire gradually, but

what even a single night in a station-house cell implies.

Despatch must be the main object when fifty or sixty prisoners are waiting to be arraigned, and the etiquette and formal mode of procedure observed in the higher courts are lost sight of here. Complainants, witnesses, lawyers, policemen, and others admitted into the immediate presence of the magistrate, have a nonchalant way of leaning one elbow, at



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#### TYPES OF POLICE-COURT LAWYERS

after that the term of service was to be ten years. In 1897 it was found necessary to add three more members to the board.

In order to share equally the advantages and annoyances of the seven courts of Manhattan and the Bronx, the magistrates have arranged a system of rotation, so that each one of them sits for about three weeks in a court, and then enjoys a few days of rest before passing on to the next one. The rest is well needed, for the police courts are never closed for twenty-four hours in succession. On Sundays and holidays, as well as on week-days, throughout the fifty-two weeks of the year, the seven courts are kept open for a few hours at least to enable the magistrates to dispose of the prisoners gathered up during the preceding night. To many a poor fellow arrested by mistake or for some trifling cause on a Saturday night or on the eve of a holiday, that system has proved a boon that cannot be appreciated by any one who does not know

least, on his desk, and few can resist the temptation of toying with his gavel and penholders if they are within reach. As a rule, the magistrate is too intent on unraveling the tangled skein of evidence to pay much heed to outward forms. Even the man who fingers the gavel becomes tolerable when he has the rare gift of being able to answer questions in a concise and intelligible way. There is really only one breach of etiquette which is considered unpardonable in a police court, and that is to cover one's head after the appearance of the magistrate on the bench has been heralded by the customary cry of "Hats off!" How fond the average American is of the privilege of keeping his head covered is strikingly shown in these courts. If a prisoner is discharged, his first move, in nine cases out of ten, is to put on his hat. He seems to think that the bared head is a sign of servility which may befit a prisoner but not a free man.





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THE MAGISTRATE AND APPLICANTS FOR MERCY

The doors of the court-room are thrown open at eight o'clock in the morning. At that hour many persons are already waiting to get in; and when, at nine o'clock, the court day begins officially, there are few vacant seats on the long benches that fill two thirds of the room. The dramas that have for their stage the little platform in front of the magistrate known as the "bridge" are always enacted before full houses, and public attention or interest is

think them principals to some case in court rather than mere spectators.

A majority of those that constitute the audience, however, are led there by strong personal motives. They include the relatives, the friends, and, not seldom, the accomplices of the prisoners about to be arraigned. Some come there to seek redress for suffered wrongs; others are looking for vengeance; and still others appear, voluntarily or under compulsion, as wit-



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#### ANXIOUS RELATIVES

never lacking. Every court has its habitués, men and women, who regard it as an incomparable source of amusement. They come early, day after day, and always manage to get seats well to the front. They make friends with the policemen, and learn to know the manners, methods, and idiosyncrasies of all the magistrates. They laugh outright when the court deigns to crack a joke, and titter meaningly whenever anything is brought out that savors of scandal. Quite often they are excited into outcries or loud comments, and judging by the interest they display and their whispered criticisms of everything, one would

nesses. The average police-court audience is not pleasing to the sight, smell, or any other sense. Its appearance speaks loudly of poverty, misfortune, transgression, ignorance, cupidity, and all-round meanness. Yet it is composed largely of elements deserving pity, if not sympathy. There you find the mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters of the thieves, the bullies, the roisterers, and the wife-beaters. There you find aged fathers craning their necks to catch glimpses of wayward sons, while their hands tremble until they cannot hold the crude walking-sticks on which they are leaning, and their lips twitch as if in utterance of incessant





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# WAITING FOR THE CALL "HATS OFF!" AT THE JEFFERSON MARKET POLICE COURT

prayers. Sobs and groans rise from groups of ragged women huddled together on the stiff-lacked benches, with staring, open-mouthed children pressed close to them, as if for protection. When you look into these worried faces you cannot help thinking that, in spite of all strife and misunderstanding and ill will, there must be a good deal of love scattered about this world, coarse in its manifestations, selfish in spirit, hope-

lessly misdirected, and yet always bearing the stamp of its divine origin.

Each court district includes five or six contributory police stations. All the prisoners gathered into these stations during the hours of the night, except those few fortunate ones who have been bailed out by friends, are carted to court in patrol-wagons early in the morning, and constitute what in court and police parlance is known

as the "morning watch." While waiting for the court session to open, they are huddled together in two "pens," or improvised cells, which adjoin the court-room. The arrival of the magistrate is followed by the cry of "Bring out the prisoners"; and out they march in dismal file, to be lined up along the inside of the railing that divides

similar ordeals, may be heard whispering encouragement to the weeping "shoplifter" who has been caught for the first time. All who find a place in that line seem to be joined together, for the time being, by a mysterious sense of fellowship. No matter how they came there or how brief their stay, for the moment they are sisters and



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THE MAN IN EVENING DRESS BESIDE THE TATTERED  
RAGAMUFFIN AND THE CONFIDENCE MAN

the inner precincts of the court from the audience. In that line the scamp and the knave are ranked together with unfortunates who by weakness or folly have been led into unwitting antagonism to the law. The man in evening dress who has forgotten the wisdom of moderation in all pleasure-seeking is flanked, perchance, by a tattered ragamuffin on one side and by an overdressed "con" man on the other. The woman of the street, hardened, as far as her own person is concerned, by many

brothers of the great Order of Wrong-Siders.

Guilt or misfortune, however, is the only thing they all have in common. Otherwise they differ infinitely with regard to age, class, calling, race, nationality, and creed. A single glance may embrace the toddler who has strayed away from home and comes riding into court on the shoulder of a giant in blue, and the hobbling, grave-approaching octogenarian. They have come from all corners of the earth, and,

when they speak, the days of Babel are recalled. The court interpreter is familiar with six languages at least, but he might master twice as many and yet fail to meet all emergencies.

Disheveled hair, heavy eyelids, dull eyes, bedraggled faces, and soiled clothing speak, more plainly than words, of evenings wasted in debauch, of sleepless nights on the wooden benches of station-house cells, and of bitter morning draughts of shame and remorse. The very neglect of outward appearance, however, is often an indication of a still unblunted conscience. It is said that in war you can easily recognize the veteran soldiers by the way in which they manage to take care of their persons and to provide for comparative comfort under the most unfavorable circumstances. Crime has its veterans as well as war. If while glancing along the prisoners' line your eye should fall upon some person who looks as if he had just emerged from his dressing-room after a careful morning toilet, you may suspect him of being a criminal, and not a casual transgressor—either an old-timer caught once more "turning a trick," or a swindler with social pretensions surprised at last in his career of hypocrisy and hidden crime. The women who appear to least disadvantage while taking their turn in that fateful line are those who in the complaints invariably are characterized by the epithet of "disorderly." While waiting to be arraigned, the prisoners find themselves the center of a far from tactful attention bestowed on them, for differing reasons, by policemen, lawyers, and spectators. They bear it quietly as a rule, some being genuinely indifferent and others trying to appear so. On one occasion I noticed a prisoner squirming uneasily under the sharp inspection of a headquarters detective. "Never you mind," the man from Mulberry street said cheerfully, almost kindly; "I'm just taking in your mug for future reference—kind o' mental snap shot, you know."

Now and then a female prisoner, breaking down under the pressure of fatigue and suspense, falls with a hysterical cry and rolls on the floor in convulsions. It may be a real case, or it may be clever acting for the purpose of impressing the court. In neither case does the incident create much sensation. A couple of policemen pick up the woman by her arms and legs,—with

more gentleness than might be expected, —and half carry, half drag her into a side room, where water is liberally applied. There the matter generally ends, unless some reporter should remark that it might be turned into a "story."

The prisoners, according to the nature of their offenses, divide themselves into groups the size of which is inversely proportionate to the seriousness of the crime. For illustration I give here a list of ordinary offenses, together with the number of prisoners charged with each of them in 1900: arson, 25; felonious assault (with weapon), 1128; "simple" assault, 3885; attempted suicide, 424; burglary, 1513; disorderly conduct, 36,271; forgery, 94; homicide, 284; intoxication, 18,857; grand larceny (of more than \$25), 3472; petit larceny, 5324; robbery, 503; vagrancy, 5397.

The charge of disorderly conduct includes all kinds of minor transgressions tending to a breach of the peace, from participation in a street brawl to a refusal to "move on" at the order of a policeman. The "disorderlies," the "plain drunks," the neglectful husbands, the vagrants, the beggars, and the women of the street form the rank and file of the army of prisoners, their offenses being considered so paltry that the final disposition of their cases has been left in the hands of the magistrates. They may be regarded as the typical police-court prisoners. The aristocracy is composed of a different type of men and women. If the others are mainly characterized by weakness, these have strength and energy to spare. The charges to which they have to answer include every crime on the calendar, ranging from petit larceny up to arson and homicide. They are the professionals, while the others are amateurs only, and a sorry lot at that. In court they are treated with all the respect due to the importance of their crimes and the length of their records as criminals. A common sot may be buffeted and snubbed, but a dangerous burglar has to be handled with the consideration deserved by every one who has proved himself a success in his particular line of activity.

It is characteristic of almost all the prisoners except the drunks that their chief concern is to secure a delay. They plead and beg for an adjournment, which they know will only postpone the inevitable for





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SPECTATORS AND WITNESSES, JEFFERSON MARKET POLICE COURT (WOMEN'S BENCHES)

a day or two, and that although, through their inability to obtain bail, they will have to stay in prison just the same. The most plausible explanation is that they all are fatalists, always hoping that something unexpected may turn up to stave off the impending catastrophe. The drunks, on the other hand, are more eager to face the arbiter of their fates, knowing that nothing worse than a fine is likely to befall them, and that the sooner it is imposed the sooner it may be paid or served off. And then there is the chance, if the magistrate is in good humor, that they may get away unscathed at once.

As a rule, although not seldom still in their cups, they are loath to make any incriminating admissions. "No, sir," protested a man who kept himself from falling only by holding on nervously to the bar; "I'm not drunk, 'cause no one's drunk who's not falling all over himself." Excuses of the most wonderful kind, some of them really ingenious, others merely ridiculous, are put forward when the futility of feigning innocence has been discovered. The cleverest explanation of that kind that I ever heard was advanced by a man who, when taxed with having displayed unmistakable signs of intoxication, simply replied that he was a painter by trade.

"That has nothing to do with your condition," said the magistrate.

"Of course it has," rejoined the prisoner. "I was painting a barber's pole, and kept on twisting about after the stripes until I got so dizzy that the cop thought I was boozy."

For each story bearing the earmarks of truth there are a score of palpable inventions. Every conceivable ruse is employed to avert punishment. A man whose nose shines like a beacon will assert that he never in his life took a drop too much until the night before, when he was feeling ill, and two small drinks sufficed to disturb his equilibrium. "If you just let me off this time, I'll never do it again," is a standing plea. The magistrates are inclined to show leniency when there is the slightest chance that it may prove beneficial. In the case of working-men, particularly, whose lack of means compels them to serve off the fine in prison,—a day for each dollar,—the punishment is likely to result in loss of employment, thus adding new recruits to the already too numerous army of tramps, beg-

gars, and professional criminals. A favorite stratagem employed by the magistrates, in order to secure against a relapse without inflicting punishment, is to exact a pledge of total abstinence before granting a pardon. When a chance to get out of the trouble in that way is offered, the prisoner invariably jumps at it with suspicious eagerness. Backsliding is probably the rule, but the magistrates think that the exceptions are frequent enough to warrant the experiment.

Female drunkards are not so numerous as the men of the same class, but they are worse, are more hopelessly miserable, and are treated more harshly. Out of the 18,857 persons arrested for drunkenness in 1900, only a little more than one fourth were women; but while more than forty per cent. of the men were discharged, only twenty-five per cent. of the women escaped punishment. With few exceptions, they seem to be beyond redemption. Once in a while, however, that steady current of vice and misery which flows through the police court carries along with it a victim who has just lost her foothold and has not yet had time to drift too far out to be saved. I have in mind a scene that time cannot obliterate from my memory. A woman, still very young, with a year-old babe in her arms, was charged with being a habitual drunkard. The child was cooing and stretching its tiny arms toward the father, who stood on the bridge as his wife's accuser. He was a big, muscular fellow, uncouth, but honest, and full of gentle manliness. He tried to speak, but the words would not come. At last he laid his arms on the desk in front of the magistrate, dropped his head on them, and began to cry like a child, forgetful of everything but the woman's shame and his own sorrow. All he could blubber out was: "Give her another chance, judge! give her another chance!" The magistrate put his hand softly on the shoulder of the sobbing man, and then turned to the accused. His words were simple, and yet they seemed inspired. The noise and bustle of the court-room were suddenly hushed into reverent silence. Those who listened wondered if such words had ever been uttered in a court before. In a few moments they turned a stubborn, angry creature, who thought herself misused and misjudged, into a weeping penitent. She was a Roman Catholic, and she promised



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#### THE MAGISTRATE GRAPPLES WITH A FAMILY DIFFICULTY

that if she were permitted to return to her home and her husband she would go straight to a priest of her church and pledge herself nevermore to touch a drop of anything containing alcohol. The magistrate,

himself a Protestant, told her to go and sin no more.

Much leniency is also displayed, although more unwillingly and for entirely different reasons, toward the men accused

of having deserted or neglected their families. They are entitled to no sympathy whatever, and do not get any, but it is hard to hit them without making their families suffer with them. There are scores of "non-support" cases, as they are called, in the courts every day. The parties to them are mostly persons who live from hand to mouth. If the magistrate order the refractory husband to furnish a bond as guaranty for the fulfilment of his duties,—and that is the only way in which obedience to the court's decree can be enforced,—it means that the man has to serve a term in the workhouse, because his poverty and unworthiness make it impossible for him to secure a bondsman, and then his family is in a worse plight than before. If, on the other hand, for his family's sake, the man be let off with a scolding and an admonition to do better in the future, he is only too prone to disregard both, and even to act like the ruffian who, the moment he found himself free on the street, turned on his wife and beat her into senselessness, crying at the same time: "You have had your turn, you ——, and now it's mine!" He then made toward the nearest ferry, and quickly placed himself outside the court's jurisdiction and his wife's reach.

The only manner in which the magistrates used to be able to avoid both horns of that dilemma was by resorting to diplomacy. A solemn promise of good behavior was exacted from the prisoner, who was then discharged with a warning that he had been placed under a "verbal bond," and that a repetition of his offense would be followed by immediate punishment. The recent enactment of a "probationary law" has provided them with a better means of obtaining the same result, however. By placing the recalcitrant husband under the supervision of a probationary officer (each magistrate appointing one of those)—to whom the husband, still technically a prisoner, has to report at stated intervals, and who in turn visits the troubled home—the magistrate is able to protect the family without depriving them of their main support. It hap-

pens, too, that the wife begs the magistrate to protect her by sending the man to the workhouse at once, because he not only fails to provide for her and the children, but insists on spending on drink what little she can earn by the worst kind of drudgery.

Listening to such dreary tales, gasped out with many fearful side glances at the family tyrant, I have marveled at the amount of neglect and ill treatment which the women of the poorer classes will endure before they take recourse to the law. The traditions of those ages when a

wife was regarded in pretty much the same light as any other piece of personal property seem to be alive in the tenements even now, and their victims are slow to rebel against them.

A magistrate, happening to take pity on a tramp arraigned before him, persuaded the janitor of the court building to put the man to work shoveling the snow off the sidewalk. The tramp spent several minutes calling down blessings upon the head of his benefactor, and as soon as no one was looking walked away with the shovel. Other



Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein

A ROUNDSMAN

magistrates have had similar experiences, so that it is small wonder that they regard that class of prisoners with scant favor. Every tramp, when he finds himself under the scrutiny of the judicial eye, pretends to have a home and to be a hard-working laborer. Ask for his address, and he will mention some cheap Bowery lodging-house. For whom and where is he working? Why, he lost his last job a year ago, but he has just found a new one, and will go to work to-morrow morning, sure, if he be given the chance.

Look at a bunch of them just brought in from the city lodging-house. The rules of that institution permit its patrons to enjoy its hospitality unmolested for three nights within a reasonable period of time. The guest who comes back the fourth time is not refused accommodation, but next morning he is made a prisoner and taken to court as a vagrant. Glance along the ragged line. Every one is leaning indolently against the railing, as if too tired to



stand on his feet. A listless, shiftless lot they are, with vacant, inexpressive features that correspond well with the negative character of their offense. Impotence is written all over them: in their unsteady, roving eyes; in the warped contours of their heads; in their languid, graceless poses. Listen to their speech—stumbling, sputtering, or glib, but always meandering and empty of fact or real meaning. If not checked, they will waste half-hours promising to tell the whole truth and nothing else, and may they be stricken dead on the spot if they don't. Now and then you catch a reflection, or an echo as it were, of their former state of existence, when they, too, had dreams and ambitions. I recall a grotesque figure, clad in the ruin of a frock-coat, with a faded rose coquettishly stuck in his button-hole. Straightening himself up with a touch of all but forgotten gracefulness, he addressed the magistrate thus:

"Your most illustrious and distinguished Honor, to my inexpressible disgrace I have to admit an infringement on the wise rules established to insure the peace, order, and prosperity of this city of Manhattan; but believe me, your most learned Honor, that said offense was a venial one, inasmuch as I was enticed into it by the weakness of my flesh and by no volition or intent of my higher self. I comprehend the extent and gravity of my trespass and confess my culpability,—*culpa mea*, as the old Romans said,—but I solicit your gracious forbearance on the ground that this is my first transgression of the kind."

"Nothin' but a chronic bum," was the policeman's unfeeling response to the magistrate's questioning glance, and the orator had to share the ignominious fate of his

less eloquent brethren. That fate, when shaped by the magistrate, generally takes the form of a commitment to the workhouse for periods varying from thirty days to six months.

It is hardly surprising that the magistrates are most eager to exercise forbearance when juvenile offenders come before them, something that occurs with deplorable frequency.

Girls under a certain age seldom appear in court except as the involuntary victims of their parents' misfortune or guilt. The boys are different. They fight, throw stones, play ball on the street, pilfer lead pipe from vacant buildings, "shoot craps" under the very noses of the policemen, and try their best in a hundred ways to get into trouble. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children—better known throughout all the crowded portions of the city under the name of the Gerry Society—has an agent in each



Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein

TYPE OF AN ITALIAN POLICE-COURT LAWYER

court and a special room set aside for his use. Those rooms are not often empty, and more tears are shed in each of them than in all the court-rooms together. When the youngsters are brought before the magistrate, even the most hardened among them show signs of being impressed by the thought that the grave man in front of them has the power to send them away to places where they are kept in school twenty-four hours each day all the year around. The magistrate puts on his sternest mien when he beholds their dirty, tear-stained faces. He was never more angry in his life, you would think, and he lashes the trembling trespassers with an unsparing tongue until their last hope runs out of sight. Then his tone changes unexpectedly. He appeals to the best there is in them.

Finally he tells them that they may go for this time, but that terrible things will happen to them if they are caught again wandering along forbidden paths. The little sinners scurry away, feeling as if lightning had struck right at their feet without touching them. This does not apply to those deemed ungovernable, who are committed to reformatory institutions.

Whatever his offense, the preliminaries to the arraignment of each prisoner are the same. His "pedigree," including name, age, nationality, occupation, and place of residence, is first noted down by one of the clerks, who later draws the formal complaint, after consultation with the policeman in charge of the case and the complainant. The prisoner is then requested to plead guilty or not guilty to the charge. Direct confessions of guilt are rare even when the offender has been caught in *flagrante delicto*, although I remember a young servant-girl who insisted that the magistrate should send her to prison on her own confession of guilt, because, as she said, "she could not hope for peace of mind until her sin had been punished." She was so persistent in her course that when finally she found it impossible to obtain her purpose in any other way, she declared herself a vagrant, without home or means of support, and in that manner forced the magistrate to commit her to the workhouse.

Common, on the other hand, are qualified admissions, introducing supposedly extenuating circumstances of the most peculiar character. An Austrian boy, who was accused of stealing a number of sugar-bowls from the hotel where he had been given employment a few days after his landing in this country, replied: "Ich bin nicht schuldig; ich hab' es aus Noth gethan" ("I am not guilty; I did it from necessity").

Sometimes the efforts of the prisoners to free themselves in any way from the stigma of criminality bring into light touching stories of struggles against what almost appears like a preordained fate, a kind of remorseless, man-crushing kismet. There was a little girl in court once, an innocent-looking lassie who had barely entered her teens. To the surprise of all, a charge of grand larceny was made against her. She told the magistrate how the mother's poverty had obliged her to seek employment;

how she had succeeded in securing work several times, only to be discharged in a short time again; how despairing foremen and employers everywhere had greeted her with the humiliating cry of "Too slow"; how each failure had brought her a beating from the mother, until she no longer dared to confess another discharge. It was then that she remembered how often she had obtained goods on credit from wholesale firms without even having a written order from her employers. She stole, found it easy, and stole again, thus procuring for herself a life of ease and peace at the hands of her mother, who little suspected the actual origin of the money which the girl presented to her as her wages.

Lastly, the prisoner is placed before the magistrate to be formally accused of the crime alleged against him. The number of cases in which counsel appear is comparatively small nowadays, and, if judged by old-time standards, the business of the police-court lawyers is languishing. They used to cut a wide swath in the days of the old police justices, when they hovered about the courts like swarms of locusts, and only total indigence could save a man in trouble from being fleeced by them. Much has been done by the magistrates, directly as well as indirectly, to check their depredations. A great improvement has taken place, and yet many abuses continue to exist, only greater pains are taken to hide them. Policemen and others still find it profitable to "steer" prisoners into the arms of lawyers and professional bondsmen.

"Anything good?" I asked quite recently of a policeman on his way into court with a new prisoner.

"Nope," he replied in a disgusted tone; "the feller ain't got a cent left."

I explained that my question referred to news, not money.

"Oh, I thought you was a lawyer," said the man in blue, without being in the least disconcerted by his mistake.

Another guardian of law and order whispered into my ear while pointing to a lawyer: "Just see me get even with him there. He and the others got a hundred dollars out of my prisoner, and all he gave me was a dingy fiver." I have seen a lawyer snatch a valuable scarf-pin from the tie of a prospective client without cash resources, and then hand it to a henchman, with an order to pawn it across the



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THE MAGISTRATE PUTS ON HIS STERNEST MIEN

street for as much as he could get. But matters are mending. Thanks to the constant efforts of the magistrates, the people are beginning to understand at last that justice has not to be paid for in the police courts, and that immunity from punishment must be bought somewhere else, if it be obtainable at all. Even when lawyers are employed, they do not occupy the same prominence as in other courts. The examination of principals and witnesses is to a large extent left to the magistrate, and his exclusively is the heavy task of discovering the truth beneath the incoherent mass of false, discolored, or worthless evidence.

The magistrate's task is made harder not only by the bias imparted to the testimony, but still more by the average human being's inability to recount in an intelligible

way what he has heard and seen. Once when a policeman was describing what his prisoner had said and done to get himself arrested, the magistrate threw up his hands in horror, crying: "Don't be so literal, officer! You could make a stone image blush." That man, by relating the facts of the case in plain words, proved himself a glorious exception. Vague generalities are the rule. The members of the police force are particularly fond of using stock phrases culled from the legal complaints, standard formulas that were designed to fit any case of a certain class. While such lack of precision commonly originates in stupidity or indolence, it is sometimes resorted to on purpose to disguise the insufficiency or even illegality of the motives underlying an arrest. Policemen have all the frailties of ordinary men, and it happens that the magistrate finds personal spite or unwarranted officiousness at the bottom of what has been represented to him as a just and meritorious effort to protect the public and preserve order. Discoveries of such nature are not trumpeted out by the magistrate, who has learned by experience what a waste of energy it is to "roast" policemen

in order to reform them. The victim is quietly discharged, and that is all.

Taking everything into consideration, the magistrate would need to possess all the reputed qualities of Solomon in order always to reach a just decision. Every human passion is brought into play before him. Anger and love and envy and greed and fear—in short, everything but regard for truth—prompt the words spoken before him, and the oaths he administers aid him but little. Even Vanity, with her fool's cap and bells, joins hand in the conspiracy against him. "Do you know who the defendant is?" whispered a lawyer once into the ear of an irate female complainant. "Why, she is a genuine-born Austrian countess." "My!" gasped the complainant, and it was with difficulty that she could be restrained



Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein  
A TYPICAL POLICEMAN

from embracing the prisoner, whom she had till then denounced as a viper nursed at her own bosom and a heartless, bare-faced swindler. Threats of torture could not have prevailed on her to continue the prosecution after that.

Love is another conspirator. I have heard a woman announce herself guilty of a burglary in order to avert suspicion from her lover, who was the real offender. On her own confession she was later sent to prison, whither she went without a murmur of protest or complaint, while the man was restored to liberty. But the truth soon came to light when he rewarded her sacrifice by deserting her for a new sweetheart.

To mention another puzzling instance: who ever thought that a husband of the most brutal, worthless class would care or dare to swallow a bottleful of carbolic acid only because committed to the workhouse for the fourth or fifth time on his wife's complaint? Yet I have seen a man do so just outside the court-room door, and then pitch stone dead down the prison stairway, as if hit by a bullet in the heart. What of the woman? She drew the threadbare shawl more closely about her bent shoul-

ders as she spoke dry-eyed. All she said was: "I shall have peace now."

The humor that forms an inseparable part of the court-room life, even in its most tragical aspects, loses none of its relish by being largely the kind designated by the Germans as *Galgenhumor*, and the general background of misery only brings it into sharper relief. It happened late one afternoon, when the court-room stood empty of outsiders, and those kept there by duty had nothing to do but to yawn in expectation of the relieving stroke of four—it happened in such a moment, when the slightest diversion was welcomed with enthusiasm, that a very excited little man, with a week's growth of beard on his chin, rushed up to the magistrate.

"Oi 'm an Oirishman, yer Honor," he began, wiping his forehead with a red handkerchief.

"So I hear," remarked the magistrate, with a smile.

"My name 's Monaghan, yer Honor—Patrick Monaghan," resumed the little man, not noticing the smile.

"Is that so?" said the magistrate, in his politest tone. "Very glad to meet you, Mr. Monahan."

"Monag-ghan, if ut pl'ase yer Honor. An' Oi shtreedaddled into a Dago barber-shop this afternoon—"

"You what?" asked the magistrate.

"Oi shtreedaddled into a Dago shop to git me beard cut off, if ut pl'ase yer Honor, an' blamed sorry Oi am fer 't now. They sat me in a chair, an' thin drew the back from unther me, an' Oi fell, with the glorious r-result that ther whole thing bruk down, an' Oi was fer sittin' on the flure in the midsht av the ruins."

"Well, well, well," said the magistrate, sympathetically.

"The wor-rst is yit to come, if ut pl'ase yer Honor," the little man went on. "The Dago shuk his fisht in me face an' yelled: 'Yer bruk ut!' 'Yer did ut yerself,' Oi says, 'an' yer did ut a-purpose.' 'Yer pay a dollar fer damages,' says the Dago, an' Oi reploied that Oi would be an oyster the day Oi did ut. Thin he was afther takin' me overcoat, which was hangin' on the wall. Av coorse Oi defendid me roights as a citizen, but they were four Dagos in ther shop, if ut pl'ase yer Honor, an' Oi 'm here."

"He had no right to take your over-

coat," said the magistrate. "I shall give you a summons for him."

"An' what about the pain, an' the injury, an' the tremenjous difficulty av sittin' down which Oi be afther havin' just now?"

The magistrate assured him a summons would be all that was needed, and Monaghan hurried toward the door with the document in his hand. Suddenly he turned back.

"Yer Honor," he said, "if ut pl'ase yer Honor, an' if ut be that the Dago returns the coat—need Oi come back?"

"Certainly not," replied the magistrate. The summons was never returned, and the magistrate concluded that, in view of the four Italian assistants in the shop, Monaghan probably took four Irish friends along when he served the summons, in order to help the barber to make up his mind.

This story not only illustrates my assertion that the court life is not all horror and gloom, but it also serves to introduce the reader to a very important item in the business of the court—the summons cases. The records for 1900 included more than one hundred thousand cases that did not have their origin in an arrest by the police. Most of these were so-called summons cases, which, regarded from a technical point of view, are no cases at all. A summons reads in substance as follows:

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF  
NEW YORK,  
TO MRS. FIRST-FLOOR-FRONT,

Greeting:

You are hereby summoned to appear before me at the 'Steenth District Magistrates' Court on Wednesday at two o'clock in the afternoon, to answer a complaint against you made by Mrs. Second-Floor-Rear.

X. Y. Z.,  
City Magistrate.

In order to persuade a magistrate to issue a warrant, you have to place a certain amount of *prima facie* evidence before him to show that an offense has been committed. To obtain a summons, you have only to make an assertion. A summons is an invitation to explain certain alleged facts that have an appearance of irregularity about them. However, judicial invitations are like those given by royalty—disguised commands. The summoned person is neither regarded nor treated as a prisoner while in court, but should he prove recalcitrant or very much in the wrong, the

magistrate can order his arrest then and there without further warning. The principal advantage of the summons is that it gives the magistrate a chance to act as peacemaker rather than as judge in a number of instances when, if a settlement were not reached through his mediation, a criminal prosecution would be the final outcome.

Two thirds of the applicants for summonses are women, a majority of whom hail from the big tenements, where all sorts of discordant elements are crowded together without elbow-room. The magistrates often dispose of such squabbles, with a group of women on each side hurling charges and countercharges against each other, by threatening to arrest every one of them on the spot unless they go home and live in peace. It is significant that less than one half of the summonses granted are returned in court. A private arrangement of their differences excuses both parties from further appearance, and very often the serving of the summons is sufficient to bring the offending side to terms.

Having disposed of all other business, the magistrate gives audience to any one who wishes to see him: No clerk or policeman can interfere in order to decide whether an applicant shall be heard or not. Every one who comes has free access to the magistrate's ear. At four o'clock the court adjourns for the day.

And now I come to think of it, in spite of all I have said here to indicate, if not to picture, the kaleidoscopic shiftings of the court life, there is a dreadful sameness running through it all. I have stood on the bridge hour after hour and day after day, until my mind sickened at the endless exposure of moral and physical meanness, and it seemed to me there could be no more thankless or hopeless problem than that given to the magistrate to solve. To find the needle of truth in a stack of lies, to reach justice where every conceivable road seems to open upon some new injustice, such is his problem. Yet I believe that the instances when the magistrate fails to solve it are surprisingly few.



## TRAVEL

BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

### I

THE water slips along the shore,  
And rolls the pebbles here and there:  
Not one of them shall evermore  
Be rolled just where  
It was before.  
So I would ever roll and view  
Ports, peoples, places—pebbles new.

### II

When homing wanderer shall see  
The bronze, amazing Liberty,  
And, springing from a grove of spires,  
The great bridge hung on quivering wires;  
When he shall see clean buildings rise,  
Like challenges unto the skies,  
And hear the everlasting roar  
Of Freedom on that granite shore—  
Then shall he bless the kindly ~~stork~~  
That made his home to be New York.

# CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

BY MARY ADAMS

## PART EIGHT

**C**OME down-stairs," said Robert, "and I will tell you everything."

I looked at Dana and shook my head.

"He will not miss you," urged the doctor. "He will know nothing more till it is time for the next dose."

I asked when that would be.

"At three in the morning. Eliot will attend to that. Leave him with Eliot; trust him entirely to Eliot. He has had the care of him for—some time."

I don't think I uttered a word; I scarcely experienced surprise. It seemed, now, that anything might happen, or might have happened. I followed Robert down-stairs in silence, and he shut the library door.

He bade me lie down upon the lounge, because, he said, I needed all my strength "for what was before me now," and he covered me carefully with the afghan, and drew up the Morris chair opposite me, and began at once. It was still early, scarcely nine o'clock, and we talked two hours—evading nothing, facing everything.

He began by telling me how he had at times suspected, before Dana went to Uruguay, that he was forming the morphine habit.

"But he was not my patient; I never had his confidence. The early symptoms are elusive; I was never sure. I could scarcely create a theory; I might have wronged him by the suspicion; I decided to keep it to myself."

"So you sent him atropin 3x!" I cried. Curiously, my mind fastened itself upon this unimportant detail. It seemed to me as if the important ones would come faster than I could bear them. As they did—as they did!

I tried to listen as quietly as he tried to

speaking; but it was not easy for either; and Robert, I could see, was greatly worn with all that he had endured for Dana's sake and mine. My mind ran ahead of his, as a woman's mind does with a man's, and I would take loops in the mystery which he was unraveling slowly, and give the snarl a tear. I would say:

"Yes, yes! So those telephone messages were from him? I see—I see."

"And you traced him by them? It was you who found Dana! It was *you* who brought my husband back to me."

Then, when I had collected myself a little: "And you have done it all in these two weeks!"

"On the contrary," replied the doctor, "I have had Mr. Herwin's movements watched ever since he put himself under the suspicion of having deserted you. He was met by my agents when the *Marion* landed. . . . Did you suppose I was sitting with my hands folded all that while? while your husband, *your* husband—There was nobody else to do it for you. Your father would have. . . . We lost him between San Francisco and St. Paul; and that was the hardest part of it."

"Do you mean—" I began. "Do you mean—"

"Never mind what I mean."

"Your nurses? Eliot? Peterkin?"

"Eliot and Peterkin and— It does not signify who, does it?"

"I will not interrupt you again, Robert," I said humbly. "Tell it in your own way."

So he told it all, and in his own way; simple, direct, modest, manly—Robert's way. He told me how he had happened to know that there was a sanatorium in that little Western town with the queer name, Healer; and how he had telephoned by the longest long-distance wires in the land

half across the continent, and so traced Dana—a poor, wretched, outcast patient—in that place; how he had despatched Eliot, and how he himself had followed; how Dana had left the sanatorium when Eliot reached it, and wandered back to Omaha and God knows where; how they pursued and how he eluded; how they tracked him down at Chicago—my poor Dana—in an opium den, and brought him with them; for he came willingly with Robert, making only one condition.

"Take me to your hospital and treat me till I am fit to see my wife," entreated Dana. "I will not go to her as I am."

"So I did as he asked," said Robert. "He would not come on any other terms. My way would have been to bring him straight to you—there were so many risks. As it was, . . . when he escaped . . . I should never have forgiven myself—nor you me. I can't talk of it!—not yet."

Nor can I think of it—not yet.

For my Dana was the only patient who ever escaped the superintendent's guards; and when I think how he had come straight to me, and wandered about his own home that night, and did not dare come in—and how I saw him in the tree-house, outcast and despairing, and did not know—and he might never have come back—and yet I did not know—and how I had hardened my heart against him all that while, for I did not know—

My poor boy had fled to get the liberty of his slavery. And Robert tracked him down again; he was buying morphine in a poor place, some drug-store at the north end of the city. There, on the evening of the second day, Dana felt a hand upon his arm. And he did not look up, but said: "That you, Hazelton? Well, I'm glad of it." And again he came with the doctor willingly, but this time without conditions, for he felt himself a beaten man. So he gave himself into Robert's hands, reserving nothing; and Robert brought him to the hospital, and treated him and battled with him and conquered him for those two days. And on Christmas evening suddenly they gave Dana his liberty, to see what use he would make of it; but it was a trap, for he had no liberty, all the exits of the hospital and the grounds being guarded, and the superintendent shadowing his every step.

And my poor boy came straight to me; but he was afraid to make himself known,

so he loitered in the snow, uncertain and ashamed, till Job went out and found him.

WHEN we had touched upon these things, giving nervous question and answer, talking rapidly and concisely, like people who sketch but the table of contents of a long, unfinished volume, the doctor rose abruptly and went up to see Dana. I begged leave to go, but he objected, and I yielded—I found that I must. I remembered what I had said to him in my foolish anger: "I can't even love my own husband without your help—I have come to that." Now I could not even see my husband without his permission; it had come to that. Robert came down again, in a few minutes, with shining eyes.

"He is doing remarkably well," he said; "but we had better finish talking while we can. I have important things to say to you, Marna. . . . Are you comfortable? Resting? Be quiet. Do not agitate yourself. You are going to need all your strength."

"Before you begin," I said, "tell me this: What has become of my husband's wedding-ring? It is gone."

"I don't think you will be any happier to know."

"Do you know?"

"Yes."

"Was it—was it—"

"Pawned in Chicago in that place where we found him."

"This is the worst?"

"So far as I know, it is the worst."

"Very well, Robert. There was no one else?"

"It is my belief that there has been no one else. The perils of his condition are not that way, and I have made—some inquiries."

"Thank you, Robert," I said humbly, as if it were his doing. "Now I will listen to you."

Then he began to talk to me very gravely, very kindly, with the terrible frankness of the physician, and the merciful gentleness of my old friend. He spoke in short sentences, something like these:

"I have brought your husband back to you, but I have not saved him. I do not even know that I can. That depends as much on you as on me, and more on the patient than on either of us. In this case he has taken the drug hypodermically, the most difficult form of the habit to cure, as it



is the easiest and subtlest to create. There are several ways of treating the morphine habit. A man may have the drug taken away from him abruptly; he may recover, and he may not. He may be put upon substitute anodynes; they may serve, and they may fail. He may be treated by a process of gradual reduction, by lessening the drug as fast as the diminution can be borne; he may be rehabilitated by this process, or he may not. I shall adopt this last method in treating Mr. Herwin. If I were a stranger to him, I might not, necessarily, do so. Since I know him, I select it as being, in my opinion, the only method for him. It is the slowest, but the safest. It will mean a great deal that you do not understand, Marna. The experiment will probably last a year, even if it is successful. He must suffer, and so will you. He must be guarded like a perishing soul—and so interpreted. He must be cherished, and loved—above all, he must be borne with *perfectly*; he must be loved *perfectly*. It will not do to offer him any half-measure—not to feel toward him doubtfully, or critically, or with reservations. You will need all the patience, all the purpose, of your nature. You will need—I was going to say that you will need the infinite qualities. Forgive everything. Forget all you can. Bear anything. Trust. Hope. Endure. Something depends on me, but everything on you. Between us we may save him. I can promise you nothing, but I will do my best; and if I fail, you will forgive me, won't you, Marna? . . .

"Obey me without question, if you expect him to stand any chance at all. Follow every order. Raise no querulous doubts. Work *with* me—as if we were one being—for Dana's sake. I shall regulate every detail of your life and his—tell you when to devote yourself to him, when to leave him to nurses, how to do this, when not to do that. I shall seem a tyrant to you, often mysterious, sometimes cold. But there is no other chance. Do you think you can trust me?"

Then I said: "If I cannot, if I do not, I cannot trust the God in heaven above us, Robert."

"There is one other thing," said Robert, without smiling. "I am going to speak out to you, soul to soul. Too much is at stake for any paltry reservations—and I can consider nothing but the salvation of my pa-

tient. I can't stand on anything—not even on wounding you, Marna—if I must. I think you will understand me; but if you don't, I cannot help that. I must speak and run my risk."

He rose and paced the library, showing his first sign of disturbance in all that tense, tremendous evening.

"Speak, Robert," I said; "I am not dull."

He stopped and looked down upon me with the most solemn and the most beautiful spirit that I ever saw imprisoned in the eyes of any man.

"Marna," he said, "to save your husband you must love him without any qualifications. You must love him *altogether*. You must serve him *altogether*. Nothing must come between yourself and him—not even the shadow of that which never has been and can never be—no other feeling, no other thought. Not even a friendship must divert your interest in Dana's cure—no, not even ours. You will think of it—and express it—as little as possible, Marna. It is the only way. And if I do not . . . express it, you will not allow yourself to believe that I . . . do not think of it. You said you would trust me, you know. And I shall be always here. We must fight this fight together—yet apart—sacredly." . . . His voice broke. He turned abruptly, went up-stairs to his patient, and so left me.

I slipped to my knees and hid my face in my hands. I can never say again that I do not know what it is to pray.

### *January the thirtieth.*

WE are living so intensely that I wonder I ever thought I knew what it was to live before. How small are the simple joys and sorrows beside the great dramas where soul and body are interwoven—the tremendous pathological secrets upon which a human home may lock its doors! There the physician stands high priest and sacred. There a wife finds herself perhaps for the first time in her married life at peace with her wifehood; she comes to her valuation; all the tenderness of her nature is employed, all that which had not been cherished, that which she had come to count as superfluous and wasted. It is impossible for me to say how happy I am to find myself so necessary to Dana. My poor boy is gaining upon himself day by day, each one bringing a little advance that we can see and he can

feel. I heard my father say once, when he was recovering from some illness:

"The happiest people in this world are the convalescents."

There are times when I think the happiest man I ever saw is Dana. There are others when the blackness of the spaces before God said "Let there be light" seems to envelop him, and darkness which can be felt rolls between his soul and mine. But when this happens I have learned to say: "This, too, will pass."

There are days when Eliot is not suffered to leave his patient for the lifting of an eyelash. There are nights when the house is guarded, and when James or Peterkin sleeps in the library. There are others when the doctor himself stays with us from dark to dawn; but these are rare, and are becoming rarer. Not once yet has Dana fled from us, or obtained it for himself from any source. There is everything in preserving the patient's self-respect and his reputation, Robert says. This he has most skilfully succeeded in doing. Such tact, such gentleness and firmness—but I cannot write of it.

It is understood that Dana has come home from Uruguay with some malarial condition due to the climate. We are often seen walking or driving together; from this circumstance the neighborhood seems to derive a kind of reflected joy. We are so happy that I find no time to write of anything.

To-day Dana asked a great privilege—that Eliot should go out of the house, and that I should spend the whole day with him. The doctor consented without hesitation. There is something, he says, in trusting a patient. Dana and I took a long walk in the morning. In the afternoon Robert sent over his horses, and we had a sleigh-ride, and Marion went with us. Betweenwhiles my dear boy asked me to sit by him, to read to him, and once to brush his hair as I used to do. When he slept he held my hand, and I sat on the edge of the bed, cramped and uncomfortable, and well content. When he woke he said:

"You're a dear, sweet girl!"

Often he calls me pathetically:

"Marna, can you spare time to stay with me a little? It seems to me you have been gone a great while. I miss you, Marna." Or perhaps it is: "Eliot, where is my wife? I want my wife." Or: "Marion, run and

call your mother. I want your mother. Ask her to come and bring her sewing in here. I want her to sit where I can see her."

So Marion runs, and, being overcome with the importance of her mission, tumbles upon her words, and gets no further than:

"Pity Popper! Pity Popper!"

"Marion, Marion!" I say, "I *do* pity Popper with all my heart." And I hurry to him, and he turns his poor face with the havoc on it, and lifts his wasted hand, and draws my cheek to his. Then I see that he is sore beset, and I challenge my love that it may be strength to him, and all my strength that it may be love for him. The tenderness that he used to disregard I can pour upon him, as Radha did on Krishna, "give to him in fullest measure"—now. I am not afraid of loving him too much—now. I am not ashamed to show him how I feel to him—now. If I touch him, if I kiss him, he cherishes me—now. He cannot live without this wine.

*February the twelfth.*

DANA is beginning to refer sometimes to things that happened while he was away. Until now he has scarcely alluded to the abyss which he thrust between us. Last night he said:

"Oh, I was so homesick, Marna! But I was ashamed to come back. Nobody knows how a man feels . . . so many thousand miles away . . . and sick. Oh, it was such a blanked country!"

The other day he said:

"The nights were the worst. I could not get any sleep without it. One night I said—two nights I said: 'If I die for it, I will not increase the dose to-night.' And it got to be two o'clock, and those sinking-turns came on, and I thought it was all up with me. Then I called you. I cried out very loud: 'Marna! Marna!' Upon my word, dear girl, I believe I thought you'd hear me."

Then I said:

"I *did* hear, Dana." For I remembered the nights when I heard his voice quite plainly, and it was just two o'clock, and he called: "Marna!"

He has never spoken about his wedding-ring; nor have I. The little gold Madonna still hangs upon his watch-guard, though his watch is gone. What has she witnessed? She keeps her counsel well.

*February the twentieth.*

I WAS looking over some of Dana's things to-day; for we have been so absorbed with our patient, and so busy with downright nursing, that, really, I have never straightened anything out properly since he came back. The doctor had taken him out driving (with Marion), and I had an hour altogether to myself. In one of his pockets I found my photograph—the old one in the May-flower dress. It was in a leather case that folded over, and it was very much worn. He seems to have lost Marion's; but this—the tears smarted to my eyes when I saw how often he must have handled my picture—my poor boy!

Afterward I was dusting out his traveling dressing-case, and mending it, for the lining had broken away, and under the lining, carefully pinned in so that it should not slip, I found the leaf of the woodbine that I ran and picked for him from the tree-house on that morning—that last one, when he sailed—when the woman with the hand-organ sang "Keep me from sinking down!" The ruby-red leaf has faded to a dull color and is quite frail and brittle. I wonder that it has lasted at all. I kissed the leaf, for I thought perhaps he might have kissed it, if he cared enough to keep it. At first I thought I would ask him. But I have concluded that a wife is wiser (consequently happier) not to put emotional catechisms to her husband. Few men take kindly to this feminine habit, even well ones; and a sick man resents it. And a few drops of resentment will extinguish a forest fire of tenderness. The doctor said to me one day when Dana first came home:

"Take as much for granted as possible. Assume all you can."

I have no time in these days to think much—not too much—about the doctor; but once in a while I wonder how he has become a master of the magicians: how he should be expert in the occult art of married life—this lonely man. I suppose it may be partly because he belongs to one of the confessional professions.

*March the first.*

TO-DAY there has been a blasting storm. We have sat within a white whirlwind, as if we were on the outside of a blind planet, spinning through frozen ether on a mysterious errand, directed by "the moving fin-

ger" of the unseen God. So, I think, a human love whirls blindly before its fate, driven by the power not itself—through fire, through frost, through midnight, through dawn. And the heart rides upon it, like organized life upon the globe, fixed there without consent or power to rebel; whirling on anyhow, anywhere, gladly or madly; yet, on the whole, enjoying the ride!

Though I go along trembling, like a leaf driven by a strong wind, have mercy, Almighty, have mercy!

That verse from the pagan scriptures which Father used to like comes to me differently lately. I should put it like this:

Though I am a leaf driven by a strong wind, I bless Thee, Almighty, I bless Thee!

To-day I am quivering between happiness and pain, diving from the skies to the sod and up again—for Dana has touched the piano; it is the first time.

We have had a hard day with him, for it was impossible for him to go out, and Eliot is off duty on an experiment—Dana pleaded so. The doctor waded over in the blizzard to see him early this morning; no horse could live in the drifts. Robert sat with his patient a long time, and left me with the day's orders, and would come again.

"Give up everything else," he said. "Devote yourself utterly. Days like this are traps. Watch him, but do not seem to. Repeat the dose, but not till four o'clock. Lock everything carefully. Run no chances."

Dana has been very restless all day. At two he asked me timidly "if it were not time." At three he asked again. At half-past three he grew suddenly very faint and went a deathly color, and I telephoned, and Robert came, struggling and panting, through the snow. When he came, he sat with his watch in his hand and a finger on Dana's pulse. But he sat till the time appointed, yielding nothing, I am sure, in this piteous battle—nor did my poor boy beg for quarter, not once. They fought it out together, man to man.

"Can't you give us a little music, Mrs. Herwin?" asked the doctor, in a matter-of-fact way. But the interrogation was a command. I went to the piano and played

for a while, blundering along with old things of Schubert and Schumann that Dana and I used to like, but stupidly enough, and I do not sing. After a time I stopped and went into the library. Dana was there, reading quietly, and Marion and Job were playing about his feet. Robert had gone. Dana's eyes had their varnished look—but ah, so much less of it, and softer; it is no longer painful. I went to him, and he clung to my hand a little. Then I sat down and began to mend a tear in the flounce of Dombey's second wife; and while I was sewing quietly, suddenly the long-silent power of his hand upon the piano keys smote every nerve in my body. Then his shaken voice uprose:

Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;  
Home-keeping hearts are happiest.  
For those that wander they know not where.  
Are full of trouble and full of care—  
To stay at home is best.

Then his hand fell with a crash upon the ivory. I ran, and held his face against my breast, and bowed my own upon his hair, and said to him—I don't know what; and I kissed him in a way he used to like. Then he whirled upon the piano-stool, and caught me and crushed me to his heart.

"You're the sweetest woman in the world!" he said. "I never did deserve you, Marna. And now—"

Then I said:

"I always loved you, Dana; but now I honor you. It is a manly fight, and you battle like a man."

"It was n't a manly fall," he quivered pitifully. "I had n't any good excuse—no terrible suffering, as some have. I thought I could stop any time. But, before God, Marna, nobody knows! Nobody *can*."

"My poor boy!" I sobbed. "My poor, poor boy!"

I do not cry in these days—never for Dana to see me; I think this was the first time; and I was ashamed and terrified at what I had done. But it did not seem to harm him any; I think it even did him good. He looked at me with such a look as I would have died for joy to see upon his face once, in that time before he went away.

"If it had n't been for you, my girl—" he faltered. He whirled, and struck the piano with a few resounding chords. "When I get well, Marna, I will make it

up to you," he said. He played and sang no more; but we passed a gentle evening, and he went quietly to bed.

I don't think I ever knew real live happiness before—not growing happiness, with roots. "The madness has gone, but the dearness remains."

*April the fifth.*

TO-DAY we were driving alone, and the soft air had wings. Dana seemed to be lifted upon them to some lonely upper ether where I could not follow him. There is no solitude, I believe, after all, like that of the soldier in a profound moral struggle; it is more separate than that of any mere misery. Dana looked exalted and remote. Lately he has made great advances and gains upon himself in the process of his cure; these have weakened his physical but intensified his moral vitality. He said abruptly:

"You see, I thought if I went away I could get rid of it. I did n't want to have anybody know—I felt ashamed. There was one time I thought if you knew, I should dislike you. I could n't tell how you would take it—a man can't bear to be lectured. If I had only known—Marna, you have been a dear, lovely girl. You're too good 'for the likes of me.'" He tried to laugh it off, but his lip trembled.

"I thought the voyage would do something; but it made everything worse. When I got to California—a man would n't ever need naturalization papers in hell, not after that."

... "Thought I had deserted you, Marna? Well, I had, I suppose. I could n't come home—like that. I thought I should drop out of sight, die of an overdose some night, and be out of everybody's way. It put itself to me in that light. I used to say: 'You're a disgraceful wreck. You'd only shame her. Perish, and rid her of you. It's the only manly thing left for you to do.' Three or four times I mixed the overdose, and lay down to take it and die; and I had a letter that I kept ready for you when everything was over. Then I would see that little quiver of your chin—"

"Where is that letter, Dear?" I asked.

"I gave it to the doctor," he said. "He did n't want me to have it about. I asked him to burn it. If it had n't been for Hazelton, Marna— Say, Marna, have you

any idea what that fellow has done for me?"

He checked the horse, and we turned toward home. Dana drove rapidly and in silence. When we came in sight of the hospital we met the doctor, driving too. He had the paralytic patient in the buggy, and no speech or language could tell the transfiguration of the poor thing's face. But Robert looked worn.

"Marna," said Dana, abruptly, "I wonder you never fell in love with him. I should n't have blamed you."

I slid my hand into my husband's, and his closed upon my wrist.

*May the twenty-second.*

It is a week to-night since it happened, and I am writing (as I do) because nothing else will rest me.

Dana went to bed as usual, and no one thought of any trouble or any danger. He had been so much better, and Eliot has not been required to stay for quite a while. Dana and I have fought it out alone—I giving the diminished dose, by the doctor's orders. It had grown quite small. About two weeks ago my poor boy asked Robert's permission to handle the dose himself. "Don't you think I am fit to be trusted now?" he asked abruptly. So Robert trusted him. And everything went well, for the quantity was carefully prescribed and watched; and it lessened regularly and rapidly day by day. The doctor says that he has never seen any person show the pluck and determination that Dana has shown in ridding himself of his affliction.

"It is a manly record," Robert said. "Mr. Herwin has won my unqualified respect."

I had begun to feel very proud of Dana.

On this evening that I refer to (it was Sunday evening) Dana had been playing a little, and he tried to sing the "Bedouin Love-Song"; but he could not do it, for it seemed to move him too much, and emotion saps his strength. He began:

From the Desert I come to thee—

but stopped abruptly and left the room.

He called me presently, saying that he thought he would go to bed; and I went up to help him in the little ways he likes, and kissed him good night, and went to Marion, for she cried for me. Then I

locked the front door, and Job came up with me, and trotted into Dana's room at once. Job has slept on his master's bed every night since Dana came home. Dana was sleeping quietly, so I went to bed, the doors being open between our rooms, and the compass-candle burning on Dana's table.

Once or twice in the night I crept in to make sure that all was well, and once he kissed me and said I was a dear, sweet girl; but I slept betweenwhiles, feeling quite at ease about him, and I was asleep when Job came into my room. I think the dog had tried to wake me without at first succeeding, for he was pulling hard at my hand with his thin old paws when I became aware of him. I understood at once, and I sprang. Job never cries "Wolf!" and he is wiser than most people.

"Is Master sick, Job?" I cried; but I ran.

I found the compass-candle burning brightly; and when it showed me Dana's face, I gave such a cry that Ellen rushed from the nursery, and the house was aroused in a moment. I managed to articulate, "The telephone! The doctor!" while I lifted my dear boy to the air and did what I could for him. This was little enough, for he could take no stimulants, and he seemed to me to be dying in my arms. I had nothing to offer him but love and air—the two elements on which human life depends. Some one had flung up the window, and I held him to my heart and whispered to him:

"Live, Dana, live! I love you, Dana. Oh, try to live!"

I was babbling in this way, like a bride, when I looked up and saw the doctor's startled face. It was now half-past two o'clock, the fatal hour "between the night and dawning" when mortal strength is at its lowest, the dead-line of imperiled life.

From then till seven o'clock we fought for Dana—science and love, the doctor and I. To my fading hour I shall see Robert as he looked that night. Beyond a few curt professional orders, he did not speak. His jaws shut like steel locks. His gentle eyes grew terrible, and challenged death. Again and again my dear boy sank away from us, and once the pulse stopped altogether; but the doctor called my husband's spirit back.

I could feel that a flicker of the judg-

ment, a blur upon the heart, any error or failure in the man, would have cost everything. Dana's life lay in Robert's hands as utterly as if it had been a little jewel put there for safe-keeping, and blown through sheltering fingers by a whirlwind.

AFTERWARD, when it was over, I lifted my eyes to the doctor's face. Dana's had been no whiter in all those hours.

"I suppose it was an overdose?" I breathed. "He took too much?"

"There was no dose at all," said Robert. "Mr. Herwin has taken no morphine for twenty-four hours."

He held up the vial with the thick white liquid and showed me the ebb-line.

"I could not understand why you repeated the dose," I whispered. "It terrified me to see you do it."

The doctor made no comment then, except to say that he would send Eliot over at once. But the next day Robert talked with me a little about what had happened. He told me that a man who could do what Dana had done had in him that which physicians call the vital essence; Dana had shown that he possessed the moral basis for physical renewal. "I am now ready to tell you that your husband is capable of cure," the doctor said. "He will recover, by God's grace."

"And yours," I tried to say. But the words refused me. They seemed like beggars in a palace.

*June the sixteenth.*

MINNIE CURTIS came over to-day. She brought Dana's violin; for it seems she has kept it all this while. Dana thanked her indifferently. She asked him to play a duet, but he said he did not feel well enough, and added that he was out of practice. She took up the "Bedouin Love-Song," and drummed the prelude. Dana looked annoyed and left the room. When Minnie started to go, it was dusk, and I asked Dana if he did not feel like walking home with her.

"Certainly," he said. "Put your hat on, Marna."

So Dana and Job and I escorted Minnie home. On the way back I asked him:

"Did she write to you while you were in Uruguay?"

"Oh, bother Minnie Curtis!" cried my husband.

When we had got home, we sat down in

the tree-house for a while, and the scent of the June lilies was so strong that it made Dana faint; but the breath of the climbing roses was so delicate and so joyous that I could have wept with comfort.

"Duets are well enough in their places," said Dana, comfortably; "but when it comes to real life, and—trouble,—there's nothing for a man like an unselfish wife. . . . Marna, you're a lovely girl!"

We sat in the tree-house with clasped hands. Something dearer than betrothal, finer than our bridal, drew us together. Dana's worn face held an expression which touched me indescribably. But the faintness increased upon him, and I had to get him into the house. The sad thing about Dana's convalescent strength is that it deserts him so abruptly, at unexpected moments and for unthought-of causes. Yet he is gaining sturdily. I am very happy.

Robert thinks I am overdoing—but I am quite happy; Dana begins to show more interest in Marion than he did. At first it was only of me that he seemed to think. He sits in the air and sun for hours, with Marion and Job laughing and barking about him. Lately he has begun to read; I often find him with his law-books. Mr. J. Harold Mellenway has been out to see him. Next week Dana is to be allowed to go to town alone; the doctor has given this permission. All that varnished look has gone from Dana's eyes; they do not regain their old insouciance, and the bright insolence is beaten out of my poor boy's beauty; but I am watching for the debonair in him that I loved so. Will it never revisit him? or me?

"You expect the miracles," said Robert once, when I spoke of this.

"Because you work them," I replied.

Robert's eyes filled; they do not often. He said:

"The miracle may be in a man's own heart."

"Or in a woman's," I answered him. Yet afterward I was not quite sure that I understood the purport of his words; nor, perhaps, of my own. But I had the consciousness, so frequent with me, that Robert understood everything, and that it did not matter whether I did or not.

*Wednesday evening.*

So it was not *Dana*, and it was not *Man*. I am spared that great dilemma. And all

the scenery has changed joyously; and the house, though serried of women, seems to cry out upon me no more, but only to lift to me gently murmuring eyes. There is a soft, pleased look in the eyes of contented women, not unlike that in the eyes of kindly treated animals. I wonder if I have it myself; "for my race is of the Asra."

Are womanhood and manhood set at civil war? Then so are soul and body. There is a sketch of William Blake's. Death the Divider has divorced this elemental marriage, sundered the bliss of the spirit and the flesh. It is the Resurrection Day. Out of the grave clammers the body—a man in the glory of his youth and vigor. Down from the ether sweeps the soul—a woman fair and swift and tender. Anything finer than the rapture on whose wings these twain rush together I never saw expressed by art of pencil or of pen. It is one of the embraces that imagination dares, but on whose mystery and ecstasy hope does not intrude.

*The Dowe Cottage,  
August the twelfth.*

WE have been here ten days, and are to stay the month out, by the doctor's orders. We both needed it, he said. Dana has gained blessedly since we came, and is now thought to be quite in condition to go back to his law-office in the fall. Mr. Mellenway, who is a neighbor this summer, comes over from his place now and then to see Dana, and they talk about it. It is inexpressibly touching to see how happy my poor boy is in the prospect of doing a man's work again. In fact, we are so light-hearted that I do not feel as if it could last. One never again quite trusts human happiness, I find, after one has experienced great misery.

We are all children playing on the seashore together—Marion and Job and Ellen and Luella; but I think Dana and I are the biggest children of all. We spend hours of every day upon the sand, not reading, not talking, leaning on that silence which is more than reverie but less than thought. Mercibel came out and took Sunday with us. She said:

"Joy has her elect as well as sorrow."

Mercibel has her vacation just now, and she and her children are in our house at home for the month that we are here. It is a delight to see the happiness this gives.

The doctor comes out once a week. We miss the doctor—sometimes Dana more than I, sometimes I more than Dana; we strike a fair average, I think. He is expected next Saturday.

*August the seventeenth.*

YESTERDAY I had a shock and fright. It came to be dark, and I could not find Dana anywhere. He had seemed very quiet and well all day, and we had been together a good deal; but fearing to sate him with tenderness,—for the happiest wife should reserve herself, I am beginning to believe,—I went up to put Marion to bed, and lingered, leaving her father alone on the piazza. He was watching for Robert, who was delayed, and had telegraphed us not to expect him until we should see him.

When I got down-stairs Dana was gone, and Job. It was then quite black, for the clouds were piling for a shower, and the sea was thundering. I ran down to the rocks and the little beach. The surf was throwing up its hands, and seemed to me—for I was excited and startled—to wring them. A flash of lightning revealed the fretted outlines of the weir and the fishermen's dories. In one of these I saw the figure of a man. He was rowing, and the boat was turning out. Clinging to the stern seat sat a little patient, watchful dog. I threw the whole force of my soul and body into my voice, and my "*Dana!*" might have called a spirit from the grave, I thought. But he did not hear me, being absorbed in God knows what abyss.

"Job, Job!" I cried. "Oh, *Job!* Tell *Master!*"

Job's bark came instantly to me—excited and anxious, the high bark of aroused canine responsibility. There was lightning again, and I saw that the little dog had crawled over in the rocking boat and put his paws about his master's neck. But now it was thundering, and no voice could carry, either mine or Job's. While I stood distressed and uncertain in the dark, for it did not lighten any more, and the shower babbled away foolishly, suddenly the keel grated under my very feet. Job sprang into the surf, and dashed himself, drenched and ecstatic, upon me. Dana slowly tied the painter to the hauling-line, and drew the dory out, hand over hand.

"Frightened, Marna?" he said.



I went down quietly, and helped him haul the dory off. I did not speak.

"I 'm all right," he muttered. "I was only—hard put to it; that 's all."

We pulled on the hauling-line together till the dory was out, and then we came up the rocks, silently. Dana did not take my outstretched hand, and I perceived that his plight was too sore for sympathy. A wife has learned half the lesson of life, I think, if she has learned when (and when not) to leave a man to fight his direst battles without her.

Half-way up to the house we met the doctor. Dana uttered a piteous exclamation:

"Hazelton! I thought you were n't coming! I swore I would n't send for you," he added.

"I did my best," sighed Robert. "I have some pretty sick people at home."

He fell into step with his patient. I slid away, and left the two men alone. The doctor remained with Dana all the night.

In the morning Robert and I found a few moments apart.

"Is it always going to be like this?" I asked at once.

"Possibly."

"Has he got to fight so—to the end?"

"Probably—at times."

"Was he in danger?"

"Yes."

"Yet you count upon a sound recovery?"

"I count upon recovery because he fights."

"It is so hard for him!" I said. "And so splendid in him!"

"I respect your husband, Marna,"—Robert drew a hard, slow breath,—"as much as any patient I ever had in my life, and I want you to know it. Doctors don't always, you know—they see so much moral weakness; it wears on them. I wish you to understand that, from my point of view, you have reason to be very proud of Mr. Herwin."

"Robert," I demanded, "tell me the utter truth. How long can he fight like this? It seems to me as if his body weakened while his soul strengthens. I must know what is before me. Will my husband live—for many years?"

"By God's grace," said Robert, using the solemn words that he had used before.

"You do not tell me all you think!" I cried.

"Be Love incarnate to him, Marna," evaded Robert, gently. "Give him all its price. All a man's chance lies in the heart of his wife. And yours," he added, "*yours*—" The doctor did not finish his sentence, and we talked no more; for Dana, with the havoc on his happy face, came up and joined us.

*September the nineteenth.*

TO-MORROW is our wedding-day, and I have a surprise for Dana. My poor boy has never spoken to me of his missing marriage-ring; nor I of it to him. But I can see him sometimes looking wistfully at his bare left hand; and last night he kissed my rings, both of them, the ruby and the gold, in a way that went to my heart; but he said nothing at all. Dana has grown so kind, so gentle, that it frightens me. That terrible irritability of his is melting away from him. Sometimes I wish I could see more of it, and there are moments when I think if he were a little cruel, as he used to be, I should feel happier about him. When he swears, or is downright cross, my spirits are quite good. It is not natural for Dana to be patient, and it troubles me to see him unnaturally considerate. Character has its price as well as love; and it seems to me as if he paid the cost of his in the treasury of his life.

I have got a wedding-ring for Dana.

*September the twenty-first.*

How natural is joy, my heart!

How easy after sorrow!

WE had a dear day. It was bride's weather without and within. Dana got up very early, for he was restless and sleepless, and began to decorate the cottage with pearl-white roses and ferns—the fine ones, no large fronds.

"You shall be a bride again, Marna," he said. "I have no other present for you, Dear. I looked at a lot of—little things; but nothing suited me."

We were smothered in flowers. Everybody sent something—the Grays, the Mellenways, Mercibel, and a few old friends in town who knew; the neighbors, the servants, Minnie Curtis and the old doctor, the staff from the hospital, and two or three of the patients. The paralytic produced hydrangeas and a Bible text. But the old lady distinguished by fits offered a

wreath of immortelles (as if we had been a funeral), and wrote upon her card: "I have n't had one for six weeks."

Marion was quite well (having had one of her throats the day before). I put her in the old May-flower muslin that I have made over for her, and Job wore a white necktie. Marion had varnished the doll's house for the occasion, and the effect was heightened by the fact that she had performed this work of art with the mucilage-brush, which she had dipped into the ink-bottle in the process. Dombey was induced to ride to the festivities in an automobile; but Dombey's second wife followed at a deferential distance, dragging a baby-carriage with twins. Poor Banny Doodle was conspicuously absent, having at last met a final fate in the clothes-wringer. She is temporarily interred at the foot of the tree-house. Invitations to a ceremonious funeral are to be out, it is understood, next week. Marion develops a quaint quality, and something like imagination; she begins to be old enough to interest her father. He does not like too new a baby; when she was born, he asked if she were Maltese.

THE doctor did not come over yesterday at all; nor did he send us any flowers or message with the others. I could not deny to myself that I should have felt happier through the day if he had. It is a strange matter that love, which exiles friendship at the first, may recall it at the last—yes, and love the truer and be the gladder for it. At least, that is the road of my experience. I wonder if it is a forest path, unbeaten though not untrodden? I think of that old question that I used to ask myself about Man and Dana. To me beyond the lot of women has been given faith in a fair and noble friendship. Is it Man? Or is it Robert?

Just as the sun sank, James came over with something under his arm, and the doctor's love. Dana untied the package excitedly,—he was as happy about everything as if he had been a boy at a birthday party,—and we thought it was a picture. But it was not a picture; it was a prayer. There was a deep frame of bright gold, and a panel of dulled gold, and the letters flickered from it like little flames of crimson and of white. The words were eight, and they prayed the Prayer of Tobit in the Apocrypha:

MERCIFULLY ORDAIN  
THAT WE MAY BECOME AGED  
TOGETHER

Dana's eyes filled. Neither of us spoke. We took the prayer up-stairs and hung it in my husband's room.

"*What follows is to the Music Varadi and the Mode Rupaka.*" So it ran in the Indian Song of Songs, when Radha, forgiving Krishna, took him to her heart, and they were married.

*What follows is in the mode solitary and to the music of love and of repentance.* For I have now come to a page in my record which my husband will not see, and through it I draw the dele-sign of my separate soul. The happiest marriage may have these erasures in shared experience, and perhaps finish the great completed sentence of life not the less comfortably for that. I do not deceive myself. I do not suppose that Dana and I have had the happiest marriage. But the end is not yet. And if we have saved our sacred opportunity—where may it lead us? The salvation of an imperiled peace has I do not know what of exquisite privilege. We seem to be all the while expecting the unknown, the untried, as we did when we were betrothed, as we did when newly wedded. Still, we have the elusive to overtake; even yet the eidolon flies before us. There is an Indian summer of married life. In that deep and purple atmosphere, sun-smitten, warmed to the heart, will April seem a pale affair? I cannot tell. There is burning haze on all the hills. My eyes are dim. I can see but a very little way.

Now one thought has troubled me for this many a week; and on my wedding-day it took definite thorn-shape and hid in my bride-roses.

As it grew to be dusk a question which I have often considered presented itself to me in such a way that I could parry it no longer, and I decided suddenly, and for myself, that I would write to my husband the note which I append. I decided this without consulting the doctor—and risking something of the effect on Dana of what I meant to do; but it is as true that there are times when no risks can come between

the souls of wife and husband as it is that there can be no third estate in marriage. So I wrote the note, and slipped it into his hand, and evaded him, and left him to read it.

*"Our Wedding-day; twilight."*

"DANA MY DARLING: Before we were married and since—and while you were away—I have kept a secret from you. I cannot be happy to keep it any longer. All this while, Dana, I have written something that you have never seen. It is rather long, and it will pain you sometimes; and it will tell you—perhaps it will tell you what you do not know; perhaps not: I cannot say. You may feel that you have something to forgive me; for I, too, have had my holy war; and if I have come out of it unwounded, that is owing not so much to any superior quality in me as it is to the loyalty and high nature of one who has fought for us both and saved us—you from ruin and death, and me from misery or from mistake.

"I have a wedding-present for you, Dear—a little one; but before I give it to you I feel that I must show you all my heart, for I must be honest with you to my uttermost—you know you used to say that was my weakness. This writing that I speak of holds me. I keep back no part of the price. Will you take it?—the Book of the Heart of the Wife?

"It is like your ruby on my finger, blazing deep to the core, if you look at it in the right light (and all the crimson fires are yours, my Dear); but if you were to look at it in the wrong way—I dare not think of it! I will not!

"Give me no time to think, Dana, lest my courage fail me; but answer me at once.

"Your trembling  
"Marna, Wife."

Now when Dana had read this note, such a startled spark flickered in his tired, happy eyes that I was terrified, lest what I had done was a mistake and would harm him; and I should, I think, have repented and compromised, and withheld the Book of the Heart from my husband after all, or until another day. But he strode into my room where I sat quaking, and imperiously commanded me, and I found myself but a reed before the wind of his aroused

will, as I used to be when we first loved each other.

"I must have the book," he said. "Don't be afraid. Give it to me." So I gave him the book—saving only this which I am writing now, and that one page where it was written in the Dowe Cottage that the doctor evaded one of my questions about Dana if the battle with his affliction continued so sore and so exhausting.

I gave him the book, and he went away into his own room, and locked his door, and read. I went into my room and got out of my wedding-dress and into my ruby gown,—the dear old faded thing!—and threw up the window, lest I suffocate with the beating of my heart; and I took down my hair and braided it for the night, and lay down on my bed and said to myself:

"I have committed the worst mistake of my life. In my obstinate impulse to be honest—just to set my own soul at ease—I have run the risk of estranging Dana forever. And this foolish manuscript may make him ill. It might even be very dangerous for him. . . . What have I done!"

Two whirling hours spun between us, and he made no sign. All the rooms were still. The child was asleep; the servants were gone out. Dana and I were alone in the house. The air seemed to have absorbed the scent of the souls of all the bridal flowers—hundreds of them—in our rooms and in the silent spaces of the house down-stairs. Job was wandering about the house, neglected and forlorn. He crept in on tiptoe, as if he knew that he ought not to intrude. When he found me alone, he sprang and kissed me rapturously, and put his poor old paws about my neck, and I said aloud:

"You've stood by me through it all, Job!"

That trifling, commonplace thing, and the sound of my own voice, somehow steadied me. I got up and took Job into the nursery, and put him to bed in his basket by Marion's crib, and kissed them both, the child and the dog, and came back into my own room.

When I had done so, I found that Dana was there. He had brought the candle and set it down upon the table; beside the candle lay the Book of the Heart, a mass of crushed and crumpled manuscript, scattered anyhow. Dana was very pale. His face was, in fact, so rigid

and unsmiling that I shrank from him, and slipped back into a dark corner of the hall. I do not think he saw me, for he strode by with ringing feet, and down the stairs, and out of the front door.

I came to my senses at that, and ran down after him, calling: "Dana! Dana dear!" But he did not hear me, or he did not answer, and melted into the darkness while I spoke. Such a consciousness of what this might mean surged within me that I could have shrieked for help; but I restrained myself, and only followed him quietly, catching up my white cape to cover me as I flew by the sofa in the hall.

He walked rapidly, but I ran, and so I came within sight of him half-way between the tree-house and the avenue. I did not cry out to him, or in any way make my presence known, for the power to do so had gone out in me, like the bubbling of a drowning voice under water. When I saw that he had his face set toward the hospital I followed no farther, but crushed myself into the spiræa-bushes where it was darkest, and so stood, shaking. Dana went on to the hospital, and up the steps, and in. After a little hesitation, I ran back to the house, and to the telephone. Mercibel answered the call-bell.

"Is he with the doctor?" I panted.

"Yes."

"Manage to get a message. Tell the doctor not to lose sight of him, for God's sake!"

"Don't disturb yourself," said Mercibel; "it is quite unnecessary."

Dizzy both with my fright and with my fear, I staggered out into the air again, and got as far as the tree-house. There I stopped, and sat, quaking and cold. It seemed to me as if my own nature stood aloof, and looked at me critically, and took sides against me, and stripped me com-  
fortless, and I argued with my nature.

"Happiness was in your arms," I said, "and you opened them and let it drop; that's all. Probably there are plenty of people just as honest as you are who don't make so much fuss about it. It takes this to teach you that reserve may be just as right and honorable as expression, and sometimes more necessary. . . . Dana will never forgive you, never. He has read it all, and gone straight to the doctor with it. Probably Robert will never forgive you, either. You have lost them both."

While I sat there, stabbing myself with these poniards, footsteps crackled on the gravel walk, and I got out of the tree-house and fled before them, wrapping my long white cloak about me as I ran, drawing the girdle of my shabby gown, and fastening the lace somehow at the throat, for I was not dressed to be seen. In my distress and hurry I stumbled on the piazza steps, and fell, and I heard a low, disturbed exclamation from the doctor; but it was my husband who ran and lifted me. As he did so, his arm went about me, and I leaned upon it, for I could not stand, I trembled so.

"Don't be a goose *now*, Marna," said Dana; "you've been magnificent too long."

He tried to laugh in his old, boyish way, but he could not do it. His face was very white; it had his beautiful look.

"Here, Marna," he said, "is the best man I ever knew in my life. I've been over to tell him so."

Before I knew what my husband meant to do, he had fallen on his knees before the doctor, and had drawn me with him.

"Bless us, old fellow," said Dana. "We—we need it. There is n't any saint or minister I'd ask it of but you. It's a kind of a—second ceremony, don't you see? My wife and I—"

But Dana choked. I think that Robert's hands trembled for a moment upon our bowed heads. I think he said:

"The Lord bless you, and keep you, . . . and give you peace."

But when I raised my raining eyes, my husband and I were alone upon the dark piazza. Dana led me into the house, and shut the door, and locked it; then drew me up the stairs, and into our own rooms; and when the doors of these were shut, he held out both his arms; so I ran to them, and they closed about me.

"You're a lovely girl!" said Dana. "I never half deserved you, Marna. . . . I never shall. Have I been too sure you would forgive me, Dear? . . . Say, Marna, after all that—are you sure you want *me*?"

Then I took out the ring that I had worn all day on a chain against my heart, till I could gather my courage to show it to Dana—the wedding-ring, all warm as it was. I put it to my lips before I put it on his finger. Then I laid my cheek upon his hand. But when I raised my face, I heard him say, as he had said it in my dream: "*This is the kiss that lives.*"

WE sat on in the dim room; it was rose-scented and still. Dana got into the easy-chair, and took me in his lap.

"I am too heavy," I said. "You are too tired to hold me, Dear."

But Dana laughed.

"Why, you 've got on that dear old gown!" he said. He took a piece of the faded velvet and lifted it slowly to his lips.

*September the twenty-second.*

DANA has been worse for all the excitement, as I feared. He kept up joyously until yesterday afternoon, when he suffered one of his sudden reactions, and we sent for the doctor quickly. He was not in, so I had to do the best I could for my dear boy alone. As it happened, I made out pretty well, and he did not sink, as he used to do, but only grew faint, and then stronger, and faint again. But in the end he rallied grandly; I have not felt so encouraged about Dana at any time.

When I was reading a novel to him afterward, to divert him from his suffering, suddenly he interrupted me:

"Put it down, Marna. It seems dull after the Book of the Heart. Real things are the only interesting ones, are n't they? That was n't much of a fellow, that hero. Say, Marna, there 's one thing I want you to understand. You don't know men, and I do. I tell you, Hazelton is no common sort. He is like a fellow seen in a mist, taller than the rest of us. Yet when you come up to him he is just as real—a man all the same. God bless him, anyhow!"

When it came to be evening, Dana asked for the doctor.

"I have n't seen him for two days!" he complained.

The telephone was out of order, and Ellen was putting Marion to bed, so I caught up my white cape and slipped out and over to call Robert myself.

I ran up the steps of my father's old home, and into the office of the hospital. No one was there, and I sat down in Robert's chair to wait for him. His desk was brightly lighted, and an open book lay upon it—not a medical book, plainly. I picked it up (I felt sure he would not mind) and glanced at it. It was in French. I translate from memory, and negligently enough, for I read too quickly to recall the French:

"Yet I love her."

"But she does not love you."

"Yet I adore her."

"But she will never come to meet you beneath the tree."

"Yet I am waiting for her." . . .

My eyes ran down the page and stayed at this, against which Robert's pencil had slid and paused:

*"But with what do you appease your hunger?"*

*"I know not," said the youth. "It may be that I have now and then gathered mulberries from the nearest hedge."*

*"And with what do you quench your thirst?"*

*"That, too, I know not," replied the youth. "Perchance I have sometimes stooped over the brook which flows hard by."*

As I sat with the book on my lap, Robert came in. At first I did not speak; I could not. For I felt that the Book of his Heart lay open before me, and he felt that I felt it, and there was nothing to be said.

"My husband sent me—" I faltered.

"I will go at once," replied the doctor, quietly. He put on his hat, and drew my falling cape over my shoulders, and we started out.

He asked me one or two professional questions naturally enough, and I answered them in the same way. We crossed the hospital grounds and the lawn, and came up to the tree-house.

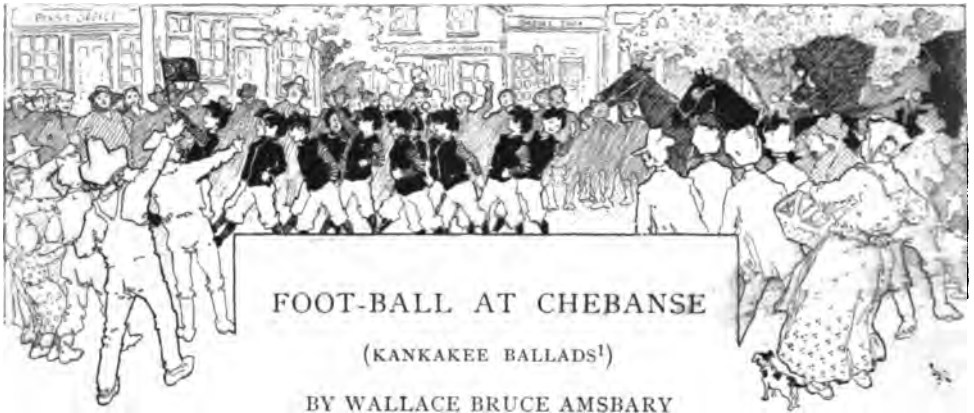
When we reached the tree-house, suddenly the night seemed to quiver, and to be smitten through and through with reeling music; for Dana, with the restlessness of his nature and of his convalescence, had come to the piano and begun to sing—the dearest, the longest silent of his songs:

From the Desert I come to thee,  
On a stallion shod with fire.

I love thee, I love but thee!  
With a love that shall not die!

Till the sun grows cold,  
And the stars are old,  
And the leaves of the Judgment Book  
unfold!

"Go to him," said Robert, in a low voice. "I will wait till he has finished singing. Then I shall follow you."



WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRED RICHARDSON



II

Dey 's nodding else dat 's talk about  
 For four-five ve'k or more;  
 Dey mak' display of loafing-cop  
 Down at La Place's store.  
 De loafing-cop it is de prize  
 For vinnners of de game,  
 An' on de side is vacant place  
 For to engrave deir name.

III

Dey charge you fifteen cent admish,  
 But I vas got in free;  
 Dey use my pasture-lan' for game;  
 Von dollare dey pay me.  
 Dey 's quite a crowd vas com' along  
 From de hull country roun';  
 De boggay, horse, an' vagon heetch  
 'Mos' ovèr de hull tonw.

I

DIS ball-on-foot dey play las' ve'k  
 Vas mighty funny game:  
 Dey might haf called it "gran' prize-  
 fight";  
 I t'ink dat 's better name.  
 De match it vas feex op between  
 De High School of Chebanse  
 An' Parish School of ol' Ste. Anne's  
 On nodder side de fence.



IV

An' den I saw a sight I t'ink  
 I nevèr before saw.  
 Dem ball-on-foot chaps all feex op;  
 Dey look so vild an' raw,  
 Vit long hair like de monkey muff,  
 I 'm t'ink dey 're fit for kill—  
 Before dey gat t'roo von meex-op  
 I 'm sure, by gosh! dey vill.

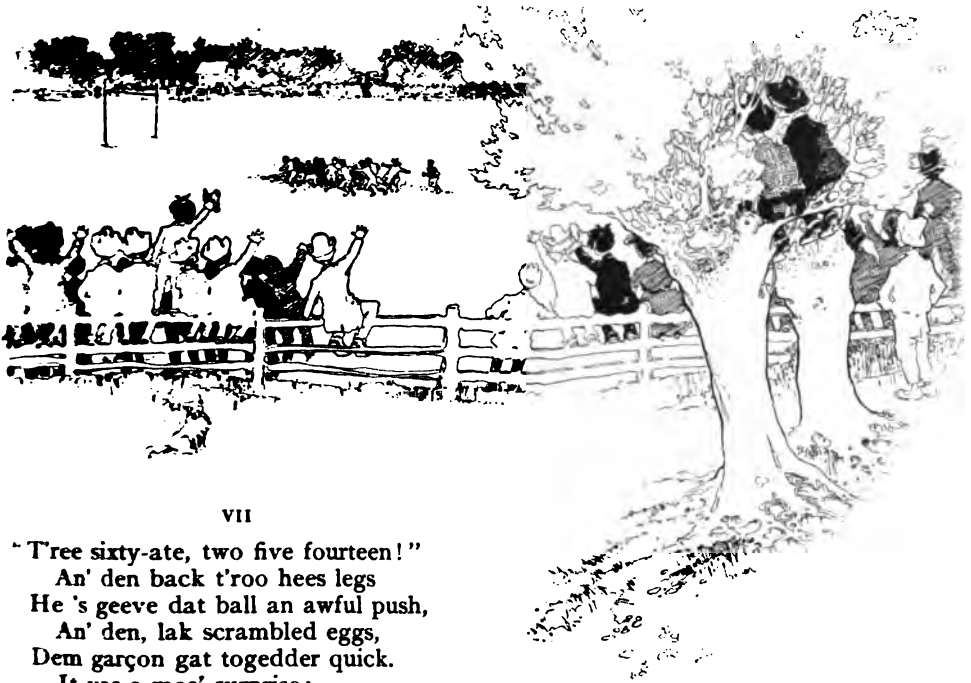
<sup>1</sup> See "De Cirque at Ol' Ste. Anne," in *THE CENTURY* for March, 1902, p. 708, and "De Capitaine of de 'Marguerite,'" in May, p. 69, and "Open Letters" in the present number.

V

Dere 's von garçon had muzzle on,  
Lak dey put on mad dog.  
I say, "Captaine, vat for dat ees?"  
He say: "He bite like hog.  
Ven in de middle of de game  
He 's got ver' mooch excite,  
He 's need dose crow-bars on in front  
To keep away dat bite."

VI

Den dey got soon to beezneese down.  
De Rouge dey all von side;  
De Bleu dey line on front of dem,  
Waiting for vord from guide.  
He say, "All hright," an' den de Rouge  
Garçon dat stan' ahead  
He ben' down lak he play leap-frog  
Ovère de ball, an' said:



VII

"Tree sixty-ate, two five fourteen!"  
An' den back t'roo hees legs  
He 's geeve dat ball an awful push,  
An' den, lak scrambled eggs,  
Dem garçon gat togedder quick.  
It vas a mos' surprise;  
You can't tell vat dey vas look like  
If you had 't'ousan' eyes.

VIII

Dey push an' squeeze, an' den dey mak'  
Vat I call tug of var,  
An' pretty soon dere 's von garçon  
He don' know vere he are.  
"He 's put to sleep," dey's some von say —  
He 's tired, I suppose;  
I t'ink it 's funny tam for nap  
Ven you gat bloody nose.

IX

De Rouge dey gain t'ree, four, five point,  
Dey mak' von gran' "tooch-op."  
Dis put de couleur Bleu on fire;  
Dey t'ink of loafing-cop.  
Dey start de game vonce more again,  
In almos' de same vay;  
De bleachère shout, an' yell it loud  
To "push on an' mak' hay."





## X

I bate dat valk dat Teddy took  
 Ven he run San Juan hill  
 Vas nevére haf so hard to clim'  
 As dis here foot-ball mill.  
 Oh, my! Oh, my! De blood dey spill,  
 'Mos' two full bucketsful,  
 It look more lak beeg slaughter-pen  
 Vere Spaniard fight de bull.

## XI

For us now soon, dough ve don' know,  
 Dere 's incident in store,  
 But ve too interes' in game  
 To t'ink of nodding more.  
 Dere 's bull on Théabault's pasture :  
 He 's vink de odder eye;  
 Hees ears dey vas stan' dem op straight,  
 Hees head he hol' it high.



## XII

De Rouge he 's mak' it von gran' rush ;  
 Dat bull he 's mak' von, too ;  
 He 's jomp de fence, an' den commence  
 For meex-op in dat stew.  
 In jus' about two minute more  
 He haf de field alone ;  
 He haf de hull place by heemself,  
 He fin' it 's all his own.

## XIII

Ve 's scatter quick, lak many flea,  
 Mak' prompt for de timbère ;  
 Ve all gat out of dere right soon,  
 Ve vas so awful scare.  
 It 's den de game it vas call off  
 (Dat 's mean it vas bus' op),  
 An' all decide de Durham bull  
 Vas vin dat loafing-cop.



# A FORSAKEN TEMPLE

BY ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

Author of "The Rescue," "The Confounding of Camelia," "The Dull Miss Archinard," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLOTTE HARDING

I

MILLY

"IT is the emptiness, the loneliness, the lack of response and understanding," said Milly. "It is as if I looked always at a face that never smiled at me or spoke to me. Such a mistake as I have made, or as others have made for me, is irretrievable. An unhappy marriage makes ruins all about one; one must dwell in the midst of ruins thenceforth; one can't go away and leave them behind one, as one can other calamities in life."

Milly Quantyn and Mrs. Drent were alone this afternoon in the big country house where they had come really to know each other, and Milly, acting hostess for her absent cousin, had poured out Mrs. Drent's tea and then her own, leaving it untouched, however, while she spoke, her hands falling, clasped together, in her lap, her eyes fixed on vacancy. The contemplation of ruins for the last five years had made these eyes steady holders of a pensive resignation; they showed no tearful repinings, no fretful restlessness. They were clear eyes, large and luminous, and in looking at them, and at the wan, lovely little face where they bloomed like melancholy flowers, Mrs. Drent's face, on the other side of the tea-table, grew yet more somber and more intent in its brooding sympathy.

"Why did you," she began—"why did you—love him?" This was a more penetrating question than to ask Mrs. Quantyn why she had married him.

The extreme lowness of Mrs. Drent's voice muffled, as it were, its essential harshness; one felt in it the effort to be soft, as in her one felt an effort, always, to quell some latent fierceness, an eager, almost savage energy. She was thirty years old—

six years older than Milly Quantyn. Her skin was swarthy; her eyes, under broad, tragically bent eyebrows, were impenetrably black. Her features, had they not been so small, so finely finished, would have seemed too emphatic; as it was, they were significant at once of a race-horse nervousness and of something inflexible in the midst of an expression all flexibility. Her hands were curiously slight and small, and as she now, in looking at her companion and in asking her question, locked them together with a force that made them tremble, they showed the same mingling of an excessive strength informing an excessive fragility.

Mrs. Quantyn's gaze drifted to her, and rested upon her in silence. Presently she smiled.

"How kind you are to care so much, to care at all!"

"I do care."

"Are you—will you be—my friend—always?" asked Milly, leaning toward her a little, and the smile seemed to flutter to the other woman like an appealing and grateful kiss.

"I am your friend; I will be your friend—always," Mrs. Drent replied in an even lower tone than before.

The tears just came softly into Milly's eyes, while they looked at each other, she gently, Mrs. Drent still somberly. Then, leaning back again with a sigh, Milly said:

"Why I loved him? I did n't love him. Is n't that the almost invariable answer? I was nineteen. I was in love with my own ideal of love, which amounts to saying, probably, that I was in love with myself; ready to love anybody who echoed that love nicely. You know, you must know, the silly, pathetic, sentimental, and selfish mixture one is at nineteen; and mamma said that he was that ideal, and I believed her and him. Poor Dick! He was in love, I

think, really, and not a bit with himself; but not very articulate, even then. You know mamma. She has married us all off very well, they say—you know how they say it. She is as careless of the single life in her ruthless eagerness for the comfortable ensconcing of the family type as nature itself. In this case an apparently very cozy niche offered itself for me, and she shoved me into it. I have grown since then, and the niche is hardly a foothold."

"But he still loves you?"

"Oh, I suppose so," said Milly, with a sigh, "if you call it love. He is rather dismayed by the situation; only *rather*; sorry that we don't 'get on better,' as he would express it; jocosely resigned to my unkindness and queerness, as he considers it. But as for tragedy, suffering, one can't associate such perturbing things with imperturbable Dick. I have n't to reproach myself with having hurt his life seriously, and Heaven knows I don't reproach his simplicity and harmlessness for having broken mine. Marriage and a wife were incidents—incidents only—to him, and if they have failed to be satisfactory incidents, he has other far more absorbing interests in his life to take his mind off the breakdown of his domestic happiness. Indeed, domesticity, when he cares to avail himself of it, is always there in its superficial forms and ceremonies. I can't pretend to love him, but I take care of his money and house, I entertain his friends, I give him his tea and breakfast and a decorous kiss when he comes back from shooting animals in some savage country. One could hardly call us separated, so discreetly do I bridge the chasm with all the conventional observances. Thank Heaven! the shooting is his one great passion, so that he is usually wandering happily in distant jungles, and not requiring too many *têtes-à-têtes* at breakfast of me."

"And—why can't you love him?"

Milly's eyes now definitely fixed themselves on her, and they were solemn.

"My dear—you loved your husband, did you not?"

Mrs. Drent's husband had died five years before. She wore black, exquisite and unobtrusive, always. Exquisitely and unobtrusively, she was unconsolable. Her face crimsoned painfully, although no tears came to her eyes.

"Everybody knows you did," said Milly.

"And why? Because he meant everything to you: my husband means nothing to me. Because you needed him: nothing in me needs Dick. Because he interested, charmed you: my husband bores me to intensest desperation. Because he understood what there was most individual, most real in you,"—Milly was drawing largely upon her imagination in this effective picture of Mrs. Drent's married happiness,—"*and responded to it. I don't claim at all any remarkable individuality; but what I have Dick does n't understand at all, does n't even see. He is blundering about the dullest, most distant parks and preserves of a castle; that is as near as he ever gets to the castle of my personality. And Dick does n't really care much about getting to the castle; it hardly worries him that he can't find it. There might be wonderful pictures on its walls, and jewels in its cabinets, and music in its chambers; but even if he got to it, were able to enter and to see and hear, he would n't really care one bit about them; would say, 'Awfully nice,' and look for the smoking-room. And there,*" said Mrs. Quentyn, suddenly leaning forward, her eyes again filling with swift tears, as from a pictorial appreciation of her situation its reality smote upon her—"there is the tragedy. For every woman thinks that she has pictures and jewels and music, and longs—oh, longs!—to show them to the one—the one person who will love to see and to hear. And when she finds that the one can't see, can't hear, does n't even know that there is anything to look for, to listen for, then the music dies, and the pictures fade, and the jewels grow dim, and at last everything magical vanishes from life, and she sees herself, not as an enchanted castle, but as a first-class house in Mayfair—with all the modern improvements; as much a matter of course, as much a convenience, as unmysterious and as unalluring, as the hot-water pipes, the bath-tubs, and the electric lighting. It is only as if in a dream—a far, far dream—that she remembers the castle, and feels sometimes within her the ruins, the empty ruins."

"Oh—dearest!" breathed Mrs. Drent. It was as if she could not help it, as if, shaken from her passionate reserve, she must show her very heart. She clasped the other woman's hands. "Don't—don't let the magic vanish! Don't cease to believe

in the pictures, the jewels, the music! They are there. *I see. I hear.*"

"How—*sweet* of you!" faltered Milly Quantyn.

She was startled, she was touched; she, who rarely felt it, felt shyness. She had known that this dark, still woman was attracted to her; responsively, she had felt attraction; something in Mrs. Drent had made her feel, too, that it would be easy, a relief, to talk to her about all one's miseries and desolations. But the sudden leap of flame found her unprepared. She was a little ashamed, as though her own reality were somewhat unreal beside Mrs. Drent's intense belief in it. Something pleasant there had been to her in the tracing of her little tragedy, something sweet in the showing of that sad castle of her soul, with its stilled music, its fading enchantments. But Mrs. Drent had seen only the sadness, the tragedy. Such response, such understanding, might well take one's breath away.

But in this scene of showing and of seeing was the beginning of their long friendship.

It was a charming friendship, to both very becoming. Milly Quantyn, for all the clouds of her background, was a creature of sunshine, though sunshine in a mist; a creature of enduring fluctuations. Indeed, Christina Drent told her afterward, when they analyzed the beginnings, it had been her childlike radiance, her smiles, her air as of rifts of blue over a rainy landscape (for everybody knew that Mrs. Quantyn was not happy with her husband)—it was these sweet, these doubly pathetic qualities that had charmed her.

"I am not easily charmed," said Christina. "Had there been a languishing hint of the *femme incomprise* about you, any air of self-pity, I should never have so longed to take care of you—to try to help to make you happier. But you were so made for happiness; one saw it; it appealed to everything in one."

In spite of these defects, had Milly had them, she might, perhaps, have so longed. For Christina Drent's likings were as vehement, as absorbing, as they were rare, and did not permit her much critical acuteness once they held her.

The death of her husband had left her stricken numb, dumb, it seemed. She could hardly speak of him. Yet it was whispered that Gilbert Drent had married her for her

money, and that it was not only in material matters that she had given more than she received. He had been, of course, as charming to his wife as he was to everybody else. Certainly he had never let her discover any lack in him, and certainly in her there had been, especially at the time of their marriage, little to attract his beauty-loving nature. She was then an ugly, silent, horribly shy little thing. Only since his death had a few discriminating people discovered that her face was as full of charm as of force and reticence; discovered that she was really clever; and only two years before her meeting with Milly did she astonish the indiscriminating by suddenly becoming a very tolerably famous young poetess. It was as the poetess that Milly had really first known her (though for years they had met vaguely), a somber little personage, not pretty, but—oh! full of delicious butts—and most enchantingly well dressed—so Milly had summed her up. How often she and Christina laughed together over the summing!

In the poetry the dumbness, the numbness, had found a partial outlet and awakening. Mrs. Drent's poems were not great things, but they were quite sufficiently simple, sincere, strangely original, to make her name stand by itself in a dignified little niche among the poets of the last decade. They were written with no touch of artifice, no strain or effort. They were sudden, spontaneous, swift. It was as if, in reading them, one heard a distant wail in a desolate country—always distant; as if one saw, across a bleak sky, the flight of an unknown bird. They were troubling, haunting, with here and there a sweetness helpless and poignant, more touching, even, than the vague wildness of their great regrets and longings.

But it was, indeed, only an echo of her regrets and longings that Christina was able to put into her poems—all, perhaps, that she chose to put; they were never intimate, personal.

The essence of her was that passionate reserve, and, with it, that passionate longing to devote herself, to expend herself, blindly, lavishly, exclusively upon one idolized, and inevitably idealized, object. She was full of a fervor of faith once the reserve, the shyness, was passed, and her ideal, high on a pedestal in its well-built temple, was secure thenceforth from overthrow.

Such an idol had her husband been. The doors of that sanctuary were sealed forever, the sacred emptiness forever empty. But beside it arose a second temple, scarcely less fair, and in it, lovingly enshrined, stood Milly Quentyn.

Happily Milly was an ideal worthy of idealization, perhaps even of temple-building. She was sweet, tender, clinging; in friendship most upright and loyal. She loved to be loved, to see her sweetness reflected in appreciation, her tenderness blossom about her in responsive tenderness. She was not vain, but she loved those she cared for to find her exquisite, and to show her that they did. Like a faint, frail flower unvisited by sunlight, she could hardly live without other lives about her, fortifying, expanding her own. Her disappointment in her husband had turned to something like a wan disgust. His crude appreciations of her, that, in the first girlish trust of her married life, she had taken as warrant of all the subtle, manifold appreciations she needed, were now offenses. Poor Dick Quentyn blundered deeper and deeper into the quagmire of his wife's disdain. Christina Drent, when she went to spend some months with Milly at the Quentyns' country house, was sorry for Dick at once. Her heart echoed quickly the faintest note of pain; certainly in his perfectly good-humored yet, even now, rather wondering resignation she divined such a note: but even her exquisite acuteness was unable to do more than hear it as very faint indeed. His was a boyish, unexacting nature. He asked for no great things, and the lack of even small mercies left him serene. As he had never thought at all about himself, it did not surprise him that his wife thought very little of him; he did not, because of it, think of himself less well or more. Milly's indifference argued in her a difference from most women—facilely contented, they usually seemed. It did not change or harm him, did not make him either self-assertive or self-conscious.

He had soon discovered that the things he cared to talk about wearied her—sport, the estate, very uncomplex politics, or very uncomplex books; and after a little while he discovered, further, that for him to try to adapt himself to her, to try to talk about the things she cared for, exasperated her. She listened, indeed, with a bleak patience while he admired genially, thinking it the

right thing, all the wrong pictures at the shows where they went together. She sat silent, her eyes aloof, dimly smiling, while he tried to win her interest in a very jolly book—harmless, watered Dumas, decanted into very modern bottles. He saw that she made an effort to care about the big game he shot,—the hall and dining-room bristled with these trophies, one walked over them everywhere,—she looked at pictures of them in books of travel; but it was as pictures, as animals, not as sport, that they remotely interested her.

Dick Quentyn, with an unmysterious, undifficult wife, could have been a very gracefully affectionate husband,—his manners were as charming as his mind was blundering,—but with this chill young nymph any attempts at marital pettings and caressings seemed clumsy, grotesque. With Milly—he soon saw it—the barrier between their minds was inevitably to constitute a barrier shutting him from even those manifestations of affection: he was not at all dull in feeling that; not at all dull in his quick and delicate withdrawal before her passive distaste; not dull in knowing that if he were not to draw back, the distaste would become something more than negative.

He had now, cheerfully, it seemed, recognized that his marriage was a very thorough failure, and, as Milly had said, it did not seem, after an unpleasant wrench or two when he did show an uncontrollable grimace of pain, to make very much difference to him. She endured him; she did not, indeed, dislike him at all—at a distance; and very gaily, and with a certain debonair manner of perfect trust, he kept at a distance. She led her life; he led his. He traveled constantly; it was very rarely that he required her to pour his tea for him. And she was very willing that the breach between them should not be crudely open and avowed.

Milly poured his tea for a fortnight during Christina's first visit to Chawton House, and, recognizing to the full, as she did, her hosts' deep incongruity, Christina could but feel some dismay at the wife's betrayal of her consciousness of it. Christina did not care so much about Dick's very problematical discomfort under Milly's cold, sweet endurance of him. He showed no discomfort at all; talked with great good spirits to her and to the other guests as-

sembled for the fortnight's shooting, made cheerful, obvious jokes, and looked eminently sane, fresh, strong, and even picturesque in his out-of-door attire against the paneled walls of the dining-room. He was large and spare; his small head well set; his hair closely cropped, but showing a resolute curl; his short nose expressive of pleasant character; his gray eyes as free from all malice and uncharitableness as they were from introspection. He was a nut-brown sort of person; one could associate him only with the most simple, concrete aspects of life. And yet the shape of his nails and the delightful fitness of his clothing, showing quite an esthetic sense of selection, bespoke a consciousness of the more complex niceties of civilization. Christina felt very keenly on the subject of nails, and Dick's pleased her.

What pained her, though, was that Milly, in her treatment of him, should be almost unbeautiful. It was a streak of hardness, of almost cruelty, in her darling that distressed her. When Milly did not care about a person, every fiber of her face, every tone of her voice, expressed her weariness, her indifference—worse still, her oppression.

"Really, dear, you are not *kind*," Christina protested.

Milly opened helpless eyes.

"If you were *married* to him—shackled for life—could you be more so?"

"Kind? Yes. Why not? Surely simple humanity. Can't you treat him as kindly as if he were not shackled, too?"

"You blame me, Christina? You are displeased with me?"

They were very sincere with each other, these two; bared their souls to each other constantly. The daring frankness of their friendship charmed them, and it rested on such firm foundations of perfect trust.

"Yes, I do blame you, dearest Milly; and I am displeased with you just because you are so dear to me." Mrs. Drent flushed a little as she looked tenderly at her friend. "I want to see you always right, exquisitely right. You make me uncomfortable when you are not. He has done you no wrong."

"Oh, I know it, I know it! If only he had, it would be so much easier! He irritates me so immensely!" Milly wailed. "That labored chaffing of you this morning—how could you have borne it? I can't pretend amusement, and chaff—a constant bidding for a cheap amusement—is his

only conception of human intercourse. I know I am horrid—I know it; but it is the long, long accumulations of repressed exasperation that have made me so—worse than exasperations. I remember, during the first months of our married life, when I was becoming dreadfully frightened, catching glimpses on every side of my awful mistake—I remember once kissing him, saying something, apparently playful, but hiding such an appeal for comfort, comprehension, reassurance. Do you know, he answered me with a stupid, stupid jest—some piece of would-be-gallant folly. It was like a dagger! I have never forgiven him."

"Perhaps he was shy," Mrs. Drent murmured.

"Dick shy? No, no; he is not sensitive enough for shyness. He is n't shy at all; only immensely—hideously stupid."

The breach could not be healed. Christina recognized it sadly, recognizing, too, that she could hardly wish it healed, Dick and Milly being what they were.

What ground of meeting could there indeed be between them, Dick, a dear, child-like materialist, and Milly, compact of subtleties, profundities, ideals? And then, living in daily, delightful companionship with the sweet, dependent creature, she came to see that it was well for herself that the breach could never be healed. Could they have been so near had there not been that emptiness to fill? Milly meant too much to her; she could not have shared her with a husband, even with a husband who claimed only the commonplaces of the relationship; and in such a case, how horrid to see Milly submissive to commonplaces! No; after all, Dick's little loss was her immense gain.

She passed most of the winter with Milly in the country. They read and rode, and walked and talked, and carried on energetic charities in the village. Mrs. Drent was full of ardent enthusiasms, and, in spite of her physical delicacy,—she had an unreliable heart,—she threw herself eagerly into organizing and beneficent action of all kinds.

Then Christina asked Milly to come and live with her in London, while Dick was away,—he was in Japan that winter,—and by degrees they both came to think of home as the being together. Christina's little house near Sloane street became a center

of charming hospitality; for Milly possessed the irradiating, attractive qualities that she herself lacked, counted as something of a touchstone for the finer, more delicate elements in the larger and necessarily indiscriminating vortex of London life. Mrs. Quentyn and Mrs. Drent almost accomplished the miracle of seeing only the people they liked. There were no jarring elements. They had an equal talent for selection. All their people came to them naturally, easily—the people who had done clever things; the people who, better still, shone only with latent possibilities and were the richer for their reticences; and dear, comfortable, unexacting people who were not particularly clever, but responsive, appreciative, and genuine.

Christina still wrote a little—not so much. She and Milly studied things, collected things; they traveled; and, in the country, did a great deal of gardening.

This life, with all its harmony, did not want its more closely knitting times of fear, as when Milly was dangerously ill and Christina nursed her through the long crisis, as when Christina's heart showed alarming symptoms of breakdown and hurried them away to German watering-places.

There were funny little quarrels, too—funny to look back upon, though very painful at the moment, for Milly could be fretful, and Christina passionate in reproach. The swift reconciliations atoned for all, when, holding each other's hands, they laughed at each other, each one eager to take all the blame.

Certain defects in each they came to recognize and to take into account; tolerant, loving comprehension, the ripest stage of affection, seeming achieved.

Milly was capricious, had moods of gloom and disconsolateness when nothing seemed to interest her,—neither books, nor music, nor people, not even Christina,—and when, sunken in a deep arm-chair in the drawing-room, she would listlessly tap her fingers on the chair-arms, her eyes empty of all but a monotonous melancholy. These moods always hurt Christina,—Milly herself seemed hardly aware of them, certainly not aware of their hurting,—but she hid the hurt in a gentle sympathy that averted tactful eyes from her friend's retirement. She hid the hurt, she adapted herself, but she did not quite understand;

for she never wished to retire into herself and away from Milly.

And Milly discovered that Christina could be unreasonable—so she tenderly termed a smoldering element in her friend; Christina, in fact, could be fiercely jealous.

They shared all their friends, many of them dear friends, but dear on a certain level below the illuminated solitude where she and Milly stood in their precious isolation. And Milly protested to herself she was the last person in the world to wish the isolation disturbed. No one knew her, understood her, loved her, as Christina did; it was truest, deepest, most devoted love; and in her eyes there was no one like Christina, no one so strong, so generous, so large-natured. Why, then, should Christina, like a foolish school-girl, show unmistakably—her efforts to hide it only making her look dim-eyed, white-lipped—a somber misery if Milly allowed any one to come too near her? This really piteous infirmity was latent in Christina; she did not show it during the first years of their companionship; it grew with her growing absorption in Milly. Milly discovered it when she asked little Joan Ashby to go to Italy with them. Christina, at the proposal, was all glad, frank acquiescence, she was so fond of Joan. Unsuspectingly Milly petted, made much of, the girl, whose adoration of herself was sweet to her. She went about with her, sight-seeing, when Christina said that she was tired and did not care to see things, not remembering that when they were alone together Christina had never seemed tired; she laughed and talked in Joan's bedroom at night when Christina said that she was sleepy. All seemed peacefully normal. Milly was stupefied when, by degrees, a consciousness of a difference in Christina crept upon her.

Christina smiled much, was alert, crisply responsive; but ice was in the smile, the response was galvanized. She was suffering,—the realization rushed upon Milly once her innocent eyes were opened,—and all her strength went to hiding the suffering. Milly, watching, felt a helpless alarm, really a shyness, gaining upon her in the face of this odd development. She found foolish Christina sobbing in her room one night when she cut short her good-night visit to Joan and came upon her unexpectedly. Milly's tender heart rose at a





Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

LXV.—7 "THEY BOTH CAME TO THINK OF HOME AS THE BEING TOGETHER"

bound over alarm and shyness; but when she ran to her, Christina pushed her fiercely away. "You know! Of course you know! Go back to her, if you like her better!" She was like a frantic child. Milly could have laughed, had not the exhibition in her grave, stanch Christina frightened her too much, made her too terribly sorry, almost ashamed, for her.

Later, when Christina, laughing quiveringly at her own folly, yet confessing her powerlessness before it, put her arms around her neck and begged for her forgiveness, Milly, in all her soft, humorous reproaches, daring now to tease and rally, had yet the chill of a new discovery about her heart. A weight seemed to have come upon her as she realized how much Christina cared. She had not before thought of their friendship as a responsibility. It was dear, too dear, too silly, too pathetic in Christina, but it seemed to manacle her.

She must be very careful to like no Joans too much in the future. Christina passionately protested that she must talk to Joan, love Joan, any number of Joans, old or young, male or female, as much as before, more indeed, since now her folly was dissipated by confession; but Milly, in her heart, knew better than to believe her. She filled Christina's life completely, to the exclusion of any other deep affection, and Christina could never be happy unless her friend's life were as undivided.

## II

### DICK

DURING these five years of feminine David and Jonathan Mr. Quentyn had wandered about the world, not at all disconsolately. He spent several seasons with friends in India; he went to Australia and to America; when he came home he stayed a great deal in Scotland, and in England took an interest in racing that largely filled his time.

It was almost as a guest that, in the country and in his own house, he passed a few weeks with Milly and Christina and with all the other people they had about them. It was as guest entirely that he dined with Christina and Milly in London. It was a rather ludicrous situation, but Mr. Quentyn did not seem depressed or even abashed by it. Christina always felt that by some boyish intuition he recognized in

her a friendly sympathy—a sympathy that he must certainly see as terribly detached, since it was she who had now fixed definitely Milly's removal from his life, made it permanent, given it a motive, as it were. But it was a sympathy very friendly, even slightly humorous, since he, with a silent, unemphatic humor, was so humorous about it all. He would catch her dark eyes sometimes as he sat, a guest, at her dinner-table (he never took in Milly; all the negations of married life were still his), and in them he saw, and responded to, an almost playful friendliness.

"He is such a perfect dear, you know," Christina often said to Milly, and Milly, smiling, had owned that he was indeed. His attitude, Christina fancied, had begun to impress his wife at its proper value. She was certainly far nicer to him than she used to be. The new effectiveness and happiness of her own life made niceness less of an effort. From her illumined temple she smiled at him—a smile that kept its sweetness and more and more lost its chill. She handed on to him a little of the radiance.

"Since we can't hit it off together, Milly, I must say there is no one you could have chosen for a friend that I could have liked so much as Mrs. Drent," Dick said to his wife one evening, in the drawing-room, after dinner. They often had an affable chat before the wondering eyes of the world. Milly chatted with the greatest affability. Dick was a dear. Surely no one could have reminded her less of shackles.

"Now, Dick," she said, smiling, "what do *you* find to like in Christina?" Even in her new kindness there lurked touches of the old, irrepressible disdain.

Dick, twisting his mustache, contemplated her. "Do you mean to say that I am not capable of liking anything or anybody that you do?" he inquired.

Milly flushed, though the mildness of her husband's tone, one of a purely impersonal interest, suggested no conscious laying of a coal of fire upon her head. It *was* what she had meant. That Dick should like Christina, Christina Dick, was wholly delightful; but that Dick should seem to like what she liked, should seem to like it for the same reasons, irked her a little. It was rather as if he had expressed enthusiasms about some favorite Brahms ballade of hers. She rather wanted to show him

that any idea he might entertain of a community of tastes was illusory. How could Dick like a Brahms ballade, he whose highest ideals of music were of something sweetly, sedatively unexacting after a day's hard riding? How could Dick really like Christina? If he really did, and for any of her reasons, there must be between them the link, if ever so small a one, of a community of tastes—a link that she had never recognized. The thought of it held a distinct sting of self-reproach.

"I think we could only like the same things in a very different way," she confessed. "Why do you like Christina?"

He did not reply at once, and she went on, looking at him, smiling,—they were sitting side by side on a little sofa,—“It is n't her charm; for you think her ugly.”

“Yes; she 's ugly, certainly,” Dick assented, quite as dully as she had hoped he would. “though her figure is rather nice.”

Milly's smile shifted to its habitual, kindly irony. “She is delicate and tactful and very, very clever,” she said, rehearsing to herself, as much as to him, all the reasons why Dick could not really like Christina: “her truths would never blunder, her silences never bore.” “As Dick's did,” was in her mind; it was cruel to be conscious of the contrast when he looked at her with such unconsciousness; to reassure herself with the expression of it was rather like mocking something blind, deaf, and trusting.

A sudden pity confused her, and with a little artificiality of manner, that masked the confusion, she went on: “One could never be unhappy without her knowing it, and then one would be glad she did know, for she can sympathize without hurting you with sympathy. She feels everything that is beautiful or rare, everything that is sad or tragic; she feels everything, sees everything, but she sees and feels in order to act, to give, to help. Is it all this you like in her?” Milly finished very gently.

Mr. Quentyn still looked mildly at his wife.

“Yes, I suppose so,” he said.

“You recognize these reasons?”

“In a different way,” he smiled. It was almost a very clever smile; Milly might have felt rather startled at it had he not gone on, very simply: “One sees that she is such a thoroughly good sort; so loyal,—

she would go through thick and thin for any one she cared about,—and so kind, as you say; she would talk as nicely to a dull person as to an awfully clever one; she 'd never snub one, or make one feel uncomfortable.”

For a moment Milly was silent. “Do you mean that I used to snub you—make you uncomfortable?” she then asked.

“Oh, I say, Milly!” Dick, genuinely distressed, looked his negative. “You did n't suppose—”

“I know that I was often horrid.”

“Well, if you were, you did n't suppose I 'd tell you in that roundabout fashion. Besides, all that 's done with long ago.” He looked away from her now, down at the floor.

Again Milly was silent. Strangely to herself, she felt her eyes fill with tears. She waited till she had conquered them before saying very gently:

“Dick, do forgive me for being horrid.”

He stared up at her. “Forgive you, Milly?” The request seemed to leave him speechless.

She was able to smile gaily at him.

“You do?”

“You never were. It 's more to the point for me to ask you to forgive me.”

“For what, pray?” She had to control a quiver in her voice.

“Oh, for everything—for being so wrong—so altogether the wrong person, you know,” said Dick, smiling gaily too. He again looked away from her, across the room, now, at Christina; and after a silence, filled, for Milly, with perplexing impulses, he added: “But the real reason I like her so much is that she is so tremendously fond of you.”

Milly had to bring her thoughts with an effort back to Christina; she must let his remark about being forgiven remain as casual as he had felt it, and, indeed, his last words even more emphatically held her attention.

She thought of them all the evening, after he had gone; and, while her hair was being brushed, she looked at her reflection in the mirror and thought of that “long ago.” It was as if Dick had shown her a quiet, a dead thing, and had turned the key on it with the words.

She looked in the mirror: surrounded by the softly falling radiance of her hair, her face was still girlish in tint and outline;

but already her eyes had in them the look of time lived through, her cheeks were dimly wasted, her lips differently sweet.

She was accustomed to think of herself as a much-admired woman, as a beautiful woman; this evening, as the realization of time's swift passage stole upon her, a vague, strong protest filled her, a sense of deep, irremediable disappointment with life.

Mr. Quentyn that winter went to Africa, and Milly gave her husband a farewell all kindness, all composure, when he came to bid Christina and her good-by. She did not know that she was not composed, though she did know that her kindness was greater than any she expressed.

Dick always wrote punctually, once a fortnight, to his wife, short bulletins, to which, as accurately and as laconically, she responded. This winter the bulletins were often delayed, sometimes altogether missing. Dick had joined an exploring party, and his allusions, by the way, to "narrow shaves," "nasty rows with natives," and "a rather bad fever," explained these irregularities.

"He really ought to write a book about it. They have evidently had most perilous adventures," Christina said, during a sympathetic perusal of these documents, which were always handed on to her, as, for any intimacy they contained, they might have been handed on to anybody; they began "Dear Milly," and ended "Yours aff'ly, D. Q." The "affectionately" was always abbreviated.

"I suppose they are in a good deal of danger," said Milly, nibbling at her toast—they were at breakfast.

"That, I suppose, was what they went for," Christina replied, her eyes passing over the letter as they might have passed over a newspaper.

Milly, leaning her elbow on the table, watched her read. "Poor Dick!" she said presently.

Christina had laid down the letter and was going on with her coffee. "Why poor, dear?"

"If he were killed to-morrow I suppose it would hardly affect us more than the death of any of the men who had tea here yesterday."

"Milly!" said Christina; she put down her coffee-cup.

"Would it?" Milly insisted. "Would you mind more?"

"Your husband—my child!" This elder-sister mode of address was often Christina's.

"Why should a husband one has n't been able to live with count for as much as a friend one is glad to see?"

"Because he has counted for so much."

"All the same, Christina, you can't deny that you would hardly be sorry, and that you would not expect me to be sorry—only solemn."

"I should expect you to be both."

"Sorry for a man I have no affection for—a man I have almost hated?"

"Yes; if only for these reasons—and that it should be only for these reasons is what you meant when you said 'poor Dick!'" Christina demonstrated it.

Milly was thinner, paler; Christina noticed that, though she hardly noticed how often she returned to the subject of her husband's danger, the pathos of her own indifference to it. And Milly's listless moods followed one another so closely this winter as to be almost permanent. She was evidently bored. More and more frequently, when she talked to her over their tête-à-tête tea, the very dearest hour of the day, Christina saw that Milly did not hear her. After these five years of comprehension and forbearance this apparent indifference could not, at first, seriously disturb her; hurt her it always did. Picking up a book, with a smile of loving humor for Milly's absorption, she would read and cease to talk. The mood always passed the sooner for not being recognized; she would come out of the cloud, unaware of it, sunnier, sweeter, more responsive than before. But this winter she did not come out. That Milly should be so indifferent, so bored, so apathetic, began to disturb as well as hurt Christina. Then came a quick pulsing of fear: did some new attachment account for it? But her mind, in a swift, flame-like running around the circle of possibilities, saw them all as impossibilities, and put away that fear.

One day, taking Milly's face between her hands, yet feeling, strangely, a sudden shyness that made a complete confession of her vague alarms impossible, she asked her if she were unhappy.

"Unhappy, dear Christina? Why should I be?" Milly put an affectionate arm about her friend's neck.

"But are you? Is there anything you

would like to do? Anywhere you would like to go? I am sure that you are frightfully bored." Christina smiled. "Confess that you are."

"No, dear, no. Have I seemed bored? No. I can't think of anything that would interest me. One comes on these Sahara-like times in life, you know—stretches of dull, dull sands. Or is it that I am getting old, Christina?"

"You old—you child!"

"I feel old," said Milly, "really old and tired."

Christina still smiled at her, but smiled over a something choking in her throat. It was not sympathy for her friend's *Weltschmerz* that made that hurting constriction; it was the recognition of her remoteness from her, the recognition of something in her eyes, her voice,—something she could not analyze,—as if a faint barrier wavered, impalpable, formless, between them, and as if, did she say that it was there, beg to break through, it would change suddenly to stone, and perhaps shut her away forever.

All winter she battled with the unseen terror, able still to tell herself that she was a fool. Of two things she was sure: there was no one else, and Milly herself did not know there was a barrier, did not recognize her own remoteness. It was her unconsciousness of any change that was Christina's only comfort—a bleak, shivering comfort. Strange, strange, that in the heart of her great love should be this fear. What was it in Milly that made her feel that to cry out all her doubts, her follies, perhaps her unhappiness, would only be to make more permanent that remoteness?

Christina looked forward to a trip to Greece and Sicily as a definite goal. Milly had shown some interest in the idea of a two months' wandering among the whispering ruins of the past. They were to sail from Marseilles in April, and in talking over plans, getting up information, burnishing historical memories, Milly had shown some of her old, girlish eagerness. She had even read over again the Greek tragedies to steep herself in the proper atmosphere. It was, therefore, with a shock of bitter surprise, bitter disappointment, and, at once, a dim, dark foreboding, that Christina one day, only a week before the time fixed for their departure, heard Milly announce, flushing slightly, slightly avert-

ing her eyes, that she thought she would give up the trip, she would rather spend the spring at Chawltan; and, at once going on, as if with a recovery of composure, looking clearly at her friend:

"You see, dear, I have just had a letter from Dick. He gets back next week, and is going down there. He says he wants to see the primroses after that horrid Africa—quite a poetical yearning, is n't it, for Dick! And I think it would really be a little too brutal of me—would n't it?—if I sailed off without seeing him at all—without pouring his tea for even one week!"

Milly was smiling, really with her own light gaiety; the momentary look of evasion had passed. Christina was convinced of her own misinterpretation. Duty had called Milly away from pleasure, and she had feared, a little, that her friend would think too much sacrificed to it.

"Of course, dearest; of course we will put it off," she cried, "and of course we will go down to welcome home the wanderer."

Milly kissed her. "After all, it is a pity to miss primroses," she said.

The packing projects turned topsyturvy, servants to be redistributed, plans countermanded, Christina saw to all; while Milly, with still her new cheerfulness, flitted in the spring sunshine from shop to shop, decking herself in appropriate butterfly garments. They were to get to Chawltan House only a day or two before Dick's arrival.

The gardens, the lawns, the woods, were radiant with spring, and Milly, in the environment of jocund revival, shared the radiance. All barriers seemed gone, were it not that Christina, full of strange presages, felt the very radiance to make one.

Milly gathered primroses in the woods, hatless, her white dress and fair head glimmering and shining among the young grays and greens. She came in laden with flowers, and the house smiled with their pale gold, their innocent and fragile gaiety.

"Is n't the country delicious?" she said to Christina. "Much, much nicer than dreary Greece and tiresome ruins, is n't it?"

"Much," said Christina, who was finding the country, the spring, the sunshine, the very primroses, full of a haunting melancholy.

"I have a thirst for simplicity and freshness and life," Milly went on, looking at





Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

CHRISTINA "BROKE INTO AN AGONY OF SOBS"

the sky, "and here one feels that one has them—oh, the cuckoo, Christina! is n't it a sound that makes one think of tears—and happiness!"

Of tears only, not of happiness, thought Christina; of regret—regret for something gone—gone, lost forever. The cuckoo's cry pierced her all day long.

Simplicity and freshness and life—Christina did not recall the words definitely when she saw Dick Quentyn spring up the steps to greet his wife at the threshold of the house; but something unformulated echoed in her mind with a deepened sense of presage.

Milly stretched out both her hands. "Welcome home, Dick," she said; and she held her cheek to be kissed. There was no restraint or shyness in her eyes, nothing that foreboding could fix and dwell upon. She looked at the bronzed, stalwart, smiling being with as open and happy a gaze as though he had been an oak-tree. The happiness of gaze was new, but it was only part of Milly's revival; and, then, he had been in danger. Christina took comfort, she knew not for what.

"It is good to be at home again," Dick asseverated more than once during the day; "and, I say, how jolly those primroses look!" he exclaimed in the long, white drawing-room.

Milly, holding Christina's hand, stood beside him.

"I gathered them, Dick—all of them, and arranged them, in honor of your return."

"Oh, come, now!" Mr. Quentyn ejaculated, with humorous incredulity.

Milly smiled, making no protest. He, she, and Christina walked together about the grounds. Christina had felt a curious shrinking from joining them—a shrinking, in any normal condition of things between husband and wife, so natural that it was only with a slowly growing amazement that she recognized its monstrosity as applied to those conditions. She leave Milly alone with her husband! What a revolution in all their relations would such a withdrawal have portended! To do so would be to yield to those vague alarms, to make them real, to make them visible to Milly, perhaps; and Milly certainly did not see them.

She still held Christina's hand drawn within her arm while they walked and listened to Mr. Quentyn's laconic recital of his African adventures.

"I am pretty sick of it, I can tell you," he said, smiling at the friends. "I sha'n't be off again on anything of that sort for a long time."

"What will you do, Dick?" Milly asked.

"Oh, I shall drift about a bit; this is quite good enough for me."

That evening in the drawing-room he joined Christina, who was sitting alone, looking out at the evening.

"As inseparable as ever, you and Milly, are n't you?" he said, coming and standing over her, his genial eyes upon her.

Christina, as always, felt that his chief impression of the situation was its enormous humorousness.

"Just as inseparable," she assented, looking up at him; she smiled with an emphasis that was faintly defiant, though neither she nor Dick recognized defiance.

"Milly is looking a little fagged, don't you think?" he went on. "Has she been doing too much this winter? You are frightfully busy, are n't you, always? Milly likes going at a great pace, I know."

"I should not have thought there was anything noticeable," said Christina; "she was a little fagged, perhaps, but the country has already refreshed her wonderfully."

"Oh, it was nothing to speak of, really. London always does pull one down a bit." He went on presently: "She is being awfully nice to me. I don't ever remember her having been more nice—since, I mean, we decided that we could n't hit it off. One would really say that she did n't mind seeing me"; and Dick smiled as if the joke were becoming quite exquisitely comical.

"You have been in such danger; Milly can but feel relief." Her voice, she knew, was full of an odd repression, discouragement; but Dick was altogether too innocent of any hope to be aware of discouragement or repression.

"She was worried about me? Really?—That was awfully good of her," he said.

The ensuing evening was, to Christina, distinctly odd, to say the very least of it. She and Dick both were aware of change, of novelty, and Milly, apparently, was aware of none.

Her cheerful kindness was as natural, as spontaneous, as though she had been a girl greeting a long-absent brother. She questioned Dick, and, as her questions showed interest,—interest and a knowledge

surprising to Christina,—Dick talked with unusual ease and fluency.

Christina looked at them and listened to them, while Milly, leaning an arm on the table, gazed with gravely shining eyes at her husband. The arm, the eyes, the long lines of her throat, were very lovely. Christina's mind fixed funnily on them; she wished Milly would not lean so, look so. Milly was unaware of eyes and arm and throat; she always looked so, leaned so, when she listened with absorption. It was Christina who was aware—Christina who was quivering with latent, unformulated consciousness. After dinner, Milly and Dick still talked; she still listened.

For three or four days this was the situation—the reunited brother and sister, the friend necessarily incidental for the time being. "For the time being"—Christina clung to that phrase. The situation could be only temporary. Even in her it would be too great a folly to feel slighted.

And then, suddenly, the latent consciousness, the presages, grew ominous. What it was she could not say. Milly was sweet, frank, unreserved, apparently; Dick unchanged. Was it her own realization of being left out, of not being needed, that overwhelmed her? Or was it a sense of some utter change in her darling—a change so gradual, so subtle, that until its accomplishment she had not clearly interpreted it?

(To be continued.)

The moment of definite interpretation came one day when, on going into the library, she had found Milly and Dick sitting side by side at the table, their heads bent over a map; and they were not looking at the map; they were looking at each other, still like brother and sister,—but such fond brother and sister,—looking while they smiled and talked.

Milly, on seeing her friend, jumped up,—too eagerly,—and pulled back a chair for her. "Sit down, dearest; Dick is telling me adventures," she said.

What was it that drove into Christina's heart like a knife? Milly smiled at her, eagerly smiled; and yet Milly was miles and miles away, was greeting her as though she were a guest, greeting her with conventional warmth, courteous sweetness. She was not wanted; through the warmth, through the sweetness, she felt that. Smiling, she said that she had come for a book. Going to the book-cases, she sought for one accurately,—why she should seek, as though she had come in with the intention of finding it, a volume of frothy eighteenth-century memoirs she could not have told,—pulled it out, and, smiling again upon them with unconstrained lightness, she left them. She walked steadily to her room, into it, locked the door, and, falling upon her knees beside the bed, broke into an agony of sobs.

## GUSTAVO SALVINI

BY W. A. LEWIS

**P**ATERNAL misgivings are sometimes unfounded.

Some years ago the writer passed an afternoon in the society of Alexander Salvini, during which the conversation drifted into a discussion of the family bent toward the stage.

Young Salvini declared that it was not with his father's consent that he had adopted the stage as a profession, and remarked that he had a brother (Gustavo), also an actor, of whom the world would some day hear great things. Toward this brother as well, the father directed all the zeal of his discouraging influence.

When it is remembered that Tommaso Salvini is now advanced in years, and that he is naturally deeply grounded in that austere estimation for his art which is calculated to undervalue the accomplishments of a younger generation, it is not strange that he should have been exceedingly reluctant to believe very sanguinely in the professional talent of his sons. He is not the man to enter protest against his children's adoption of the stage upon any other grounds than solicitude for their success; and Alexander, feeling, no doubt, that a different interpretation might be put upon his





PETRUCHIO



HAMLET



ROMEO



OEDIPUS. KING



Gustavo Salvini  
in private life  
and  
in some of his  
impersonations



SHYLOCK



father's uncertainty concerning his brother and himself, explained the matter as it is related here.

It was due to Tommaso Salvini's objection to Alexander's début that the latter migrated to America, where he became fluent in the use of English. His brother, however, has never appeared in the United States, although for some time negotiations have been in progress looking to that end; and, to enhance the interest in the engagement, the strongest inducements have been offered the father to accompany Gustavo and be "featured" in his wonderful characterization of *Othello*, with his son as *Iago*. Thus far these negotiations have failed. And they will hardly be consummated so far as Tommaso Salvini is concerned; his age and ample means permit him the luxury of a retirement which is only invaded upon occasions when some worthy charity entices him.<sup>1</sup>

Just now Gustavo Salvini is the reigning favorite of Italy. As a tragedian he holds a position in popular esteem approximating that so long enjoyed by his distinguished father. For half a century the elder Salvini and Ristori were the dramatic regents of Italy. Now it is the younger Salvini and Duse.

The dominant modern force in Italy's stage literature is D'Annunzio. He has written several plays for Duse; and he appeared most recently as the play-maker for both Duse and Gustavo Salvini, in the tragedy "*Francesca da Rimini*," in which both these great players appeared at the dedication of the new Greek theater in Rome.

The prominent characteristics of Gustavo Salvini beam in his frank countenance. He is modest, self-reliant, ambitious, and supremely devoted to his art. From his father he inherits an exalted ideal of his profession; for Tommaso Salvini has preserved throughout his long and distinguished career the private life of an Italian gentleman of the highest rank, and the family has been honored as much for its social position as for its gifts.

Gustavo Salvini differs materially in his art from his late brother Alexander (of whose work the American public became

rightly very fond), in that he leans more to serious and tragic rôles, and less to the romantic school that his brother adopted. Gustavo has had opportunities for being a much closer student of his father's art. He has, too, imbibed more of the Italian atmosphere. Alexander speedily and cleverly adapted himself to the English-speaking stage; and although he was a Salvini, and partook of the brilliant genius of his father, he nevertheless was quite content to toil patiently, as an obscure member of traveling companies, until he proved his claim to recognition as a star. In this he exhibited the cardinal trait of the Salvini family—thoroughness. Throughout his long life Tommaso Salvini has been the closest of students, and both his sons have profited by his example.

Gustavo Salvini enjoys the robust physical proportions of his illustrious parent, although not to the same extraordinary degree. He individualizes every rôle he undertakes with peculiarities that engross the most fascinating study of characterization. While he plays Shakspeare with enough conventionality to avert startling surprises, he invests every part he undertakes with a personality that has about it something which captivates with its originality.

Gustavo is a superb reader. He is possessed of a voice of marvelous range, controlled with the ease and directness that formed such a fascination in his father's delivery. His face is manly, his expression dignified, his bearing heroic.

It is an interesting circumstance that after he had for some time been pursuing a dramatic career, Gustavo, in deference to his father's wish, gave up the stage; but after some years its attraction became too strong, and he returned to the boards. For a long time his father could not be induced to see his representations, but finally he was prevailed upon to witness "*Edipus the King*," with the result that he was much affected by it, and became entirely reconciled to the actor's choice. Among the son's other rôles are *Petruchio*, *Lear*, *Romeo*, *Hamlet*, *Shylock*, and *Marco Cralievich*. His expected visit to America is of interest to all lovers of genuine dramatic art.

<sup>1</sup> An English-born lady resident in Italy, writing on June 23, 1902, says of one of these infrequent appearances of the elder Salvini: "My husband and I saw him act at Genoa a few weeks ago in Silvio Pellico's '*Francesca da Rimini*,' and we were as-

tonished at his undiminished powers in spite of his advanced age. I saw him for the first time, but my husband, having frequently seen him in former days, was able to compare him with the only actor of his own eminence—namely, with himself."—EDITOR.



## The Gray Morns

By Edwin Markham

What do you bring in your packs, Gray Girls?

"Sea-sand and sorrow!"

What is that mist that behind you whirls?

"The souls of to-morrow!"

What are those shapes on the windy coasts?

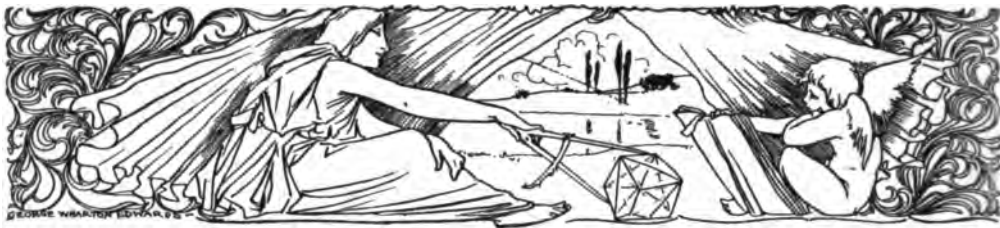
"The dead souls going!"

What are those loads on the backs of the ghosts?

"The seed of their sowing!"

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# THE SWARTZ DIAMOND

BY E. W. THOMSON

WITH PICTURES BY J. N. MARCHAND



HE Boer puzzled us. It was not because he loomed so big in the haze against the sunset; but he seemed at a mile's distance to detect us. We thought the cover perfect, for the hackthorn tops were higher than our horses' heads. If he from so far could see patches of khaki through bushes, his eyes must be better than our field-glasses. If he did not see us, why did he wave his hat as in salutation?

"Maybe he only suspect one patrol at de ford. Vat you t'ink, Sergeant McTavish?" said Lieutenant Deschamps to me.

"Perhaps he thinks some of his own kind may hold the ford," I suggested.

The others said nothing. They were fifteen French Canadians, including Corporal Jongers. We lay still behind our prone horses, and kept our Krag's on the Boer.

He seemed to diminish as he advanced slowly from the mirage, but still he looked uncommonly big—and venerable, too. His hair and beard grew long and white, though he sat up as alert as any young man. At ten yards a pack-pony followed him. When half a mile away the burgher raised both hands above his head.

"He come for surrender, you t'ink, sergeant?" Lieutenant Deschamps is a gentleman. Because I was of another race he always treated me with more than the consideration due to a good non-com. Or possibly it was because he knew I had been advocate in Montreal before joining the mounted Canadian contingent.

"Better keep down and keep him covered," I replied. "That may be a signal." I stared about the horizon. The veldt was bare, except for the straggle of hackthorns fringing the curve about the ford. There could be no other Boer within three miles of us, unless hidden by the meanderings of the Wolwe, which runs twelve feet below the plain. But we had searched ten miles of its bed during the day. Westward lay the kopjes from among which the old Boer had apparently ridden.

He came calmly down the breach of the opposite bank and as far as the middle of the brawling shallow within fifty yards of us before Deschamps cried "Halt!" At the word we sprang up, accoutrements rattling, horses snorting. The old burgher looked up at us quizzically, passing his hand down his beard and gathering its length above his mouth before he spoke.

"Take care some of those guns don't go off," he said, with no trace of Dutch accent.

"You surrender?" Deschamps stepped forward.

"Sir, I am going to Swartzdorp. Did you not see me hold up my hands?"

"But for sure you could not see us here?"

He smiled and pointed up to the sky. In the blue a vulture swung wide above us. "So I knew," said the burgher, "Kha-kis were hiding. Boers would have come out. They would have recognized me."

"Your name?"

"Emanuel Swartz."

"Bon! The great landowner! I have

much pleasure to see you. Come in, monsieur. Eef only you brought in your commando, how glad!"

"They may come yet," he said. "It depends." He shook his rein, and the big bay brought him up the breach into the midst of us. The pack-pony, which had imitated his halt, followed.

"You will not stop me. I have private business at Swartzdorp," he said.

"Truly I regret," said Deschamps. "But my orders! Here you must stay, monsieur, this night. To-morrow General Pole. He will be most glad to parole you, I have hope."

"Oh, very well, lieutenant," said Swartz, philosophically. "I dare say he won't send me to St. Helena." He dismounted, leaving his Mauser strapped to his saddle. Then he handed me his bandoleer. "I make you welcome to my pack also," he said hospitably. "There's some biltong and meal. Perhaps it will improve your fare."

"It will be poor stuff if it does n't," I told him.

"You give your parole, sir?" asked Deschamps.

"For the night, yes. I will not try to escape."

His cordial, easy accents came with a certain surprising effect from one who was so unkempt and, in spite of his years, so formidable. I had never before seen one of the great Boer landowners. In his manner one could perceive, if not a certain condescension, at least the elevated kindness of a patriarchal gentleman accustomed to warm by affability the hearts of many descendants and dependents. About Swartzdorp we had heard much of his English mother, his English wife, and his lifelong friendship with English officers and gentlemen. It did not seem surprising that he should have come in voluntarily now that Bloemfontein and Pretoria were in Lord Roberts's hands.

It was cold for us in khaki that evening by the Wolwe, though we did not lack overcoats. The spruit tinkled icily along patches of gravel in the blue clay, and late June's high moon seemed pouring down a Canadian wintriness. "No fire," ordered Deschamps, lest far-sighted Boer parties, skilled in surprises, might locate us. But the old burgher showed how to make small glowing heaps of dry offal, which had been

plentifully left of old by troops of deer and antelope coming to drink at the spruit. Over one of these tiny smokeless fires our lieutenant sat with the prisoner. I think I see again the reflection of the little flame flickering on the old giant's enormous beard and shapely outspread hands.

We had supped heavily on his meat and meal, but sleep in that nipping air came by dozes only, and drowsiness departed when digestion had relieved repletion. At midnight, when the vedettes were changed and the moon sagged low, we all were more wakeful than early in the evening. There had been little talk, and that in the low voices of endurance; but now Deschamps and Swartz fell into discourse about the Kimberley mines. This led to discussing the greater diamonds of South Africa, and so on till the burgher began a story stranger than fiction:

"ONE of the biggest stones ever taken from blue clay is still uncut. It has never been offered for sale. Near this very place it was found by Vassell Swartz, my cousin. The man is not rich even for a Free State burgher. He is fond of money. He believes his diamond to be worth twelve thousand pounds. No man could wish harder to sell anything. And yet he has not offered it. He has not even shown it. His wife has not seen it. He has had it constantly near him for eleven years. He has handled it frequently—in its setting. But he has not ventured to look at it since the morning after he found it. You wonder at that. Is it possible a rough diamond can shine so bright as dangerously to dazzle the eyes? No; Vassell would be glad to stare at it all day. But its setting prevents him. And yet he set it himself."

The old burgher paused and looked about on our puzzled faces with some air of satisfaction at their interest.

"It is quite a riddle," said Deschamps.

"So it is. And I will make it harder. You have been told that we Boers think nothing of killing Kaffirs? But all Swartzdorp could tell you that my cousin Vassell could scarcely bear to let a Kaffir out of his sight. That is mysterious? Well, I will not go on talking in parables. I will tell you the thing just as I heard it from Vassell or know about it myself.

"Eleven years ago, Vassell and his brother, my cousin Claas, went off as usual to



Drawn by J. N. Marchand. Half-tone plate engraved by J. W. Evans

"HE SHOOK HIS REIN, AND THE BIG BAY BROUGHT HIM UP THE  
BREACH INTO THE MIDST OF US"

Makori's country beyond the Limpopo, elephant-hunting. Ivory was so plenty that they trekked back a month earlier than they had expected. On the return Vassell's riding-horse fell lame not long after crossing this very Wolwe spruit by a higher ford. My cousin gave the beast no rest till evening, and no attention until after they had made a laager against lions and had eaten supper. Then he took a brand from the fire and looked into the hoof. In it he found a whitish stone of about the bigness of an elephant-bullet of six to the pound. It was of the color of alum, and in the torchlight it glistened as the scale of a fish.

"Vassell had never seen a rough diamond. And he had heard of diamonds as brighter than glittering glass. He thought only that the pebble was a pretty stone. The man's heart was soft with nearing his wife and children, so he slipped the pebble into his empty elephant-bullet pouch, thinking to give it for a toy to his little Anna. There it lay forgotten until his fingers went groping for a bullet at the next daybreak. Kaffirs were then trying to rush my cousins' laager.

"Wild Kaffirs these were, driven from Kimberley for unruliness in drink. They were going back to their tribe; they had come far without food, and they smelled the meat and meal in the wagons—so Matakita afterward told. But no hunger could have driven them against a Boer laager. They mistook the wagons for the wagons of Englishmen."

The French Canadians smiled unoffended, but my jaws snapped. Swartz turned to me courteously:

"They mistook the wagons for those of English traders unskilled in arms and trekking provisions to the mines. Though their first rush showed them their mistake, they went mad over their losses and came on twice more. Then they guessed, from the way my cousins reserved their fire, that their ammunition was low. So Matakita howled them on for a fourth rush.

"My cousins and their six Christian Kaffirs were now in alarm, for their cartridges were nearly all gone. It was then that Vassell's fingers groped in his elephant-bullet pouch, where he felt something rounding out the leather. That was the forgotten pebble. But its bigness was too great for the muzzle-loading elephant-rifle. So my

cousin rammed it into the wide-mouthed, old-fashioned roer, a blunderbuss that our fathers' fathers praised because it frightened Kaffirs more than it hurt them. In justice to the roer it should have been loaded with a handful of slugs. But with only powder and the pebble it made such flash and noise that all the living wild blacks, but one, ran away howling. The one that fell before Vassell's pebble was the biggest of all, and their leader. There he lay kicking and bellowing like a buffalo bull, ten yards from the wagons.

"While he bawled we knelt in the laager," Vassell told me, "and we offered up thanks for this our deliverance, even like unto the deliverance of David by the pebble of the brook."

"Then they ate breakfast while their Kaffirs inspanned, and still the wild one roared.

"It would be merciful, brother Vassell," said Claas as they drank coffee, "to put the Lord's creature out of his pain."

"Nay," said Vassell; "my conscience will not consent to what Free State law might call murder. And, moreover, the Kaffir's pain is a plain judgment of the Almighty." Vassell is a dopper, like Oom Paul, and a dopper is quick to see the Almighty operating through himself. So they left the black thief gnashing, with five more who lay still, meat for vultures' beaks or lions' jaws.

"In four or five hours' time my cousins were nigh to Truter's drift on the Modder. There they saw two Englishmen and one Israelite digging into the blue-clay shoal.

"Good day," shouts Claas. "What are you digging for?"

"Diamonds, Dutchman, d—n you," said the Englishmen, laughing.

"They came up out of the river-bed and showed my cousins four small rough stones which they had found elsewhere.

"Vassell looked closely at the stones. Then he knew that his pebble had been a great gem. He put innocent, simple dopper questions about the value of diamonds. And the Israelite said that a first-rate stone of the bigness of more than an elephant-bullet would be worth from twelve to twenty thousand pounds. Vassell felt that Israelite's eyes piercing him, and so he gave no more sign of excitement than a skull. But he was wondering if the grand-

fathers' old roer had sent the pebble through the Kaffir, which seemed unlikely.

"My cousins traded the flesh of a springbok for cartridges, and the English went away up the spruit, while Claas got ready to

all the truth. Was I to arouse in Claas a greedy desire to share in the diamond? True," said Vassell, "we had agreed to share and share alike in the hunt, but the stone was not ivory, skin, nor meat, and I



Drawn by J. M. Marchand. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

"THEY FOUND THE KAFFIR STILL SQUIRMING"

cross at Truter's. But Vassell made delay; he said that hunger was rummaging his inside.

"'And that was the truth, Emanuel,' he told me later, 'for we had trekked since dawn. But it is not always needful to tell

alone found it. We are commanded to agree with our adversary "in the way with him." And by halting in that place for the boiling of coffee there would be time to pray for direction. If the Almighty would have us trek back to the wounded Kaffir.



it would be wise to turn before crossing at Truter's.'

"Of course my cousin Claas, when he heard of Vassell's hunger, felt hungry too, and the Kaffirs were told to prepare the meal. Meantime Vassell took his Bible from the wagon-box and fell on his knees. He expected the Lord would order him back to the Wolwe, and so it happened. But to induce Claas to obey the Lord's direction without understanding the whole thing was the trouble.

"Like an inspiration a familiar text came to Vassell's mind. 'Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.' He showed this to Claas as his reason for turning about. The text had a new meaning for Vassell. I tell you again he felt that he had been inspired to remember it. You have to bear that in mind, or you will not rightly understand how his brain was afterward affected.

"'But it would be foolishness to apply the text to a wild Kaffir four hours' trek back,' said Claas.

"'Nay, not if the Kaffir be subdued,' said Vassell.

"'He is more than subdued; he is dead,' said Claas.

"'Nay, he may not yet have perished,' said Vassell. But he felt sure the black was dead. And he felt equally sure he had been inspired to understand that he himself should obtain mercy in the shape of the diamond if he returned even as the good Samaritan to the Kaffir fallen by the way. Still Claas was stiff-necked, until Vassell opened the Book at Jeremiah iii. 12: 'Return, . . . for I am merciful, saith the Lord.' He handed it to Claas without a word.

"Claas naturally supposed that Vassell had opened the Bible at random, as the doppers often do when they are seeking direction. And hence Claas saw in this text a clear leading back to the Wolwe. Yet he wished to rest and smoke tobacco for a long hour after eating. But Vassell was greatly inspired with texts that day. He pointed to I Samuel xx. 38: 'Jonathan cried after the lad, Make speed, haste, stay not.' Then he fell into such a groaning and sighing about it that Claas could not smoke in peace.

"'Anything is better than your rumblings,' said Claas, and so they hastened on the backward course. 'For,' as Vassell told me, 'I was in deep tribulation of

fear lest the vultures might gulp down the diamond, or some beak strike it afar.'"

Here the huge old burghers sat up straighter and paused so unexpectedly that his sudden silence was startling. I imagined he listened to something far off in the stillness of the waning moon. Lieutenant Deschamps and the French Canadians sat indifferent, but I sprang up and put hands to my ears. Nothing could I hear but the occasional stamping of our horses, the walking hoofs of our vedettes by the river's bend, and the clinking of swift water over gravel.

"Did you hear something strange?" the patriarch asked me.

"Did you?" I asked.

"Is it likely that a great-grandfather's ears can hear better than a young man's?" he asked courteously.

"But you stopped to listen," I replied.

Then he shamed me by saying gently: "An old voice may need a little rest. But now I will go on:

"My cousins trekked back as fast as their oxen could walk. They found the Kaffir still squirming, and covering his eyes from the vultures. This went to Vassell's heart. He could not cut the diamond out of the living. And perhaps it was not in the man. Vassell drove away the vultures and examined the wound. Then his heart was lifted up exceedingly, for, as he told me, 'fear had been heavy in me lest the diamond had gone clear through the Kaffir and been lost on the veldt. But now my fingers felt it under the flesh of his back. An inch more had sent it through. And it seemed so sure the pagan must die before morning that my conscience was clear against extracting the stone in haste.'

"This Wolwe Veldt was then Lion Veldt, and Vassell thought it prudent to carry the Kaffir into the night-laager, for lions bolt big chunks, and the diamond might be in one of them. Claas consented, and so the tame Kaffirs lugged the wild one into one of the ivory-wagons, and left him to die at his leisure.

"Late in the night Vassell, wakened by Claas snoring, felt a strong temptation. He might get up and knife out the stone unseen. 'But I put the temptation away,' he told me, 'for my movement might waken Claas, or the Kaffir might kick or groan under the knife, and my brother

might spy on me. So I mercifully awaited the hour when the Lord would let the diamond come into my hands without Claas suspecting anything. Besides, it was against my conscience to cut the Kaffir up warm when it seemed so sure he would be cold before morning.'

"But next morning the Kaffir was neither dead nor alive. And my cousins were keen to see their wives and children. They must trek on. But Vassell could not leave the diamond. 'And to end the Kaffir's life was,' he told me, 'more than ever against my conscience. That first text, "Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy," kept coming back into my mind. It scared me. It seemed to mean I should have the diamond to myself only if I spared the Kaffir. If I killed him Claas might see me extract the stone and claim half. Moreover, I felt sure the jolting of the wagon would end the pagan soon.'

"So they trekked. When they outspanned at Swartzdorp, two days later, the Kaffir was more alive than on the first day. No reward yet for conscientious Vassell! He stayed only a day with his wife, and then trekked for Bloemfontein with the Kaffir in his horse-wagon. Claas stayed at Swartzdorp. And all at Swartzdorp thought Vassell had gone crazy about the black.

"I was then residing in Bloemfontein, attending a meeting of the Raad. There I saw Vassell gaping at me in the marketplace. Never before had I seen trouble in the man's face. When he told me he had brought a hurt Kaffir all the miles from Swartzdorp I felt sure the man was mad.

"'It may be the Kaffir saved your life from lions?' I asked him.

"'Nay; I saved his life,' he groaned. 'For we are commanded to do good unto our enemies. And, moreover, this is the Kaffir I fired it into.'

"'Fired what?' I asked, not then knowing a word of it all.

"'Emanuel,' he said, 'my soul is deep in trouble, and surely God has sent you to counsel me. He commanded me to bring the Kaffir here. The text he put into my mind will not go out of my mind. I dream of it each night, and I dream of the Kaffir with it, so it must mean him. And to be merciful that I may obtain the promised mercy I have brought him to the hospital.'

"'What does this rant mean? Put it in plain Taal,' I said.

"Vassell looked all about the marketplace, tiptoed his lips to my ear, and whispered, 'Come into my horse-wagon.'

"I climbed up in front under the cover, and then heard breathing behind the seat. There lay the Kaffir. I turned on Vassell with 'You said you brought him to the hospital.'

"'I am afraid to take him there.'

"'Afraid they will require you to pay?'

"'Nay, that is not the trouble. I will reveal all to you.'

"Then he whispered to me all that I have told you, my friends.

"'It was borne in on me,' Vassell said, 'that the surgeons would cut out the diamond to save the Kaffir's life, and thus I should obtain the mercy. But now I am in fear they will not let me be present at the operation. They will keep the diamond if they get time to examine it.'

"'Drive to the hospital,' I said. 'They will let you be present. I will arrange that. Have you money?'

"Yes; he had sold his four best tusks for English gold. So he had plenty to pay the doctors if a bribe should prove necessary.

"But it was not needed. The house-surgeon had the Kaffir carried in, and they examined him in our presence. Then they told Vassell it was a beautiful case involving the kidneys in some extraordinary way, and they wished to watch what would happen if Matakiti lived—that was the outrageous Kaffir's name. To cut the bullet out, they said,—for you may be sure Vassell never mentioned diamond to them,—would kill the Kaffir. And if they killed him quickly, medical science might forego valuable knowledge which it might gain if they did n't operate an hour before he was quite out of danger by the wound.

"Think of my conscientious cousin's sad situation!" The old giant gazed about on us as if without guile. "Twelve thousand pounds! And the surgeons would not let him take the Kaffir away. Nor would they let Vassell stay in the ward with his diamond! And he dared not tell the doctors why the operation would have comforted him, lest they should secretly explore the Kaffir as diamondiferous clay!"

Here again the tale paused. A sardonic tone had for an instant been steely in the

genial voice. But the face of the old man was as in a placid dream. We volunteers, trusting all to our vedettes, grinned, thinking only of Vassell's dilemma. The burgher seemed to ponder on it; or maybe, I thought, he was resting his voice again. So ten seconds passed. Then I heard the rush and grunt of a flac-flarc, the veldt pig. It seemed to have been startled out of the spruit by a vedette, for we faintly heard a horse snort and a man scold. The moon was now very low, but all seemed unchanged except for an increasing restlessness of the picketed horses. They had replied to the snort of the vedette's beast. In an interval of tense silence, the old Africander stared about on our faces with a curious inspection that I now think of as having been one of such pity as the deaf perceive in other men's faces. But at the time I supposed he but wished to assure himself that all were attentively awaiting the rest of his story.

Yet when the old burgher spoke again he seemed to have forgotten the great Swartz diamond.

"Such silence on this veldt!" he murmured. "I remember it alive with great game. Not twenty miles from here I have lain often awake in the night to a concert of lions and hyenas and jackals, with the stamping of wildebeests, and the barking of quaggas, and the rushing away of springbok and blesbok as the breeze gave them our scent. Now we hear nothing, my friends—nothing whatever moving on the plain?"

"Only the horses and the pickets and the stream," said Deschamps.

"But I," said the old burgher, "hear more. I hear the sounds of ghosts of troops of great game. And I hear with those sounds other sounds as of the ghosts of a needless war." He sighed heavily, and seemed to sink into sad reverie.

Deschamps and his French volunteers would not interrupt him, but I was impatient. "How did your cousin get at the diamond?" I asked.

"He did not get at it." The white-beard roused up amiably and resumed his tale:

"And yet he did not part with it. For six weeks the Kaffir improved in the Bloemfontein hospital. Then the day came when the surgeons told my cousin they could

learn nothing more of the lovely case from outside. I do not know whether they really meant to vivisect the Kaffir, but Vassell was sure of it, for he had that diamond on the brain. He longed to have the Kaffir live out his allotted span—at Swartzdorp.

"Surely I must be with Matakita at his ending," said Vassell to me.

"Now Matakita had been told how Vassell had mercifully saved him, and he wished for nothing better than to be Vassell's man. So, in the night, after my cousin had whispered to the Kaffir that the surgeons meant to cut him open, Matakita jumped out of the hospital window and hurried to Vassell's horse-wagon waiting on the Modder road.

"My friends, to tell you all the sad experience of my cousin with that Kaffir I should need to be with you for a week. Our time for talk together is too short—indeed, I seem to hear it going in the hack-thorn tops. But still I can give you a little more.

"Consider, then, that Vassell's family already thought him demented for bringing the wild black from the Wolwe. Trekking with him to Bloemfontein was worse, and carrying him back appeared complete lunacy. But Vassell was the head of a Boer family and must be obeyed by his household, from Tante Anna, his wife, to the smallest Kaffir baby bred on his farm.

"He told no one but me of the battle in his soul. It was this: the more he longed to knife the diamond out, the more his conscience was warned with that text the Lord had sent him. He had now a fixed idea that he would somehow lose the diamond unless he was merciful to Matakita.

"Out of sight of the Kaffir my cousin could not be easy, he feared so much the black would run away. To prevent that, Vassell at first carried a loaded rifle all day long. At night he locked the Kaffir in the room partitioned from his own. Its windows he barred with iron bars. This was to save Matakita from the Christian Kaffirs of the farm. At first they were likely to kill him in the dark, such was their jealousy of the wild man honored by a bed in the house of the baas, while their own Christian bones had to rest in the huts and the sheds.

"But their jealousy changed to deadly fear of Matakita. They imagined that he had bewitched the baas. Matakita, being no

fool, soon smelled out that fear. As a witch doctor he lorded it over them. He began to roll in fat, for they brought to his teeth the best of their food. As for their women!

"At last Tante Anna looked into this thing. Then the blood of her mother of the Great Trek ran hot in her. I happened to be visiting there at the time. She herself went at the pagan with the sjambok. Vassell turned his back, for he approved the lashing, but the Kaffir so groveled and howled under the whip that my cousin's conscience rose up untimely. It told him that he would be guilty, for the diamond's sake, of complicity in the killing if he did not interfere. Whereupon he took the sjambok from Tante Anna's hands, and ordered her to deal kindly with the Kaffir, as before.

"'Kindly! The black beast is destroying Christianity on our farm!' she wailed. 'I will slay him with my own hands. And I hope I have done it already!'

"'Alas! no, Anna,' said Vassell. 'He will live. You have but given him a reason to run away.'

"'Run away? I wish to the Lord he would run away!'

"'No, no, my woman,' Vassell whispered. 'You do not understand. Tell it to nobody—but the Kaffir is worth twelve thousand English pounds to me!'

"'She turned to me laughing. 'Twelve thousand pounds. My poor demented man!'

"'When he dies I will prove it,' said Vassell.

"'What! A dead Kaffir worth a fortune?' She was all contempt for Vassell's folly.

"Of course he wished to explain to her. But he had an opinion that Matakkit's days might be few if Tante Anna came to understand the meaning of the lump on Matakkit's black back. Vassell's uncontrollable conscience required her to be no more unmerciful to Matakkit. If Anna's sjambok cut out the stone, it might be lost in the litter of the yard.

"Well, my friends, the word went up and down the Orange Free State, and far into the Colony, and away across the Vaal, that Burgher Vassell Swartz was crazy with kindness for a wild Kaffir! Of course I denied it, and that carried weight, but the mystery grew, for I could not explain the

case, so strong was Vassell in holding me to secrecy. To get my cousin out of his trouble I advised him to lend Matakkit to me, but he would not agree. Possibly he suspected me of wishing to dig for the diamond.

"Ten years this sorrow lasted, and all the time Matakkit grew fatter, till he could scarcely walk. He was the most overbearing black in all South Africa. What he suspected I do not know, but when he became sure Vassell would not let him be hurt much he wantonly abused the patience of even his devoted baas. Poor Vassell! Sometimes, to ease his sorrows, he used the sjambok on Matakkit, but always too gently. Often he raised his gun to end it all; indeed, he got into a way of thinking that the devil was continually instigating him to kill the Kaffir. And every dopper knows that to yield consciously to the devil is the unforgivable sin."

The ancient burgher paused once more. And again we, whose senses were trained but to the narrow spaces between Canadian woodlands, heard nothing but a sudden louder tumult of gathered horses, the hoofs of the vedettes, and the tinkle of the spruit. I could not guess why old Emanuel looked so well pleased. He loomed taller, it seemed, as he squatted. It was as if with new vivacity that he spoke on:

"The strange things my poor cousin did! I will tell you of at least one more. Five years of Matakkit went by, and never again had Vassell gone hunting afar, for he could not leave the fat Kaffir behind, and he feared Matakkit would run away if he got near the country of his tribe. But in the sixth year a new inspiration came to Vassell. The Lord might send a lion if he took Matakkit where lions might be convenient for sending. Doppers always regard lions as dispensations of Providence when they kill pagan Kaffirs. So he brought Matakkit afar to the Lion Veldt. There Vassell would not let his men make a laager—he slept in a wagon himself. And the Lord *did* send a lion in the night. The blacks lay by the fire. And when it fell low that lion bore a man away out into the darkness at two leaps.

"'Baas! baas!' Vassell heard his Kaffirs shout. 'Baas! The lion has taken Matakkit!' For they had been dozing, and how missed the fat black.

"The Lord had sent the lion, but the devil was carrying away the diamond. Vassell must be in at the ending, as he had planned. So out with his rifle he sprang, seized a brand, and ran, whirling it into flame, on the dragged body's spoor.

"Come back! Oh, baas, come back! The veldt is full of lions!' So the Kaffirs shrieked. But twelve thousand pounds is not forsaken by a Boer hunter for fear of lions. On Vassell ran. He would beat off the lion with the torch. Happy would be his rich life without Matakil! Plainly the Lord would be merciful to him because he had been merciful as commanded by the text.

"But from the wagons came now a bawl: 'Baas! Baas! I am here, I, Matakil! I was in a wagon.' He had sneaked away from the fire. 'It is but Impugan that the lion has taken.'

"Back went Vassell in rage. Now he would finish the Kaffir! For what would his other Kaffirs, the Christians he had bred, his best hunters, too—what would they think but that he valued the accursed pagan above brave old Impugan and all the rest of them? Yet he only beat out his torch on Matakil's head before the diseased conscience stayed his hand once more."

Again the white-beard burgher paused. The picketed horses were now still. The moon was gone, and the spruit chattered in starlit darkness. There was no sound of the vedettes, but that was not strange. Yet uneasiness came over me. My comrades shared it. We all stared at the gigantic prisoner with some suspicion that I could not define. He seemed uncanny. From an old man, and especially an old Boer, sneers seemed unnatural. Some diabolical amusement seemed to animate him. As he jeered his cousin he seemed to jeer us. At first I had liked his genial tone. Now he gave me a sense of repulsion. For this I was trying to account when the old burgher stooped and freshened the fire with mealie cobs. The sparks flew high. In that momentary light he resumed his story:

"My cousin Vassell was of my Swartzdorp commando when this war began, but he is now a prisoner in St. Helena. Before he left home with his boys he instructed his wife about Matakil.

"Be as good to him as you can,' Vassell

ordered. 'But if he should come to his end before I return, then be careful to bury him deeper than jackals or hyenas dig. Bury him carefully by'—no matter where; Vassell showed Tante Anna precisely the place.

"The woman wept and fell on her husband's neck, and cried: 'Farewell, and fight well; and God bring you and the boys back to me, Vassell, my old heart. You need have no fear but I will carefully bury the Kaffir!'

"Gentlemen!" We all sprang up at the change in the old voice. "Gentlemen—you are my prisoners." The burgher rose up, very hard of face.

Deschamps drew his pistol. I thrust mine almost into the burgher's face. But he spoke firmly:

"What! Shoot your prisoner, with his commando surrounding you? Fifty Mausers are leveled on you. Pooh! No! It would be the end of you all. Lieutenant, your horses are seized. Your vedettes are prisoners. They were knocked off their saddles long ago, when you heard nothing but the horses stamping. There was a Boer among them then. He provoked that stamping. It was the signal to strike down your vedettes. Fifty burghers are listening to my voice now. Here, men!" And at the word the Boer surprise came on. "Oom Emanuel! Oh, Oom Emanuel!" was the cry.

"I truly grieve for you, gentlemen," said the old burgher ten minutes later. "You were such good listeners—you had ears for nothing but my story. And because of that I leave you food for a whole day. It will be sufficient, if you march well on foot, to take you to my old friend General Pole. I beg you to give him my compliments. But he will not be in good humor to-morrow. Every one of his patrols within twenty miles has been captured to-night, unless something has gone wrong with De Wet, which is unlikely. Do not be cast down, lieutenant. You were not to blame. Your ears were not trained to the veldt. Good-by. I invite you to visit me, lieutenant, after this war ends, at my Swartzdorp farm. Then I will tell you the rest of the diamond story."

"But that is not fair, sir," said Deschamps, whimsically. "I have interest in de story, and I want to know how she end."

"It has no end yet." The old burgher smiled broadly. "I was on my way to end it when you stopped me. I hoped to get through more easily without my burghers' aid, but I told them to follow if they saw me stopped. You missed us in searching the spruit this morning.

"I have really private business at Swartzdorp. Word was brought to me three days ago that Tante Anna dutifully buried Ma-

takit months since. Vassell was the Kafir's life; I will be his resurrection. A great diamond of the first water is very salable, and the treasury of the republic is running low."

"But it may not be a diamond of the first water," said I.

"It must be," said the patriarch. "Anything less would be too shabby a mercy to Vassell."



## THE HAPPIEST DOG IN NORTH AMERICA

BY S. H. JENKINSON



RECENTLY, while out on a tramp through the woods, I discovered him. Hearing a dog give a short, sharp bark, as it were of mortal agony, I rushed along the narrow path with thoughts of bears and pumas and man-traps and all the powers of darkness. Soon I came out into a clearing, and there, wagging his tail in absolute contentment, was the happiest dog in North America.

This dog had his kennel under the pine-trees, but in front the ground sloped away to a deep valley, across which the forest began again in one regular, unbroken line of mournful-looking cedars. The dog's bark was still being echoed back and forth across that valley, in sounds as loud and clear as the ear-piercing yell that gave them birth, while the author of all this horrible iteration

stood gleefully contemplating the success of his efforts. Then I understood the secret of that dog's happiness: he could keep half a countryside awake without straining a single muscle of his throat.

Soon a man came out of a house that lay a couple of rods away, but on a much lower level, and called out something—I had not the slightest chance of catching what, owing to the mighty uproar that seemed to fill all nature. However, I scrambled down to him, and as I descended a curious thing happened: the sounds grew quickly fainter and fainter, and finally ceased altogether as I approached the man.

I remarked: "Well, that was not a bad echo while it lasted."

"While it lasted!" said the man. "Why, the blamed thing's going yet, and will go till he stops it."

Then he explained.

It appeared that the dog had been tied up at that spot when he was little more than a pup, to watch over the building-material for the house, and had soon discovered the marvelous properties of the echo.

At first the house was built near the dog's kennel and in the track of that echo; for a long time it had not given them much trouble, because the dog used to destroy the echo by aimlessly barking back at it. After a while, however, the dog learned to control the echo, and from that moment nothing human could live near the kennel.

So the man had to move the house to its present site, where it would be all right, he said, so long as the dog did not find out that the house was out of the track of the echo.

He told me that he often went out and swore at the dog, and threw stones at him, while the echo was on, just to deceive him into thinking that the echo annoyed him; and he was certain that, if the dog found out that no one but himself heard the echo, he would manage somehow to change its direction.

I asked him why he did not shift the dog instead of the house, but he said the dog was up to that trick, and, as soon as any one came near him, he would start the echo, and no one dared to move the dog while the echo was loose on the premises. The dog himself, he said, would stop the echo, when he got tired of the row, by barking back at it; and he was so expert at choosing the right time to bark that he seldom failed to stop it at the first attempt. But the man feared that, as the dog was old, he would die while the echo was in progress and leave that fearful siren song as a legacy to all eternity. Also he did not dare to shoot or poison the dog while the echo was quiet, lest the animal should give one last dying yell that would live through the ages.

The man was not sure that the echo would last forever, but he did know that

once, when they gave the dog boiled meat for dinner (the dog liked all his meat raw or roasted), the dog had let that echo go on for seven days, and then only stopped it because they gave him raw haunch of venison, which he was very fond of. At the end of the seven days the echo was as vigorous as at the start.

The only possible road to the man's house and farm passed the kennel, and while the echo was on, he said, no horse or cow could be made to face it.

They had tried every means to stop the echo, and had concluded that nothing short of filling the whole valley with concrete would quiet it. This would be very costly the man said; besides, it would do away with his farm altogether, as he thought nothing would grow under three hundred feet of solid mortar. But if the dog died while the echo was on he reckoned that was what they'd have to do. Possibly they could chip the concrete out again before it got thoroughly set.

At that point in our conversation the dog was heard to bark again, and the man said it would be better for me to go while things were quiet up at the kennel, as the bark we had just heard would stop the echo.

He told me to sneak up as quietly as I could, and if I reached the kennel before the dog barked again, I should try to grab him by the throat. And he offered if I got the dog off the premises, alive or dead, without leaving an echo, to give me two thousand dollars; but he warned me that I must not, on any account, kill the dog while the echo was on.

However, the dog barked as soon as I started to climb the hill, and, as I passed the innocent creature was wagging his tail in the midst of the wildest concatenation of hideous sounds my ear ever listened to.

It struck me as pathetic that the dog should be deriving so much enjoyment from the delusion that the echo was heard as far as his bark; but for all that I feel justified in styling him the happiest dog in North America.



# THE PROLOGUE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

BY JUSTIN H. SMITH

Professor of Modern History in Dartmouth College, Author of "The Troubadours at Home"

## I. THE BARRIERS BROKEN

THE invasion of Canada in 1775 was nothing less than momentous. The colonists, who had looked upon themselves as dutiful subjects of the king, protesting constitutionally against the tyranny of his ministers, found themselves all at once attacking a royal province. Circumstances seemed to require this move, and with American directness they followed the logic of events, feeling keenly that the fate of America was involved in the enterprise, which marked a definite departure from a stage of protest toward that of independence. It is believed that no previous account of the Canada campaigns has rested upon so complete a familiarity with the original documents and with the ground as the present record.

EDITOR.

AT every gust of the north wind the stout hearts of New York and New England fairly quaked; and no wonder. It was 1775. Already the spring verdure of Lexington Green had been made redder than autumn red. Already, at the border fortress on Lake Champlain, armed men had invoked—and not in vain—the name of the Great Jehovah, while on the shore of the sea British troops had trembled before the fire and smoke of another Sinai. It looked as if the wonder-working God of battles were nigh. War seemed at hand. Indeed, war was in sight. And war meant something more than idle redcoats in Boston, summoned to roll-call four times a day to keep them out of mischief, or idle patriots across the Charles longing vainly for enemies to shoot and powder to shoot them with. Men listened for thunder; and the thunder, after long rumblings around the horizon, burst into a frightful peal on the north. Every gale from that quarter came freighted with alarm.

General Carleton, the able and active governor of Canada, had been commissioned a few months before to transport his military "forces to any of our Planta-

tions in America, if necessity shall require, for the defense of the same against the Invasion or Attempts of any of our Enemies, Pirates or Rebels; and such Enemies, Pirates or Rebels, if there shall be occasion, to pursue in or out of the Limits of our said Provinces."

"Rebels," "Pirates"—these were other words for bayonets and halters; "pursue," "transport," hinted an attack from Canada on the weakest side of the colonies; and as for the "forces," who could possibly doubt what they, in part at least, were to be? Nobody was aware of the secret instructions forwarded by General Gage to Colonel Guy Johnson, the Indian agent, in May, or knew that Lord Dartmouth, three thousand miles away from tomahawk and scalping-knife, and persuaded that savages would be employed by the colonists, was soon to give positive orders for their enlistment on the British side. But it was clearly understood that Johnson was at work night and day to rouse the Iroquois. It was believed that Carleton was putting the torch to the murderous instincts of the Canadian red men. The painted devils were certainly gathering. Johnson was



# THE PROLOGUE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

preparing to feast them on the flesh and  
d of a *Bostonian*—an emblematic ox  
pipe of wine. Timid ears heard faint  
does of their war-whoop in the forest.  
men retold the story of Hannah Dus-  
n. Young men pictured many a Jane  
McCreane borne past with tresses dabbled in  
blood. The coming dawn might raise the  
curtain, it was felt, on all the horrors of an  
Indian war. In all  
quarters rose the  
foraction. The  
rde of savages  
must be kept far  
away; they must  
be met beyond the  
border; Canada,  
not the colonies,  
must be invaded.

The cry for pro-  
tection echoed to  
Philadelphia; and  
besides listening to  
what the people  
said, the Conti-  
nental Congress re-  
flected that such a  
step would per-  
haps bear rich po-  
litical fruits. Un-  
less protected  
against the gov-  
ernment, the Ca-  
nadians, however  
friendly, would  
have to take up  
arms against their  
neighbors; while, if their government were  
overthrown, they might be persuaded to  
enter the league of colonies. A brilliant  
stroke like this would rally every one to the  
patriot side; and before a solid union of  
all America the ministry would surely have  
to give way.

There were still other arguments, and,  
in spite of serious objections, the total  
weight of inducement proved irresistible.  
Ten days after Warren fell at Bunker Hill,  
Congress resolved that, "as Governor  
Carleton is making preparations to invade  
these colonies, and is instigating the In-  
dian nations to take up the hatchet against  
them. . . . if General Schuyler find it  
practicable and that it will not be disagree-  
able to the Canadians, he do immediately  
take possession of St. John's, Montreal,  
and any other parts of the country, and

pursue any other measures in  
which may have a tendency to  
the peace and security of these co-  
So the invasion of Canada, hostile  
rulers, friendly to the people, was la-  
and the war begun.

It was a strange affair—a war  
mentous war, yet mostly a war  
armies. But it was not without m-

the side of  
stood Car-  
politic sol-  
inflexible  
trate, hum-  
seeing,  
table; and  
him were  
Maclean, t-  
less High-  
the watch-  
untiring  
active C-  
brave Nain-  
daredevil  
bourges;  
the Provin-  
we shall f-  
only noble  
ler, but Mo-  
ery, the i-  
publican  
adored by  
he led to  
and adm-  
those he  
Benedict  
Lucifer be-



From a miniature painted by Trumbull in Philadelphia in 1792,  
owned by Philip Schuyler

GENERAL PHILIP SCHUYLER

fall; Daniel Morgan, the Mars  
Revolution; ill-fated Macpherson,  
tiful, touching figure; resolute  
intrepid Lamb, with his cannon; T-  
Wayne, Sullivan, and a throng o  
Homeric. What deeds could n  
men attempt?

It was a singular fate that se-  
heroes at the business of killing  
other, but stranger yet the desti-  
made each side fight the other's b-  
truly as its own. The British fou-  
loyalty; do not Americans bel-  
loyalty? The Provincials foug-  
liberty; has not England been th-  
of freedom? Both fought for c-  
for manhood, for nobility of ser-  
for contempt of pain and death, fo-  
ciple, for an ideal. And so we w-  
on can offer a garland in each



From a portrait owned by Miss Julia Barton Hunt

**GENERAL RICHARD MONTGOMERY**

Miss Hunt informs us that it is not known who painted this portrait, which was sent to the widow of General Montgomery by his sister Lady Ranelagh. The tradition is that the portrait when first painted showed Montgomery in the red coat of a British captain, which a zealous American, a member of his wife's family, painted over with the Continental colors of buff and blue.—EDITOR.

hands: one to the victor who almost failed; one to the vanquished who almost conquered.

And because the invasion of Canada was not a mere skirmish like Lexington, or a single fight like Bunker Hill, and because the scale of its destiny had already tipped when the bell of Carpenter's Hall rang out the great Declaration, we may fairly name this piece of our history the prologue of the American Revolution.

**MONTGOMERY, THE RESOLUTE**

WEDNESDAY morning, the last day but one of August, 1775, a pleasant-looking man was pacing up and down the shore of Lake Champlain at Crown Point. Rather slender he might have been called,

but his figure was above medium height, his bearing vigorous, and his air soldierly. Attractive and mobile features and eloquent brown eyes, full of purpose but also full of sentiment, commanded one's respect and liking. When he took off his military hat, as he did now and then to enjoy the breeze, it could be seen that his dark-brown hair was not only touched with gray but growing a little thin. Apparently he was an agreeable but resolute gentleman, with something very important in hand; and these appearances were not deceitful, for the man was Brigadier-General Richard Montgomery, next in command to Philip Schuyler.

Just at this time the general was in a very restless frame of mind. Evidently

General Carleton's forces were on the point of sailing from St. John's, on the Richelieu River, to recover Crown Point and Ticonderoga, as the Earl of Dartmouth had ordered. Griffin, the scout, had brought word that two vessels carrying sixteen guns apiece were almost ready to be launched there, and might have added, had he but known it, that some of the workmen did not stop even to undress at night. Other sailing craft were in readiness. Once on the lake, this fleet could not be stopped, for the Provincials had nothing to equal it, and the invasion of Canada would be impossible. The only hope was to destroy the vessels at St. John's before they were completed, or

stretch a boom across the Richelieu River where Nut Island split the stream into halves and batteries could protect the works. Material for the boom had been provided. A pair of twelve-pounders had been embarked at Ticonderoga. From that place some twelve hundred men had set out, in bateaux and a couple of large open boats holding about one hundred and fifty men apiece, convoyed by the Tory schooner taken at Major Skene's and the British sloop that Arnold had captured at St. John's. Now they were stopped at Crown Point by a north wind. Everything was blocked. Schuyler, busy at Albany, had been notified, but had not appeared—had



After a water-color portrait by W. Welling, 1783, owned by Baroness Dorchester

GENERAL SIR GUY CARLETON, K.C.B.



not even sent a reply. Very likely he was ill again, perhaps disabled. It was a harrowing time for an eager general.

But Montgomery was too experienced a soldier to worry uselessly; in his fifteenth year he had begun to serve in the British army, and he was now in his fortieth. Consoling himself with sundry indications of a change in the weather, he wrote Schuyler how "the barbarous wind" held him back, and then drew up and signed his will, for there was dangerous business ahead.

The indications did not fail. The wind changed, and the next day this little band of armed men, too small and too untrained to be called an army, set out. With a backward look, the men said good-by to Crown Point, and then swept gaily on down the lake; past Northwest Bay, with its galaxy of mountains near and far; past the wide meadows leading on to Vergennes; past Split Rock Point, with its fresh capful of wind; past the Four Brother Islands and Burlington Bay and Trembleau Point, and the landlocked waters of Cumberland Bay, where McDonough was to rival Paul Jones; past Cumberland Head and South Hero; and finally to Île la Motte, opposite Pointe au Fer on the western shore, with the massive peaks of the Green Mountains ever marching on the right hand, their gray-blue mantles turning to violet as night came on.

Schuyler, for his part, arrived at the Ticonderoga camp on the evening after Montgomery left Crown Point, continued his journey the next day in a whale-boat, first ordering eight hundred men and some artillery to advance as soon as they could, and overtook Montgomery at Île la Motte about noon on the 4th of September. All then moved on past Rouse's Point and the stone windmill over against it, and entered the Richelieu, or Sorel, River, though in those days the "lake" was often spoken of as extending to St. John's. Ten miles farther north, all camped that night on Nut Island (whose French name appears in the officers' orderly-books as anything from Isle Owen Ore, which it was not, to Île aux Noix, which it was), and fired three cannon-shots there to inform the neighboring Canadians of their arrival. So far all was well, and the outlook bright. The troops were not many, but twelve hundred stout young fellows feel like a host, and more were coming.



THE EXHIBITION OF MONTGOMERY'S GROUND AT CROWN POINT

Drawn by Philip Adams. Engraving by J. W. B. Smith.



From a print in "Anburey's Travels," in the Boston Public Library

A SKETCH OF ST. JOHN'S, P. Q., IN 1776

#### ATTITUDE OF THE CANADIANS

THE Canadians were reported friendly. Their gentry and the clergy were, to be sure, strongly on the British side, for the Quebec Act of 1774 had opened new avenues of power and prosperity to both; but for that very reason the peasants were not pleased. The yoke of the gentry they desired to see lightened, not made heavier. "They detest those whom they formerly feared," wrote Chief Justice Hey, very tersely. And as for the priests, many said they had better be minding prayers than politics.



Drawn by Harry Fenn from a photograph by the author

AT ÎLE AUX NOIX (NUT ISLAND)

A view from the fort across the moat and the Richelieu River

Directly, the war did not concern the Canadian peasants. It was a quarrel between two families of their conquerors; both parties were English, and they themselves were French. The vital point for them was to turn up on the winning side; and Ethan Allen soon made the "most painful discovery" that they were "watching the scale of power," or, as Charles Lee put it, were "in for the plate." Yet, on the whole, it would be decidedly agreeable to get rid of lords, and if the Provincials were taking all the trouble of sending an army up to abolish taxes and seigneurs, why not help them a bit.



especially as they seemed likely to carry the day?

#### THE INDIANS—SCHUYLER'S GOOD INFLUENCE

THE prospect on the side of the Indians, too, was favorable. The memory of Sir William Johnson, an Indian chief as well as an English baronet, and in his later years the husband of an Indian wife, still bound the Iroquois to the British. Brant, Sir William's brother-in-law and a chief of the Mohawks, was ardent against the patriots; and when his old teacher, President Wheelock of Dartmouth College, tried to turn his heart, retorted that he remembered well the prayers of his former instructor that all the pupils might "fear God and honor the king." Colonel Guy Johnson, Sir William's nephew, had succeeded to his office as Indian agent, and was incessantly at work. Calling his Indians to a council-fire, he drew them away from the settlements, feasted them at Oswego, supplied them with spending-money, and then led hundreds of them to the vicinity of Montreal, where they could await Carleton's orders and note "the Seven Nations," their allies, picking up the hatchet; and the testimony of Brant proves that Carleton himself urged the Indians to take the side of the king.

But, on the other hand, Schuyler's influence with many of the Iroquois was great. He had been adopted by the Mohawks, was called a chief, and bore an Indian name among them. He had just come from a council-fire at Albany; and while the most warlike of the Six Nations had followed Guy Johnson and Brant on the way to Montreal, Little Abraham, next in



Drawn by Harry Fenn from photographs by the author  
Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

#### VIEWS OF FORT ST. JOHN TO-DAY

influence to Brant, had left Albany as a neutral with seven hundred of the redskins, and four Indians had been sent north from the council to bring the Canadian tribes to a like mind.

Carleton did still more to aid the Provincials. Though ready to employ the Indian for defense, he would not send across the border the host of nearly two thousand that Colonel Johnson was able to gather at Montreal, "lest cruelties might have been committed, and for fear the Innocent might have suffered with the Guilty," as he wrote the Earl of Dartmouth later. Discouraged by this inactive policy, greatly influenced by the disloyalty



Drawn by F. C. Yohn. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

ETHAN ALLEN BEFORE PRESCOTT



of the Canadians, and "corrupted," as Johnson maintained, by the previous work of "New England emissaries," their numbers melted away until at this time only a few more than four hundred were left in the camps.

As for the British forces, Griffin brought news of 570 regulars and 50 Indians at St. John's. In fact, according to Carleton's official report, there were 577 trained soldiers there, besides 22 carpenters, nearly 100 Indians, and about 80 Canadian volunteers. But, at the worst, these forces were not irresistible; and an American officer was able to write, "As for my own part, there is nothing gives me the least uneasiness."

It was clear, too, that some—yes, many—of the people in Canada were going to be actively cordial. Moses Hazen, a half-pay British lieutenant residing on a large estate near St. John's, had been doing all he could; James Livingston, a wheat-merchant of Chambly, was enlisting volunteers; and a long list of other helpers might be drawn up. A reserve lay at Old Ti, and reinforcements would soon be coming. Warm work was looked for; but the sons of freedom would soon rout the "bloody backs," as they called the redcoats, and in six weeks be on their homeward way—so the troops agreed.

The following Wednesday (October 6) the little army of one thousand effectives pushed on to St. John's, fifteen miles below, with Ethan Allen and John Brown just ahead of them, distributing manifestos in the French language, and formally announcing the arrival of soldiers to expel the troops of a "despotic ministry." When two miles from the fort, they were, as an officer expressed it, "kindly saluted with bombs and cannon from the fortifications," though without effect. Advancing half a mile farther, they landed on the south side of Bernier's Brook, and as they were crossing the brook, a deep, muddy stream, found themselves attacked. Tice of Johnstown, with two other white men and about ninety-seven Indians, made up the hostile party; but the combat was pretty sharp for a time, and each side lost six or eight men. Finally the Provincials repulsed their assailants; but as they retired half a mile or so in the evening to escape the visits of shells from the fort, it looked as if they had been defeated. After dark one of the

residents in the vicinity came to Schuyler's tent, and gave him discouraging information about the status of the enemy and the sentiments of the people. One armed vessel was almost ready to sail, he declared.

#### A BACKWARD STEP

In the morning Schuyler called a council of war and laid the news before it. All felt that immediate steps must be taken to prevent this formidable schooner from getting into the lake. But how could she be stopped? It was evident that the guns of the fort, under which she was preparing for her voyage, would be a complete protection to her except against heavy cannon; and the council decided to return at once to Nut Island, throw a boom across the river, as Montgomery had planned, and await further information about the sentiments of the Canadians. The men were ordered to embark "without hurry and without noise," and all withdrew as they came.

However prudent this retreat may have been, its consequences were bad. Everybody on the British side believed that a handful of Indians had routed the Provincial troops, their losses were thought large, and their valor began to be despised. The Continentals felt depressed in an equal degree, and even fancied they saw evidence in an order of Schuyler's that he was arranging to load upon them the blame of a fiasco. Schuyler himself was greatly discouraged, and almost threw Congress into a panic by hinting at withdrawal; for, as General Haldimand had said, Nut Island was peculiarly fitted to hold Canada "under a tight rein." The Canadians began to draw conclusions. But work on the boom was pressed, fortifications were begun for heavier cannon soon to arrive, reinforcements increased the numbers to 1700, and highly stimulating reports came in from Livingston, Brown, and Allen about the temper of the Canadians.

Another call at St. John's was made three days later, but that also came to nothing—in fact, ended in a panicky retreat; for the troops, with all their zeal and natural courage, lacked experience and discipline. Then a change of leaders took place.

Schuyler was no doubt a sick man. Gout was hereditary, rheumatism and bilious

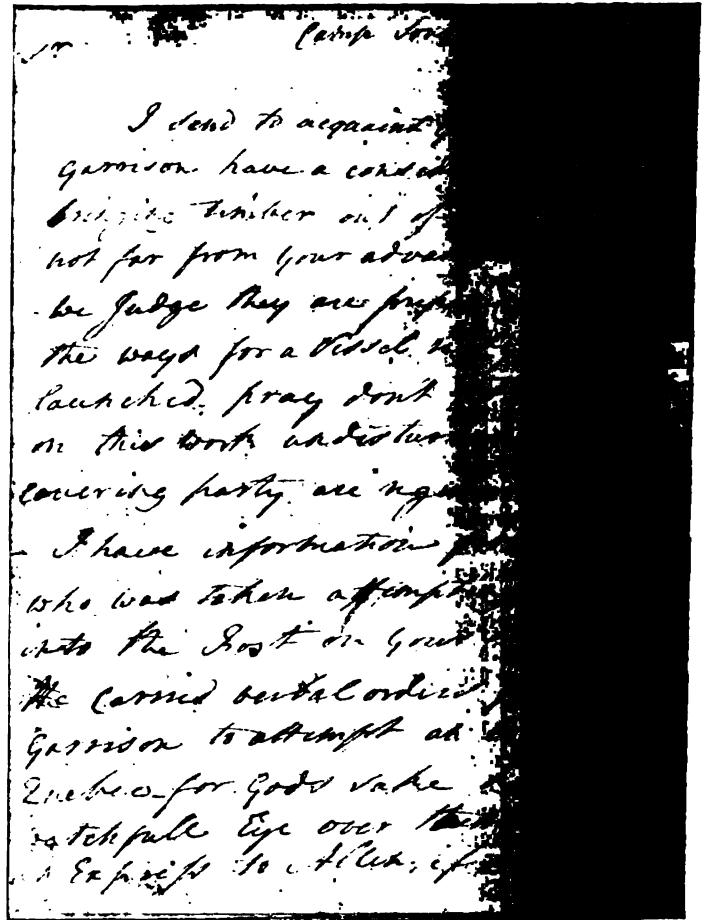
fever had been achieved, and great annoyances had been thrust upon him. A good deal of the time he could not leave his bed, and he now decided to withdraw his amiable and aristocratic presence. A covered boat carried him back to Ticonderoga, and after that he devoted himself with patriotic zeal to forwarding men and supplies, while General Montgomery resolutely pressed forward.

#### MONTGOMERY'S TROUBLES

ON the 17th of September Colonial troops appeared again before St. John's, and this time they were there in earnest. But Montgomery had not been at work a day before he realized how much easier it would have been to follow Schuyler's hint and withdraw from that part of the country. Military operations proved the smallest part of his business. For one thing, the temper of the Canadians had to be studied every moment, the interests that linked them to the colonies expounded, and the plan of Congress to get them into the union furthered as much as possible. Mostly they had guns and required no pay; but food, ammunition, presents, and humoring were indispensable.

The fickle Indian, too, kept the general thinking. On September 11, when their interpreter was killed, the savages quitted St. John's for good and all; and five days later Carleton wrote Gage, "Yesterday the Indians made their peace" with the invaders. Even Brant exclaimed, "It is all over with Johnson!" But some time passed after that before Montgomery felt sure of their neutrality.

The American troops themselves had to be managed very daintily; and, in fact, the British army caused Montgomery less trouble than his own. It must not be forgotten that in 1775 there was no glorious United States of America. To be sure,



*Camp St. John's*

I send to acquaint  
Garrison have a considerable  
British force out of  
not far from your advance  
be Judge they are preparing  
the way for a second  
launch. pray don't  
on this work and disturb  
covering party are engaged  
I have information  
who was taken attempting  
into the fort on your  
the carried out at order  
Garrison to attempt at  
Quebec for Gods sake  
watchfull Eye over them  
Express to follow if

From the original in the Dreer collection

#### LETTER FROM RICHARD MONT-

the colonies were linked together by one thin fact—the fact that certain residents of each were discussing public affairs together in Philadelphia; but every soldier of the little army at St. John's felt privileged and even under obligation to look out for the dignity and rights of his colony, and was jealous accordingly. "Is it because we have no man capable of anything but drudgery?" cried the men from Connecticut when appointments were given to New-Yorkers.

These men, too, were not mere soldiers: they were freemen, patriots, nature's noble-men, sovereign individuals, supreme bodies; and they were engaged in spurning the lash of tyranny, the shackles of power. How could such as they bend the knee slavishly

dense forests, where the soil was barely touched with the cheer of sunshine—little more than a swamp with a desire for better things. The farmers had to make ridges for their grain to stand on, and after a storm the depth of the mud always equaled

the length of the measuring-stick. Such a region was of course the chosen abode of malaria, with all its gloom and weakness.

The letters of the poor fellows roused the sympathy of New England, and various remedies were proposed by kind friends. One of these must have placed a thirsty musketeer in a painful dilemma: "Take of spider's web sufficient for three pills, rolled well together, about the size of a large pea, and drink them off in a gill of good old spirits just as the chill commences." Six hundred men were on the sick-list at Nut Island before the troops had been there a week. By October 12 more than three hundred invalids had been discharged from Hinman's regiment alone.

The supply of eatables made endless trouble. An extraordinary drought had killed the pasturage,

so that live cattle could not be kept, and the streams had dried up so that little wheat could be ground. Supplies were sent on as best they could be from Connecticut and points on the lower Hudson to Albany, then about fifty miles over a miserable road, and over bridges that a hard rain swept away, to the head of Lake George, then by boat and a short land carriage to Ticonderoga, and finally, by the kind consent of the "Prince of the Power of the Air," to St. John's. Once there was flour enough on

not arrived. It might prevent the  
success of the Quebec expedition  
should that Garrison get down safe  
— we have a battery of 2 twelve pound  
guns ready to play on the ship yard  
with hot shot. our mortar battery  
will be ready before night —  
I am Sir with warmest  
wishes for your success  
your most Obedt Servt  
Richd Montgomery  
to Beidel  
We have just received yours by Mr.  
Livingston. I approve exceedingly  
of your plan if it can be done without  
requiring of weakening your present  
force which might facilitate the  
escape of the Garrison —  
If you go to Montreal pay the utmost  
attention to good order

of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania

GOMERY TO COLONEL BEDEL

at the beck and nod of any autocrat, whether king, czar, or general? In short, as Montgomery wrote, the soldiers carried the spirit of liberty into the field, and all were prepared to give orders, but none to obey them. Once it was found necessary to take a general vote on the policy of the army. What more need be said?

The health of the men was a ceaseless care. The country where the troops were operating was villainous. It consisted of a low, soft plain nearly covered over with



roga, reinforcements waiting at Albany were reported as lacking pay, guns, ammunition, tents, blankets, accoutrements, armorers to repair what guns there were, surgeons, medicines, drums, fifes, and "other necessities." Men "ready to fight the devil" in the good cause had to stay cooped up in market-boats like "a parcel of sheep or calves," as they protested, because there was not even a place to shelter them on shore. Needed articles hardly existed. At one time all the gunpowder in the colony of New York was forwarded to Schuyler, and it amounted to only fourteen hundred pounds. Connecticut hardly contained enough duck to supply its troops with tents.

It was indeed the prologue of the American Revolution, the early morning of a glorious autumn day, dark, chilly, wet, foggy, miasmatic, muddy, miserable; but through it all shone the high and radiant qualities of Richard Montgomery, like the ascending sun.

#### ADMIRAL AND GENERAL

MONTGOMERY was admiral as well as general. The *Royal Savage*, that new schooner which had caused him so much anxiety, was really a fine craft, built expressly as a fighter and armed with twelve brass cannon, small but effective. The other new vessel, when she came to be launched and equipped, carried a twenty-four pounder, twice as powerful a gun as the Colonials possessed; and there were also armed bateaux. If this navy should beat the feebler squadron of the Provincials, it could pass on, sever their communications, and quickly starve the army into surrender.

Montgomery did the best he could. His flotilla was drawn up in a line across the river half a mile south of his batteries, so that if the enemy should come on they would have something to settle with before opening upon the vessels. Still, nobody could say what a determined attack might do. Major Preston, the commander of the fort, was anxious to find out, and repeatedly urged his naval chief, Lieutenant Hunter of the brigantine *Gaspé*, to try the experiment; but for some reason Hunter declined with no less perseverance.

We can spare a glance now for the military operations. The fortress that confronted Montgomery was a hasty construc-

tion, but not a weak one. It consisted of a northern redout, built around Colonel Christie's elegant stone house, and a larger southern fort, a few hundred feet distant, containing some brick houses and wooden barracks, with a passage between the two protected by a close palisade and a ditch full of water. The ditch extended, in fact, all around three sides of the works, and the fourth side was guarded by a still bigger moat, a river more than a quarter of a mile wide. In default of better material for walls, Captain Marr, the engineer, had used the best possible,—earth,—which the enemy's balls would only pack the harder. To complete the defenses, pointed timbers, well knit together, projected outward from the base of the walls, so that a storming party, before it got very far, would have been likely to feel distinctly embarrassed. There was something of an abatis, also; and the swamp beyond was itself a valuable defense. The fort was well garnished with cannon, and ammunition was not lacking. Evidently, for an offhand affair built since the latter part of May, St. John's could make a very pretty fight of it.

First of all, Montgomery planted about a third of his men on the roads to Montreal and Sorel, so that his enemy should receive no reinforcements or provisions and should not be able to take refuge in Quebec. Strong posts had then to be established at Laprairie and Longueuil, to protect the friendly Canadians. After three hundred and fifty more were deducted for the fleet, only a small force remained for his own camp, and this made some pretty substantial defenses necessary. But in a few days more troops began to arrive, and offensive steps could be taken.

It was not easy to erect a battery where water followed the plow along the furrow, but the feat was accomplished, and in a week a five-inch and an eight-inch mortar were sending shells on their rainbow journeys to the fort, though unhappily the larger one proved useless. About the same time a two-gun battery opened on the shipyard and the sailing craft with hot shot. The courage and activity of the general, his tact, wit, and evident ability, inspired the army. All worked with a will. They had "Cannon and Shott both for Breakfast and Dinner, and Shells at Night for Supper," as one of them wrote; but few minded

them now, and fewer were hit. Progress was making, and the sky seemed bright. All at once a thunder-cloud crossed the sun.

#### BAKER'S BLUNDER

HARDER even than the army to control were certain half-independent men, too valuable to be ignored, but not valuable enough to ignore themselves. One of these was Captain Remember Baker, a Green Mountain Boy, who did Schuyler some excellent service as a scout. He was a brave man and he meant well; but one day, as he went prowling along the edge of Lake Champlain in the woods, De Lorimier and five Algonkins passed within half-range in a boat. At this sight, the scout did indeed remember Baker, but he quite forgot Schuyler's order to molest no Indian, and snapped his firelock at them from behind a tree. As he stooped to hammer the flint, a leaden idea from the boat pierced his brain, and in a little while his unfortunate head was on a pole at St. John's, telling a gruesome story of the Colonials' bad faith. Schuyler had to strain every nerve, and the truth also, to find an antidote.

#### ETHAN ALLEN'S EXPLOIT

ETHAN ALLEN was a larger specimen of the same brood, a big man with a big heart, capable of twisting a tenpenny nail in two with his teeth and roaring out a cyclopean oath, a patriot, a fighter, bold, enterprising, headstrong, rash, vain, given to swagger, but very far indeed from witless. In the early stages of this Canadian affair he displayed no little sagacity; and if Congress had seen its way clear to move when he first urged the invasion of Canada, one can easily believe that very different things would have resulted.

When the army did move, Allen showed unabated zeal; but, unfortunately, he was over-anxious to "mount on Eagle's wings to glory." His independent stroke at Old Ti had made him a national figure, and convinced him that he was now in partnership with Jehovah and the Continental Congress; and, as enemies had ousted him from the command of the Green Mountain Boys, and Schuyler would accept his aid only on his promise, before witnesses, diligently to eschew insubordination, he burned for a chance to vindicate his position.

At this time he was below Chambly, "preaching politics" and "meeting with good success as an itinerant," he reported; but his mind was on still greater things, and presently his opportunity came. In a word, he met Major Brown by chance near Longueuil (September 24), and it was arranged that Brown should cross the St. Lawrence above Montreal with his two hundred Americans and Canadians, while Allen should cross below. Then three huzzas were to give the signal for an attack on the town, and victory would be theirs.

Montreal was at this time a small but very important commercial place, the center of the fur trade. It stood on a low, narrow ridge between the St. Lawrence and a hollow that had formerly been a morass. A feeble and rather dilapidated wall, provided with what served as bastions, and protected a part of the way around by a dry, shallow ditch, was its outer defense. In one place there was a pile of rubbish lying against the outside of the wall that almost reached the top of it; in another, some people had broken the wall down in order to get their fire-wood more easily. Within, there stood at the northeastern end a very steep little hill, partly natural, partly artificial, crowned with a fort of logs called the Citadel. The guns mounted here swept the main street of the town very effectively in times of peace; but their carriages were rotting away, and the parapet, only two logs thick, was equally rotten. The fortifications had never been more than enough to protect Montreal, as the Chevalier de Lévis had said, against a *coup de main*, and at present could not do that. Plainly the real defense of the place must be men.

Unfortunately, the men were somewhat lacking. A part of the citizens were heartily loyal, but many others were not. The English merchants in particular were disaffected, for they felt that under the Quebec Act the French gentry were to have the preference, and the lavish joy of these impolitic nobles filled them with wrath. Some of the leading men, too, had lived in the colonies and absorbed their sentiments; and for months communications had been passing back and forth between the patriots and Montreal. The people of the suburbs were particularly friendly to the invaders, and significantly refused to give up

their ladders when Carleton demanded them. With so many points in their favor, our bold plotters felt confident of success.

Allen hurried back to Longueuil, and picked up some thirty "English-Americans," besides the eighty men, chiefly French, already with him. After nightfall he crossed the river; for, like the Gascons, he could fight as well as brag. It was hard and perilous to traverse the swift waters of St. Mary's current, the night was dark, the weather tempestuous, and Allen's boats were so few that three trips had to be made. But when morning dawned his men were over, and his greater troubles began.

For some reason still unknown, there was no Brown. Allen saw that he was caught; but, rather than escape with only a portion of his men, he chose to fight. Not until afternoon, however, did he get a chance. As Guy Johnson confessed, "the utmost confusion" reigned in Montreal, for Allen stood next Beelzebub in the respect of the good people there; but finally a few soldiers, a few Indians, and some hundreds of militia sallied out. The greater part of Allen's little force abandoned him; but he made a sturdy fight, regardless of odds. It was a hopeless case, however, and when it became clear that he would shortly be surrounded, he gave up his sword to Peter Johnson, a natural son of Sir William, and proceeded to the barrack-yard in Montreal. There General Prescott, the commandant, met him.

#### ALLEN AND PRESCOTT

It was an extraordinary scene. On the one hand stood a British officer, a professional soldier, a graduate of society, well groomed, handsomely uniformed, sword at side, cane in hand. On the other hand was Allen, a son of the forest, rough, unkempt, a chief of what seemed even to Arnold like "wild men," dressed in a deer-skin jacket, with undervest and breeches of sagathy, cowhide shoes fortified with hobnails, and a red woollen cap on his unruly hair, all stained with dust and mire and smoke.

"Who are you? What is your name?" demanded Prescott in a tone to make the spotless quail.

"My name is Allen."

"Are you the Allen who took Ticonderoga?"

"The very man."

At this Prescott "put himself into a great fury," as Allen said afterward, brandished his cane over the prisoner's head, and loaded him with hard names.

Allen shook his fist at him. "Offer to strike, and that's the beetle of mortality for you. I'm not used to being caned," he thundered.

Prescott then turned his rolling eye upon the captured Canadians, and ordered a sergeant and his guard to bayonet them. This was too much for their leader. Stepping between his men and the soldiers, Allen tore open his vest and shirt, laid bare his tawny bosom, and cried to Prescott: "I am the one to blame, not they. Thrust your bayonet into my breast, if anybody's. They would have done nothing but for me." The commandant hesitated, but finally told the prisoners with an oath that he would let them live to grace the halter at Tyburn.

The scene was epic, and Allen won even Carleton's admiration; but that did not save him from a short sojourn in the hold of the *Gaspé* and a long one in Pendennis Castle. Neither could it draw the sting of such an affair. The unstable French-Canadians began instantly to veer. To Guy Johnson's mind the incident "promised great consequences," and Carleton reported to London that it "gave a favorable turn to the minds of the people."

Montgomery's feelings will have to be imagined: he did not report them. The hundreds of Canadian recruits whom he had counted upon to make up for the shrinkage of his forces were not his, but Carleton's; and very likely an attempt would now be made to relieve St. John's. But he pushed on his operations with no less resolution than before. Early in October a post of Canadians was established on the east side of the river to bar the escape of the garrison in that direction, and a thirteen-inch mortar—the "Old Sow"—was bedded. As for the *Royal Savage*, after vain attempts had been made to burn her, she was sunk by the guns, to rise later from this baptism as a good Colonial vessel, the *Yankee*.

Better still, Montgomery found a way to solve his knotty problem. The south side of Fort St. John was made very strong, for the expected enemy would come from that quarter; but on the northwest there



was only a single embrasure to fear. In place of a camp that could be made passable only by spreading brush and reeds on the mud, he could there pitch his tents on some rising ground, since cut away. The water would be good instead of bad. His batteries could be planted within two hundred and fifty yards of the enemy. Approaches and a breach could be made, he thought, and the works finally taken by assault. With vast labor a road was cut through the swampy woods, and on the 13th of October everything was ready for the change. Success was in sight.

But the army did not like the move. A battery on the east side of the river could accomplish far more good, they thought. The six weeks they had allotted to the campaign were over; and Major Brown, Montgomery's ablest lieutenant, informed him squarely that unless he followed the opinion of the army there would be trouble. To any commander such zealous but insubordinate conduct would be exasperating; to an officer bred in the regular army it could only be loathsome: but Montgomery's regard for the cause outweighed his feelings, and he looked on patiently while the army wasted a precious fortnight on its experiment.

Indeed, there was a call every way for patience. The length of the siege was disheartening the Canadians, and many were going over. The earthen ramparts of St. John's had been injured very little, and it did not matter if the brick and wooden buildings were shattered, or the top of the stone house knocked in. Winter was approaching. Terms of enlistment were drawing to an end. Cobweb had not annihilated fever and ague. Gunpowder was hard to get. It was a grave question with Montgomery whether he could hold out as long as the garrison, even if Carleton should let him alone; and all the American Tories were jubilant.

#### CAPTURE OF FORT CHAMBLY

SUDDENLY a light broke overhead. Twelve miles below St. John's there was a fort called Chambly, an imposing old humbug with a square bastion at each corner and light walls between them. It had been erected on the carrying-place at the foot of Chambly Rapids as a defense against the Indians, but was now a summer hotel

rather than a fort. In fact, the eighty-one women and children lodged there just about equaled the number of the garrison; yet they all felt pretty secure, for it was believed that St. John's must fall before Chambly could be seriously attacked.

But not long. One intensely dark night three small cannon were taken past St. John's on bateaux, and at the head of Chambly Rapids they were mounted on carriages and dragged to a place where they could speak with authority. That settled matters at once. The walls could be depended upon against muskets; but when Major Stopford, a very sensible and polite gentleman, saw the dark eyes of cannon fixed upon him, he knew what they meant; and when they began sending six-pound balls through his masonry he surrendered, just as Governor Tryon was writing Lord Dartmouth that "even the warmest advisers of that daring and rebellious expedition" had "given up every prospect of success" (October 18).

Six tons of gunpowder and over five thousand musket cartridges went south at once to feed the guns of the Provincials, and a large store of provisions to feed the gunners; while Mrs. John Hancock received a unique ornament for her chamber at Philadelphia in the shape of British regimental colors, the flag of the Royal Fusiliers, proudly bearing on its folds the boasted garter, with a crown above and a rose within it. Montgomery's hope revived. "With the blessing of God," he cried, this powder "will finish our business here." But now the great and long-expected peril drew nigh.

Carleton had kept his eye all this while upon the state of things at St. John's. It was believed that provisions would not fail there before the end of November; but still he was impatient for an opportunity to drive the besieging force away, and more than once made a move toward Longueuil. In fact, he would have had a force of Canadians at Chambly long before that fortress fell, "had not this wretched people been blind to honor, duty, and their own interest," as he wrote the government. It was horrible to picture the long ranks of the troops he had expected to raise, dressed out in the buff breeches, buff waistcoats, and green coats with red trimmings that had come over for them, and then face the blank reality; but he had to do it. "I had



Drawn by Harry Fenn from photograph by the author. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

#### FORT CHAMBLY

assembled," he wrote now—"I had assembled about nine hundred men since our little combat [with Ethan Allen], but they disappear thirty or forty a night" (October 25).

Still, Carleton did not despair. Lieutenant-Colonel Allan Maclean, a brave officer who had served in the old country, marched up from Quebec "with the small remains" of the regulars in garrison there—about sixty Fusiliers. With these and one hundred and twenty Royal Highland Emigrants he moved to the scene of action, and proceeded to enlist as many as possible of the Canadians. Fire and hemp—or threats of them, at least—reinforced his arguments, and several hundred natives were enrolled. Then he advanced up the Richelieu, expecting to join Carleton near St. John's and attack Montgomery.

Carleton, on his part, set out from Montreal. Gathering his few regulars,—about one hundred,—eighty random Indians, and

some eight hundred militia whom he dared trust, and loading them into thirty or forty boats, he pushed for the winding shore and languid meadows of Longueuil. But Seth Warner of the Green Mountain Boys, a modest, brave man,—too modest in this case to show himself or his men prematurely,—was observing Carleton's operations; and as the flotilla approached

the shore he met it with bullets and then with grape from a four-pounder. A good many were killed or wounded, a few were captured, and the rest went back to Montreal. Maclean fared no better. Compelled to retreat before the Provincials and their Canadian allies, he soon found himself abandoned by his French recruits, and, taking ship, sailed back to Quebec.



Drawn by Harry Fenn from photograph by the author

#### VIEW ON THE RICHELIEU BETWEEN ST. JOHN'S AND CHAMBLY

#### GALLANT PRESTON SURRENDERS ST. JOHN'S TO MONT- GOMERY

Now came the reward of so much effort and endurance. On October 28 the move to the north-

west side of the fort was completed, and Montgomery himself took post there in the evening. During the night a breast-work on the rising ground was begun. A battery commanding the fort, and only two hundred and fifty paces from it, was promptly set up by Captain Lamb. The first day of November it opened with a

ing to put on, few blankets and fewer beds. the troops were getting a bit worn; and after firing, as they reckoned, some twenty-five hundred shells and as many balls to kill not over twenty Provincials, they could expect no great results from the trifling stock that remained. But gallant Major Preston understood the value of time. For



Drawn by Harry Fenn from photograph by the author. Half-tone plate engraved by J. W. Evans

#### A GLIMPSE OF LONGUEUIL FROM THE PRESENT LANDING PLACE

triad of twelve-pounders, a nine-pounder, three mortars, and three coehorns, and kept up what Lamb called "an almost incessant blaze" while the rest of the army were making preparations for an assault. Toward evening Montgomery sent word to stop firing.

Some of the prisoners taken at Longueuil two days before had arrived. The drum beat for a parley; and an officer approached the fort with one of the captives, a flag, and a summons. There was no longer any hope of succor, wrote Montgomery, and the time to surrender had come.

There was truth in that. With half rations or less for the past three weeks, the barracks tumbling about their heads, no safety except behind mounds of earth or below ground, nothing but summer cloth-

weeks it had been expected by all the loyalists that cold would soon drive the enemy home, and winter came nearer every day. While there was food to exist upon, he was determined to hold out.

In a little while Captain Stewart came from the fort with the Provincial officer, and was led blindfolded to Montgomery's tent. Preston's answer, which he brought, did honor to a brave man. The prisoner from Longueuil was "frequently subject to fits of insanity," he declared, and could not be much depended upon. As for the deserter who told Montgomery of the straits of the garrison, he was not in a position to be informed about such matters. Still, if no relief should come within four days, he would lay down his arms.

But Montgomery understood the value of time as well as anybody. He replied

by giving Preston an opportunity to examine another prisoner, and, on account of "the lateness of the season," required an immediate surrender, under penalty of harsher terms. Submission was the only thing left the British commander; negotiations began again the next morning at eight o'clock; terms were finally agreed upon; and before sunset the fort, with its garrison and its precious outfit of cannon, muskets, and military stores, capitulated. The following day (November 3) the garrison moved out of the works, and gave up their arms.

All the besieging troops were on foot in the best attire they could command. In the three Connecticut regiments no uniforms were visible except as officers here and there had chosen to provide themselves, or a private wore the dingy old coat that had done service at Louisburg years before; but gradations of rank were shown by colored ribbons. Plainly dressed though they were, the men looked formidable with their big muskets, the barrels four feet long minus two inches, the bore three quarters of an inch in diameter, and the gleaming bayonets fourteen inches in length.

Beside them stood the New York troops. Weeks before, Captain Livingston had described the dress of his men: "Some of them have waistcoats, others none; some trowsers, others none; some hats, others without; some ragged, others whole"; and probably things had not improved much during the wear and tear of the siege. But they all had regimental coats, at least, distinguishing the regiments by the color of the facings; and Montgomery declared that somehow they had acquired the look of regulars. There, also, was Captain Lamb with his artillery, all in blue and buff, and that of a finer quality than the infantry had, as became an élite corps; and, yonder, a squad of the Green Mountain Boys from Longueuil, dressed out in green with red facings, and such strapping fellows that the New York Provincial Congress had to order all their coats made "of large size." Behind them shone the tents of the soldiers and the officers' marquees; while the vast pines of the forest made a somber but magnificent background.

#### A GLIMPSE OF "MAJOR" ANDRÉ

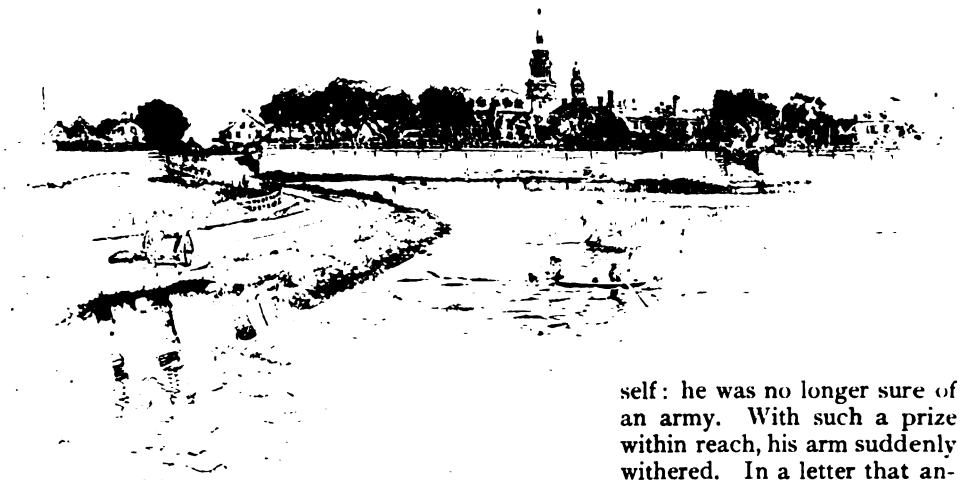
THE sound of music was heard, and the garrison filed out. They had made a

plucky fight, and were given all the honors of war. Rather soiled and threadbare they looked, no doubt, but they marched with all the dignity and precision of the parade-ground. First there was a part of the Twenty-sixth Foot, their red coats faced with pale yellow, and their pale-yellow flag resplendent with crown, sphinx, dragon, and wreath of thistles, for this was the Cameronian regiment; and with them came a squad of the Royal Fusiliers in red coats and blue facings, a few of the Royal Artillery in coats of dark blue with breeches and waistcoats of white, blue-jacketed marines from the *Gaspé*, some of Maclean's Royal Highland Emigrants, a party of Canadian gentry,—hanging their heads a trifle, but far too vivacious to hang them long,—a gang of carpenters, and a couple of Indians. Trailing a pair of guns, with matches burning, colors flying, drums beating, and fifes bravely screaming defiance, as if nothing had occurred, they marched around the fort, and then at Preston's order grounded their arms on the plain. What were Montgomery's feelings as he saw the colors under which he had fought lowered, and saw British regulars like those he had commanded laying down their arms before his ragged volunteers? And what would have been his thoughts had he foreseen the end of the British quartermaster, a light, trim-built young fellow with dark eyes and pink cheeks and a bold, martial air? For this quartermaster was André.

#### THE CHAMPIONS

ST. JOHN'S fallen and soldiers available, it was time to think of Montreal. Montreal, rich and influential, the second city of Canada, must now yield. And there was a greater prize at Montreal than Montreal itself: there was Carleton.

Carleton was more than all the barriers, as a sword is more than a shield. What would the British cause in Canada be without him? Poor Cramahé, the lieutenant-governor—well, he could wring his hands and shut himself up in his house. Maclean, a brave officer yet only a lieutenant, was a man to execute orders or hold a post. What was needed was a great will, a great brain, a great authority; some one to overawe sedition with a face of flint; some one to give orders that everybody would know were good: a fortress in himself. There



Drawn by Harry Fenn from photographs by the author. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

VIEW AT LAPRAIRIE: END OF THE OLD ROAD FROM ST. JOHN'S:  
A FRENCH COTTAGE THAT WAS STANDING IN 1775

was only one such man on the British side in Canada; that man was Carleton, and Carleton was here in Montreal with hardly troops enough for a guard. Carleton taken, what could save Canada? Canada won, how could the ministry hold out? War ended, liberty secured, harmony restored—such was the vista before many a patriot's mind.

Across a few miles of plain the two leaders, the two champions, could almost look each other in the eye. Each an Irishman, both from County Donegal, their paternal estates only a little way apart, here they were, fighting a duel for Canada, for America perhaps.

ON TO MONTREAL!

AT once the pitiful and ludicrous position of the Provincial commander showed it-

self: he was no longer sure of an army. With such a prize within reach, his arm suddenly withered. In a letter that announced the fall of St. John's he implored Schuyler: "Send everybody you possibly can immediately down, as it is much to be apprehended that many of the men on this service will insist on returning home when their times are expired." Who should blame them if they did? We know from an official report that the men could not remain as they were, "some of them being half naked, and those of the New York troops who were best clad having only a coat nearly worn out and linen underclothes," and that in November, and in latitude forty-five and a half

degrees. But Montgomery "coaxed" the troops, as he wrote Schuyler, and they could not resist. They followed him to Montreal.

What a march it was—the eighteen miles to Laprairie! Before the army could set out, it was necessary to load some heavy artillery on boats, so that, if a siege became necessary, this ordnance could be taken around by water; and while this was doing it rained, and snowed, and rained again. A great part of the country, noted Chaplain Trumbull in his diary, was drowned land "for fifty or one hundred miles on End." The men had sometimes "been Wet near Twenty Days together," and now it was even worse. Yet on the brave fellows pushed, Trumbull called it "a profane and wicked army," as a chaplain was bound to do, though his Connecticut

men were fined a shilling if they swore or stayed away from the religious exercises, and even clapped into the guard-house for a second offense; yet even he could but admire the troops, and he declared "it was remarkable to see the Americans after almost infinite Fatigues and Hardships marching on at this advanced Season, badly clothed and badly provided for, to Montreal, pressing on to New Seiges and new Conquests."

#### MONTREAL TAKEN—CARLETON SLIPS AWAY

NOVEMBER 12 found Montgomery and a part of his army on the northern side of the St. Lawrence. It was a cold, sour day, with a biting wind from the southwest, and the men were thankful indeed, as evening drew on, to find shelter in a suburb. The surrender of the town was a foregone conclusion, and the friends of the Americans inside the walls joyfully threw their guns aside. Long enough had they been grimacing, they said. In fact, a brace of them crawled out through an embrasure and carried Montgomery all the news.

There was a little sparring over terms, but about midnight full submission was made to the conqueror's kindly will, and the next day he took possession. Montreal was his but—the governor had escaped.

From the first, Carleton had announced as his policy to "spin out matters as long as I can in hopes that a good wind may bring us relief"; but after St. John's fell the only wise course was to repair to Quebec with his troops and the military stores. He must go by water, for the enemy held both sides of the river lower down. Day after day, however, he waited in vain for a favoring wind, and the Provincials drew nearer every hour. On the 10th Colonial troops were at Laprairie gazing at the spires of Montreal and preparing to cross and still no wind. On the 11th troops actually began to pass the river, and even field-pieces were taken over. The two champions were near enough now to see each other. Then Carleton embarked while all the loyal folk of the town looked on as if at a funeral. But still there was no favoring breeze, and plainly the morrow must decide it.

Finally, late in the afternoon, what



From a print in the Château de Ramezay, Montreal, of a drawing by Thomas Patten

AN EAST VIEW OF MONTREAL ABOUT 1760



Carleton thought "a tolerably fair wind"—probably he was not over-exacting—began to blow, the painted ships became real ones, and the governor slipped away with his fleet of eleven sail. It was a blessed chance.

But the next day one of his armed vessels ran aground, and the fleet had to wait awhile. That evening, about thirty miles from Montreal, the wind set against him, and "for several Days," according to his report, he could not move. Meanwhile troops had rushed off down the river after him, and cannon were scrambling into bateaux at Montreal to join the chase. Nor was that the worst of it.

St. John's taken, Carleton's antagonist had a detachment set out immediately for Sorel, with orders to mount cannon on the shore of the St. Lawrence, build floating batteries, and stop the enemy's vessels. The orders were obeyed. Six guns and a couple of lightly armed row-galleys were soon ready, and a few miles above, where the river was narrow, Major Brown erected a sham battery.

Carleton lay now fairly between the two blades of the shears. Twice the row-galleys forced his unhappy squadron to weigh anchor and move out of range, and Easton, writing from Sorel, summoned him to surrender; yet not a sign of yielding on his part. Then Brown had the dazzling impudence to invite an officer to come ashore and inspect his works. The officer came. What he saw one can only imagine; but no doubt he saw something, and Brown lied convincingly about a couple of thirty-

two pounders just arriving. "Besides," he added, "this is only my small battery; and if you chance to pass it, my grand battery lower down cannot fail to sink you." Probably, too, an uncomfortable remark about red-hot shot was dropped in the course of the talk. Finally the officer went back; and then—*mirabile!*—the whole fleet surrendered, Prescott and his cane included.

But not Carleton. He was "an intrepid old fellow" indeed, as an American officer called him, and he would not lower his point until the enemy's blade had found him. "With much difficulty" he had induced the master of one of his vessels to pilot him past the Americans at night in a whale-boat with two of his officers. The oars were muffled; at the riskiest point they paddled the boat only with their hands; and so the fortunes of Great Britain, disguised as a Canadian boor, escaped from the shears.

The barriers, however, were now all broken. The forest, the lake, St. John's, Chambly, Maclean, Montreal, the Canadians, the Indians—all had given way. Nothing lay between the victorious general and Quebec, the last hold of British power on the continent of North America, but the magnificent current of the St. Lawrence; and that was an onward current. Montgomery had won.

Yet perhaps he had also lost: Carleton had escaped. What would the governor do now? Would he sail away to England? Or would he be like Washington retreating across New Jersey; like Wellington taking refuge behind the lines of Torres Vedras; like Bolivar fleeing from Puerto Cabello?

(To be continued.)



## BEREAVEMENT

BY GERTRUDE BUCK

THROUGH sob-racked nights and empty chattering days  
 She feeds the perfumed censer of his praise;  
 Bereft not yet until its flame burn low:  
 Let her not lose her loss—she must not know.





## *The Scapegoat* • by John Finley



**O** NIGHT WIND, who dost bleat about my way,  
Be ye the scapegoat of my misspent day  
For ill I've done, for good let by.

I put my hands upon the buoyant air,  
To thee transfer my guilt, commit my care,  
And bid thee to the desert fly.

Seek ye some waste bespread of sand or snow,  
Where men dwell not, nor birds; nor flowerly grow;  
Where winds themselves to silence die.

Or find some deaf-walled, rightless cave,  
Molded of ancient fire or hewn by wave,  
And there my past transgressions cry.

So shall I rise, when next the Great High Priest  
Shall light the day's burnt-offering in the East,  
To strive again - facing the sky.





Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"'NOW COULD I LET YOU GO AWAY AFTER THAT?'"

# THE JOURNAL OF A MILLIONAIRE

BY GEORGE HIBBARD

**AUGUST 5.** This is the only moment that I may have. I am nearly dead with sleep. I shall have to go to a hotel to get any rest. This place of mine—Greenlawns—is altogether too much like a hotel, without the seclusion. There must be fifteen or more people here at the present moment. Last night the most of them did not go to their rooms until after three. I had a certain hesitation about leaving my guests in my own house and going to bed. Not that they wanted me. Indeed, Billy Bollen did not scruple to declare that my presence was not at all necessary.

"Better turn in, you old Puritan," he exclaimed. "We can take care of ourselves."

I did not do it. Aside from my old-fashioned prejudices as host, I should have been too nervous to go to sleep. What they might take it into their heads to do next I could not tell, and the safer course was for me to remain.

Then this morning I was awakened by the Whytelaws' trunks. I do not know how many Mrs. Whytelaw brought, but it seemed to me that they were taking the luggage of a circus down the stairs. It is one of Charton Rogers's peculiarities always to have the *Vierna* sail at daybreak, and the Whytelaws were going on board.

As I felt that I could not sleep, I got up, dressed, and went down to see them off. There was, of course, no use in going to bed again. The time seemed endless until the regular routine of the day began. I wandered about the house and tried to read, but the servants in their morning rounds drove me out of one room after another. I strolled through the gardens, and was nearly drenched by a man with a garden-hose. By this time the sun was well up. I walked down the path along the

shore. How bright and fresh everything was! In the wonderful air of the morning I wandered aimlessly forward.

The grounds belonging to a number of the places stretch down to the edge of the ocean. I had reached the Landons' boundary fence, when I saw a flash of white among the bushes. My heart gave a quite unexpected bound. Could it be Margaret Landon herself at such an hour? Impossible! And yet I had only experienced this very peculiar sensation on the very few occasions when I had seen her. I hastened forward. As I came nearer, my heart, after galloping wildly, brought up suddenly,—*"refused,"* as it were,—and I stood hesitating. Unquestionably it was she. Finally I advanced boldly.

"Oh!" she exclaimed in accents of real distress, as soon as she saw me. "Come and help me."

Usually she will hardly speak to me—persists in looking with disconcerting steadiness in the opposite direction whenever I appear before her. She will not have it said that she is civil to me because I am so rich. The result is that she treats me as I should not treat a "toot" at the races. Indeed, I find that it is an affectation with very many of the young women of greater consideration to be as ungracious as possible to me. In fact, it is as much as I can do to get a really nice girl to speak a pleasant word to me. I have become quite accustomed to this with the others, but in Miss Landon's case I must say that I struggled and suffered. Now to hear her actually appealing to me was bewildering and delightful.

"So careless of me!" she said. "I was twisting a ring on my finger, and it slipped, and I lost it."

She was moving about with her head

bent, staring at the lawn. I joined her at once, and began to do likewise. Very much after the manner of two mourners, we circled slowly about the place, not looking at each other, but carefully gazing at the ground.

"It is the early bird," I said tentatively, "that catches the—"

She looked up quickly and inquiringly.

"Ring," I continued hastily, for I saw that she was prepared to misunderstand me.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "it *is* early, I suppose, for you."

"You did not think that I cared for nature at this hour," I observed reproachfully.

"No," she replied uncompromisingly.

"It is so easy to be misunderstood," I answered sadly.

"Do you?" she asked with sudden directness, raising her eyes, for a moment, and letting them rest on me.

I had committed myself by insinuation. I trust that I may be forgiven. I started upon a rapturous account of the joys of early rising that I am convinced was a triumph of the imagination.

"You surprise me," she said briefly after I had got through.

"Perhaps," I answered boldly, "I might in several ways."

"It is very singular that two people cannot find a ring in such a small place," she answered irrelevantly.

After we had searched for a time, we found the ring and sat down. She seemed willing enough to talk to me, indeed rather disposed to do so. This was truly an unusual experience for me. Generally, with people about, she would have been acutely aware of what she was doing. Now she appeared perfectly frank, comfortable, and natural. At last, with a start, she asked me what o'clock it was.

"A quarter to nine," I said, glancing at my watch.

She jumped up at once, ready for flight.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I must go! Won't you—" She paused and suddenly resumed that manner, in which I detect a strange mingling of toleration and defiance, that she has always had when I am with her. "You must have a houseful of people, and of course must go back to them."

There it is! If I had been any one else she would have asked me to breakfast. I

could see she thought of it and then did not do it.

As I walked back along the path I considered how delightful it had been. But of course, as soon as she remembered, the inevitable had happened. And I should very much like to have gone to breakfast at the Landons'.

If I had been any one else!

*August 11.* To-day I opened the newspapers in fear and trembling. To be sure, I experience this sensation more or less every day when I look at them. I never can tell what I may find. But on this occasion I had a particular reason for my apprehension. By some means yesterday a man gained access to the house, and I came on him in the hall. He told me that if I did not send him a certain sum of money by a specified time in the afternoon he would blow his brains out, leaving a letter saying that it was because of his vain appeal to me that he had been forced to this desperate deed. The same thing had happened to me once before. I then gave the money. I had not the least idea that the person would do as he threatened, but he made me nervous. If I refused I knew that I should be forced to think of what my refusal might mean, and if the man did as he said he would do the result would be most unpleasant. When this second man appeared I confess that I was exasperated. Some latent obstinacy in my disposition asserted itself, and I refused to be "held up" in this manner. He was a sufficiently unprepossessing and also a sufficiently desperate-looking person. I could not get the thought of him or what he had said out of my mind all the rest of the day. I can kill a mosquito with but little compunction, but I hesitate a bit over a fly. The thought that the life of a fellow-being might be dependent on my action was distressing. Besides, all the newspapers, if anything unfortunate happened, would denounce me as a murderer. I spent a restless day and a miserable night. This morning I was up early to find if what I feared had actually happened. I was in terror that I should see my name in big letters on the first page, with a description of my cruelty. I breathed again as I discovered that I had for once escaped. There was only a brief announcement stating that Professor Alpheus Culp, the "Magnetic Healer," was wanted for big-

any. I believe that was the name the person had given me.

But I found something else that has made me wretched ever since. In a prominent place in an accursed "Society Column" I read that a marriage had been definitely "arranged" between Miss Margaret Landon and me. Good heavens! If she would hardly speak to me before, what will she, or won't she, do now? She will feel that it is necessary to disprove any such assertion in the eyes of every one. And we had just begun to get on a little better since the morning when we hunted for the ring. What shall I do?

*August 14.* I have been most anxious to find out the effect of the announcement, but she has let me have no chance. Last night at the Crosbys' I thought that I should have an opportunity; but no. Although older and more distinguished men were present, I took in the hostess, and on the other side of me sat Mrs. Roustabout, who always manages to be where she thinks that she can do the most good—for herself. This is often the way. Generally I have to go in to dinner with the oldest and invariably the ugliest woman in the room. The only thing that would save me would have to be a duke at least, and dukes are not about in large enough quantities to be practically useful.

On the terrace afterward I did manage to say a few words to Miss Landon. Nothing could have been more unsatisfactory. As usual, she only answered "yes" and "no"; then, after a moment of silence, she spoke.

"Do you know," she said, "that I think it will be better if I am perfectly frank with you."

I bowed nervously in acquiescence, and felt that something unpleasant was coming.

"Of course I've seen what all the newspapers are saying," she continued, "and I do not like it. Think of the position in which it places me! I wish that you would stop—persecuting me."

"Is it as bad as that?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied slowly; "I am afraid that it is."

"You hate me," I said.

"No," she answered deliberately. "I promised to be perfectly truthful. I liked you so much the other morning. Really, after that I thought about you a good deal. And then I read those things in the news-

papers, and it was a shock. When you are just beginning to like a person, it startles you to see in print that you are going to marry him. It seemed to frighten back the things that I had been thinking."

"Why should it make any difference?" I asked weakly.

"All this talk has annoyed me, and I am sure that you do not want that."

I assured her that what I wished above all was to have her pleased—to please her.

"Then," she said promptly, "I wish that you would let me entirely alone. I have done the best I could to prove to the world that there is nothing in all this silly gossip. I wish that you would help me. Can't you pretend that you dislike me particularly?"

There was a light in her eyes as she glanced sidewise at me; a smile on her lips, showing a gleam of her little teeth, that made me mad to catch her up and carry her away then and there. And she wished me to make the world believe that I did not like her!

"I think that I might have a chance," I murmured.

"But you are so different," she said decidedly. "In a way, you are like royalty, and it is—unpleasant, and I won't have it."

There is nothing for me to do but to go away. I should like to stay, but since my presence here makes life unpleasant for her, it is my duty as a gentleman to efface myself. It will be disagreeable and difficult. Perhaps she will think more kindly of me; but even that will hardly repay me for being wretchedly miserable.

*August 17.* The work of going through the morning mail is always trying enough. Even with my secretary to sift it, there is much I must read. Not a day passes without propositions, entreaties, threats, to say nothing of constant abuse.

I have always held the belief that each American city should have its park, the nearer to the center of the city the better. It is a place of rest for the working-people, a playground for the children. Nothing, I am convinced, can do more good than such breathing-places. Whenever I have found any considerable community parkless, I have given one at once. Generally I have discovered that they wanted something else and had no hesitation in saying so. Last week I gave the money for a park to the city of C—. To-day I received a

letter from the mayor saying that the place does not wish one, but that a Union Railway Station is much desired. He writes that there is a good deal of feeling about parks. A number of the more conservative maintain that the creation of one will lead to idleness and a lessening of restraint. A quantity of newspapers also arrived in which I was vigorously censured for trying to pauperize a self-respecting and industrious community. The mayor adds, however, that he will take the park if I do not see my way to giving them something else.

Another trouble that I have is with heirlooms. Hardly a day passes but some one wants to sell me his oldest and most cherished possessions, the sentiment connected with which being always one of the things counted in the price. They take the form of family portraits, lace, jewelry, silver, books. Many seem to think that I am a bric-à-brac shop. Of course it is always suggested that I should naturally wish to possess the object because of its rarity or beauty, but the need and poverty of the seller are always plainly and painfully stated. Such reading is far from pleasant, and I often go about all day feeling like a brute for having disregarded some more than usually touching appeal.

Some of the things are undoubtedly genuine. Still, with the stables full of "fakes" that I have accumulated, what am I to do? In buying such things, am I not as often encouraging fraud as helping the worthy? And to-day's mail brings me a notice from a lawyer saying that he is about to sue me to obtain the true value of a portrait sold to me by a minor—a picture which I did not want, of course, and which I gave to the Historical Society. The claim was that the picture was painted by Gilbert Stuart—the portrait of which historical character of the Revolution I forget. I have since found out that it is nothing of the kind. I shall have to compromise for a large sum, I suppose. No jury would give me a fair hearing.

This did not make me feel very amiable, and I opened the rest of the letters impatiently. One was from the man who used to tutor me in college. He is in debt, he says, and wishes to get married. The college will give him a position if he pays all that he owes. He wants me to lend him that sum, so that he can take the place. It is a typical request. I get such every

day, sometimes several times a day. I used to like Reginald Mason, but how do I know how much he is to blame for the position in which he finds himself, what he will really do with the money, whether he is telling the truth at all? That is the worst of my position. There are so many deceptions that I feel I cannot believe any one. I am not a charitable institution, and I shall not answer Mason. I don't believe him. The last time that I lent money in that way I heard of the borrower breaking the "bank" at a place where I have never gone.

But there was one letter that caused me real alarm, and has rendered me uneasy ever since. It was from some scoundrel or other who pretends that he knows of a plot to kidnap Miss Landon. The world generally supposes that we are engaged, and the scheme, he says, is to "strike" me for a great sum. I cannot believe that this can be true, but as to such a thing I dare not take any chances. Anyway, I am perfectly wretched. I would give my life to spare her anything, and now it seems that I am almost certainly creating annoyance for her, if not bringing her into actual danger.

I have tried to convince myself that the whole affair is only a blackmailing plan. After I had spent a number of hours of unequivocal torture, I sent for the fellow. I have had but small help from this. He could tell me very little, as he said he had heard of the plot only from another, who will tell him no more. But he asserts with such conviction that what he says is true that I have not felt justified in dismissing the matter. Indeed, I dare not do it. I have given the man money, and sent him to learn all that he can. Is he laughing at me and with his associates rejoicing over the easy way in which I have been "worked"? I do not care. She must not be molested. I have seen a person whose business it is to manage such affairs, and she is to be guarded, unknown to herself, by private detectives.

*September 1.* I have always had a passion for polar exploration. I have studied the subject diligently, and should like to go to the arctic regions myself. In the race of the nations for the north pole I have always wished to see this country the first at the goal. Therefore, early in the spring I began fitting out an expedition to carry

the flag to the farthest North and, if it could be done, place it first on that spot that so many are trying to reach. Having the means, I have wished to help in accomplishing this in the interest of my country and my countrymen.

I had quite forgotten it,—the amount of my income that is derived from it is so inconsiderably small,—but I am the owner of a spring from which comes a mineral water largely in use. To-day I had the gratification of finding on the first page of one of the comic papers a caricature representing myself painting "Aliquippa Lithia Water" on the north pole. I telegraphed at once to suspend preparations for the expedition. If the world thinks that I am doing this as an advertising dodge, I shall give it up. Nothing could have been farther from my thoughts. Indeed, I did not remember that I owned the miserable spring.

Nothing new from the man who made the disclosures to me as to the plot. He is unquestionably bleeding me, but I am afraid to cut him off. I am also afraid to allow the detectives watching Miss Landon to relax their vigilance.

*September 6.* She has discovered that there is something unusual going on, and has noticed that she is being watched. I have avoided her; but to-day, meeting me at the Polo Club, she sought me herself. For an instant I was happy as she stopped me. I might have known that it would only be something to make me more wretched.

"Did n't I ask you," she said coldly, "not to give the world a chance for further talk? You follow me everywhere, you watch me constantly, and every one sees it."

It is true that in my anxiety I have often tried to act as a guard for her, but without her knowledge, as I thought.

"Besides," she continued indignantly, "whatever I do, wherever I go, I am followed by men. I do not understand it, but I feel that you are responsible for it. It is very unpleasant for me, as you may imagine. Why do you do it?"

I could hardly tell her, to render her anxious and spoil her days with the apprehension of a possible danger hanging over her. I merely mumbled.

"I thought better of you!" she exclaimed bitterly. "Have you no idea at all of what is proper or right? I don't mind telling you now that I hate you. Why, I even

liked you at first, and I am so disappointed."

If anything could make me more wretchedly miserable, it is the thought that she "even liked" me. If I had been any one else I might have retained her liking, increased it, and—who knows?

*September 9.* Another difficulty, and "other counties still to be heard from." That this has come out of a clear sky does not surprise me. I am always expecting thunderbolts. Why am I not always prepared for them?

When I took Charley Driscoll and gave him a place merely to help him, I believed that I was doing him a good turn. He was without a cent and without any visible means of making one. I thought that such a start would give him a chance to pull himself together and find something better. He knew all about horses, and I placed him in charge of the racing-stables.

He has not been leading a life that I should wish. Indeed, if any one has given indications of going to the dogs, it is he. He has become careless, reckless to a degree, and when once or twice I have spoken to him about it, being older than he, I have always found my remonstrances met with a surly defiance. I only wanted to be of assistance to him, for I had always known his people, and I liked him. I thought that we were friends, and that I was playing the part of a friend. The result!

I was delighted when Roxana won the race yesterday, but I was very much surprised. Truly I had always considered that she had but a poor chance, and I never was more astonished than when I received the telegram announcing her victory. Now it is all about the club that the jockey riding Leander, the favorite, was paid to "pull" his horse. The man has confessed, and declared that he was bribed by people from my establishment. Pleasant for me, very. I sent for Driscoll at once. I told him what was being said; I showed him that denial was impossible, for I had the proof.

"And I do not deny it," he burst out. "I did it. What could you expect? You bring me without a penny into the life that I have been leading, and you think that I will go on as if I were deaf and dumb and blind. It's more than human nature can do. I might have managed it well enough, though, if I had not seen her."



I was about to interrupt him, for I felt that something unfortunate was coming; but I concluded that it was better to let him go on.

"You don't know what it is to want anything. I've had food enough and clothes enough, but there's very little else that I have n't wanted—the things such men as you have and hardly know that you have. I stood it until I fell in love with a girl. Oh, I know that I had no chance, that she would not listen to me while you were about. I should despise her—hate her; but I don't—for I love her. And I have no chance just because of you—because she is waiting to attract your attention, as dozens of others are waiting to do it. Do you think that it is not enough to make a man desperate? My family is as good as yours. I have as good abilities, as good looks. And yet I might as well not exist, had better not, in fact. I did what I could to forget. I fell into the ways that I did. I got into a scrape. I needed money. I did arrange it with the man who rode Leander. I did not have one of your horses pulled."

"I almost wish that you had," I answered fervidly. "The world could hardly be made to believe that I wanted money, but they may believe—or at least want to believe it, and say it—that I wanted my horse to win."

"If I had not known you this would not have happened," he went on. "Do you think that it is fair to tempt a man?"

"I wanted to help you," I said.

"Is it helping a man who is starving to show him a feast that he may not have; dying of thirst, drink that he may not touch? If it had not been for your friendship I should not be a ruined man. As it is, all the world will hear of it, and that will be an end of me. What I hate the worst is that Margaret Landon should know it."

"What!" I exclaimed. "Miss Landon!"

"Of course," he said quickly. "Whom do you think I meant?"

"And you are in love with her?"

"Why not? I suppose you think that I have no right—that the cat," he sneered, "may not look at the queen."

"But what you say is untrue," I cried hastily. "Miss Landon does not wish to marry me. She would not consent to do it. Indeed, she avoids me as much as possible—"

"Don't I see?" he scoffed. "Don't I understand? It's her way."

"It's false," I exclaimed. "Miss Landon does not think of me, or, if she does, it is with dislike."

"She—" he began.

"Enough," I said peremptorily. "This is a subject that is not to be discussed."

He fairly broke down at that, for his life had been such as to leave him no nerves at all. Of course I must hush this thing up. I shall find some way of managing it, with judicious expenditure. Certainly there will be talk. All sorts of things will be said about me. I must bear it. I can; I am accustomed to it.

Am I accursed? Is there nothing that I can touch without creating trouble for myself and others? Is it impossible for any one to approach me, to be connected with me, without being injured, without injuring me? Am I a kind of human deadly upas-tree? Is my whole life to be a sort of last act of "L'Africaine"?

*September 12.* Finally something that I can view with some satisfaction. After all, I have had a chance of doing some good. I was so placed as to be obliged to give a cup for some races for schooner-yachts, and this afternoon the race took place, and I had to follow it in the *Lucasta*. All things considered, I believe that I have been more troubled with the *Lucasta* than with any other of my possessions. She is three hundred and eighty-two feet long and has a crew of seventy men. A white elephant with a bee in his bonnet would not be so constantly disturbing. A Presidential campaign does not require so much attention. The boat has had two collisions already this season. Some of the crew are always doing things, and getting arrested, and having to be bailed out. When the captain is not making demands, it is the chef. But this is neither here nor there.

I did not want to go at all this afternoon, as the sea was rather rough and I am a poor sailor. I had to be present, however, and I had to take a large party. The only person—Miss Landon—whom I should like to have was out of the question. On the contrary, a nice gang went with me. The Chiswicks invited themselves. The Gadsdens, whom I detest and don't know, came with them, as they are staying at their house. In a moment Sam Leete whispered to me that he had

a friend with him, as he felt sure that he knew me well enough to bring him. Leete is just starting as a broker, and Mr. Thomas J. Plunks, of "Plunks's Soap," the friend, is his most important client. Mrs. Keppel brought Mrs. "Val" Le Strange. She said she thought it would be such an advantage for Mrs. Le Strange to be seen on my yacht. Christian charity is an excellent thing, but it seems to me that it is n't my mission in life to "float" beautiful ladies who are separated from their husbands.

With slight attacks of seasickness to make me uncomfortable, I had a most unpleasant afternoon. Just the crowd of which Miss Landon would disapprove was on board. Of course she will believe that I asked every one of them. Finally I landed them at the wharf.

We were steaming across the harbor at half-speed, making for the *Lucasta's* anchorage, where I was to take the launch and go home. As we slipped on through the water I saw, a short distance ahead, a canoe. The usual young man and young woman were in it. Suddenly, as we drew near, it upset. In an instant it had turned over, and the man and the girl were struggling in the water. He immediately made for the canoe. She was visibly sinking. I loosened a life-buoy. I sprang over the side. There was no sea, and I had no difficulty in swimming to her. I held her, and got her to the buoy. A boat was lowered. We were taken dripping on board. A very short time after we reached the *Lucasta* she revived.

I found that she was a Miss "Pinkie" White, whom I know slightly. She is staying with the Simpsons, some people that I do not know at all. She thanked me for what she called "preserving" her life. She was becoming unconscious, she said, when she felt my grasp upon her. She told me—somewhat effusively, I thought—that my conduct was "heroic." I had the *Lucasta* turned about. We brought up off the Simpson place, and I went ashore with her. The Simpsons were most anxious that I should stay for dinner but I refused and went away, telling them that I would come back to-day to ask how Miss White was.

I am glad that the *Lucasta* came just at the time, and I am pleased that I had a part in anything so useful as pulling a young woman out of the water. I think

that I am justified in feeling a little satisfaction in the afternoon.

*September 13.* As I was sitting in one of the smaller rooms of the club last evening I heard great laughter outside the door. Some men were just entering, and I rose to escape.

"So he has taken to rescuing young women from watery graves," roared "Larry" Outis, in unmistakable delight, as I hastened toward the only exit by which I could get away unnoticed.

Again there was a loud burst of merriment.

"It's the very best," Outis continued.

"But I don't see what there was to do but what he did," said another. "The man who was with her left her and was making his way to the canoe. She evidently could n't swim—was sinking—and some one had to pull her out."

I was just beyond the window when in some way my coat caught on a projecting nail. I tried to tear it away, but it was firmly held. While I was loosening it, I could not help hearing Outis's next speech.

"Don't you know?" he exclaimed. "Sinking! Your grandmother! Could n't swim! She is the girl who did a mile in thirty-six minutes the other day, almost beating the record for women. She was as safe in the water as he was on the yacht. The man who was with her knew she could take care of herself better than he could, and swam straight for the canoe. Why, she did it on purpose. It's all got out. She told some girl, who told some one else. She upset the canoe just as she saw the *Lucasta* coming, so that she should be taken on board. Wanted to excite his sympathy, you know, besides arouse his interest in her because he saved her life. And he tumbled to the bait like a silly mackerel. Her preserver! Oh, it's too good!"

Outis rolled on the divan in convulsions of delight, while all in the room laughed in chorus.

It's all in the newspapers this morning. I do not mean about the young woman's upsetting the canoe on purpose, but about my having jumped overboard after her. I should rather think that they had written the truth than the things that they have. A hero! And every one knows the facts. I am the joke of the place. It is too maddening.

*September 16.* I saw Miss Landon to-day, but she did not see me, at least she did not appear to see me. And yet it seemed utterly impossible for her not to do

it, as I stepped back for her to pass through a door. To make sure, I went up to her.

"Oh!" she exclaimed helplessly as I stood before her.

"I wanted to know whether you had seen me or not," I said doggedly.

"I did n't want to," she answered defiantly. "I *never* want to see you again. I haven't told you that before. This is final."

She moved away and left me perplexed and helpless. Something must have happened to make her suddenly so much more than usually severe. What can it be? There is enough, I know, with this racing business and then this ridiculous adventure. The first must be the cause of the difficulty, for I can see no reason why she should be affected by the latter.

*September 18.* I feel that it would give me considerable satisfaction to jump on my own prostrate body. I heard this afternoon from a man who was in my class, and who had also been tutored by Reginald Mason, that all that he had written me was true. The college has not given him the appointment. Her people have taken the girl away. Mason has fallen ill from care and anxiety. I always liked him, and, knowing how proud a man he is, I recognize how hard it was for him to beg from me. And what can he think of me? We were friends, and I did not even answer him. Perhaps it may not be too late. I telegraphed at once that all care should be taken of him. I wrote to the president of the college that he must interest himself in the case. The building that I gave to the old place last year will lead him to do as I say. If I could get away I should go myself.

A small thing that was very characteristic, and very unpleasant, came to my notice to-day. I had observed that Billy Bollen, no matter how few or how many might be in the smoking-room, has always demanded a particular kind of villainous cigar. This rather astonished me, as Bollen very well knows what is good. Of course, with his offhand way, what he did made very little impression on me. His unpromising directness—I could very well say his rudeness—was what first attracted me to him. Therefore, when he called anything else that was given him after dinner "rotten," and insisted on having this one kind, I was merely amused. I think that I have suffered Billy for the reason that I put, without thinking of it, a

certain confidence in his downright incivility. After all the flattery to which I have to listen,—the deference, not to say slavishness, that I meet,—his manner was something of a relief. I felt that there must be some sincerity in such cool impudence, and I have encouraged him.

Very recently, however, Billy has been clamoring for still a different kind of cigar, and refusing any other. To-day I got a letter from the firm importing the kind that Bollen first demanded, telling me that he had been receiving a certain sum from them monthly for insisting that I shall have this particular brand in my house and generally spreading it abroad that it was the kind that I used. The truth seems to be that lately he has been bought at a better price by another house. To prevent his puffing the goods of a rival, I have been informed of what he has been doing. It makes me downhearted. What am I to think? If Bollen's impudence was only another way of taking me in, to make use of me, what am I to do? I feel that I can't believe in anything, trust anybody. And yet, in my distrust, I am forced into making mistakes like this about Reginald Mason. It's a dog's life.

*September 20.* To-day there is the first "meet" of the season at my place. As a matter of fact, I am anxiously desirous of being in town, as there is a very important sale of a celebrated library, and there are several books that I want very much to secure. It would be real pleasure for me to see the books, and I feel that I could transact the business better than any agent. But I have to stay here. I am the M.F.H., and it would not do for me to be absent. Truthfully, the occupation of riding a horse across country does not interest me as much as it seems that it should. There are a great many things of which I have to think, and the constant attention that I have to give to the animal annoys me. Anyway, I shall have to appear and ride. It is a dull, cold, rainy day, but as it is a "drag," it will be very fast and I shall not have to be long in the saddle. The run will be over a very stiff country. I hope no one will come to grief.

*September 21.* The first thing I knew I found myself lying on a lot of coats and wraps, with a number more under my head, in the corner of a fence. A small crowd was about me. Beyond the fence, in the

road, I could see dimly a number of traps with women in them.

"He's all right," I heard some one call. "He's opening his eyes."

I tried to struggle to my feet, but fell back.

"Hold on!" said Larry Outis, who was leaning over me. "Better lie still. You came a nasty cropper."

"Anything broken?" I asked.

"I think not," he replied.

I could see more clearly now, and, as I thought, made out Miss Landon hurrying away. I could not depend on myself, and so I asked.

"Miss Landon?" I murmured, still half dazed.

"Yes," said Larry.

"She was here?" I said more strongly.

"Very much here," Larry replied; and by this time I had got enough control of my wits to notice that several of the men tittered audibly. "Miss Landon was the first here, and we found her with you when we came."

I realized that he, as well as the others, was singularly embarrassed.

With a little help I got into the Crosbys' trap and was driven to the house. After a good night's sleep I feel as well as I ever did. Undoubtedly, though, I had a narrow escape. Athos, the top rail of a heavy fence not breaking, came down and fairly rolled over me. They tell me that it was one of the worst-looking spills ever seen in the hunting-field.

Tom Loring has just been here.

"Well," he said jovially, after he inquired as to my condition, "of course it's all settled, and I am to congratulate you."

"What do you mean?" I demanded in amazement.

"Why, your engagement to Miss Landon," he answered.

"I only wish I could say that there is such an engagement. It's what I want the most in the world," I replied. "As it is, there is not the least truth in it, or the slightest possibility of it."

"What—" he began, and then stopped himself in sudden perplexity.

"Miss Landon would n't have me at any price," I said.

"Well—" he began again, the expression of amazement increasing on his face. "I'll be hanged if I understand it!"

Tom made up his mind long ago that there are many things which the brains

that he inherited do not permit him to understand, and he is quite reconciled to the fact. That is one of the reasons why he is so popular. Still, I was for a moment struck by his expression. He had such an air of bewildered amazement.

*September 22.* The only thing that I can do is to go away. I have found out that that plot about which I was warned is wholly a fake—a scheme devised to raise money from me. There is no use in my staying. It is only fair to her. I shall go somewhere at once.

How can I make myself realize what has just happened? I cannot seem to believe it even yet. I feel as if I were indeed in a dream, and no amount of pinching would do anything toward rousing me.

I had made up my mind to go away, but before I went I was determined to see Miss Landon and say good-by to her. This morning I walked across to the Landon place, and boldly asked for her. Much to my surprise, I was at once admitted. I did not find her in the library, where I was taken, but, looking through the window, I saw her on a little balcony outside. I was amazed at the way she greeted me. There was such a strange mingling of shyness and excitement and distress. She had never appeared more adorable than in this more docile mood.

"You will forgive me," I said abruptly; "but I could not go away without seeing you just once more and saying good-by."

"Good-by!" she almost gasped.

"Yes," I continued. "You said that you never wished to see me; that this was final. I thought that all I could do was to pass from your sight and, I have no doubt, from your memory."

"You are going away—*now!*" she gasped again. "But you can't—don't you see that you can't?"

I gazed at her, trying to understand what she meant.

"Oh, if you should go, it would be awful *now*," she said, putting her hand on my arm. "You can't mean it."

"But I do," I asserted firmly. "It seems that it is best under the circumstances."

"The circumstances!" she cried, sinking down in a chair. "How can you say that? It seems to me that the circumstances ought to make you stay."

"I mean since you hate me."

She looked up wildly.

"After what has happened you think—*that!*" she exclaimed.

"What has happened?" I asked impatiently. "I know that I love you madly, but what has happened but that—"

"You don't know?" she said, looking at me strangely.

"No," I answered a little angrily.

"Oh, it's too awful," she said, almost laughing, although at the same time she was almost crying. "Have I got to tell you? But it does not make any difference now. You would know it anyway, for you would be told by some one else." She stood up. "I love you," she said.

I had her in my arms before she could go on.

"And you don't know what happened?" she said, looking up and then quickly looking down again.

"No," I replied very impatiently.

"Why," she said slowly, "when you fell I was in the nearest trap. I jumped out and ran to you. I could n't help myself. When they came up I was holding your head on my arm—and they saw me—and I—I don't know how to tell you! Now *could* I let you go away after that?"

*September 25.* There is another small surprise. Driscoll and Miss "Pinkie" White are also engaged. That young person, Margaret tells me, having recovered from her bath, and being rather disconcerted by the notoriety of her exploit, has suddenly announced the fact. It seems that she has always been in love with Driscoll, and he must have found consolation. I will send him out to a ranch that I have in the West, where I think they will both find happiness. Margaret tells me that when she heard that I had pulled Miss White out of the water, absurd as the whole affair was, she was jealous. And yet at the time she was behaving as if I were the dust under her feet. It is strange, but I am not disposed to wonder. I am not quarreling with life in any way. The world is one large wonderful rosy delight to me. Margaret says that she wishes that I were not so rich, for then we should have learned the truth much sooner. Also that she should prefer to have me penniless, for then every one might believe that she really loved me. No one does, for all declare that she is marrying me for my money. But that is one thing that is the result of my position for which I do not care in the very least.



# THE GRAND CAÑON OF THE COLORADO<sup>1</sup>

BY JOHN MUIR

Author of "The Mountains of California," "Our National Parks," etc.

**H**APPY nowadays is the tourist, with **H**earth's wonders, new and old, spread invitingly open before him, and a host of able workers as his slaves making everything easy, padding plush about him, grading roads for him, boring tunnels, moving hills out of his way, eager, like the devil, to show him all the kingdoms of the world and their glory and foolishness, spiritualizing travel for him with lightning and steam, abolishing space and time and almost everything else. Little children and tender, pulpy people, as well as storm-seasoned explorers, may now go almost everywhere in smooth comfort, cross oceans and deserts scarce accessible to fishes and birds, and, dragged by steel horses, go up high mountains, riding gloriously beneath starry showers of sparks, ascending like Elijah in a whirlwind and chariot of fire.

First of the wonders of the great West to be brought within reach of the tourist were the Yosemite and the Big Trees, on the completion of the first transcontinental railway; next came the Yellowstone and icy Alaska, by the Northern roads; and last the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, which, naturally the hardest to reach, has now become, by a branch of the Santa Fé, the most accessible of all.

Of course with this wonderful extension of steel ways through our wildness there is loss as well as gain. Nearly all railroads are bordered by belts of desolation. The finest wilderness perishes as if stricken with pestilence. Bird and beast people, if not the dryads, are frightened from the groves.

Too often the groves also vanish, leaving nothing but ashes. Fortunately, nature has a few big places beyond man's power to spoil—the ocean, the two icy ends of the globe, and the Grand Cañon.

When I first heard of the Santa Fé trains running to the edge of the Grand Cañon of Arizona, I was troubled with thoughts of the disenchantment likely to follow. But last winter, when I saw those trains crawling along through the pines of the Cocanini Forest and close up to the brink of the chasm at Bright Angel, I was glad to discover that in the presence of such stupendous scenery they are nothing. The locomotives and trains are mere beetles and caterpillars, and the noise they make is as little disturbing as the hooting of an owl in the lonely woods.

In a dry, hot, monotonous forested plateau, seemingly boundless, you come suddenly and without warning upon the abrupt edge of a gigantic sunken landscape of the wildest, most multitudinous features, and those features, sharp and angular, are made out of flat beds of limestone and sandstone forming a spiry, jagged, gloriously colored mountain-range countersunk in a level gray plain. It is a hard job to sketch it even in scrawniest outline; and try as I may, not in the least sparing myself, I cannot tell the hundredth part of the wonders of its features—the side-cañons, gorges, alcoves, cloisters, and amphitheaters of vast sweep and depth, carved in its magnificent walls; the throng of great architectural rocks it contains re-

<sup>1</sup> See drawing by Maxfield Parrish on page 2. The adventurous narrative by Major J. W. Powell of the pioneer exploration of the cañons of the Colorado by his boat expedition will be found in this magazine for January, February, and March, 1875 (Vol. IX, Old Series), with many drawings of the region by Thomas Moran. — EDITOR.

sembling castles, cathedrals, temples, and palaces, towered and spired and painted, some of them nearly a mile high, yet beneath one's feet. All this, however, is less difficult than to give any idea of the impression of wild, primeval beauty and power one receives in merely gazing from its brink. The view down the gulf of color and over the rim of its wonderful wall, more than any other view I know, leads us to think of our earth as a star with stars swimming in light, every radiant spire pointing the way to the heavens.

But it is impossible to conceive what the cañon is, or what impression it makes, from descriptions or pictures, however good. Naturally it is untellable even to those who have seen something perhaps a little like it on a small scale in this same plateau region. One's most extravagant expectations are indefinitely surpassed, though one expect much from what is said of it as "the biggest chasm on earth" —"so big is it that all other big things, — Yosemite, the Yellowstone, the Pyramids, Chicago, —all would be lost if tumbled into it." Naturally enough, illustrations as to size are sought for among other cañons like or unlike it, with the common result of worse confounding confusion. The prudent keep silence. It was once said that the "Grand Cañon could put a dozen Yosemitees in its vest pocket."

The justly famous Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone is, like the Colorado, gorgeously colored and abruptly countersunk in a plateau, and both are mainly the work of water. But the Colorado's cañon is more than a thousand times larger, and as a score or two new buildings of ordinary size would not appreciably change the general view of a great city, so hundreds of Yellowstones might be eroded in the sides of the Colorado Cañon without noticeably augmenting its size or the richness of its sculpture. But it is not true that the great Yosemite rocks would be thus lost or hidden. Nothing of their kind in the world, so far as I know, rivals El Capitan and Tissiack, much less dwarfs or in any way belittles them. None of the sandstone or limestone precipices of the cañon that I have seen or heard of approaches in smooth, flawless strength and grandeur the granite face of El Capitan or the Tenaya side of Cloud's Rest. These colossal cliffs, types of permanence, are about three thousand and six thousand

feet high; those of the cañon that are sheer are about half as high, and are types of fleeting change; while glorious-domed Tissiack, noblest of mountain buildings, far from being overshadowed or lost in this rosy, spiry cañon company, would draw every eye, and, in serene majesty, "aboon them a'" she would take her place —castle, temple, palace, or tower. Nevertheless a noted writer, comparing the Grand Cañon in a general way with the glacial Yosemite, says: "And the Yosemite —ah, the lovely Yosemite! Dumped down into the wilderness of gorges and mountains, it would take a guide who knew of its existence a long time to find it." This is striking, and shows up well above the levels of commonplace description; but it is confusing, and has the fatal fault of not being true. As well try to describe an eagle by putting a lark in it. "And the lark —ah, the lovely lark! Dumped down the red, royal gorge of the eagle, it would be hard to find." Each in its own place is better, singing at heaven's gate, and sailing the sky with the clouds.

Every feature of nature's big face is beautiful, —height and hollow, wrinkle, furrow, and line, —and this is the main master furrow of its kind on our continent, incomparably greater and more impressive than any other yet discovered, or likely to be discovered, now that all the great rivers have been traced to their heads.

The Colorado River rises in the heart of the continent on the dividing ranges and ridges between the two oceans, drains thousands of snowy mountains through narrow or spacious valleys, and thence through cañons of every color, sheer-walled and deep, all of which seem to be represented in this one grand cañon of cañons.

It is very hard to give anything like an adequate conception of its size, much more of its color, its vast wall-sculpture, the wealth of ornate architectural buildings that fill it, or, most of all, the tremendous impression it makes. According to Major Powell, it is about two hundred and seventeen miles long, from five to fifteen miles wide from rim to rim, and from about five thousand to six thousand feet deep. So tremendous a chasm would be one of the world's greatest wonders even if, like ordinary cañons cut in sedimentary rocks, it were empty and its walls were simple. But instead of being plain, the walls are so



deeply and elaborately carved into all sorts of recesses—alcoves, cirques, amphitheaters, and side-cañons—that were you to trace the rim closely around on both sides your journey would be nearly a thousand miles long. Into all these recesses the level, continuous beds of rock in ledges and benches, with their various colors, run like broad ribbons, marvelously beautiful and effective even at a distance of ten or twelve miles. And the vast space these glorious walls inclose, instead of being empty, is crowded with gigantic architectural rock forms gorgeously colored and adorned with towers and spires like works of art.

Looking down from this level plateau, we are more impressed with a feeling of being on the top of everything than when looking from the summit of a mountain. From side to side of the vast gulf, temples, palaces, towers, and spires come soaring up in thick array half a mile or nearly a mile above their sunken, hidden bases, some to a level with our standpoint, but none higher. And in the inspiring morning light all are so fresh and rosy-looking that they seem new-born; as if, like the quick-growing crimson snow-plants of the California woods, they had just sprung up, hatched by the warm, brooding, motherly weather.

In trying to describe the great pines and sequoias of the Sierra, I have often thought that if one of those trees could be set by itself in some city park, its grandeur might there be impressively realized; while in its home forests, where all magnitudes are great, the weary, satiated traveler sees none of them truly. It is so with these majestic rock structures.

Though mere residual masses of the plateau, they are dowered with the grandeur and repose of mountains, together with the finely chiseled carving and modeling of man's temples and palaces, and often, to a considerable extent, with their symmetry. Some, closely observed, look like ruins; but even these stand plumb and true, and show architectural forms loaded with lines strictly regular and decorative, and all are arrayed in colors that storms and time seem only to brighten. They are not placed in regular rows in line with the river, but "a' through ither," as the Scotch say, in lavish, exuberant crowds, as if nature in wildest extravagance held her bravest structures as common as gravel-piles.

Yonder stands a spiry cathedral nearly five thousand feet in height, nobly symmetrical, with sheer buttressed walls and arched doors and windows, as richly finished and decorated with sculptures as the great rock temples of India or Egypt. Beside it rises a huge castle with arched gateway, turrets, watch-towers, ramparts, etc., and to right and left palaces, obelisks, and pyramids fairly fill the gulf, all colossal and all lavishly painted and carved. Here and there a flat-topped structure may be seen, or one imperfectly domed; but the prevailing style is ornate Gothic, with many hints of Egyptian and Indian.

Throughout this vast extent of wild architecture—nature's own capital city—there seem to be no ordinary dwellings. All look like grand and important public structures, except perhaps some of the lower pyramids, broad-based and sharp-pointed, covered with down-flowing talus like loosely set tents with hollow, sagging sides. The roofs often have disintegrated rocks heaped and dragged over them, but in the main the masonry is firm and laid in regular courses, as if done by square and rule.

Nevertheless they are ever changing: their tops are now a dome, now a flat table or a spire, as harder or softer strata are reached in their slow degradation, while the sides, with all their fine moldings, are being steadily undermined and eaten away. But no essential change in style or color is thus effected. From century to century they stand the same. What seems confusion among the rough earthquake-shaken crags nearest one comes to order as soon as the main plan of the various structures appears. Every building, however complicated and laden with ornamental lines, is at one with itself and every one of its neighbors, for the same characteristic controlling belts of color and solid strata extend with wonderful constancy for very great distances, and pass through and give style to thousands of separate structures, however their smaller characters may vary.

Of all the various kinds of ornamental work displayed,—carving, tracery on cliff-faces, moldings, arches, pinnacles,—none is more admirably effective or charms more than the webs of rain-channeled taluses. Marvelously extensive, without the slightest appearance of waste or excess, they

cover roofs and dome-tops and the base of every cliff, belt each spire and pyramid and massy, towering temple, and in beautiful continuous lines go sweeping along the great walls in and out around all the intricate system of side-cañons, amphitheaters, cirques, and scallops into which they are sculptured. From one point hundreds of miles of this fairy embroidery may be traced. It is all so fine and orderly that it would seem that not only had the clouds and streams been kept harmoniously busy in the making of it, but that every rain-drop sent like a bullet to a mark had been the subject of a separate thought, so sure is the outcome of beauty through the stormy centuries. Surely nowhere else are there illustrations so striking of the natural beauty of desolation and death, so many of nature's own mountain buildings wasting in glory of high desert air—going to dust. See how steadfast in beauty they all are in their going. Look again and again how the rough, dusty boulders and sand of disintegration from the upper ledges wreath in beauty the next and next below with these wonderful taluses, and how the colors are finer the faster the waste. We often-times see nature giving beauty for ashes,—as in the flowers of a prairie after fire,—but here the very dust and ashes are beautiful.

Gazing across the mighty chasm, we at last discover that it is not its great depth nor length, nor yet these wonderful buildings, that most impresses us. It is its immense width, sharply defined by precipitous walls plunging suddenly down from a flat plain, declaring in terms instantly apprehended that the vast gulf is a gash in the once unbroken plateau, made by slow, orderly erosion and removal of huge beds of rocks. Other valleys of erosion are as great,—in all their dimensions some are greater,—but none of these produces an effect on the imagination at once so quick and profound, coming without study, given at a glance. Therefore by far the greatest and most influential feature of this view from Bright Angel or any other of the cañon views is the opposite wall. Of the one beneath our feet we see only fragmentary sections in cirques and amphitheaters and on the sides of the outjutting promontories between them, while the other, though far distant, is beheld in all its glory of color and noble proportions—the one

supreme beauty and wonder to which the eye is ever turning. For while charming with its beauty it tells the story of the stupendous erosion of the cañon—the foundation of the unspeakable impression made on everybody. It seems a gigantic statement for even nature to make, all in one mighty stone word, apprehended at once like a burst of light, celestial color its natural vesture, coming in glory to mind and heart as to a home prepared for it from the very beginning. Wildness so godful, cosmic, primeval, bestows a new sense of earth's beauty and size. Not even from high mountains does the world seem so wide, so like a star in glory of light on its way through the heavens.

I have observed scenery-hunters of all sorts getting first views of yosemites, glaciers, White Mountain ranges, etc. Mixed with the enthusiasm which such scenery naturally excites, there is often weak gushing, and many splutter aloud like little waterfalls. Here, for a few moments at least, there is silence, and all are in dead earnest, as if awed and hushed by an earthquake—perhaps until the cook cries "Breakfast!" or the stable-boy "Horses are ready!" Then the poor unfortunates, slaves of regular habits, turn quickly away, gasping and muttering as if wondering where they had been and what had enchanted them.

Roads have been made from Bright Angel Hotel through the Cocanini Forest to the ends of outstanding promontories, commanding extensive views up and down the cañon. The nearest of them, three or four miles east and west, are McNeil's Point and Rowe's Point; the latter, besides commanding the eternally interesting cañon, gives wide-sweeping views south-east and west over the dark forest roof to the San Francisco and Mount Trumbull volcanoes—the bluest of mountains over the blackest of level woods.

Instead of thus riding in dust with the crowd, more will be gained by going quietly afoot along the rim at different times of day and night, free to observe the vegetation, the fossils in the rocks, the seams beneath overhanging ledges once inhabited by Indians, and to watch the stupendous scenery in the changing lights and shadows, clouds, showers, and storms. One need not go hunting the so-called "points of interest." The verge anywhere, every-

where, is a point of interest beyond one's wildest dreams.

As yet, few of the promontories or throng of mountain buildings in the cañon are named. Nor among such exuberance of forms are names thought of by the bewildered, hurried tourist. He would be as likely to think of names for waves in a storm. The Eastern and Western Cloisters, Hindu Amphitheater, Cape Royal, 'Powell's Plateau, and Grand View Point, Point Sublime, Bissell and Moran points, the Temple of Set, Vishnu's Temple, Shiva's Temple, Twin Temples, Tower of Babel, Hance's Column—these fairly good names given by Dutton, Holmes, Moran, and others are scattered over a large stretch of the cañon wilderness.

All the cañon rock-beds are lavishly painted, except a few neutral bars and the granite notch at the bottom occupied by the river, which makes but little sign. It is a vast wilderness of rocks in a sea of light, colored and glowing like oak and maple woods in autumn, when the sun-gold is richest. I have just said that it is impossible to learn what the cañon is like from descriptions and pictures. Powell's and Dutton's descriptions present magnificent views not only of the cañon but of all the grand region round about it; and Holmes's drawings, accompanying Dutton's report, are wonderfully good. Surely faithful and loving skill can go no further in putting the multitudinous decorated forms on paper. But the *colors*, the living, rejoicing *colors*, chanting morning and evening in chorus to heaven! Whose brush or pencil, however lovingly inspired, can give us these? And if paint is of no effect, what hope lies in pen-work? Only this: some may be incited by it to go and see for themselves.

No other range of mountainous rock-work of anything like the same extent have I seen that is so strangely, boldly, lavishly colored. The famous Yellowstone Cañon below the falls comes to mind; but, wonderful as it is, and well deserved as is its fame, compared with this it is only a bright rainbow ribbon at the roots of the pines. Each of the series of level, continuous beds of carboniferous rocks of the cañon has, as we have seen, its own characteristic color. The summit limestone-beds are pale yellow; next below these are the beautiful rose-colored cross-bedded sandstones; next

there are a thousand feet of brilliant red sandstones; and below these the red wall limestones, over two thousand feet thick, rich massy red, the greatest and most influential of the series, and forming the main color-fountain. Between these are many neutral-tinted beds. The prevailing colors are wonderfully deep and clear, changing and blending with varying intensity from hour to hour, day to day, season to season; throbbing, wavering, glowing, responding to every passing cloud or storm, a world of color in itself, now burning in separate rainbow bars streaked and blotched with shade, now glowing in one smooth, all-pervading ethereal radiance like the alpenglow, uniting the rocky world with the heavens.

The dawn, as in all the pure, dry desert country, is ineffably beautiful; and when the first level sunbeams sting the domes and spires, with what a burst of power the big, wild days begin! The dead and the living, rocks and hearts alike, awake and sing the new-old song of creation. All the massy headlands and salient angles of the walls, and the multitudinous temples and palaces, seem to catch the light at once, and cast thick black shadows athwart hollow and gorge, bringing out details as well as the main massive features of the architecture; while all the rocks, as if wild with life, throb and quiver and glow in the glorious sunburst, rejoicing. Every rock temple then becomes a temple of music; every spire and pinnacle an angel of light and song, shouting color halleluiahs.

As the day draws to a close, shadows, wondrous, black, and thick, like those of the morning, fill up the wall hollows, while the glowing rocks, their rough angles burned off, seem soft and hot to the heart as they stand submerged in purple haze, which now fills the cañon like a sea. Still deeper, richer, more divine grow the great walls and temples, until in the supreme flaming glory of sunset the whole cañon is transfigured, as if all the life and light of centuries of sunshine stored up and condensed in the rocks was now being poured forth as from one glorious fountain, flooding both earth and sky.

Strange to say, in the full white effulgence of the midday hours the bright colors grow dim and terrestrial in common gray haze; and the rocks, after the manner of mountains, seem to crouch and drowse

and shrink to less than half their real stature, and have nothing to say to one, as if not at home. But it is fine to see how quickly they come to life and grow radiant and communicative as soon as a band of white clouds come floating by. As if shouting for joy, they seem to spring up to meet them in hearty salutation, eager to touch them and beg their blessings. It is just in the midst of these dull midday hours that the cañon clouds are born.

A good storm-cloud full of lightning and rain on its way to its work on a sunny desert day is a glorious object. Across the cañon, opposite the hotel, is a little tributary of the Colorado called Bright Angel Creek. A fountain-cloud still better deserves the name "Angel of the Desert Wells"—clad in bright plumage, carrying cool shade and living water to countless animals and plants ready to perish, noble in form and gesture, seeming able for anything, pouring life-giving, wonder-working floods from its alabaster fountains, as if some sky-lake had broken. To every gulch and gorge on its favorite ground is given a passionate torrent, roaring, replying to the rejoicing lightning—stones, tons in weight, hurrying away as if frightened, showing something of the way Grand Cañon work is done. Most of the fertile summer clouds of the cañon are of this sort, massive, swelling cumuli, growing rapidly, displaying delicious tones of purple and gray in the hollows of their sun-beaten bosses, showering favored areas of the heated landscape, and vanishing in an hour or two. Some, busy and thoughtful-looking, glide with beautiful motion along the middle of the cañon in flocks, turning aside here and there, lingering as if studying the needs of particular spots, exploring side-cañons, peering into hollows like birds seeking nest-places, or hovering aloft on outspread wings. They scan all the red wilderness, dispensing their blessings of cool shadows and rain where the need is the greatest, refreshing the rocks, their offspring as well as the vegetation, continuing their sculpture, deepening gorges and sharpening peaks. Sometimes, blending all together, they weave a ceiling from rim to rim, perhaps opening a window here and there for sunshine to stream through, suddenly lighting some palace or temple and making it flare in the rain as if on fire.

Sometimes, as one sits gazing from a

high, jutting promontory, the sky all clear, showing not the slightest wisp or penciling, a bright band of cumuli will appear suddenly, coming up the cañon in single file, as if tracing a well-known trail, passing in review, each in turn darting its lances and dropping its shower, making a row of little vertical rivers in the air above the big brown one. Others seem to grow from mere points, and fly high above the cañon, yet following its course for a long time, noiseless, as if hunting, then suddenly darting lightning at unseen marks, and hurrying on. Or they loiter here and there as if idle, like laborers out of work, waiting to be hired.

Half a dozen or more showers may oftentimes be seen falling at once, while far the greater part of the sky is in sunshine, and not a raindrop comes nigh one. These thunder-showers from as many separate clouds, looking like wisps of long hair, may vary greatly in effects. The pale, faint streaks are showers that fail to reach the ground, being evaporated on the way down through the dry, thirsty air, like streams in deserts. Many, on the other hand, which in the distance seem insignificant, are really heavy rain, however local; these are the gray wisps well zigzagged with lightning. The darker ones are torrent rain, which on broad, steep slopes of favorable conformation give rise to so-called "cloud-bursts"; and wonderful is the commotion they cause. The gorges and gulches below them, usually dry, break out in loud uproar, with a sudden downrush of muddy, boulder-laden floods. Down they all go in one simultaneous gush, roaring like lions rudely awakened, each of the tawny brood actually kicking up a dust at the first onset.

During the winter months snow falls over all the high plateau, usually to a considerable depth, whitening the rim and the roofs of the cañon buildings. But last winter, when I arrived at Bright Angel in the middle of January, there was no snow in sight, and the ground was dry, greatly to my disappointment, for I had made the trip mainly to see the cañon in its winter garb. Soothingly I was informed that this was an exceptional season, and that the good snow might arrive at any time. After waiting a few days, I gladly hailed a broad-browed cloud coming grandly on from the west in big promising blackness, very unlike the

white sailors of the summer skies. Under the lee of a rim-ledge, with another snow-lover, I watched its movements as it took possession of the cañon and all the adjacent region in sight. Trailing its gray fringes over the spiry tops of the great temples and towers, it gradually settled lower, embracing them all with ineffable kindness and gentleness of touch, and fondled the little cedars and pines as they quivered eagerly in the wind like young birds begging their mothers to feed them. The first flakes and crystals began to fly about noon, sweeping straight up the middle of the cañon, and swirling in magnificent eddies along the sides. Gradually the hearty swarms closed their ranks, and all the cañon was lost in gray gloom except a short section of the wall and a few trees beside us, which looked glad with snow in their needles and about their feet as they leaned out over the gulf. Suddenly the storm opened with magical effect to the north over the cañon of Bright Angel Creek, inclosing a sunlit mass of the cañon architecture, spanned by great white concentric arches of cloud like the bows of a silvery aurora. Above these and a little back of them was a series of upboiling purple clouds, and high above all, in the background, a range of noble cumuli towered aloft like snow-laden mountains, their pure pearl bosses flooded with sunshine. The whole noble picture, calmly glowing, was framed in thick gray gloom, which soon closed over it; and the storm went on, opening and closing until night covered all.

Two days later, when we were on a jutting point about eighteen miles east of Bright Angel and one thousand feet higher, we enjoyed another storm of equal glory as to cloud effects, though only a few inches of snow fell. Before the storm began we had a magnificent view of this grander upper part of the cañon and also of the Cocanini Forest and Painted Desert. The march of the clouds with their storm-banners flying over this sublime landscape was unspeakably glorious, and so also was the breaking up of the storm next morning—the mingling of silver-capped rock, sunshine, and cloud.

Most tourists make out to be in a hurry even here; therefore their few days or hours would be best spent on the promontories nearest the hotel. Yet a sur-

prising number go down the Bright Angel trail to the brink of the inner gloomy granite gorge overlooking the river. Deep cañons attract like high mountains; the deeper they are, the more surely are we drawn into them. On foot, of course, there is no danger whatever, and, with ordinary precautions, but little on animals. In comfortable tourist faith, unthinking, unfearing, down go men, women, and children on whatever is offered, horse, mule, or burro, as if saying with Jean Paul, "fear nothing but fear"—not without reason, for these cañon trails down the stairways of the gods are less dangerous than they seem, less dangerous than home stairs. The guides are cautious, and so are the experienced, much-enduring beasts. The scrawniest Rosinantes and wizened-rat mules cling hard to the rocks endwise or sidewise, like lizards or ants. From terrace to terrace, climate to climate, down one creeps in sun and shade, through gorge and gully and grassy ravine, and, after a long scramble on foot, at last beneath the mighty cliffs one comes to the grand, roaring river.

To the mountaineer the depth of the cañon, from five thousand to six thousand feet, will not seem so very wonderful, for he has often explored others that are about as deep. But the most experienced will be awe-struck by the vast extent of strange, countersunk scenery, the multitude of huge rock monuments of painted masonry built up in regular courses towering above, beneath, and round about him. By the Bright Angel trail the last fifteen hundred feet of the descent to the river has to be made afoot down the gorge of Indian Garden Creek. Most of the visitors do not like this part, and are content to stop at the end of the horse-trail and look down on the dull-brown flood from the edge of the Indian Garden Plateau. By the new Hance trail, excepting a few daringly steep spots, you can ride all the way to the river, where there is a good spacious camp-ground in a mesquit-grove. This trail, built by brave Hance, begins on the highest part of the rim, eight thousand feet above the sea, a thousand feet higher than the head of Bright Angel trail, and the descent is a little over six thousand feet, through a wonderful variety of climate and life. Often late in the fall, when frosty winds are blowing and snow is flying at one end of the trail, tender plants are blooming in

balmy summer weather at the other. The trip down and up can be made afoot easily in a day. In this way one is free to observe the scenery and vegetation, instead of merely clinging to his animal and watching its steps. But all who have time should go prepared to camp awhile on the river-bank, to rest and learn something about the plants and animals and the mighty flood roaring past. In cool, shady amphitheaters at the head of the trail there are groves of white silver fir and Douglas spruce, with ferns and saxifrages that recall snowy mountains; below these, yellow pine, nut-pine, juniper, hop-hornbeam, ash, maple, holly-leaved berberis, cowania, spiræa, dwarf oak, and other small shrubs and trees. In dry gulches and on taluses and sun-beaten crags are sparsely scattered yuccas, cactuses, agave, etc. Where springs gush from the rocks there are willow thickets, grassy flats, and bright flowery gardens, and in the hottest recesses the delicate abronia, mesquit, woody compositæ, and arborescent cactuses.

The most striking and characteristic part of this widely varied vegetation are the cactaceæ—strange, leafless, old-fashioned plants with beautiful flowers and fruit, in every way able and admirable. While grimly defending themselves with innumerable barbed spears, they offer both food and drink to man and beast. Their juicy globes and disks and fluted cylindrical columns are almost the only desert wells that never go dry, and they always seem to rejoice the more and grow plumper and juicier the hotter the sunshine and sand. Some are spherical, like rolled-up porcupines, crouching in rock hollows beneath a mist of gray lances, unmoved by the wildest winds. Others, standing as erect as bushes and trees or tall branchless pillars crowned with magnificent flowers, their prickly armor sparkling, look boldly abroad over the glaring desert, making the strangest forests ever seen or dreamed of. *Cercus giganteus*, the grim chief of the desert tribe, is often thirty or forty feet high in southern Arizona. Several species of tree yuccas in the same deserts, laden in early spring with superb white lilies, form forests hardly less wonderful, though here they grow singly or in small lonely groves. The low, almost stemless *Yucca baccata*, with beautiful lily-flowers and sweet banana-like fruit, prized by the Indians, is common along the cañon

rim, growing on lean, rocky soil beneath mountain-mahogany, nut-pines, and junipers, beside dense flowery mats of *Spiræa cæspitosa* and the beautiful pinnate-leaved *Spiræa millefolium*. The nut-pine, *Pinus edulis*, scattered along the upper slopes and roofs of the cañon buildings, is the principal tree of the strange Dwarf Cocanini Forest. It is a picturesque stub of a pine about twenty-five feet high, usually with dead, lichened limbs thrust through its rounded head, and grows on crags and fissured rock tables, braving heat and frost, snow and drought, and continues patiently, faithfully fruitful for centuries. Indians and insects and almost every desert bird and beast come to it to be fed.

To civilized people from corn and cattle and wheat-field countries the cañon at first sight seems as uninhabitable as a glacier crevasse, utterly silent and barren. Nevertheless it is the home of a multitude of our fellow-mortals, men as well as animals and plants. Centuries ago it was inhabited by tribes of Indians, who, long before Columbus saw America, built thousands of stone houses in its crags, and large ones, some of them several stories high, with hundreds of rooms, on the mesas of the adjacent regions. Their cliff-dwellings, almost numberless, are still to be seen in the cañon, scattered along both sides from top to bottom and throughout its entire length, built of stone and mortar in seams and fissures like swallows' nests, or on isolated ridges and peaks. The ruins of larger buildings are found on open spots by the river, but most of them aloft on the brink of the wildest, giddiest precipices, sites evidently chosen for safety from enemies, and seemingly accessible only to the birds of the air. Many caves were also used as dwelling-places, as were mere seams on cliff-fronts formed by unequal weathering and with or without outer or side walls; and some of them were covered with colored pictures of animals. The most interesting of these cliff-dwellings had pathetic little ribbon-like strips of garden on narrow terraces, where irrigating-water could be carried to them—most romantic of sky-gardens, but eloquent of hard times.

In recesses along the river and on the first plateau flats above its gorge were fields and gardens of considerable size, where irrigating-ditches may still be traced. Some of these ancient gardens are still cultivated

by Indians, descendants of cliff dwellers, who raise corn, squashes, melons, potatoes, etc., to reinforce the produce of the many wild food-furnishing plants, nuts, beans, berries, yucca and cactus fruits, grass and sunflower seeds, etc., and the flesh of animals, deer, rabbits, lizards, etc. The cañon Indians I have met here seem to be living much as did their ancestors, though not now driven into rock dens. They are able, erect men, with commanding eyes, which nothing that they wish to see can escape. They are never in a hurry, have a strikingly measured, deliberate, bearish manner of moving the limbs and turning the head, are capable of enduring weather, thirst, hunger, and over-abundance, and are blessed with stomachs which triumph over everything the wilderness may offer. Evidently their lives are not bitter.

The largest of the cañon animals one is likely to see is the wild sheep, or Rocky Mountain bighorn, a most admirable beast, with limbs that never fail, at home on the most nerve-trying precipices, acquainted with all the springs and passes and broken-down jumpable places in the sheer ribbon cliffs, bounding from crag to crag in easy grace and confidence of strength, his great horns held high above his shoulders, wild red blood beating and hissing through every fiber of him like the wind through a quivering mountain pine.

Deer also are occasionally met in the cañon, making their way to the river when the wells of the plateau are dry. Along the short spring streams beavers are still busy, as is shown by the cottonwood and willow timber they have cut and peeled, found in all the river drift-heaps. In the most barren cliffs and gulches there dwell a multitude of lesser animals, well-dressed, clear-eyed, happy little beasts—wood-rats, kangaroo-rats, gophers, wood-mice, skunks, rabbits, bob cats, and many others, gathering food, or dozing in their sun-warmed dens. Lizards, too, of every kind and color are here enjoying life on the hot cliffs, and making the brightest of them brighter.

Nor is there any lack of feathered people. The golden eagle may be seen, and the osprey, hawks, jays, humming-birds, the mourning-dove, and cheery familiar singers—the black-headed grosbeak, robin, bluebird, Townsend's thrush, and many

warblers, sailing the sky and enlivening the rocks and bushes through all the cañon wilderness.

Here at Hance's river-camp or a few miles above it brave Powell and his brave men passed their first night in the cañon on their adventurous voyage of discovery thirty-three years ago. They faced a thousand dangers, open or hidden, now in their boats gladly sliding down swift, smooth reaches, now rolled over and over in back-combing surges of rough, roaring cataracts, sucked under in eddies, swimming like beavers, tossed and beaten like castaway drift—stout-hearted, undaunted, doing their work through it all. After a month of this they floated smoothly out of the dark, gloomy, roaring abyss into light and safety two hundred miles below. As the flood rushes past us, heavy-laden with desert mud, we naturally think of its sources, its countless silvery branches outspread on thousands of snowy mountains along the crest of the continent, and the life of them, the beauty of them, their history and romance. Its topmost springs are far north and east in Wyoming and Colorado, on the snowy Wind River, Front, Park, and Sawatch ranges, dividing the two ocean waters, and the Elk, Wasatch, Uinta, and innumerable spurs streaked with streams, made famous by early explorers and hunters. It is a river of rivers—the Du Chesne, San Rafael, Yampa, Dolores, Gunnison, Cotchetopa, Uncompahgre, Eagle, and Roaring rivers, the Green and the Grand, and scores of others with branches innumerable, as mad and glad a band as ever sang on mountains, descending in glory of foam and spray from snow-banks and glaciers through their rocky moraine-dammed, beaver-dammed channels. Then, all emerging from dark balsam and pine woods and coming together, they meander through wide, sunny park valleys, and at length enter the great plateau and flow in deep cañons, the beginning of the system culminating in this grand cañon of cañons.

Our warm cañon camp is also a good place to give a thought to the glaciers which still exist at the heads of the highest tributaries. Some of them are of considerable size, especially those on the Wind River and Sawatch ranges in Wyoming and Colorado. They are remnants of a vast system of glaciers which recently covered the upper part of the Colorado basin, sculp-



tured its peaks, ridges, and valleys to their present forms, and extended far out over the plateau region—how far I cannot now say. It appears, therefore, that, however old the main trunk of the Colorado may be, all its wide-spread upper branches and the landscapes they flow through are new-born, scarce at all changed as yet in any important feature since they first came to light at the close of the glacial period.

The so-called Grand Colorado Plateau, of which the Grand Cañon is only one of its well-proportioned features, extends with a breadth of hundreds of miles from the flanks of the Wasatch and Park Mountains to the south of the San Francisco Peaks. Immediately to the north of the deepest part of the cañon it rises in a series of subordinate plateaus, diversified with green meadows, marshes, bogs, ponds, forests, and grovy park valleys, a favorite Indian hunting-ground, inhabited by elk, deer, beaver, etc. But far the greater part of the plateau is good sound desert, rocky, sandy, or fluffy with loose ashes and dust, dissected in some places into a labyrinth of stream-channel chasms like cracks in a dry clay-bed, or the narrow slit crevasses of glaciers,—blackened with lava-flows, dotted with volcanoes and beautiful buttes, and lined with long continuous escarpments,—a vast bed of sediments of an ancient seabottom, still nearly as level as when first laid down after being heaved into the sky a mile or two high.

Walking quietly about in the alleys and byways of the Grand Cañon City, we learn something of the way it was made; and all must admire effects so great from means apparently so simple: rain striking light hammer-blows or heavier in streams, with many rest Sundays; soft air and light, gentle sappers and miners, toiling forever; the big river sawing the plateau asunder, carrying away the eroded and ground waste, and exposing the edges of the strata to the weather; rain torrents sawing cross-streets and alleys, exposing the strata in the same way in hundreds of sections, the softer, less resisting beds weathering and receding faster, thus undermining the harder beds, which fall, not only in small weathered particles, but in heavy sheer-cleaving masses, assisted down from time to time by kindly earthquakes, rain torrents rushing the fallen material to the river, keeping the wall rocks constantly exposed.

Thus the cañon grows wider and deeper. So also do the side-cañons and amphitheaters, while secondary gorges and cirques gradually isolate masses of the promontories, forming new buildings, all of which are being weathered and pulled and shaken down while being built, showing destruction and creation as one. We see the proudest temples and palaces in stateliest attitudes, wearing their sheets of detritus as royal robes, shedding off showers of red and yellow stones like trees in autumn shedding their leaves, going to dust like beautiful days to night, proclaiming as with the tongues of angels the natural beauty of death.

Every building is seen to be a remnant of once continuous beds of sediments—sand and slime on the floor of an ancient sea, and filled with the remains of animals, and that every particle of the sandstones and limestones of these wonderful structures was derived from other landscapes, weathered and rolled and ground in the storms and streams of other ages. And when we examine the escarpments, hills, buttes, and other monumental masses of the plateau on either side of the cañon, we discover that an amount of material has been carried off in the general denudation of the region compared with which even that carried away in the making of the Grand Cañon is as nothing. Thus each wonder in sight becomes a window through which other wonders come to view. In no other part of this continent are the wonders of geology, the records of the world's auld lang syne, more widely opened, or displayed in higher piles. The whole cañon is a mine of fossils, in which five thousand feet of horizontal strata are exposed in regular succession over more than a thousand square miles of wall-space, and on the adjacent plateau region there is another series of beds twice as thick, forming a grand geological library—a collection of stone books covering thousands of miles of shelving tier on tier conveniently arranged for the student. And with what wonderful scriptures are their pages filled—myriad forms of successive floras and faunas, lavishly illustrated with colored drawings, carrying us back into the midst of the life of a past infinitely remote. And as we go on and on, studying this old, old life in the light of the life beating warmly about us, we enrich and lengthen our own.

# THE BRETON'S FOUR SEASONS

BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR

I



HERE is a land where the peasants till the earth in Zouave trousers, toredor jackets covered with arabesque embroideries, and green waistcoats around which runs a line of crimson. The women wear short red skirts, great Medici collars, and coifs that flutter about their heads like the wings of doves. From beneath the points of their black caps the children gaze at you with wide eyes full of the curiosity of animals.

These people live in houses built of sculptured granite, and sleep in openwork closets carved like the *moucharabieks* of Egypt.

In spite of the "Breton Interiors" and "Returns of the Fishermen" with which painters swamp the market, this race is still unknown—or misunderstood. For they should be seen, not in paintings, but in their homes, in their old-time streets, on market-days, and when, in fair-time, the tents are pitched in the village market-places.

Fiery little horses draw to market fish, fine vegetables, and all the early produce of Roscoff. They are spread out upon the sidewalk. Chickens cackle; goats bleat; pigs, tied by the leg, strain toward the vegetables, sniffing at the fresh greens.

Farmers, in sabots, carrying great blue umbrellas under their arms, with the two ribbons of their felt hats floating down their backs, pick their way among the Dinan china displayed on the ground—capacious soup-tureens, cider jugs, and plates covered with painted flowers and grotesque figures.

The peasants converse with but few gestures; they bargain in guttural tones.

These taciturn people forget themselves in the bar-rooms on fair-days. The taverns are full of noise. You may hear the sound of an accordion and the plaintive

note of the *biniau* (a sort of bagpipe), leading monotonous dances.

Into the harbor come boats laden with fish; other boats go out. The fishermen are full of business. Next week will occur the departure for the new country. There are women who weep.

Above all this agitation the smoke of the village chimneys mingles with the great white clouds. The quiet sea mirrors the sun.

II

It is summer. The steeples with their tolling bells seem like hives of buzzing bees. The sound falls on the village; it is spread out by the wind upon the thatched roofs scattered among the moors and wheat-fields; it even reaches the cabins hidden in the recesses of the cliffs; it awakens and summons the crowd of Bretons with their great black hats and great white coifs.

In Sunday dress the farmers come, by the paths across the moor, by the lanes and sunken roads. These are the people of Breton. They cross themselves respectfully as they pass the wayside shrines.

They gravely salute the Fountain of the Fairy, and look askance at the dolmen where the *korrigans* lie. They have obstinate heads, slow steps, undemonstrative joys. The women have thin faces, like those of the saints, and great dreamy eyes.

To-day is the meeting-day of the whole countryside, the day of the "pardon," the feast of the Holy Virgin. Her gilded statue is borne under a canopy crowned with roses; banners wave, flags fly, flowers strew the streets, and in her honor the guns are fired in salute. The crowd escorts her, singing hymns hallowed by age.

At the same time big, clumsy hands trembling with emotion hold, aslant, thin wax candles; great, rough sailors have tears



Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

SPRING—A STREET MARKET



Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

SUMMER — A "PARDON"



Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

AUTUMN — ON THE CLIFFS



Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

WINTER — A STORM

in their eyes; somber visages are lighted up with emotion, and all thoughts turn to those at sea. The canticles pause, and begin again in chorus; the crowd fall on their knees before the holy image: "O Holy Virgin Mary!"

From under her rose-trimmed dais, her enamel eyes—in which gleams a reflection of the sky—seem to look beyond the bowed, bared heads, far to the horizon, lost in light. Her motionless arm of gilded plaster lifts her scarlet cloak, and as the hymns ring out, and all the bells sound, her little hand seems to bless the fields in flower and the kneeling crowds of old Armorica.

## III

BRITTANY at its seaboard is not like the Brittany of the interior. The sky is dark and low; its aspect would be dreary if the ocean did not lend it grandeur. The fogs and storms of autumn fill it with sadness.

In the heart of this harsh nature the people have remained primitive.

Customs are different. Occasionally, on a path that crosses the heath, you see a man leaning on his staff—a strange-looking being, staring at the sea with a fixed gaze; the breeze ruffles his hair, his half-open lips seem to be speaking to some one in the fog, his great cloak flaps in the wind. Around him his thin sheep crop, between the stones, the weeds at the foot of the menhirs. He is the village sorcerer.

Alms are never refused him at the poorest cabin door, for he can cast a spell; he can brew philters and medicinal herbs.

They tell him their meager news, which he carries from village to village. He wears a short coat of leather, tattooed like the skin of a savage; over his shoulder his wallet, a staff in hand.

Everywhere he is well received and treated to delicate dishes. He pays his scot with a four-leaved clover, and, sitting in the chimney-corner, tells the news and eats his buckwheat cake.

He tells legends of the olden time: he is acquainted with the fairies of Loch-ildu, who rock the sleeping knight in the moonlight; with the Count of Guitur, who walks on the water; with the gnomes that dance around the dolmens; with the King of the Herrings, who brought to shore the bell of the enchanted city of Ys.

He has seen the Princess of Occismor sitting on her ruined tower; he describes

the great dragon of l'Île de Bas, and Velleda the prophetess, and the Druids, with their arms all red with blood.

His humble listeners tremble; they look behind them fearfully; they listen to the sighing wind.

The legends glide into stories of foreign lands brought home by the sailors, and insensibly visions rise in their rustic heads.

The sorcerer, his eyes on fire, holds all spellbound; he peoples their brains with phantoms, he molds the Breton soul.

## IV

ABOVE all, Brittany should be seen in winter. Squalls sweep the wide plains. Heavy clouds drag over the fields, like hydras coming from the sea.

The dolmens, full of mystery, stand on the cliffs outlined against the livid sky. The ocean roars and thunders at the foot of the colossal cliffs, hollows out caverns, makes precipices, carving the Breton coast as it does the fiords of Norway.

The "hell" of Plogoff makes a sound like a maelstrom. Above the bellowing of the waves are heard the croaking of the cormorants and the wild and desolate cries of the gulls, and where the Raz lifts its bare carcass two seas dash together. Says the Breton sailor: "When you pass the Raz, if you do not die, you will tremble."

They distinguish the howls of the devil—cries and songs terrifying in the storm-wind; above the rocks phantoms call them, sometimes hidden by the darkness, sometimes lit by a lurid light.

There is a bay where the souls of those wander whose winding-sheet was only the ocean; their lamentations foretell a tempest. Here is a shore where the fishermen found a ship loaded with invisible beings which they were to carry to the land of the shades.

On the breakers of la Torche the sacred Druidesses, sitting in a circle, watch the wrecks.

In times of calm the fishermen go to fish for sardines. Women in short skirts search in the crevasses for driftwood, or catch, with long rakes, the curlews which the tide brings to the shore.

At night bright lighthouses throw their long rays across the thunder of the waters; the clouds melt away; the fog rises.

The siren of a great steamer, lost in the open, gives out its despairing cries.





Haddon photo acquired by Dr. Haddon. From "The Country's Agriculture" Arthur Smith, 1911, p. 100. (L. 100)

RECORDING THE GRAIN. PAINTED BY GEORGE ALAN BROWN.





# THE CHILD WITH EARNEST EYES

BY KATHARINE PELTON

WITH A PICTURE BY FANNY V. CORY

ERE the dawn grew red, beside my bed  
Came a child with earnest eyes.  
"What light have you shed through the world," she said,  
"Now you are old and wise?"

"'T is a weary while," quoth I, with a smile,  
"Since I dreamed it had need of me.  
I found but guile in its fairest wile."  
"Then its need was greater," said she.

"So the hungry you fed, and wanderers led,  
And smiled on the weary and sad?"  
"Scarce I earn," I said, "my own bitter bread,  
And I have no time to be glad."

She spoke not blame, nor again of fame:  
"But the love that I dreamed about?"  
"Bright burned that flame till gaunt Care came  
And blew the rushlight out."

"But still true friends kind Heaven sends  
To cheer and comfort you?"  
"Nay; friendship bends to selfish ends,  
And loyal hearts are few."

She raised her head. "Woman," she said,  
And her voice came sobbingly,  
"If joy is dead, and your high hopes fled,  
You have broken faith with me."

In the dawn, still gray, she stole away,  
With a grieving look at me.  
"I cannot stay," I heard her say.  
"I 'm the Child You Used to Be!"



Drawn by Granville Smith

"'HERE IS LADY GAY,' SHE SAID"

(SEE PAGE 136)

# THE ECHO HUNT

BY DAVID GRAY

Author of "Gallops"

WITH PICTURES BY GRANVILLE SMITH



**WHARTON** came in from the stables, and met his wife in the hallway. He stopped and smiled.

"There's a great game on out there," he said, making a gesture toward the terrace behind the house.

"The children?" she asked.

He nodded. "It is something that has developed since I've been away—hunters and hounds and steeplechasers. You ought to see Bub," he added.

"Is he bad?" she asked.

"I suppose so," said Wharton; "but that was n't what I meant. It's his costume. He's magnificent."

She smiled.

"Do you know where they have picked up their horse-talk?" he went on.

"I suppose from Williams and the men at the stables," she answered.

He shook his head. "I don't think so," he said. "They have a lot of English expressions that no one about here uses. Williams never took care of hunters before he came to us."

"Then I don't know," she said; "they have n't used them before me. Are they still at it?"

"I fancy so," he replied. "Come and see. We can watch them from behind the kitchen lattice."

She threw a golf-cape over her shoulders and followed him. There were three children on the terrace, surrounded with the sticks, the fragments of things, the broken tops that furnish the child's play-world. In the center was a hurdle made of three laths which were supported at the ends with bricks.

"They seem to be schooling over that jump," whispered Wharton. "Look at your baby."

Bub, who was mounted on a broom-handle, was galloping in circles, apparently

warming up for a go at the hurdle. Over his normal clothes he wore what seemed to be a square of red flannel, in which a hole had been cut for the head. It was belted at the waist with a strap, and was trimmed off above the knees to give the effect of a huntsman's coat. His feet were in his own rubber boots, which, however, were adorned with brown-paper tops. From the ankle of one dangled a rusty spur. On his head, or rather inclosing his head, was a man's cork polo-helmet.

"Where do you suppose he got those things?" said Mrs. Wharton.

"Give it up," said Wharton. "Probably the coat is Elinora's handiwork. He's an M.F.H., or something, turned out in pink."

"Hush!" whispered Mrs. Wharton. The two older children were talking.

"It's my turn," said Elinora. She was mounted astride a small spotted rocking-horse from which the rockers had disappeared.

"But truly, Elinora," said John, "Sham-rock is n't up to your weight." John looked at the rocking-horse and then at Elinora. "I don't think," he observed doubtfully, "that that horse would carry thirteen stone to hounds."

"Thirteen stone!" whispered Wharton. "Did you hear?"

"Yes, he would," replied Elinora. "Did n't he take the prize at the Dublin show?"

John still looked doubtful. "Let me go first," he said.

"No," said Elinora; "it's my turn."

"Well," said John, "but please be careful this time, and don't drag your hind legs."

He looked apprehensively at the rocking-horse and then at the hurdle.

"I'll try," said Elinora.

"I'll take a rail off," suggested John.

The top lath was a foot from the ground.

"No; don't!" said Elinora.

She seized her mount by mane and tail, and after a few preliminary rearings and curvets, cantered cautiously at the obstacle, checked, lifted the fore legs over, and then leaped with her own. However, when she



Drawn by Granville Smith

"SHAMROCK IS N'T UP TO YOUR WEIGHT"

raised the rocking-horse's front legs it depressed those behind. There was the sound of tumbling bricks. The hurdle was wrecked.

"Oh, Elinora!" said John, sadly. "Whirlwind could have jumped it."

"I am sorry," said Elinora.

But Bub only yelled and made his broomstick prance.

"Destruction appeals to Bubby," whispered his father behind the lattice.

"He 's only six," said Mrs. Wharton.

"I told you," said John, mournfully, as he set to repairing the hurdle, "Shamrock is too green, or something. You 've put a leg on him. You 'd better do it up in wet blandages."

"Bandages," said Elinora, "not blandages."

She became absorbed in examining the legs of the rocking-horse, and John restored the hurdle.

"Do you really think," inquired Elinora, "that we ought to do his leg up?"

John rode over and laid his mount on the ground. It was a stick with a wooden horse's head on the end of it. Then he gravely ran his hand down the rocking-horse's hind legs.

"There 's fever in them," he said. "I really think he ought to be fired," he added, with more interest. "Let 's do it with matches."

"No," said Elinora; "it 's cruel." She looked regretfully at some charred marks which a piece of red-hot barrel-hoop had made on Shamrock's front legs.

John picked up his mount. "I wish Whirlwind had legs," he observed; but, he added resignedly, "he can beat you, and he can jump higher, too."

"There 's the bandages," said Elinora. She produced a dust-cloth, tore it in strips, and gave one of them to John.

"You do the other leg," she said.

"That 's why the parlor-maid's dust-cloths have been disappearing," whispered Mrs. Wharton.

"No," said John; "I have n't time. I 've got to jump Whirlwind."

He turned away and began a preliminary gallop before going at the hurdle.

Bub had watched the treatment of Shamrock's legs till John turned away; then facing his broomstick at the jump, he charged it, took off too far away, floundered through the laths, and rolled over on his head.

Mrs. Wharton started, but her husband caught her arm.

"He 's not hurt," he said.

"Oh, Bubby," exclaimed John, "why don't you behave? Did n't we say you were too little to jump anything but small drains?"

Bub rose and looked apprehensively at John. He saw that there was no imminent danger, and the anxiety faded from his face.

"I 'm the first whip," he said stolidly. He glanced at his costume, as if for confirmation, and his eyes lingered proudly on the spur.

"You 're a naughty boy," said John. "Don't you ever touch that hurdle again."

Bub kicked contemptuously at the laths.

A flash came into John's eyes.

"What shall I do with my little son?" murmured Mrs. Wharton behind the lattice.

John stepped forward, but stopped as he heard a shout from Elinora.

"The hounds are out!" screamed Elinora.

A beagle, the family fox-terrier, and a setter pup suddenly emerged from the dog-house near the stables and tore across the terrace. Elinora went after them, shouting: "Gone away!" She was followed by John. As they disappeared around the corner of the house, Bub again kicked at the hurdle. Then he followed.

"Well," said Wharton, behind the lattice, "what do you think of your children?"

She shook her head and smiled. "If they were to be horse-dealers or stable-boys, I should feel encouraged," she said. "Where do you suppose they picked up all those ideas?"

"That 's what I asked you."

"In the mornings they go off to the woods on the hill," she observed, "and in the afternoons they play on the terrace, but very rarely about the stables."

"Have you taken them to the kennel?" he asked.

"No," she answered; "not this year."

"It 's odd," he said, and they went into the house.

THE next day Wharton went hunting. The hounds found a fox, and followed him six miles to the stream that flowed at the foot of the hill back of Wharton's house. Here the pack checked. The huntsman came up

and cast down the stream in the direction of a ford.

"That fellow is wrong," said Wharton to himself.

There was an English girl out that day whom Wharton had just met. He liked her. She was handsome, and she went well. He rode over beside her.

"The huntsman is making a mistake," he said; "if you come with me I think we shall have the hounds to ourselves when they pick the line up again. A few hundred yards up-stream there is a fallen tree that bridges the water. I suspect that the fox has crossed on it. It leads to the usual run-way on the other side. Farther up, half a mile or more, is another ford. Beyond the ford the valley turns sharply to the left and winds around that hill. If we get on the hillside we command each of the two lines that the fox can take. When the hounds come along, they will cross on the log, but the field must go around by the ford, and we shall have ten minutes' start."

"You 're very well posted in woodcraft," she said, smiling.

"No," answered Wharton; "but this is my own country. My house is over the hill. The hounds are to meet there on Saturday. I hope you will be out."

"I hope to be," she said. "Shall we slip away from the field?"

He nodded, and they turned their horses up the stream, rode past the fallen tree, crossed at the upper ford, and slowly ascended the wooded hillside. From time to time they could see the huntsman on his gray horse working the pack in the bottom-land, and when the covert hid him they could hear his horn.

"Look," said Wharton. "He has given up his ford theory. He thinks now that the fox doubled back. Presently he 'll find out that that is wrong, too, and then he 'll swing around through the woods and work up the stream."

"You are really very wonderful," she said, laughing.

He bowed.

"As I told you," he answered, "I happen to know this bit of country. I 'll show you a jump I once saw a woman take. We 'll have time."

"She was a stranger," Wharton went on, "and she rode hard. We were coming over this hill very fast, and she went at that rail-fence you see ahead."

"That 's not such a very nasty-looking fence," observed Miss Melville.

"No," said Wharton; "but there is a twelve-foot drop on the other side into a road. I measured it afterward. Come and look at it."

The girl shuddered and turned her head.

"I don't want to see it," she said.

"Do you expect to see her ghost cantering down the road?" asked Wharton. "I fancy that is what ought to happen if we were in a real English wood. This would be an especially good spot for ghosts," he added, "on account of the echoes that come around the shoulder of the hill. On the other side, where we were first, we could hear the horn. On this side one can't hear it, but we shall get the echo presently."

"Really," said the girl, "I don't believe in ghosts, but I should like to hear the echo."

"Well," said Wharton,—"they were standing by the fence,—the strange thing about this jump—" He broke off, as the sound of voices came from the road below. "The strange thing—" he repeated absently, and stopped again. He motioned her to be silent, and slipped off his horse.

Just then, faint but clear, came the echoed "t-o-o-o-t, t-o-o-o-t!"—the long-drawn note of the horn when the huntsman is calling in the hounds.

"Is that an echo?" asked Miss Melville.

Wharton nodded. The next moment he started and turned his head intently.

"Did you hear that?" said a voice in the road. It was a child's voice. Wharton recognized it as Elinora's.

Then another child's voice sounded, clumsily imitating the echo.

"That 's Bub," said Wharton under his breath. He turned toward Miss Melville, who was farther away from the fence.

"Those are my children," he whispered; "I 'll give them a surprise. Will you hold my horse?"

He was stretching out his hand with the bridle-rein, when a new voice came from the road. Miss Melville started, and the color left her face.

"The Echo Hunt is having sport to-day," the voice said. It was a man's low-pitched voice, and spoke with an English intonation.

"You bet we are!" a child answered. That was John.

A pleasant laugh came in the man's

voice. "I must bet, must I, you little Yankee! I've never needed that advice."

The man laughed again. Wharton looked at Miss Melville. Her bosom rose and fell excitedly.

"What 's the matter?" he asked.

She shook her head. "Nothing," she answered. Wharton gave her the rein, tiptoed to the fence, and looked over the rails. Down in the road, in a low phaëton drawn by a fat gray pony, sat a strange man surrounded by the Wharton children. The man seemed about forty. His face was covered with a sandy beard. He wore clothes of brown homespun and dogskin gloves, and on his head was a tweed cap.

The echo sounded again.

"Hush!" said Elinora.

The man pulled up the pony, which had started to walk, and listened.

"They seem to be working this way," he said. "We 'll get a burst yet."

"Where ought Bub to go?" asked John.

The man looked across toward the opposite hillside and pointed to a patch of woods.

"I think," he said, "that a knowing huntsman like John would send the first whip to the far side of that bit of covert. Then, you see, if he steals away—"

"I thought," interrupted Elinora, "that we were hunting the stump-tailed—" she hesitated.

"Quite right! It 's *she*, the stump-tailed vixen," said the man. "Listen," he added. The echo brought a faint, short "toot," and then, after a pause, another and then another.

"They've gone into covert," he went on. "Perhaps they 'll happen on the old girl curled up in a hollow log. Then we 'll hear something."

"What?" asked Bub.

"You wait," said the man.

They waited in silence for a few moments, but the echo did not come again.

Wharton turned and looked for Miss Melville. She was walking his horse deeper in the woods. Her back was turned to him.

"I ought to go," he thought. Then he heard Elinora's voice, and he peered through the rails again.

"Tell us," said Elinora, "about the race—you know, the what-you-may-call-'em handicap—and about Whirlwind."

"The Cambridgeshire?" said the man.

"Yes," said Elinora.

"Please do," said John; "and how you lost your leg."

Bub, who was sitting between the man's knees, patted his left leg with an expression of awful satisfaction.

"Well," the man began, "there was the favorite, Morning-star; and Egyptian; and Glengarry, that ran second the year before in the National; and Whirlwind. And there was a field of others—near a dozen—with no class or heart."

"What 's that?" said Elinora.

"They were n't race-horses," said the man.

"And you lay back on Whirlwind till the second time at the Liverpool," put in John. "Now go on."

"You little beggars," exclaimed the man, "you know the story by heart!"

"Not the part where you lost your leg," protested John.

"Yes, you do," said the man; "I 'll not tell you another word."

"Oh, please!" said John.

"Not a word," said the man.

There was silence for a moment; then John spoke. "It must be fine," he said, "to have a wooden leg like yours if you were captured by the Indians. When they tortured you, you could just laugh at them."

"Yes," said the man, pleasantly, "that would be a ripping joke on the redskins—a ripping joke," he repeated. Then he caught the gaze of Elinora's eyes looking up into his face, and he turned his own away.

"It must be awful," she said; "and you can't ever ride again?" Her lip trembled.

"Why, yes," said the man, cheerily; "can't I ride in a phaëton, and be the M.F.H. of the Echo Hunt?"

"You told us to say *drive* in a phaëton," said John.

"So I did," said the man, and he laughed. "I 've got something more to tell you about Whirlwind—something new," he went on. "He 's going to start again day after to-morrow in the Woolwich steeple-chase. A friend of mine has him now, you know, and I received a letter a few days ago, saying that he was quite fit. And so I have cabled over a bit of a stake on him. Not much, you know; one should n't bet beyond one's means, but just a bit for the fun of it. If you can't bet that way, you never should bet at all. Promise me you 'll remember that when you have a stable."

"I 'll promise," said John.

"That 's a good youngster," said the man. Then he leaned back and laughed his low, pleasant laugh. He stopped suddenly. Elinora's eyes were looking up into his face again.

"The old horse starts at very good odds," he said. "If we win a bit, it will come handy to winter the stock." He spoke as if he had a great breeding-farm. Then he looked at the gray pony and laughed again. As his laughter died away Wharton heard the echo rising again.

"Hello!" exclaimed the man in the phaëton. "Listen!"

There sounded a "toot-toot-toot-toot!" and again "toot-toot-toot-toot!" and again the series of short-cut notes.

"They 're off!" he said. Then, faint and clear in the silence that followed, the echo brought the chorus of the hounds.

"There 's music for you!" he exclaimed.

He straightened himself, and shook the reins over the pony.

"Tally-ho!" he shouted. "Gone away, Echo Hunt!"

"Gone away!" screamed the children. The man waved the whip, and the pony broke into a canter. "Sit tight!" he called, and they swung around the bend in the road and disappeared.

WHARTON stood by the fence a moment.

"That must be the chap who took the cottage over the hill," he said to himself. "I 'll hunt him up this afternoon and ask him to dine."

He turned and walked toward Miss Melville, who was coming back with his horse.

"Who was that shouting?" she asked.

"An Englishman who has the cottage around the hill," he answered. "Why?"

"His voice gave me a great shock," said the girl. "It was like the voice of a friend of mine."

"Ah-ha!" said Wharton, gaily; "who knows—perhaps?"

"No," she said quickly; "my friend is dead."

The tears came slowly into her eyes.

"I beg your pardon," he said, and turned away. "I am an ass," he added to himself.

He watched a great cottonwood leaf circle down through the still air and settle on the ground. Overhead the tree-tops traced themselves in silhouette against the windless blue, and here and there in the vistas of the wood a flood of October sun-





Drawn by Granville Smith

**"THEY SWUNG AROUND THE BEND IN THE ROAD AND DISAPPEARED"**

shine came through to glorify some frost-painted maple. Suddenly, coming from the far distance into the stillness, he heard the hounds in cry. This time it was not echo. The sound grew stronger as he listened.

"They're coming," he said. "They'll cross below us." He turned, took his horse, mounted, and led the way through the trees at a gallop.

As Wharton turned into his driveway that afternoon, walking a very tired horse, his wife, who was driving in a buckboard, overtook him. She pulled the ponies down to a walk.

"Hello!" he said. "We had a great run; and say," he added, "I've made a discovery."

"That's nice," she answered. "I've had a good day myself."

He looked at her. "What's up?" he asked.

"Tell me your discovery," she answered.

"I've found out who it is," he said, "that has been playing with the children."

"Well?" she said.

"It's the Englishman who took Wheelwright's cottage over the hill. He seems like a nice chap. Would you mind having him to dinner?"

"I should be glad," she answered. She said nothing more, and flicked a fly off the near pony's withers.

"You don't seem to think much of my discovery," he observed.

"Well, you see," she answered, "I've made a discovery of my own. Look!" She threw the robe back, and disclosed a tea-service which covered the bottom of the trap.

"It is n't plate," she said; "it's old English silver. It's what I've been looking for for years."

"Oh, silver, is it?" said Wharton. "This is a fortunate discovery for me. A kettle, two tea-pots, besides all the bowls and pitchers—good heavens, Elizabeth!"

"Now calm yourself," she said. "I've got it actually for less than what a set of good Sheffield plate would cost. Some family in the hills that had it for years are going away, or something, and they put it on sale this morning with the furniture- and undertaker-man in the village. Suppose somebody else had happened to see it first!"

"I'm disgusted with you," said Wharton. "A bargain turns a woman into a bird of prey. I should hope you would think a little of the people who parted with it for virtually nothing. Very likely it's an heirloom."

"I suppose it is," she said. "There's a coat-of-arms on each piece. I'm sorry for them," she added; "but I'm glad I got it, if they had to part with it." She drew the robe up, and covered her purchase again. "How did you happen to find out," she continued, changing the subject, "that it was our neighbor who has been educating the children? He's been in the cottage

six weeks, ever since you went shooting out West, and I 've never laid eyes on him."

"I 'll tell you when we get into the house," he answered.

They had reached the porte-cochère, and her groom took the ponies while he waited for a man from the stables to come for his hunter. When the butler came out of the house to take in the silver he was still waiting. The man handed him a telegram.

Wharton tore it open and read it.

"Confound it!" he said.

His wife looked at him apprehensively.

"It 's nothing but business," he said. "I 've got to go to New York on the afternoon train, and I don't know when I shall get back. Henderson," he added to the man, "pack my bag for three days."

WHARTON got back Saturday morning as the people were beginning to arrive for his hunt breakfast. He changed hurriedly into riding-clothes, and went down to greet his guests. He said "Good morning" to the M.F.H., brought in some farmers' wives who were sitting shyly in their buggies, saw to it that the huntsman and whips got ale and sandwiches, and then went to the dining-room. There he saw Wheelwright and Miss Melville eating breakfast in a corner.

He caught Henderson as he moved through the crowd and asked him for some coffee. Then he joined the party in the corner.

"I was telling Miss Melville," said Wheelwright, "that we ought to find that fox you hunted on Wednesday. He went to earth not far from here."

"That 's so," said Wharton.

"We had better follow Mr. Wharton," said Miss Melville. "I think he has an understanding with the foxes, and knows where they are going beforehand. On Wednesday—"

"Please don't tell that to Wheelwright," interrupted Wharton, "because he knows the country about here, too, and he 'll explain how there was n't anything remarkable about our cast. If he had been out on Wednesday, he would have come along, too, and very likely would have taken you away from me. He is considered much more attractive than I."

Miss Melville laughed. "That may be

two for Mr. Wheelwright," she said, "but it 's certainly one for yourself."

"Of course," said Wharton, "I 'll admit I 'm moderately attractive."

"The man 's here with your coffee," said Wheelwright.

Wharton turned and took the plate and coffee-cup. Instead of leaving, Henderson held out a package wrapped in white tissue-paper, and a long envelop.

"These were just left for you, sir," he said.

Wharton glanced at the envelop. The handwriting was unfamiliar.

"I don't want these things," he said. "Put them with my mail in the smoking-room."

The man turned away.

"Wait," Wharton called; "I 'll take the letter. Will you excuse me," he said to Miss Melville, "if I open it?"

She smiled. "We will," she answered; "that is, if you will tell Mr. Wheelwright and me who is sending you packages wrapped in white tissue-paper."

Wharton set his plate on the mantel-shelf, tore off the end of the envelop, and drew out a sheet of letter-paper. He glanced at the signature, and read the first few sentences.

"This is from your tenant, I fancy," he said to Wheelwright; "the chap who has your cottage over the hill."

"I got a note from him myself last night," said Wheelwright. "He 's going away."

"Yes; so he says," murmured Wharton, reading on. He raised his eyes from the letter. "Your suspicions," he said to Miss Melville, "are unjust. That package contains presents"—he glanced down again at the letter—"for Miss Elinora and the Messrs. Wharton of the Echo Hunt."

"What does that mean?" asked Wheelwright.

"It 's a game he had with them," answered Wharton.

He read to the end, and ran his fingers into the large envelop, and drew out one of note-paper size.

"He wants me to register a letter for him," he said. "Why does n't he register his own letters?"

The envelop came out back uppermost, and was unsealed. Wharton turned it over. There were three five-cent stamps on it. As he read the address some one passing



Drawn by Granville Smith

"'THAT 'S NICE,' SHE ANSWERED. 'I 'VE HAD A GOOD DAY MYSELF'"

through the crowd jostled his elbow and shook the letter from his hand. It struck the floor, and there was a ring of metal, and a small object slipped out upon the polished wood.

"Money, money!" exclaimed Miss Melville.

"Yes," said Wharton; "protect me from Wheelwright."

He bent hurriedly down and began groping for the thing that had slipped out. His fingers closed on it under the flounce of a woman's skirt. It was not a coin. He glanced down at it. There was a Victoria Cross in his hand. He slipped it back into the envelop, and as he rose he wet the mucilage and sealed the letter.

"My tenant," said Wheelwright, "must be very much of a gentleman or have great confidence in you."

"He never saw me," said Wharton. He half turned away from the two, and stood staring vacantly into the crowd with the newly sealed envelop covered in his hand.

"That accounts for it," said Wheelwright.

Miss Melville laughed. "I am going over to speak to Mrs. Wharton," she said. "She is pouring tea by the window."

"Yes," said Wharton, mechanically; "she 'll be glad to see you."

The girl moved away.

"I say, Wheelwright," he said in an undertone, "this is a curious thing."

"What?" said Wheelwright.

Wharton held out the letter.

Wheelwright gave a low exclamation. It was addressed to Miss M. J. Melville, Ormsly Hall, Leicestershire, England.

"That is n't our Miss Melville," said Wheelwright.

"Yes, it is," said Wharton. "Her name is Mary J. Melville, and her father's place is Ormsly in Leicestershire."

"Well," said Wheelwright, "why don't you deliver it to her?"

"I suppose I shall," said Wharton; "but it's a little strange. Besides, I was asked to post it."

He worked his way through the crowd around the center-table to the bow-window where Mrs. Wharton was pouring tea. Miss Melville was standing beside her.

"Have you had some tea?" he asked.

"Thanks; I don't care for any," she answered.

Mrs. Wharton looked up at her husband. "I've found out about the coat-of-arms," she said, nodding to the tea-service before her. "Miss Melville recognized it." She mentioned the family name which the Englishman had signed in the letter to Wharton.

"That 's very curious," Wharton murmured.

Miss Melville overheard him.

"It is odd," she said. "They are neighbors of ours in Leicestershire. There was a branch of the family which came out to this country in the eighteenth century. It must have belonged to them."

"Very likely," said Wharton. He stood a moment in silence. He was thinking. Then he looked at her sharply, and she dropped her eyes. "Don't you want to come out and see my garden?" he asked. "There is not much left of it so late in the autumn, but my intentions have been good. Formal gardening is one of my fads."

"I should like to see it," she answered.

He opened the French window, and they stepped out on the terrace.

"It is odd," he said, "that we should have a tea-service with the coat-of-arms of one of your neighbors upon it."

"Yes," she said; "it almost makes me believe in ghosts, in spite of what I said the other day." She turned her eyes away, as if she would have recalled the words.

"I was thinking of that, too," he answered. "Sometimes I think I do believe in them," he went on. "Such strange things happen—such strange coincidences. And there must be happy ghosts—the ghosts that manage unexpected meetings of old friends, and make us cling to our faith in romance."

"I never thought of that," she said. "I 'm afraid I 'm not very romantic. Life upsets the story-books."

"As a rule," he answered; "but every now and then life arranges some strange true story which no story-book writer would dare to use."

She shook her head. "Perhaps," she said; "but it 's best to try to be content with facts."

"For a queen of the hunt," said Wharton, "you are a deep philosopher."

"Hunting," she answered, "is something besides sport. It fills one's lungs with fresh air and keeps one's ideas sensible. And even if one loses the hounds, one loses other things as well."

Wharton nodded. "But, perhaps," he said, "some day you will agree with me." He slipped his hand into his breast pocket and took the letter in his fingers. "Suppose—" he said; then he hesitated and stopped.

She looked at him wonderingly.

"Suppose—" he repeated.

He stopped the second time as Elinora appeared around the house, galloping upon Bub's broomstick, followed by John on his own favorite, and by Bub, who brought up the rear. All were screaming loudly.

"I won!" shouted Elinora. "I beat John! John fell down at the ditch!"

"I should say he did," observed Wharton. "He 's a sight."

John's hands and knees were covered with clay, and his shoes were incased in it.

"Are these the children who were in the road that day?" asked Miss Melville.

"Yes," said Wharton. "Just now everything is hunting and steeplechasing."

Miss Melville smiled. "Have you been having a race?" she asked Elinora.

"It 's the Echo Hunt Steeplechase Handicap," said Elinora, proudly.

"She does n't know what a handicap is," whispered Wharton, "but it sounds well."

Miss Melville paid no attention to him, but spoke again to Elinora.

"That 's very fine," she said. "What are you riding?"

"The Lamb," replied Elinora. "It 's Bub's; but Shamrock has real legs, and I can't ride him fast."

"I see," said Miss Melville. "The Lamb was a great horse. He won the Grand National twice."

"Oh, yes," said Elinora; "we know that."

"Of course," said Miss Melville, gravely. "What is your brother riding? It 's too bad he came down."

"Whirlwind," said John.

"Whirlwind?" repeated Miss Melville. She looked at Wharton curiously.

"Well?" he said. But he knew what was in her mind.

She made no answer.

"He fell in the mud," said John, "or I 'd have won. And I had a bit of a stake on him, too."

Wharton smiled at his son, and the words of the man in the phaëton came back to him.

"So you had a bit on Whirlwind?" he said. "What is a bit, John?"

"Why," said John, "you must n't bet more than you can afford; but it 's all right to risk a bit, you know."

His manner and intonation were so like the Englishman's that Wharton laughed.

"That 's so," he said.

At that moment the fox-terrier looked around the corner of the house.

"There 's Blink," said John. They turned toward the dog, and Blink hastily retired, with the three after him.

"I don't think," said Wharton, "that Blink appreciates being one of the hounds."

Miss Melville smiled. "They 've left their horses," she said. "I once knew a steeplechase horse named Whirlwind."

"Really?" said Wharton.

He happened to look toward the house and saw Henderson coming out of the French window.

"I fancy I 'm wanted," he said.

The man approached.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Henderson. He held out a telegram which had been opened.

"The negro man who left the packages just now came back with this. He said he found it on the floor of the cottage, sir."

Wharton took the telegram and Henderson left.

"I don't see why he should bring this to me," he said. He drew out the despatch. It was a cable from England. There were four words: "Whirlwind fell at water."

"I beg your pardon," said Wharton to Miss Melville. He stuffed the despatch into his breeches pocket. "Shall we go in?" he asked.

"I think we had better," she answered.

He opened the window, and she passed in. As he followed, his eye fell on the tea-service.

"That 's the bit on Whirlwind," he said to himself.

Miss Melville was speaking to Mrs. Wharton, who was still at the tea-table.

Wharton looked at the girl and thought.

Just then Wheelwright came up. "Have you given her the letter?" he asked Wharton.

"No," said Wharton; "not yet. I want to get hold of that chap," he went on. "I

think that would be the best way. We must find out where he 's gone, and wire him. Perhaps, though," he added doubtfully, "I ought to give her the letter first."

There was a cracking of whips outside in the driveway on the other side of the house, and the sound of the whippers-in shouting at straggling hounds. Miss Melville turned.

"The hounds are starting," she said.

As she spoke, the setter pup, the beagle, and Blink the fox-terrier passed unwillingly across the terrace, dragged by John and Elinora. Bub brought up the rear, flourishing a broken buggy-whip. She stepped into the window.

"Good sport, Echo Hunt!" she called. "Have a good day! Have a great many good days!" she murmured. She turned back into the room. "I suppose we 'd better mount," she added to Wharton.

"Yes," said Wharton, "I think we had."

She said "Good-by" to Mrs. Wharton. The people were streaming out to see the hounds, and she followed.

Wharton hung back a few steps. He took the letter from his pocket. "What do you think?" he asked Wheelwright. "Had I better give it to her, or shall we find him?"

"I met his negro servant a few minutes ago, when I went to the stables," said Wheelwright.

"Did you find out where he has gone?" asked Wharton.

Wheelwright dropped his voice. "He 's dead," he said.

Wharton was silent. He looked at Wheelwright with a question in his eyes.

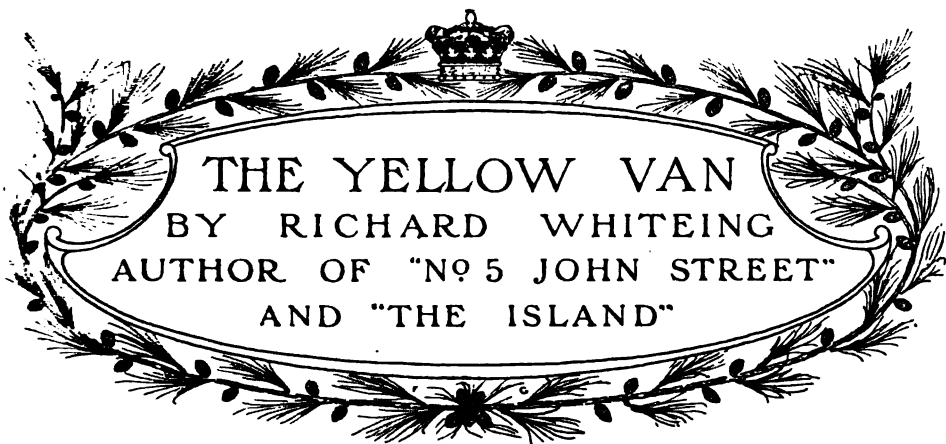
Wheelwright nodded.

They were at the door, and Miss Melville was waiting.

"Here is Lady Gay," she said. "I ought to have a good day on that mare."

"She 'll carry you well," said Wharton. He slipped the letter into his pocket. "Yes," he added, "we ought to have a good day."





I



AS there ever such a match! A great English nobleman, the Duke of Allonby, and a mere American "school-marm" from a rising community out West where they got the fashions a month late. She was beautiful, if you like, with a mingled pride and tenderness in her face worthy of the Madonna with the bambino; tall and with a presence, too; educated, and withal of a true nobility of soul, and even of manners, that left nothing to be desired. But a school-marm going to England to be a duchess! Yet there it was.

It had come about in the most natural way in the world. He was prospecting incognito for a ranch on the Pacific slope; her uncle, a man of substance, was the local land-agent: and so they met. The alias of his mere family name, as distinct from the title, kept him secure against impertinent curiosity, and he was little more to them than a Mr. Nobody; but he had an air of distinction, and he paid his way, and that was enough. He stayed at her uncle's house as what he called a "lodger" and they a "paying guest." The two young people were thrown together in romantic associations, and in that sole circumstance you are well on your way to the core of the mystery. For the rising township was still backed by the deep forest, of which it was but recently a clearing. And here in the heart of it was a being with the virtues of the woods and the taints of civilization.

Her charm was subtly compounded. She was cultivated and yet a wayside flower, a happy union of opposites. She had taken a good degree at her university, and was of much miscellaneous reading; yet she lived and thought as simply as Lodge's Rosalynde in the wild. She could talk the duke down on any subject, because her intent seemed only to be to talk herself up to the highest reaches. There was something fascinating in the way in which she leaned in the porch, at eventide, and looked wistfully toward a wide, wide world which she had almost made up her mind she was never to see save through the medium of the monthly magazines. She had charmed him not more by her beauty and grace than by her character.

Hers was that high-bred assurance of self of those who have never known the shock of a cross word, and who are as free from a sense of bonds as any creature of philosophic anarchy. This naturally made short work of one whose whole life had been a surfeit of deference. She was his intellectual superior; and she met him on that footing of social equality on which, by the somewhat feeble tenure of a pious opinion, he held the hope of one day meeting his fellow-creatures in heaven. He had made her acquaintance at a time when his head was still smarting from the impact of two able-bodied young women of family, thrown at it in a single season by as many unnatural mamas, to say nothing of an orphaned third who had achieved the same operation by a sort of double somersault, of great initial velocity, on her own account. He was eager to be loved for him-

self alone. And, even beyond that, he wanted something not himself; and here it was in this most exquisite being who was all faith, hope, energy, enthusiasm, and who seemed only to live to shape herself and others to the finest ends.

On the other hand, he was well to look at, in a quiet, non-obtrusive, manly way, and his manners were almost as good as her own, though just a trifle tainted by the arrogance of his birth-mark and of his training at Eton. He was one of those rare creatures the gentlemen of nature, which is as much as to say one who has the Christian, or for that matter the pagan, virtues in a social setting, and especially the unwillingness to give or to take offense. Above all, in spite of the magnificence which was as yet his own secret, he sought the harvest of the quiet eye, the quiet mind, and had a lively horror of pribble-prabble and all pretense.

There are noblemen of that stamp, good fellows who never feel so uneasy as when they are in their robes, and whose evening pipe after the most imposing function is a sort of burnt-offering of repentance for much foolishness suffered and some done—noblemen who go through life longing, and too often in vain, to find a fellow-Christian who will call them by a Christian name, and who have come into miraculous possession of the great truth that Charlemagne slept but little better for his hundred and twenty watchmen with flaming torches and naked swords. They are tired of their state. Oh, how tired they are! One such, as we know, actually fled from it in perpetuity, to serve in a merchantman,—by preference, we believe, in the stoke-hole, for the benefit of the greater privacy,—and had the extreme good luck to die in mid-ocean, where they had to bury him in the absolute seclusion of fifty times fathoms five.

With all this, it was evident that the duke was at the mercy of the following accidents: a summer evening on a veranda, where the inwardness of things was a sort of message printed in glowing colors over all the sky, a more subtle blend of light and shadow in a fine face, an eye drooping liquid glories like the orb itself, a pretty evening gown of white, just speckled with floral ornament, a shapely foot peeping therefrom, folded hands, and a sigh. It was a sigh at the right time, no doubt, but it was not an effect of art. She pitied her-

self at the moment under a sense of the limitations of her lot. A sort of acquired distaste for flirtation had kept her in ignorance of that terrible law of the Amazons that no girl should marry until she had killed a man. Not that he spoke at once; on the contrary, he was even less demonstrative than usual. But he felt that, with her good leave, and in spite of the world, this woman and no other should enter into his life. Then, characteristically still, he waited for a full week, watched her with ever-increasing delight going and coming, looking after her boys and girls in the school-house and setting them endless examples of manliness and womanliness—ministering to her quaint old uncle and the little household when she came home. Then he said his word, and heard the one precious word he wanted in return, but no more.

Yet she felt that her duty was not entirely to herself. So it was still a conditional promise, with more than one clause—the full consent of the senior who had for many years been father and mother to the orphaned girl; the suitor's own fixity of resolve, to be tested by his temporary return to his own country, with all the risks it might bring forth; and withal some natural terror of the great venture of marriage in a strange land. This, indeed, still left her brother, a young man just leaving college, out of the reckoning; but she knew that any wish of hers would be his law.

The duke was obliged to be content with this. He had more speedy success than he expected with the old man. As a vender of real estate Mr. James Gooding was particularly accessible to the temptation of satisfactory reference. The duke, as "Mr. Harfoot," was easily able to put him in communication with bankers and others, who, without revealing more than was necessary, fully confirmed their client's assertion of independent means, and gave the inquirer complete satisfaction on every material point.

Then he went away to his own side of the world, to write to her every day, to chuckle over her letters in reply, with their sweet little motherly cautions to him against overboldness in the attempt to make their common fortune—letters with promises to wait till he was quite ready, and assurances that they were already married in her heart. Yet, being characteristically American, she



still talked of fortune as one of his goals in life. It was not that she coveted the riches, but only that she feared to depress him by seeming to question his power to acquire them. To have doubted a man's prowess for such an achievement in this age would have been like doubting his power to make short work of a giant in the days of chivalry.

And when the correspondence had yielded its full delight, he crossed the ocean again, to reveal himself as one of the greatest nobles in the world, to lay at her feet a fortune that matched his title, to beat down every objection in his newfound joy in feeling that he was loved for himself alone, and finally to marry and bring her back to his ancestral home.

Do not be too hard on him or on his chronicler. Such things may happen, do happen, or they would never form the staple of fairy-tale, which perhaps, in its essence, is but the realized highest possible of our human lot.

Ah, what a night of vigil it was for her when her lover had told her his news and suffered her to escape from his embrace! Her little bedchamber seemed all alight in the darkness, and every single object in it to be burning itself into her consciousness in outlines of fire. All the livelong night the brain throbbed, taking its time from the heart. The shock of surprise was too great, almost too cruel—to-day a little nobody, to-morrow to stand before kings! The mere rank, in and for itself, was the smallest allurements of the prospect; the greatest was the realization of more generous ideals. She who had scarcely moved beyond her own modest circumscription in all her life, save for an "exposition" in the local capital or a flying visit to New York, was now to see the *via sacra* of European travel, with a monument or a memento at every step. And she was to see it in total freedom from the sordid considerations of ways and means.

Ever, when the girl had tried to visit these romantic scenes in fancy, with the help of her little picture-gallery of foreign post-cards and her "Picturesque Europe," she had been all too surely held back by the fear that their boarding-house rates might not fit in with her scheme of enchantment. What a thing for her to be able to put away forever such humiliating cares, and to be free for the true business

of living—nature, art, and poesy, and the commerce of great souls! For she was unsophisticated enough to think that the first families of the British peerage necessarily kept the best spiritual society of their time.

Add to this her greater joy in the contemplation of those families as shapers of human lots. Her heart beat faster than ever at the thought of the good she would do as the chieftainess of an historic house, and of the obliging nature of the lesser people about her who would kindly suffer it to be done. It was rather hard to play that bountiful part in America, with a whole democracy wanting nothing of its neighbor but his power to want nothing of anybody else. A great English community, with its culture and refinement in the upper ranks, its ordered degrees of dependence in the lower, and its supposed equality of happiness in all, would satisfy the deepest need of her woman's nature in giving her a comforting and protecting part.

Her blood coursed through her veins, in the very ecstasy of being, at the prospect. But, a moment after, it became sluggish in the cold fit of the dread of her unfitness for the position, and of the tortures she might have to bear in the persecution of grand dames resenting her intrusion into their set. She saw herself made to look a fool in her own drawing-room by vindictive rivals who had once hoped to sit in her seat, all forlorn with her want of pedigree, her country manners, and, where these failed to barb the dart, with the "twang" which was hers inalienably, for better or for worse, as much as her beautiful skin. These white nights on the eve of new ventures in being—who that has ever aspired has not known them? And since we live rather by the count of sensations than by the count of time, to have watched through one of them is to have lengthened the allotted span by a count of years.

She spoke her fears to him next morning: only to be told, of course, that her voice was music; that, for her pedigree, she would be his wife; and that, for the trick of manners and customs as distinct from the root of the matter which she had in her own fine nature, she would be placed under the sure guidance of a dowager of his own choice. With all this to comfort



and to strengthen her, being human, she was still a little wild in her course. She borrowed "Lives of Eminent Women" from the local library, and was mentally marked as a backslider by the gray-headed librarian by reason of her inquiries for recent British fiction dealing with the manners of the great. Her repentance, however, was both rapid and effectual. Before a week had passed she had returned to her allegiance to classic authors, and had registered a vow from which she never afterward departed to take herself, as finally she gave him leave to take her, for better or for worse.

But what a stir in the papers when it was known! That day was her last of perfect privacy on this earth. Its morrow saw her in the forefront of the publicity of two continents,—of one continent especially. Uncle Gooding, with the duke's leave, whispered it to the editor of the local paper. The editor, who was in touch with a great news agency, blazed it forth to the Western Hemisphere. The Western passed it on to the Eastern that same night, through three thousand miles of sea. Weary foreign editors looked up his Grace's pedigree in the "Peerage," and his speeches in the House of Lords, as materials for a sketch of his career. Smart writers of leaderettes compared him to King Cophetua, and wrote homilies on the American invasion. And next morning it was on its way to every capital, to every club, to every hamlet and household of the planet, south of that ultimate settlement of civilized man at Hammerfest, beyond which lie sheer barbarism and the arctic night. Such is the circulation of a paragraph when it is a paragraph of the right sort.

The evening which with the morning made the second day brought down swarms of reporters, and the poor girl had to submit to the process known technically as "writing up." In a few hours more she was able to read her own history from birth with the interest of one who has met a stranger for the first time. She was, so to speak, introduced to herself. It was not that the particulars were inaccurate: she had wisely guarded against that by a meek submission to the inevitable of public interrogation, and her friends of course had given of their best. It was only that she had never realized herself before, or learned how the small beer of personal chronicle

may still, by judicious treatment, become the strong brew of biographical record. The reporters threw her modest little career into perspective, and made it all seem to belong to one great composition. It is at least quite as startling to find that you have all your life been making biography as that you have all your life been talking prose. With the old privacy of her lot went, inevitably, some of the old simplicity. She was never to be wholly unaware of herself again. Now she felt, for the first time, that when she rebuked the big boy for rudeness in class she had a queenly glance. And her weekly ramble with the children in the summer woods was a joint effect of a love of nature, proficiency in botanic science, and goodness of heart. Her affection for her uncle was, in the same way, filial piety thwarted by circumstance, yet still determined not to be balked of an object. She blushed for herself in distracting alternations of the one belief that she was a bit of an angel, and of the other that she was only a bit of a prig. Terrible moment of the full consciousness of intelligent public curiosity when the old partnership of the soul is enlarged, and it is no longer yourself and your Maker, but also an "& Co." of the man over the way! "Blessed indeed are those ears which listen not after the voice which is sounding without." Never again! But A Kempis never underwent the ordeal of a Sunday edition.

For the ceremony itself, however, they dodged the common informer with great success. It was given out that the local tabernacle might be the scene of it, and lo! they fled by night to an edifice a hundred miles away, with none but their witnesses and Augusta Gooding's pastor to bear them company, and were united only less quietly than the primal pair. It was the most successful evasion on record. Several reporters were discharged.

Their honeymoon was slightly ridiculous and wholly delightful. They made straight for the Mediterranean, and saw the sights like a pair of happy children on a holiday. The duke, who had at first scoffed at the absurdity of such a pilgrimage, finally made it the object of an almost reverent interest. He had run through these scenes a dozen times, but never to give them the slightest attention as matters of intellectual concern. He thought he had tired of them in that

character, while really he had never heeded them at all. And now here he was in Naples, Rome, Florence, or what not, "doing" famous galleries, monuments, views, and broadening his mind amazingly in the process. It was a most profitable change from clubs for golf or pigeon-shooting, and from other transplanted institutions where in it was still England, England everywhere, in spite of foreign skies.

Now, finally, they are coming home to Allonby Towers, to open that season in the country which is about all we have left to distinguish the major from the minor great. The former come up to town for a lesson in humility, for they find their best and biggest still lost in the crowd. In the country, with the stately setting of their own places, they loom large on the public gaze. No man may hope to rank even as a good second in our modern Rome.

They are to make their formal entry in a few days, to show themselves to their humbler neighbors, and to entertain friends. Uncle Gooding had been asked to join the house-party, but he had declined by letter, on the ground of an unfortunate reminiscence. On his first and only visit to England, it seemed, he had been put up by another nobleman, for whom he was negotiating the purchase of a ranch. In default of a personal attendant, he was valeted by a servant of the house—"a fellow," as he wrote in confidence to his niece, "who sneaked about my room on tiptoe before I got up, hiding all my things." The statement really meant no more than that the man was merely reducing his apparel to order from the confusion of the gas-brackets and angles of picture-frames on which it had been thrown the night before. It was enough, however, to prejudice Mr. Gooding against distinguished hospitality for the rest of his life.

## II

ALLONBY, with its countryside, of course, was in a ferment in its own way—like a vat in the brew-house with its excitement still mostly confined to the depths. The smaller folk were hardly less exercised in their minds about the newcomer than their betters. If one set asked, "What kind of leader of society?" the other was no less concerned in the question, "What kind of almsgiver?" The village of Slocum Parva

was the center of these meaner anxieties just because it was the most insignificant speck in the ducal landscape. One could say no more of it, as one took in the view from the Towers, than that it was there somewhere, amid the dim confusion of green and red in the hollows below. Slocum Parva was rarely disturbed by any event from without, but when it was it vibrated to the core of its being. It was different at Slocum Magna, about a mile higher up the road. Occurrences that might fairly be classed as strange had not been unknown there, even in that purely modern period embraced in historical disquisitions which have their starting-point with the sixteenth century. At Slocum Parva the very mill had long ceased work, and it was left standing only because it was not worth the expense of pulling down. The village was self-contained, self-dependent, and it would have satisfied the exacting conditions of repose of Korea. It had hitherto been only a fragment of Slocum Magna, and, seen by the bird's eye, if not exactly by its Maker's, it was but a bit of dark red in an undulating landscape, still rich in all but the absolute perfection of verdant beauty, even in this August time.

The mingled green and red of this truly celestial scene stretched right up to the castle, which crowned a height of the skyline, and which, even from Slocum Parva, could be seen flinging its immense ducal banner to the breeze. Here and there, by virtue of this residential color of chimney and roof, you might recognize what in these parts passed for a settlement of men. The nearest town of Randsford, some four miles from the village, seemed only less fast asleep than the rest of the landscape. It had done nothing of importance since, in an outburst of energy that could not last, it burned a Lollard some five centuries ago. The Towers and the other country-seats were still but part of the green and red. They were marked, according to their degree, by the greater symmetry of woodland design; and they were so many evidences of occupation by the five barons, the ten earls, the fifteen baronets, and what not, who, according to the local almanac, had their seats within the county.

On this evening of the mellowing summer Slocum was assembled in committee of public curiosity on its patch of village green that bordered the highroad. Work-

men had arrived from London to confirm the public report that the home-coming was to be in state, and that the duke and the tenantry between them would make a brave show. They had begun already to border the line of route with those scaffold-poles, unknown to the experience of the Adriatic, which it pleases some decorative artists to dignify by the name of Venetian masts. They had labored in this way all day long, at first only under the close but silent observation of the urchins and the gossips, but now under the eye of the men-folk from the fields. The groups were as yet perfectly distinct—the observers belonging to the wondering and rather suspicious village, the observed to the cockney contingent who mocked them with impunity by virtue of their mastery of an unknown tongue. The former held together for moral support.

In the foreground Samson Skett, the all but bedridden navvy who had once been the strong man of the countryside, leaned on his two walking-sticks and turned a glazing eye to a pennon already in its place. Near him, for one precious moment, lingered Job Gurt, the blacksmith, detained, though unwillingly, on his way to the Knuckle of Veal Inn, which formed the background of the picture. Hard by stood a lad and lass who had evidently wandered into that busy scene in sheer preoccupation of mind. One of these, George Herion, seemed a candidate for the honors which the venerable Samson had long resigned. "Deft his tabor" was to be surmised, for he looked light of limb; and "cudgel stout," at need, was beyond all question, for strength was written all over him, and especially in the way in which his head was set on his neck, and in his deep chest. He and Rose Edmer, the pretty dark-haired girl by his side, his match to scale in the lithe vigor of youth, were intent on each other, and yet—at once in spite of that and because of it—without eyes for anything much lower than the sky. This was more specially true of the young fellow. He was unmistakably in that dawn of the idyl when the hopes and fears are in a perfect balance which a hair may disturb either way, with a certainty of delicious emotion. Blessedest of all moments, the moment when one is not quite sure! Who was the inestimable sage that defined happiness as the sense of constant progress toward a

desirable object? He was careful not to speak of attainment. The girl was as yet of those who have only to let themselves be loved to make happiness enough for two.

Another female—the term is obligatory as a sign of respect—was old Sally Artifex the Methody, one of the most respected characters of the community by reason of the fact that her life of incessant drudgery best represented the common lot. She almost looked her simple history, which was a drunken husband long since laid comfortably out of mischief, and a family "r'ared" by the practice of all the virtues on the part of his widow, especially that of thrift. She was at this very moment on her way to chapel, not for worship indeed, but only for the scrubbing of the floors, without prejudice, of course, to her rights as communicant on the appointed days. Old Spurr, the small farmer, a wild figure in shirt-sleeves earning a precarious subsistence by all but incessant labors of the field, had suffered himself to be drawn for a moment from his customary bounds. Even the constable paused—the constable, Peascod by name, and, to make it somewhat more ridiculous by the accident of collocation, Herbert as well. That there was no harm in him seemed to be attested by his moon-face, and by his tall, gawky figure, as of merely incipient manhood. He was liked in the village because he was communicative and made no secret of his ambition to work up to the metropolitan service, and to distinguish himself by chasing burglars over warehouse roofs. Rupert Ness, the gamekeeper of Sir Henry Liddicot, a neighboring baronet and landowner, was naturally in the company of Herbert Peascod; and, no less naturally, his eye was fixed on the sturdy, thick-set figure of the poacher Bangs, who, as it was near nightfall, might reasonably be suspected of being on his way to work.

Really intelligent curiosity was represented by Mr. Grimber, a retired tradesman from London, who had come here to end his days on a modest competence amassed by forty years of strenuous chandlery in the heart of Seven Dials. Mr. Bascomb, the High-church vicar of Slocum Magna, in his cap and long black robe tied with a sash round the waist, had, in his scholarly retirement, heard of the event of the day, as, in his clerical character, he might have heard of an apparition. He mingled

with the villagers and surveyed the scene with an air of aloofness which still showed a friendly intent. The other persons were the infinitely little of Slocum Parva, mere items of entry in the parish register, awaiting their only chance of publicity at the judgment-day.

Slocum found its tongue next morning, and in that and the few days following it lived a whole cycle of Cathay. Its inn was thronged, and not merely because the weather was warm. The workmen from town, especially, were blessed with a natural thirst that made them independent of the accident of the seasons. There was a happy hugger-mugger of good-fellowship, guzzle, crowding, dirt, and bad air in its tap-room and bar-parlor, and even in its kitchen and outhouses, which took the overflow. Customers came from all parts. The countryside was astir, and more than the countryside.

All the duke's places claimed their part in the celebration. Allonby might have the best of it as the ancestral home and residence, but Anstead, in the far north, brought in even more revenue than Allonby, and Lidstone, on the west, was not to be left out. Then there was the London estate. Two of the properties were the largest and richest in a country which is the richest to the square mile in the world. They had all the main essentials of wealth—mines and flourishing cities, harbors and ports, endless acreage of plow-land and pasture all the duke's, with a great density of population which was his no less in effective ownership. An acre means an acre in such a realm, and as for a league, well, its potentialities are hardly to be realized. For twenty miles round at Anstead, as for thirteen here at Allonby and for about the same at Lidstone, you might walk without setting foot on any man's land but the duke's.

And these were only the massed estates, the places his Grace might condescend to name if any one were saucy to him. The fringes and pickings unattached, any one of them a domain for an upstart, dotted the kingdom. In thirteen different counties you might call out, "Duke of Allonby! Duke of Allonby!" and that great nobleman, or some one of his name, would be there to answer, "Here am I." There were three peerages in the family. There was in all some quarter of a million

of acres, and of such acres as we have seen. The London estate, not the largest of its kind, was rather to be measured by the square foot, so precious was its content in squares and crescents, and even in slums. If Allonby Castle had been bolted by an earthquake, its owner would still have had his choice of half a dozen other homes, each stored with the spoil of the ages in the pomp of life.

Perhaps the village best vindicated its wisdom in its readiness to accept its nickname of Silly Slocum. Thankfulness and rest seemed the lesson of its situation in a landscape which for miles was a perfect Eden to the view of those who looked on it with no prying eye. And beyond, on the other side of the park wall of red, mellowing into roan with extreme age, was the still more exquisite Paradise of Allonby, a veritable garden of the Lord. How easy to be good in such a place! How difficult not to be a poet, if only impulse obeyed the soft persuasions of nature, and faculty went with mere opportunity! Everything was at Allonby in garden, wood, or chase—all "trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste," all flowers in their season in the castle grounds, or out of it in the conservatories, cave and waterfall, fountain and "crisped brook," breezy stretches of open country, "shaggy hills," thicket, and tufted moor.

Slocum's arch of evergreens crowned with a vegetable coronet, and relieved at intervals with pendent shields bearing the ducal blazon, though generally considered to do credit to the taste of all concerned, seemed but a poor approach to this land of wonders. The Venetian masts for once reduced the straggling highway to the semblance of regularity. An inscription in giant needlework spanning the road,— "Welcome to Our Noble Duke and Duchess,"—if not particularly choice, was at least simple and well meant. And the villagers had done something on their own account. Many a cottage exhibited a national flag as supplied by the cheap Jacks, unyielding, by virtue of its material of tin or cardboard, to the blandishments of the breeze.

### III

"HENRY, how good you are to me!"

Augusta and the duke are in the station-master's private room, watching the pro-

cession as it forms for the march to Allonby. The train which has brought them so far backs cooly out of sight, as though rather ashamed of the wreath on the funnel of the engine.

She lays her hand on his arm, and their eyes meet.

"It is all done for you, little woman. I want to show them how proud I am of my wife."

They have come down for the great day of the entry, and she is still under the impression of their run through the perfect scenery. Its suggestion of order, peace, prosperity, of a toilet made every morning, as with brush and comb and even tweezers, has appealed to her, as it appeals to every one. It is beyond the England of her dreams.

"Henry, I feel that I am going to be happy ever after. But please don't go on making me talk."

The absolute novelty of most of it is part of the charm. You may always have that at command by crossing a frontier for the first time. Everything looks a little wilfully wrong, but with this it has the air of being quite delightfully itself. Even Peascod attains to originality as he takes his place in the ranks of constabulary that are to lead the way. Their helmets are, at any rate, somewhat taller and uglier than the variety worn in town.

The first section of the procession consists of the agricultural estates of the ducal realm, the tenants holding under the duke. Here are the large farmers on horseback, the men renting by the five hundred or the thousand acres, most of them belonging to the smaller gentry and some to the greater. They ride as masters of those who line the road, with manifest pride in their great and well-ordered farms, their farm-houses which are little mansions, their stately use and wont of life—the dinner-bell and the dressing-bell before it, the refined womanhood in drawing-room and boudoir, the prize stock in their stables, whereby they make a living of a kind out of land ever tending to cease altogether to rear corn and men. The small farmers, fifty-acre men and less, are to follow them afoot, and among them is the venerable Spurr, smartened up for the occasion, his every-day self only to be recognized in his still untamable beard and whisker and his iron hair.

"And the hired hands behind them," says Augusta, "in the store-clothes! Why don't they wear their smock-frocks?"

"Because they have n't got 'em, my dear. Nothing of that sort now except in the picture-books. By the by, Augusta, would you mind saying 'agricultural laborers'?"

"Oh, Henry, who told me I had such a tiny mouth?"

She is aware of a secret pang of resentment against Kate Greenaway, but she keeps her own counsel, if only for fear of making another mistake. But for this she might have ventured a remark on the vacuous placidity of the laborers' faces, due, though she does not know it, to the fact that, among the fifty of them, there is not so much as a yard of land or the rudiments of a syllogism.

The carriages now being marshaled into line restore the dignity of the scene. They bear the chiefs of the districts into which the Allonby estate is marked out—mostly younger sons, for the appointments are much coveted by men of family with a turn for field-sports. The agent stands between the tenants and the duke's head man—receives their petitions for redress of grievances, forwards these, with the report, to the central office, and is generally a little governor of his province.

One agent, whose years and bearing do not suggest recent service in the cavalry, is hailed with a murmur of "There go old Snatcher" that betokens a sort of gruesome admiration on the part of the crowd.

"'Old Snatcher'?" murmurs her Grace, as though to give an opportunity for an explanation without insisting on it.

"A mere nickname," returns the duke, evasively.

This personage, who has seen most of his service under the late duke, is indeed the most skilful picker up of unconsidered trifles of common land in the whole countryside. In days past the peasant had his rights to the waste land as well as the lord. In fact, only when the man was served could the master stretch out his hand for the superfluity. Whole generations of Snatchers have generally put an end to that, but, here and there, precious strips of greensward, dear to the camping gipsy, remain by the roadside and elsewhere, a kind of no-man's-land. The venerable Snatcher has a way of grabbing those for

his employer—"snicking" is the local term—which is unsurpassed. First, he puts up a notice-board warning mankind at large against trespass and its consequences. Then, when the notice has matured into a kind of assumption of private ownership of a kind, he puts up a fence. The fence, in its turn, matures into a full recognition, as from time immemorial; and the strip is now part of the ducal domain.

"He seems a good old man," says the bride, ready to take everything for the best.

The bridegroom says nothing to the contrary.

Distant strains from a band following the constabulary show that the head of the procession has begun to move. This leaves more elbow-room for the next section, still in course of formation, the staff of the Yard. The Yard is still a peculiar feature of some of the old-fashioned estates. It is the great industrial village, nestling under the castle at the other side of the ridge, where all the needful builders' work on the whole stretch of the property is done by the duke's own men. It is part of the traditional system of making the domain sufficient to itself, and wanting nothing from the world without. Here are forges, workshops, and the like, and all the duke's. The overseer, the foremen, the gangers, marching heads up and with steady step, have the air of old retainers, proud of their service, and aware that, with good behavior, it is a service for life. Their leader, the clerk of the works, follows in a carriage, as befits one whose business it is to decide in the last resort, subject to the veto of a superior who has the right of personal audience and who takes the pleasure of his Grace.

More music, and then come the retainers from the north. Anstead, the duke's creation as a pleasure-city by the sea and his property, is represented by its town council in deputation, a dash of welcome color in robe and chain. The great seaport miles away, distinguishable from Anstead with powerful glasses by the faint haze of its own smoke, is the duke's, too, in ultimate ownership, and a due share of its rich yield in the profits of commerce on every sea goes into his coffers. Grave delegates of its harbor board follow the municipality of Anstead, to do their homage with the rest.

The whole district is rich in mine and quarry, and it sends the representatives of the companies mining under the great man. Augusta gives a little cry at the sight of a few figures in outlandish rig who form part of this contingent. They are pallid in complexion, but wiry by the evidence of their springy tread.

"Pitmen," explains the duke.

They wear brand-new mining-suits as a decorative effect, and they carry their lamps and the weapon-like tools of their craft. The duchess regards them with wonder not unmixed with awe. They have that strange air of otherworldliness common to most men, even the roughest, who habitually bear their lives in their hands. Other miners and quarrymen follow, and the rear is brought up by the mineral bailiff, a dignified person in a closed carriage, who is chief officer of this part of the domain.

The Lidstone and London estates march together, as being too far-fetched to claim full pride of place. They are separated only by the steward of Allonby Castle, a little beyond his beat, but seen in all the better relief on that account. He is the prime minister of the mere household, and it is so vast, with its army of servants, and so engrossing, with its huge tradesmen's accounts and its frequent changes of place, that its intendant need hardly yield a point to a viceroy in his look of weariness of the labors of his charge. The town contingent includes clerks, agents, architects, and surveyors, some of them members of the cabinet council of the board that manages the London property, occasionally under the presidency of the duke himself.

His Grace nods to the next comer, the great man who centralizes the general management of the entire property in his capacious brain. He is the only one of all the throng who has direct personal relations with his master as a matter of right. He sits in a finely appointed carriage, not gaudy but good, behind high-stepping bays; and no mandarin with the privilege of the audience-chamber could wear a loftier air. You can do nothing without him, and you had better make up your mind to that. He dispenses as much patronage as a minister, and he holds some of the proudest people in England in the hollow of his hand. He is but one remove from supreme greatness, for as beyond him there is nothing but the duke, so beyond

the duke there is nothing but the King of England.

The nobility and gentry whose carriages come next in the line are, in a sense, equals of the duke, yet they yield a willing homage to him as the chief of their order. Many of their womankind are with them, on their way to the reception. The duke points out Sir Henry Liddicot, his near neighbor, with his daughter, a fresh rose-bud set in a fine confusion of silk and chiffon, whose all but unattainable white and red wins Augusta's generous praise. These are followed by the superior clergy, a prelate as a matter of courtesy, and many members of the chapter of the cathedral which has its site in one of the duke's towns. His Grace presents to so many pulpits that a wise church cannot remain indifferent when he brings home his bride. It is divinity still in the good company of law, as the latter is represented in the file of gentry by the county bench.

The marshal of the pageant now enters, hat in hand, to claim the victims. Augusta feels sure all the color has left her cheek as she steps forth on her husband's arm to take her place in a chariot and four with postilions and with outriders. Her interest in the crowd, as a matter of narrative, is henceforth lost in the crowd's interest in her. The whole procession is now on the march, and it moves to the most inspiring discord of shouting, of brazen instruments, and of clanging bells. Slocum meanwhile, unable to contain itself any longer, sends forth swift couriers from the village school for tidings, and finally one returns breathless to announce a sound of trumpets and a gleam of uniforms and arms. The villagers turn out to line the street behind the masts; the school-children, with some pushing and many rebukes, take their places for the choral welcome; and then, since there is nothing more to do, Slocum stands still and listens to the beating of its own heart.

They are in the village now, and the volunteer band blows "The Conquering Hero," a welcome relief from previous excesses in the "Wedding March." The strains presently cease by command, as the children take up their choral song, clear, exquisite, and penetrating to the innermost sense—with the inalienable innocence of the singers, let the little monkeys be what they may. It is maddening when the band re-

sumes. The very frogs in the pond, roused from their broken slumbers, croak a protest that serves to swell the volume of acclaim. It would be hard to say whether they or the visitors best represent the negligible quantity. The gulf is a wide one between both of them, and Henry Plantagenet Mackenzie Norice-Vesey-Ravelin-Harfoot, Duke and Marquis of Allonby and Lidstone, Earl Ravelin, Viscount and Baron Rodmund, Earl Norice, and Lord Poynce. There was more of it as the lawyers compared parchments over his marriage settlement, as there will be more when the heralds recite style and titles over his grave.

He is a most amiable nobleman to the view, especially as he now sits bowing and smiling from his seat. The features, in so far as they are those of a race, were evidently once strong. But they have been rounded by centuries of easy living, and the assurance of a life beyond the accident of events. The eyes have lost the glare of those of the great ancestor who held the French duke fast at Crécy till the first of the Liddicots came up to make good the precious prize and to earn that fifth share in the ransom which was the foundation of both their fortunes. The chin may be as square as ever beneath its soft coating of flesh, but there is the coating, as you can but guess. All the old family faces get worn down in this way. The snub noses of the Pharaohs attest the dateless age of their line. Such are the ravages of ineffable calm; and Eastern art has done well to choose their effects for its type of a being that has passed beyond all perturbation of mortal affairs. The duke, in fact, in one aspect, is a Buddha in a Bond-street tie—the right tie. His very hair is neither dark nor light, but chestnut; his blue eyes sparkle with geniality but with no stronger flame; his features are regular; his eyebrows form an easy line; he seems neither tall nor short, but just the mean. With so many stored deeds behind him, he has no taste for further exercise in the toils of the arena. He looks as restful as an old athlete.

His duchess, whose one moment of misgiving has long since passed, wins general praise. Her dressmakers and her sense of self-respect, between them, have wrought wonders in fitting her for her new part. It is the governess still, but the American variety of the type; and in the short drive

she has taught herself to regard the roaring crowd before her as but a larger class. She is a stately creature in build and beauty, a Diana of Versailles who has stooped to the yoke of marriage. The note of the face is dignity with animation. It looks at once supermundane and yet aware; above the meaner concerns of life, yet not unmindful of their existence. All beauty has its particular "message." Why the message of this type of it has so much attraction for the race of man, which, in its aggregate, rarely rises superior to petty concerns, is a mystery. Yet it is perhaps to be explained by the fact that we are prepared to admire in others our own unrealized ideals, and that next to succeeding on one's own account is the pleasure of beholding another who has arrived.

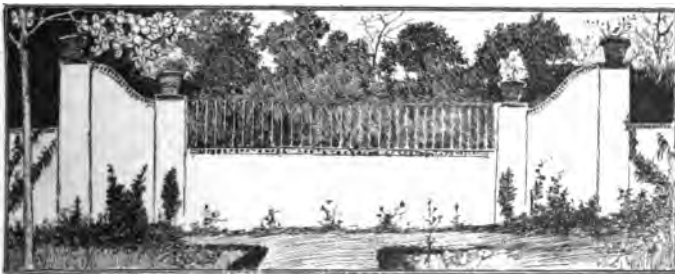
The duchess looks as magnanimous as we all should like to be. She is therefore as interesting as those ladies of the pagan heaven who have at once, with the sense of mortal anxieties, the power to despise them. The firm, regular features are tempered into amiability by the gracious curves of the mouth, by the lenity of the eyes, and even by the magnificent sweep of the hair from the brow, as though it had been carried backward in one impetuous gesture, in a futile attempt to escape from the oppression of a mass of gold. She is tall—one can see that as she sits—and queenly in her bearing, in being superbly at ease with herself. She bows to right and left, looks happy and even touched, and speaks frequently to the duke in running comment on everything she sees. The village beauty, Rose Edmer, is evidently one subject of remark as she gazes with trance-like fixity

on the vision of commanding loveliness before her. In this way the eyes on both sides meet, as though in pledge of future acquaintance. While Rose looks at the duchess, George Herion, after a momentary glance of curiosity at the carriage, looks at her. The arrangement seems eminently satisfactory to all the parties concerned.

Yeomanry and mounted police close the procession, and it is soon lost in the ample grounds, with their twenty miles of drives. Then it winds about till it comes in sight of the castle on the other side of the lake, with the time-worn battlements and towers rising from their foundation of solid rock and glowing in the rays of the setting sun. As it nears the outer gate it halts to enable the duke to dismiss his humbler friends with a few well-chosen words of thanks and of welcome to their entertainment in the grounds.

The others, after leaving the barbican and the Norman gateway, alight at the entrance to the main building, and, passing by the grand staircase and the guard-chamber, finally reach the great hall, in which the reception is to be held. There is no banquet, for there would be too many to serve; but there are refreshments which the reporter in the county paper will in due course describe as palatial. The scene is one of wonderful suggestiveness, as the county and the dependencies beyond, in their myriad activities of wealth and industry, file before the ducal pair, and it presents no bad image of the state of a modern noble, and of his household of agriculture, trade, and commerce which has taken the place of the household of arms.

(To be continued.)





# THE GREAT BUSINESS COMBINATIONS OF TO-DAY

## THE SO-CALLED BEEF TRUST

BY GEORGE BUCHANAN FIFE

THE article which follows is the first of several, by various writers, which deal with the operations of the so-called trusts. The aim of this group of papers is not to present a partizan view of these organizations, either in attack or defense, but to supply in an interesting manner authoritative information as to the facts and claims which bear upon the subject.

EDITOR.



THE beef industry in this country has been controlled for many years by half a dozen powerful corporations. Their profits have been enormous, their progress brilliant. Time was when every community had its local slaughter-house and its butcher-shops dependent upon it or in friendly competition with it, and the small farmer of the neighborhood was sure of a market for the few head of steers he drove to town. That was before the great beef concerns had extended their operations over the entire country. They had already begun to make their millions, and this, added to their determined Western spirit, made them irresistible. The West was growing prodigiously: railroads were being built where weary overland trails had gone, lands were opened for settlement, communities grew like mushrooms, and the grass-lands teemed with cattle. Each and every one of these was an aid to the big firms; they ranged westward in their quest of cattle, they paid cash from their ready purses, and with transportation charges at a minimum—the railroads offered incredible inducements—they found little difficulty in overcoming the old order of affairs, whatever the harm it wrought with the trade of the lesser tradesmen.

There is no question that they furnished the consumer with better and cheaper meat than the small operator could produce, and this fact alone gave them power to control the trade.

Now, whether the great corporations were banded in this triumphantly destructive progress is a matter of choice between the beliefs and charges of the government's attorneys and the denials of the packers; but it might readily have been accomplished had each corporation acted independently.

Not only at home has the packer been assailed, but in England, one of his most assiduously courted markets and the gateway to the Eastern Hemisphere; and now scarcely a week passes without chronicle of a wail from the oversea meat-merchant. The Englishman clearly sets himself forth as disheartened, as unable "to play the game" as the American plays it, as unable to compete with him. He points to the fourteen stalls in Smithfield Market occupied by American firms, and cries aloud that Chicago regulates the price of beef in London, Liverpool, and Manchester. For the high price of refrigerated beef, which comprises three quarters of the beef consumed in England, he blames the American unreservedly but vainly, seeing, with the tail of his eye, the constantly growing importation of cattle and fresh beef from the United States.

In view of the recognized fact that the commercial story of the world is one of combination, concentration, and centralization, dating back to the incorporation of Old World cities for protection, profit, and advancement, a "beef trust"—not necessarily an institution in violation of law nor anywise detrimental to a people's welfare—

would seem a matter of natural evolution, an outcome of the business methods of the day. Competition and the desire or determination to overcome it, to rise superior to it,—with a margin of profit,—are what bring about commercial combinations, and in no other business conducted in this country is competition keener than in the business of killing, dressing, and marketing beef.

It is a business which admits of no delay in its transaction; it deals, first of all, with a highly perishable, non-returnable commodity, one which rapidly loses its value and in a comparatively short time becomes useless for its initial purpose. Furthermore, it is a business the product value of which amounts to nearly eight hundred millions of dollars annually. To produce this product requires a yearly expenditure of more than seven hundred and fifty millions, and the services of 78,761 persons.

This is the industry with which the government is dealing in its attempt to prove that eight of the largest corporations engaged therein "do and will artificially restrain such commerce and put in force abnormal, unreasonable, and arbitrary regulations for the conduct of their own and each other's business, affecting the same from the shipment of live stock from the plains to the final distribution of the meats to the consumer, all to the manifest injury of the people of the United States and in defiance of law."

As the Attorney-General of the United States regards the situation, eight corporations form what is colloquially designated as the Beef Trust. As to the prevailing high price of meat they make the reply that they are victims, not beneficiaries, thereby, and that since the first day of last April not a packer has sold one pound of dressed beef at a profit. They supply figures in support of this contention, and add: "You must remember the by-products. We have learned to utilize materials which not very many years ago were considered waste; indeed, they were a source of expense to us because we had to hire men to cart them away and bury them. Now we turn them to profit."

In this statement the packer strikes the key-note of his truly remarkable business. He has demonstrated the beef steer to be the most economical "raw material" nature has devised. The woodman's ax

leaves a litter of chips to mark its grudging waste; the butcher's knife leaves nothing. It rises almost to the dignity of the scalpel once the bullock hangs upon the tram-hooks in the abattoir. Deeply, quickly, and carefully it searches, disclosing gland and nerve and fiber, reserving everything, rejecting nothing, because after the knife comes the laboratory and its corps of chemists with their endless experiments.

Science has laid claim upon the bullock and taken keen toll of him. It has boiled him, baked him, ground him, liquefied him, filtered him, evaporated him, compressed him into tablets, run him into capsules and bottles, and placed him in the pharmacopœia. The bewildered but defiant beast that stood in the stock-pen among his crowding fellows, his shaggy head uplifted in a roar of powerless rage—this is what they have made into pills and powders.

"We are not simply butchers nowadays," said the general manager of one of the foremost packing-houses, opening the door of a tall cabinet beside him. "Here 's a prettily turned bit of bone for a powder-puff handle; there are some billiard-balls. The bottles? Those are pharmaceutical preparations." He read at random from the labels: "Desiccated thyroids," "Desiccated thymus," "Spinal-cord powder," "Anhydrous ammonia," and "pituitary-body powder" (which sells for forty-eight dollars a pound). There are, besides, glycerin and neat's-foot oil. "We make half a million buttons a day," said a general manager, "and sandpaper and felt and bristles, and soap and glue, and pipe-stems and chessmen and knife-handles, and fertilizers, and meat-meal for chickens,—they must have nitrogenous food, you know,—and brewers' isinglass to clarify beer, and curled hair for mattresses, gelatin for dainty desserts, glycerol rennet for curdling milk, and pancreatin. You see we are not merely butchers." Indeed, the slaughtering of beeves and hogs, which was taking place in buildings just across the way, seemed very remotely connected with the office cabinet and its strangely diversified contents.

This cabinet, not a twentieth of the contents of which has been enumerated, for the bottom shelves were crowded with tinned meats and compressed foods, tells the story of the beef industry of the present day; it tells of the packer's resourcefulness, his economy, his progressiveness,

his virtual independence of the price of dressed meats, and, in direct relation, his ability to slaughter, dress, and sell his beef at a figure which places him beyond the competition of the man who kills a few steers, perhaps a car-load a week, and must make his profit from the dressed carcasses. And however small that profit may be, the packer can either decrease it or obliterate it by his competition. The volume of his business is what makes that possible, and in token thereof the president of a beef corporation said recently to the writer: "Our capital is \$25,000,000, and we turned it over nine and a half times last year." An examination of the published report of this corporation's business for the year ending December 31, 1901, showed that the value of the year's output was more than \$200,000,000, at a net profit of \$2,000,000, that is, only one per cent. on the business of the year.

In New York city almost every one of the 30,000 beeves slaughtered is "kosher-killed," that is, by a duly authorized rabbi of the Jewish Church, otherwise the meat would be rejected by the orthodox Hebrews, who form so large a part of the population. The killing is accomplished by one transverse stroke, bone-deep, of a perfectly clean knife. As all of the blood is permitted to drain from the carcass, kosher meat is whiter than that which is tref, or Gentile-killed, and is deemed better. A thorough examination of the lungs and liver is made immediately after the killing, and the discovery of a blemish renders the meat unfit for use by the Jews. They eat only from the fore quarters of the animal, as being cleaner meat, the diseases of the bovine species manifesting themselves mainly in the loins and hind quarters,—even the Texas tick is known to prefer the hind quarters,—and they must partake of the meat within forty-eight hours after the slaughtering. On this account the Western packers cannot kill their steers kosher for the Eastern market, the time-limit expiring long before they could place their product on sale. But every large establishment kills beeves for local consumption in accordance with orthodox demands.

The assault upon the Beef Trust has been more vigorously belligerent in the East than in the West, the home of the packing industry. This may be due to the better understanding by the West, owing

to its juxtaposition to the region of production, of the prevailing high price of beef. It is an indisputable fact that in the Middle West the drought of the summer of 1901 reduced the corn and hay crops fifty per cent. of their normal yield, and brought about the most disastrous season in twenty years. Corn is the corner-stone of the livestock industry; it is indispensable in the "finishing" of the steer for market; he must have at least seventy bushels of it before he can rise in weight from eight hundred to twelve hundred pounds and achieve his highest distinction, that of being a "prime, corn-fed beef steer."

In the last fifteen years not only has the population of the United States grown extraordinarily, but the per capita consumption of meats has increased fully twenty-five per cent., owing to the improved condition of the people, while the herds and flocks of the land have been virtually at a standstill. Their plight now is undeniably alarming, as government statisticians report the number of cattle to be decreasing at the rate of about two million head a year. Figures for the last four years show that there has been a decrease of fourteen and a half per cent. in the number of cattle and an increase of at least ten per cent. in the population. So, responding to these conditions, which were aggravated by the diminution of the corn and hay crops, beef cattle must be scarce, out of all proportion to the nation's robust appetite—which is the packer's answer, and obviously reason enough for a rise in the price of dressed meats, aside from any consideration of the question of a trust.

The government, however, possessed of countless depositions, affidavits, and "exhibits," is convinced that a beef trust is in existence and is determined to destroy it. Whatever it may succeed in proving, how many of the allegations embraced in its long petition it may establish as facts, there is no doubt that a working "agreement" has long existed among the large packing corporations. This, stated upon the authority of one intimately associated with the business of a packing-house of international prominence, is, in effect, that they will not, to their own loss and the destruction of their good-will, send more beef to a market than it reasonably requires. "Further than that," he continued, "there is no bond between any two houses as to

output. It is not an illegal bond, nor is it intended to effect a restriction of trade to the detriment of the people; it is for natural and necessary self-protection. For instance, one of the packing-houses calls us up by telephone and asks, 'Are you sending any extra cars anywhere to-day?' We reply, let us say, 'Yes; we are sending six to New York,' because we learn from the reports of our agent that the market there requires such a shipment. What is the result? The packer who called us up does not ship what extra beef he may have to New York, but to some other market. Should he send it to New York it would hang upon his hands and become useless, save to the soap-maker. Another day we call him up and ask him a similar question, and, similarly, abide by his answer, should it be like ours. The answer is not begotten of speculation as to the amount of beef the market will take; it is based upon fact. We could not afford to send six cars of beef to New York or anywhere else upon the chance of disposing of them. A side of beef is marketable too short a time for that."

But the packers have not always abided by this answer, as they themselves admit; more than once they have sent cars of beef into a market which they knew was already scheduled to receive an extra shipment from another house, and more than once they have found the price suddenly cut under them and their beef without a market save for the melting-pot. How the consumers suffer thereby the packers say they utterly fail to see.

Among the unlawful acts with which the government charges the packers, and in further support of its allegations that they are engaged in the conduct of a trust, is the establishment of "a uniform rule for the giving of credit to dealers . . . and for the conduct of the business of such dealers, with penalties . . . for violations thereof"; and the notification of one another "of the delinquencies of the said dealers, and keeping what is commonly known as a 'black-list' of such delinquents, and refusing to sell such meats to any of such delinquents; which said combination and conspiracy . . . is one in restraint and monopoly of commerce. . . ."

As this is a phase of the Beef Trust's workings which has direct bearing upon the business of the retail butcher, informa-

tion upon it was first sought of one of the chief retailers in New York city, who, according to his own statement, had been made to feel, mildly as it happened, the effect of the uniform credit and notification system. Of its intent he pretended to say nothing; he knew of its operation from his contact with it, and this much he knew positively: that there is in New York a representative of the leading packing corporations,—not alone those charged with being in the trust,—a central arbitrator, so called, whose duty it is to exercise a masterly supervision of the accounts of retail dealers with the wholesale houses he represents. Retail butchers are required to settle their bills with the wholesalers in question upon the Monday following the day of purchase. This is an ironclad rule, deviation from which means the exactment of a penalty. Every retail butcher is designated by a code number, and when one, for any reason whatever, fails to settle his account upon the prescribed day, his code number, with a statement of his indebtedness, is sent to the central arbitrator by the house holding the unsettled account. The retailer may or may not know that this has happened; in any event it will be brought home to him with exceeding potency when he negotiates for the purchase of his next lot of beef, wherever he may seek it. He is then informed that he is on the delinquent list, that his last account has not been closed, and that until it is he must pay cash for his meats. Should an agency bookkeeper give him credit,—and the central arbitrator has access to agency books at all times,—the bookkeeper is fined fifty dollars, a penalty manifestly easy of collection through the medium of his employer. The appearance of a retail dealer's number thrice in the delinquent list is deemed cause enough for the wholesaler's permanent rejection of his trade save upon a cash basis. Whether the central arbitrator has ever exacted such adherence to the credit arrangement was declared to be doubtful, although the scope of his powers is fully recognized as including it.

This, it will be seen at once, reduces the beef-selling business practically to a cash basis, and the packers say, in explanation, that as they pay cash for their live stock they cannot be expected to grant retailers an extended time in which to settle their

bills. They consider it a protective measure also, something to prevent the accumulation of bad accounts, and they trace its origin to an unlucky day three years ago when a large Chicago packing-house canceled \$360,000 worth of New York territory accounts which it found impossible of collection.

What the government's attorneys see in this is a plan indirectly to maintain the price of beef rather than to discriminate against the careless or criminal dealer, for the reason that, as long credit is considered, commercially, equal to a cut in price, the successful operation of such a system, whatever else it may accomplish, prevents, primarily and directly, the extension of credit, and, correlatively, one phase of fair business competition.

These, then, are two frankly admitted "understandings" existing among the packers, who denominate them protective, not oppressive, measures, and some explanation of them has seemed advisable for a clearer presentation of the methods of the industry. The greatest care has been employed by the government's attorneys in the preparation of allegations against the Beef Trust, and these, briefly summarized, are: that the designated packers have refrained from bidding against one another in good faith in the purchase of live stock; that they have, by requiring their agents to bid up such prices, induced stock-owners to make simultaneously large shipments to their markets, and then, by refusal to bid in competition, have obtained live stock at lower prices than it would regularly bring; that they have combined and conspired uniformly to increase, decrease, and maintain prices for dressed meat; that by agreeing to maintain an arbitrary cartage-rate for meat-delivery they have increased the charges for meats sold to retailers; and that they have entered into a conspiracy with certain unnamed railways whereby the railways pay them rebates on all shipments of dressed meats in this country—in short, that they have violated the Sherman Anti-Trust Law and the Interstate Commerce Law.

What success the government will have in substantiating these allegations is problematical, because the "investigation" of the conduct of a great corporation is a task as difficult as the "investigation" of a police department: all transactions need

not be recorded, all agreements need not be written to make them binding, nor all "parties" to them be apparent; attaching responsibility is like putting salt upon a bird's tail, to say nothing of the wariness of the special bird.

In reply the packers point to the failure of the corn crop of 1901 and assert the impossibility of marketing dressed beef at a price lower than that it now commands; they direct attention to the fact that all the slaughtering and dressing firms in the country sell their meats at virtually the same prices as those charged by the corporations popularly supposed to constitute the trust. Why, they ask, if the trust's figures are extortionate, do not the numerous wealthy competitors cut the price? Proceeding to the allegation that the trust has conspired to keep down the price of live stock in its customary markets, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Omaha, Sioux City, St. Paul, East St. Louis, and Chicago, they submit the market reports for the last four years, which show that the prices paid for live stock at the yards in Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Indianapolis, Galveston, Louisville, and New Orleans—markets the "conspirators" do not enter—have, on identical days, ranged from one half to three quarters of a cent lower than at the chosen purchase-points of the trust. Incidentally they say that, while only eight corporations are enumerated as composing the trust, there are nine hundred and thirteen other slaughtering and meat-packing establishments in the country which are able to conduct profitable business into the hundreds of millions of dollars annually, and that if they could afford to sell their products for a lower price than that "fixed" by the trust, the trust would be conquered.

This is the way the packer proceeds to demonstrate that the sale of dressed beef has yielded him no profit since the 1st of last April: The present average price of a 1200-pound "prime, corn-fed beef steer" is \$7.50 per 100 pounds, that is, \$90 for the animal as it stands in the Chicago stock-yards. Adding to this the cost of slaughtering, which is \$1.50, the carcass, ready for dressing, has necessitated an outlay of \$91.50. Practice has shown that such an animal will "dress" about fifty-six per cent. of its live weight, that is, 672 pounds. Upon the other forty-four per cent., which is hide, horns, hoofs, blood, surplus fat,

trimmings, and offal, the packer realizes, on an average, \$14.75. So the two "sides" of the steer, as they hang in the packing-house refrigerator, have cost \$76.75. The moment the packer moves these 672 pounds of dressed meat his expenditures begin anew. Sending the carcass to New York, for instance, costs \$7.05, which is the aggregate of freight at 40 cents per 100 pounds, and of refrigeration during the journey and selling charges at 50 cents per 100 pounds. So, when the time comes for the retailer to negotiate for the meat, it has cost the packer \$83.80, or 12.3 cents per pound. Since April 1 the highest wholesale price for dressed beef in New York has been 11.5 cents, or eight tenths of a cent *less* than the cost of production. Pursuing this arithmetical process with an average steer of 1100 pounds at \$7.10 the hundredweight, the usual price, it will be found that the dressed carcass on sale in New York represents an expenditure on the part of the packer of 11.4 cents per pound, nearly one cent a pound more than he can obtain for it.

Explanation or no explanation, the attitude of the butcher toward the packer is one of skepticism, which must be more amusing than annoying. A short time ago a packer, weary of the hue and cry about the high price the corporations were demanding for their meats, challenged a New York retail butcher to make an experiment in meat production. He invited the butcher to buy one hundred sheep, slaughter them at the packing-house, stipulating that he should have the use of the slaughtering-floor without charge, paying only the wages of the necessary workmen, and defied him to sell the mutton with profit at the prices charged by the packer. To make the proposition alluring, the packer agreed to pay all expenses, including the purchase of the sheep, should the butcher profitably sell the meat lower than the assailed figures. The butcher's rejection of the challenge eloquently closed the incident.

Popularly defined, a "trust" may be said to be any combination of already large interests in such a way as to obtain advantages in or even to monopolize trade of a particular character in which competition was formerly open. Without presuming to sit in judgment of their acts, it may be said that this definition, with the word "monopolize" diluted to "centralize," is justly

applicable to the business of a majority of the great packing-houses. "Combination of interests" is one of the chief factors which has induced the enormous development of the industry; it has been by the purchase or "absorption" of smaller "concerns," as well as by the initial establishment of branch houses, that the foremost corporations have grown to their magnitude. Perhaps the methods of purchase or "absorption" have not always been praiseworthy, but they seem to have been effected with considerable astuteness.

"We have evidence from many parts of the country illustrative of these methods," an assistant United States district attorney in Chicago said, "and they seem to be quite simple. For example, the packer sets his eye upon the meat business of a town he has selected for invasion, and suavely suggests to the leading butcher that a much more profitable trade would result to him should he buy dressed meats instead of slaughtering. The butcher either fails to see it or is suspicious and says he prefers to go on with his own business,—which may have been his father's before him,—so the packer bows himself out and returns another day. He finds the butcher still unconvinced, perhaps defiant, and again he goes away. And then one fine day the butcher finds a nice new butcher-shop established across the way; it glistens with new paint, the attendants are in spotless aprons, the displayed meats are artistically decorated with rosettes,—and the prices are many cents below his own. After that he watches his trade slip away pound by pound because the meats of his rival are better as well as cheaper. He learns rather late in the day that the new butcher's meats are those of the packer whose products were first suggested to him. Then one of two things happens: he closes his shop in despair or he buys his meats of the house which supplies his competitor. If he retires from the field the competitor takes good care that this shall not be the signal for a rise in meat prices, as this would lead the townsfolk to believe the newcomer had intentionally forced the other out of business. No, the prices remain unchanged; the packer has simply been giving a little lesson in 'high trade.'"

The process by which he "gains control" of larger and more important establishments, even of whole companies, differs

from the butcher-shop method just mentioned mainly in its more dignified appellation, "high finance," and in the fact that outright purchase is often necessary. How much the stock or business of the "controlled" organization has been depreciated by unflagging, relentless competition before the day of amalgamation or purchase or absorption, whichever the packer calls it, is something figuring largely in the negotiations. For the packer, aware of his power, and that power unquestioned, permits nothing to come between him and his determination to dominate the industry. He and his competitors are side by side in the West, they are shoulder to shoulder in the East, and they have crossed oceans and ranged other lands cheek by jowl. They would have one believe they are at war, equipped with the same weapons, and relying upon skill alone for victory. Yesterday the newspapers related that the packing firm of "A. B. C. & Co." had "bought out" the "John Smith Company" of Nebraska; to-day they say the "D. E. F. Co." has "acquired control" of the "G. H. I. Co." of Maine; to-morrow they will announce that "negotiations are pending" for the purchase of the "Royal British Beef Co., Ltd.," of London, "by a well-known American packing firm"; next month there will be news of further purchases, further extension; and a year from now the packer's statement will proclaim the result in the addition of millions of pounds of products and millions of dollars of profits to the figures of to-day. The packer has firmly established himself in every State and Territory of the Union; in the leading cities all of the well-known packing-houses are represented by large branch offices; and what he has accomplished abroad is best told by reference to the list of "distributing-houses" and "export agencies" of the big packing-houses.

The beef to be shipped abroad comes to New York, which is the chief port of exit, in "sides," that is, half-carasses, the refrigerator-cars bearing it being "iced" at stations by the way, and transfer to the cold-storage holds of steamers is accomplished as speedily as possible. The meat reaches foreign shores, so the packers claim, in as good condition as it reaches New York, barring a certain amount of shrinkage and a slightly reduced percentage of moisture, and even so is highly profitable,

especially on the Continent. There the relative scarcity makes the wholesale price of carcass meats average one hundred per cent. higher than in the United States and from thirty to fifty per cent. higher than in England. European live-stock statistics show that domestic herds cannot supply local demands, and the importation of American meat has become a necessity. Of this necessity the packer is well aware, and his foreign business is growing extraordinarily. In 1879 the amount of fresh beef exported was 66,448,174 pounds, valued at \$6,012,287; in 1901 the amount had increased to 354,421,736 pounds and the value to \$32,294,877; and from 1882 to 1901 the exportation of hog products grew from 651,109,020 pounds to 1,437,448,837 pounds. The Bureau of Animal Industry of the Department of Agriculture is most careful in its inspection of meats for foreign and domestic consumption. Inspection begins with the live animal at the stock-yards, extends to the carcass, and thence to each article of food made therefrom, and thus the high reputation of American meats is officially sustained.

The growth of the industry in the last fifty years has been wonderful, the value of the products having increased in the half-century from \$11,981,642 to \$785,562,433. Although packing was begun at Cincinnati fully eighty years ago and developed in a small way, it was not until the invention of the refrigerator-car, in 1868, that the business caught the stride which has carried it to the forefront. Railroad-building had been begun in the West in the early fifties, and the refrigerator-car came in natural sequence as the solution of an embarrassing problem. The first cargo of fresh beef was shipped from Chicago to Boston in September, 1869, and was an object of delighted curiosity as well as a token of the things which were to be. The East had been slaughtering its own beeves, buying them of Western stock-raisers and shipping them fifteen hundred or two thousand miles "on the hoof," much to their detriment and the deterioration of their meat by the long, racking journey. The refrigerator-car made it possible for the West to slaughter the animals and ship their carcasses into the Eastern States in such a way that the meat was sweet and fresh.

This was virtually the beginning of the

Western packer's preëminence—for the industry is distinctly Western, and Chicago is its center—and of his occupation of the foreign markets as well as those of the East. Refrigeration processes enabled him to slaughter and ship the year round, instead of during the four cold months only. In 1865 were founded the Chicago Union Stock-yards, which have become the solid base of a towering monument to American energy and ingenuity. Originally they occupied a space of three hundred and twenty acres; now it is a square mile worth at least \$10,000,000 and occupied by slaughtering and packing-houses having a capital invested of more than \$67,000,000 and employing 50,000 men. The number of hogs, cattle, and sheep received there in 1870 was 2,575,975; in 1900 the number was 14,974,028. Slaughtering statistics for these years show an increase from 1,143,102 head to 12,099,942 head.

To explain the phenomenal expansion of the industry many contributory agents may be enumerated: the extension of stock-raising territory in the West, due, in turn, to the settlement of that section; the building of railroads and other media of rapid communication; improvements in mechanical operations and refrigeration; and new methods of packing. All of these have aided it greatly, but to find the factor of chief potency in its development one must hark back to that comparatively new branch of the industry to which the packer devotes nearly all of his brains and most of his energy, the conversion of long-unused by-products into valuable and ever marketable merchandise.

The selling of meats has been so perfected by the activity and astuteness of principals and agents and the expenditure of thousands of dollars in advertising that whatever experiments in it the packer may make are diversifications of established formulæ. But the experiments with by-products—and their name is legion—are invariably toward new ends. The packer is ceaselessly seeking to do something new with the age-old material nature has placed at his disposal. When in his laboratory he has made a powder from some obscure or neglected animal tissue which will, say, accelerate the action of the human heart, he falls to wondering whether a liquid cannot be made from it to preserve leather, and the liquid instantly

suggests its feasibility of translation into a paste to soothe sunburn or chapped lips, or, perhaps, back to a powder for cleaning silverware. It cannot be stated that the packer's ingenuity has gone quite so far as this, but he has done many astonishing things with substances clearly never intended for such transformation. His achievements are based upon his appreciative adherence to the old saw that in the economy of nature nothing is wasted—in which for "nature" he reads "the packing-house." So determined is he that nothing shall elude him that he has just succeeded in utilizing the serum in the eyeball of the ox. Abstruse experimentation of some kind has demonstrated it to be of distinct medicinal value, and it is one of the components of a much-vaunted tonic. No one need be in the least amazed at the packer's announcement of a new process, even though it be for the manufacture of silk purses from sows' ears: he is striving for new things just as assiduously now as when the old things were new. He still regards the steer, the sheep, and the hog with distrust, suspecting they are keeping something back.

The canning establishments generally use cow beef, because the best cows dress not more than forty-four per cent. of their live weight, having less beef in proportion to bone, especially in the expensive "cuts," which extend from the prime ribs backward and include the sirloin and porter-house steaks. This beef is cooked in Brobdingnagian caldrons and literally handled with pitchforks, and when cooking is completed the meat is put into cans by a small army of men, boys, and girls, who pass them on till they are soldered, hermetically sealed, washed, labeled, wrapped, and boxed.

For the amount of meat used the sausage is the most profitable legacy of the ~~hog~~ <sup>dry</sup>. Fully fifty different kinds of this suspected article are manufactured to suit the taste of many peoples: for Italians, with a dominating measure of garlic; for Germans, hard and fatty; for Frenchmen, dry and well larded; for Americans, well spiced; and all of these in several grades. Whatever meat cannot be used otherwise is consigned to the sausage, although for no other reason than that every diminutive piece is available—ham, head and foot trimmings, and the odd remnants from the butcher's



block. Potato, flour, spices, and water are mixed with the meat, which has been finely chopped by rocking-knives, and a steam-driven piston forces the mass into the casings, whereupon it becomes sausage. The casings are the intestines of the hog thoroughly scraped and washed by mechanical process. The pig's snout does not escape,—that would be a gross oversight,—so it is trimmed off and sold as a pickling “delicacy” to new Americans with unpronounceable names. Thus the packer's searching eye is upon every part of every beast from the moment it reaches the stockyards; and considering what he eventually exacts, the meat and the food products generally seem commodities which are sold for the purpose of getting them out of the way, to hamper the conjurer less in his tricks with the box.

The scrubbing which the pig's carcass receives is mainly to cleanse the bristles for use in the manufacture of hair, tooth, nail, and paint brushes, and as soon as the hides are off of steer and sheep they begin their second life of utility. Sheep hides go to the wool-“pullery,” where the wool is removed, washed thoroughly, and graded for the felt-making establishment or the weavers of cloth.

The sheep's skin, accompanied by the hide of the steer, goes to the tanner. In times past the “dehairing” of cattle hides caused a waste; but one day the packer chanced to note it, and now all the waste is carefully collected and either prepared for use in mortar or compressed for pipe-insulation.

Cattle-tails, or “switches,” are despatched to the curled-hair department, where, after being cleaned, the hair is cut off and twisted, while wet, into tight-laid ropes; untwisted, the hair is crinkly and resilient, and ready for stuffing mattresses and cushions. The head, after the horns are removed, gravitates to the glue and fertilizer works for disintegration or grinding. Horns, hoofs, and the long, hard shin-bones are collected and carefully sorted. When the tip has been sawed off, the horn is split and forced into a sheet under a hot press, and the sheets, or plates, pass into the hands of artisans, who stamp brush-backs, buttons, combs, hair-pins, and druggists' scoops from them. And the tip and the horn scrap, do these elude the packer? Not for one moment. The tip is turned

into pipe mouthpieces, and the scrap follows the head to the fertilizer-grinders. Hoofs Dame Nature supplies in three grades: white, which are shipped to Japan, where the skilled Orientals fashion them into ornaments to tempt traveling Americans; striped, which the packer either makes into buttons or sells for conversion into less useful things; and black, which are hurried to the laboratory for utilization in the manufacture of cyanide of potassium, one of the most dangerous and violent poisons known to toxicology, or granulated to make a high-priced fertilizer for grape-growers and horticulturists. The shin-bone is almost as tough as ivory, and, being less romantic, is used for less romantic purposes, for tooth-brush, razor, and knife handles, even for chessmen of vulgar estate. Selected bits, however, find their way to the turner of madam's powder-puff knob and the handle of baby's diminutive brush. It would be nearly impossible to catalogue the multifarious articles into which horn and hoof and skin are worked. Billiard-balls are made from shin- and thigh-bones ground to an almost impalpable powder and mixed with a strongly adhesive Roman cement composed of scoræ and quicklime; at least, this is as much of the secret as one may learn. The prepared powder is moistened, subjected to enormous pressure before setting, and then turned into spheres, which possess two advantages over ivory—that they do not discolor nor crack.

While all this is going on in one part of the packing establishment, workmen have gathered the internal organs, separated the glands which the “commercial surgeons” have carefully excised, and sent them off to the chemists. The thyroid gland of the sheep, the thymus gland of the lamb, the parotid gland of the calf, and the pituitary and suprarenal gland of the steer are, by closely guarded processes, resolved into desiccated substances, powders, and liquids in the laboratory. Every one of these has its place in medicine in the treatment of organic and nervous disorders, and year by year their repute is growing. Defibrinated blood and inspissated ox-gall are made in large quantities, as are pepsin and pancreatin and their dozens of compounds, the pig's stomach and pancreas furnishing the last two products. From the blood albumin is extracted for the use of the calico-printer, the sugar-refiner, and the tanner,

and anhydrous ammonia for the ice-manufacturer's freezing-liquid. The spinal cord and spleen of the steer are sent to the chemists for reduction to powder and tablet.

But the packer has not yet finished; he has still to extract from his victims glue, glycerin, gelatin, brewers' isinglass, tallow, grease, neat's-foot oil, stearin, butterin, marrow, and fertilizer. These he gets from the feet, "knuckles," small bones, hide clippings, and sinews, in ways which are wonderful, and when he has his glue he spreads it upon fiber paper, dusts ground flint over it, and advertises sandpaper for sale.

Every particle of grease is collected throughout the packing-house, even from the waste water, which is run into tanks and skimmed and added to the accumulated tallow for the manufacture of soap. In one wing of the establishment great caldrons, two stories deep, hold the tallow, grease, and caustic potash which are to be drawn off as soap-stock. A network of pipes inside the kettles boils the yellow, crusted paste, and the sudden volcanic spoutings of the mass convey an adequate idea of its heat. The first thing a glance over the rim suggests is the question, Has any one ever fallen in? You do not know just why you ask it, but it seems about the most terrible thing which could happen. Ask this of the workmen in one establishment, and they will laugh and tell you, first, that every one who comes there makes the same inquiry, and then they will tell of a man who did tumble in. They will tell you, too, with something of amazement and of pride in the completeness of the story, that, when the stuff was drawn off, all they found of the unfortunate man were his collar-buttons and the brass eyelets from his shoes.

The fertilizer factory is the drag-net of the packing-house. It collects everything it can everywhere, from the killing-floor to the laboratory. All "waste" of phosphatic or nitrogenous character arrives there sooner or later, and is dried, pulverized, treated chemically, and combined with nitrate of soda and potash salt and other substances, according to its predetermined character. To ascertain the best fertilizer for a specific kind of soil, the packer asks the farmer or produce-raiser to send a sample of the soil, which is analyzed, its "illness" diagnosed, and a fertilizer "prescription" written.

In tracing thus the course of the packer's appropriation of everything upon and within the animal, it is very easy to lose sight for a time of his primary reason for slaughtering. But the meat has been in the chill-room for hours, or may be already on its way to market, because the packer cannot afford to hold it in his "boxes," or refrigerators. Every day it shrinks a little, every day it becomes a little less valuable, every day somebody is buying somebody's beef, and the packer desires that it shall be his, not his neighbor's. So, while he is hurrying his beef into refrigerator-cars, hundreds of hands are busy weighing, wrapping, and boxing the by-products from large abutments; boys in aprons and little girls in caps sit at long tables, the commodities coming to them along moving bands or miniature gravity railways; and there they work like beavers, quickly and methodically wrapping the five-hundredth package as they wrapped the first. Just beyond their windows, around the second-story balcony, a Lilliputian trolley line attends with expedition and economy to interdepartmental communications, and above and below them the endless-chain conveyors clatter and toil with their burdens of boxes, bales, and barrels.

The packer, in his determination to centralize his business, to get it "under one monster tent," refuses to purchase such accessories of his industry as he feels capable of making for himself. He must buy his tin-plate of the Tin Plate Trust, but he makes his own pails and boxes, prints the labels upon them and the paper labels for other packages, prints his stationery, makes even his multileaved ledgers with their intricate ruling. He builds his own refrigerator-cars in shops under the shadow of his Chicago packing-house, just as he mines his own salt in Michigan and Kansas and his coal in Missouri, and cuts the timber he has grown for himself in Arkansas. Machinery is his hobby, and in his shops he is forever devising and tinkering, adding cranks and cams and levers to curtail the work of fingers and thumbs, to add to the celerity with which he may turn out his products.

Above all things the packer is a practical man. This attribute is manifest at every turn in his establishment: in the large, well-ventilated dining-rooms he provides for his hundreds of employees, furnishing them

food at prices which just keep the steward's ledger balanced and make long, delaying journeys unnecessary at the luncheon-hour; in the barber-shop and reading- and smoking-rooms; in the surgeon always in attendance; in the finely equipped emergency hospital and ambulance service he maintains, knowing that accidents do happen, and that saving time may perhaps mean saving a life; in his sincerely reiterated statement, which all understand, that every man in the establishment is in the line of promotion, that those who work handily and faithfully are certain to be rewarded,

that the butcher's block and the office desk are not separated by an unbridged gulf, and, lastly, that he knows the labor of each employee as thoroughly as he knows his own. He knows what agents, foremen, and workmen are doing from Maine to Texas, —he pays \$350,000 yearly for private telegraph wires in order that he shall know it, —and twice each day the cable tells him how business fares overseas. He sits with his hand upon the gigantic keyboard of his industry, as the skipper leans to the helm. And, like the skipper, it's an ill trade-wind which blows him no good.

## “LOVE ONCE MADE HIS HOME WITH ME”

BY L. FRANK TOOKER

LOVE once made his home with me,  
Broke my bread and drank my wine,  
On the coasts of Arcady.

How we praised the purple sea,  
Cool shade, and the strong sunshine!  
Love once made his home with me.

Joy we thought to hold in fee,  
Slave at Love's eternal shrine,  
On the coasts of Arcady.

Death alone, we said, could free  
Hearts that Love's dear chains entwine.  
Love once made his home with me.

Leveled let my dwelling be;  
Love has gone and left no sign  
On the coasts of Arcady.

All my future lost with thee,  
This I keep: the past is mine.  
Love once made his home with me  
On the coasts of Arcady.

## TOPICS OF THE TIMES

### An Incident and Some Reflections

THE accident to President Roosevelt's party in western Massachusetts in September suggests many reflections, some of which may be noted:

(1) That a trolley-car should come clanging down upon a procession of carriages and horsemen on the public highway, warning them to clear the track at peril of life, and that the motorman, after the death of one of the party, the frightful injury of another, and lesser injury to still others, should proclaim his "right of way" with prompt effrontery, is only an incident of an extraordinary state of things which has sprung up in a few years with regard to our streets and roads. These have been invaded, with a rapidity that is dumfounding, by uses never contemplated, and which the public should have been better advised than to have so easily allowed. Just as we were on the point of getting rid of "level crossings" in the country, level crossings became the rule everywhere, in city and country, so far as the trolley and the horseless carriage are concerned. In the city the street trolley is inevitable, but it has too often taken possession without sufficient recompense or safeguarding. In the city there is no place for a surface car-line except in the street, and the speed is partly regulated by the necessity of frequent stops. But in the country and in the smaller communities there is no excuse for the seizure by the trolley companies of the roads, which were long ago dedicated to foot-passengers and private conveyances, and where the meeting between these and the rushing cars has always a possibility of danger. The trolleys should—as often they do—go through the fields, and touch the villages and smaller towns at points where the danger from running down pedestrians and frightening horses would be reduced to a minimum.

For the present state of things the people have no one to blame but themselves. They have allowed their representatives to squander the public franchises, or by direct vote they have welcomed the trolleys to the public roads, and these often the most frequented.

The opposition to "speeded" automobiles is becoming effective; but the folly of allowing the trolley companies to economize on capital expenses and win greater dividends by occu-

pying the country and village roads, this folly still rages.

Three days after the President's accident, at the town of Lee, a few miles below Pittsfield, two women were struck by a trolley and one was killed. The "Valley Gleaner" of Lee makes this significant statement: "At this point the trolley occupies that portion of the highway which has been used as a sidewalk for years, and, as no other walk has been provided, people continue to use it." So the harvest of inconvenience, anxiety, injury, and death goes on, and will, till the people themselves put an end to the abuse.

(2) In the affair of the Pittsfield trolley disaster, eliminating all other elements and making no attempt to distribute blame, there certainly was an element of discourtesy to high officials. Ordinary travelers were entitled to more consideration, but the Governor of the State and the President of the United States were entitled to extraordinary consideration.

It can hardly be denied that there is a spirit in some parts of our population that mistakes democracy for bad manners, and that, after selecting certain persons for superior functions, illogically, enviously, ignorantly, and boorishly would deny the superiority which they themselves have helped to create and which is necessary in every well-ordered government. In a sense, a free-born American has a right to feel that no one is his superior. He has equal rights with all, and he is eligible, himself, to the most exalted office. But he must have a poor opinion of the dignity of his own citizenship and the dignity of his own government if he fails in due and natural respect for the individuals set apart, by the people themselves, for the highest administrative offices in the State and the nation. It is to the credit of the American people that the sentiment of respect for those in authority is general, and that this respect follows into retirement those who have served the people honestly in positions of responsibility and power. When another spirit is shown, it is exceptional. The incident at Pittsfield, with its accompaniments, shows that the slightest deviation from this respect shocks the wholesome sentiment of the country, and that rightly, for it is clearly seen that such deviation may have consequences to the nation terrible to contemplate.

### "The Century's" New Page

WITH the present number, the beginning of its volume, *THE CENTURY* presents a page new both as to type and as to size of letterpress. We think our readers will find this new page the most attractive the magazine has yet hit upon in its experiments in search of the ideal. It is hoped that in the coming year the great audience with which *THE CENTURY* is honored will find the magazine if anything more readable than ever, not merely owing to the new type and the brighter page, but in relation to its contents, which, it is believed, will be even more diversified and important than is promised in the "annual announcements."

#### Dr. Edward Eggleston

IN the early days of this magazine, an editor called at Dr. Edward Eggleston's office on a certain Friday and said to him: "Dr. Eggleston, I will stop in here on Monday next and get a story from you for our Thanksgiving number." "But," replied the doctor, "I have never written stories for grown-up people; only for children." The editor said that nevertheless he would like to have the story on Monday morning. And, in fact, it was ready for him at that time; its name was "Huldah the Help." It had an immediate popularity, and it is pleasant to remember that Dr. Eggleston always held that the incident started him as a writer of fiction for others than children. The editor's conviction that the doctor would succeed in this new line was not based upon his success as a writer for children, but on his critical writings, which were both vivacious and genial,—they had human qualities.

Though he was never one of its editors, Dr. Eggleston's association with this magazine, and with the members of its editorial corps, was close from a time even before that indicated in the above anecdote, not only as a writer for the magazine, but as one interested in public causes, in which he worked side by side with his brothers in literature. In the cause of international copyright, Dr. Eggleston was a leader who brought to bear intellectual and personal resources of a remarkable character. Good-fellowship, wit, eloquence, ingenuity—all these were at his command. He exhausted himself dangerously in this service, and his part in the triumph of the cause must never be forgotten. His associates very properly arranged that the first book copyrighted under the new law should be one of his own.

Dr. Eggleston's stories short and long, his historical writings, his essays, his intermittent preaching, his copious and amusing conversation—all these were the output of a gifted, powerful, and original individuality. He was one of the few who could talk about his own adventures and his own intellectual interests without offense, because he was genuinely interested, also, in the adventures and intellectual exertions of others. There was about him, too, a breezy sanity of mind. He was once asked by a friend if he was interested in the problems, views, and practices which had become the preoccupation of a certain great contemporaneous author. "No," answered the doctor; "I got through with my fanaticisms at the other end of my life."

As a companion, as a man of public spirit, as an enthusiast with the balance of statesmanship, as a writer both of veracious fiction and veracious history, Dr. Eggleston made a very strong impression and will be very greatly missed.

## OPEN LETTERS

#### The Southwest in Color

SO much of the color-charm of Maxfield Parrish's pictures of the Southwest was preserved in the two subjects rendered in color in the *MAY CENTURY* that it has been thought desirable to print in this number, in color, seven additional subjects, which have already appeared in a black-and-white rendering. In this remarkable imitation of the original tints our readers will obtain an excellent idea of Mr. Parrish's most delightful studies of West-

ern scenery. In reply to a request that he send us some notes on the subject of color in the Southwest, Mr. Parrish writes as follows:

"WINDSOR, VERMONT,

"August 12, 1902.

"MANY people are greatly surprised when told that there is not as much color in the Southwest as there is here—say, in New England. But it is true, nevertheless. That is to say, the celebrated color of Arizona and New

Mexico is local color. The light coming through the fine, dry air rarely gives the gilding and richness we have so often here in New England. There is evidently not enough moisture in the air to color the light as it passes through. But the Southwest has local color, and lots of it.

"The things themselves, the rocks, the hills, the sands, are for the most part highly colored. They are red and ocher and black and blue and purple. The desert is gray and white and yellow, a background which intensifies the red shirt of the cow-boy and the blanket of the Indian. The landscape of red and ocher also brings out all the blue there is in the sky. Titian did the same thing: how fond he was of placing a tan-colored figure against his blue skies, a contrast which, no doubt, helped to make his skies the marvel they are. In the Southwest your face is always lifted up, looking into air and space and freedom; and day after day the sky is clear and blue; it is always with you, and you see more of it than you ever saw before: so no wonder you say there is no blue like the sky of Arizona.

"But it is not the intense blue of New England; it is a pale blue, and there is a heaven-full of it every day and night. When you see a bare red Arizona mountain a long way off, the blue and violet and purple of it seem like the work of magic. Put such a mountain in New England, put it over against the east in a clear sunset glow, and it would be more startling than in Arizona. But we have not such mountains here, and Arizona has not our atmosphere capable of giving color to the dingiest object. However, she has great local color, and great distances to change it into many tints. A field of alfalfa is the most brilliant of greens; the vermilion fly-catcher is a comet in the sky—he positively glows like a light, he is so brilliant. One has but to stand on the rim of the Grand Cañon, look across at the other wall, thirteen miles away, and watch it at sunrise or sunset, in order to see color which can exist nowhere else. At the beginning or at the end of the day the great forms of which the walls are made cast their most wonderful shadows. They are so far off and there is so much air in between that the light and shade seem unreal, like a mirage which you know will vanish in a little while. The low sunlight falls on the red towers and spires, and causes them to glow as though a light were within them, like a great thunder-head at sunset; and thousands of feet down into the chasm falls the shadow, a blue from dreamland, a blue from which all the skies of the world were made.

"The more you look the more unreal it grows, until you wonder if the lights are blue and the shadows are red, so intense and far off are both colors. The sun sets, and the

thousands of feet of wall and the great depths of the cañon are a sea of still more magic blue, and out of it rise a few of the highest towers of the giant forms, bathed in the last rays, glowing like rubies. Here, where the two ends of the earth come together, is color of such strength and beauty as can be nowhere else on earth."

*Maxfield Parrish.*

### Woodrow Wilson

THE FIRST LAY PRESIDENT OF PRINCETON

No recent son of Princeton has exhibited more illustriously the culture and virtues of his mother than Woodrow Wilson; no one has incarnated more of the spirit and temper of the rugged old Princeton of Revolutionary days, and there is no one of all the brothers more generally and sincerely beloved than he. This is his "divine right."

He is not like unto any of his predecessors, yet he has in his constitution something of John Witherspoon, the Revolutionary president and signer of the Declaration of Independence; he is another Witherspoon, too, in his compound of scholar, statesman, and orator, and he has in him not a little of the Scotsman and Calvinist. It may further be said of him, as he himself said of Witherspoon, that "he defies classification."

The accidents of his birth and rearing, the incidents of his varied academic life, which enterprising curiosity has sought out, reported, and embellished, the making of many books, the teaching of many pupils—a schedule of these, of what he has inherited and of what he has added of his own effort, of what he has loaned and of what he has kept of experience and wisdom, will not alone enable one accurately to assess his "worth" in his new relationship. It is the income from all these, in terms of human faculty, of intellectual and moral attitude, that must furnish basis for the assessment of his contribution to the future of the university and the welfare of the republic.

With what strength and hopefulness of countenance he fronts the peculiar duties of his new office, the numerous transcripts of his face suggest. It has the Covenanter's large-featured, lean-visaged, unyielding determination when it is set, yet so kindly is the heart that lights it that there is almost a consciousness of effort in its firmness, and so equitable is the mind which controls it that its decision is never unreasonableness or hardness. Year after year the outgoing senior class at Princeton has registered his popularity; it is, however, not one bought by leniency or the showing of favor. It is the response to the compelling qualities of the man—qualities merged, under the favoring democratic conditions of the old College of New Jersey, into an efficiency which unor-

ganized or intemperately directed or thriftlessly used they could not have had—the compelling qualities of a great teacher, who “could jest to your instruction” and “beguile you into being informed beyond your wont and wise beyond your birthright.”

Some years ago he set himself to write of Walter Bagehot; but in the essay he wrote he has made his own best portrait in his somewhat idealizing characterization of the “literary politician” (a “very superior species of the man thoughtful” who “knows politics and yet does not handle policies”). “Full of manly, straightforward meaning” he himself is, as he said Bagehot was, “earnest to find the facts that guide and strengthen conduct, a lover of good men and seers, full of knowledge and a consuming desire for it; yet genial withal, with the geniality of a man of wit and alive, in every fiber of him, with a life he can communicate to you.”

Though he is most widely known as a writer of history and biography, he is by no means a man of books alone. He would choose, as the Clerk of Oxenford, to have “bokes of Aristotle and his philosophie” “at his beddes hed,” but he would walk among men of his generation by day. Tocqueville and Bagehot he praises that they were men of the world as well as men of books. And he is of them: one who associates with poets and with lawgivers, who stands with the ancients of the race as well as with one's neighbors, with merchants and manufacturers as well as with students, in the midst of thought and also in the midst of affairs. He is the type of man who to-day in England is frequently called into the active service of the state, to sit in cabinet or Parliament. John Morley and Professor Bryce are his elders.

But he is not a “man of the world” in the sense that he is careless of the spiritual relationships of life. He is the first layman to come to the presidency of Princeton, but, though he has not had a technical theological training, those who have seen the face and imposing figure and have heard the voice of the man who was for many years stated clerk of the Presbyterian Church South will know in what a superior and rigorous school of religion the son was nurtured and of what doctrine he was instructed. It is indicative of his attitude that he said a few years ago: “It is not learning but the spirit of service that will give a college place in the public annals of a nation.” And no one better illuminates Christian duty in the living.

Here, then, in barest sketch is the man whom Princeton has chosen to its presidency: a man of surpassing attainments, yet of democratic instincts, who knows both books and affairs, whose “political integrity is never bewildered” and whose moral vision is not perverted; pos-

sessed in rare degree of the “imagination of understanding” and the faculty of communicating; a man of “vivacious sanity,” “animated moderation,” of saving wit, discerning sympathy, and a sound faith.

And as to his ideals for the university, they are classically presented in his “Sesquicentennial” description of the perfect place of learning: “a free place and a various, where no man could be and not know with how great a destiny knowledge had come into the world—itsself a little world; but not perplexed, living with a singleness of aim not known without, the home of sagacious men, hard-headed, and with a will to know, debaters of the world's questions every day, and used to the rough ways of democracy, yet a place removed—calm Science seated there recluse, ascetic, not knowing that the world passes, not caring, if the truth but come in answer to her prayer; and Literature walking within her open doors in quiet chambers with men of olden time, storied walls about her and calm voices infinitely sweet; . . . a place where ideals are kept in heart in an air they can breathe, but no fool's Paradise. A place where to hear the truth about the past and hold debate about the affairs of the present, with knowledge and without passion; like the world in having all men's life at heart, a place for men and all that concerns them; but unlike the world in its self-possession, in its thorough way of talk, its care to know more than the moment brings to light, slow to take excitement, its air pure and wholesome with a breath of faith, every eye within it bright in the clear day and quick to look to heaven for the confirmation of its hope. Who shall show us the way,” he asked, “to this place?” It is now his high office to lead toward it, and no one who knows him can doubt he will find its approaches. \*

### The Fall of the Campanile

AS SEEN BY AN AMERICAN GIRL

(WE are permitted to print the following from a letter from Venice, written to her family by a young lady of New York who saw the fall of the Campanile.—EDITOR.)

Yes, we are all safe. The tower did not fall on any of us, although I suppose we shall never be much nearer being buried alive than we were this morning.

It came without any warning. We were on our way to Cook's, which is on the side where the crack first appeared. As we came down from the hotel we noticed a small crowd of people watching the tower, and some of the Piazza officials had placed a few boards around it to keep people from going up to it; but the crack was so slight that we asked where it was. We walked to the other side under the Clock-

tower, and as we stood there bricks began to fall out of the crack, which grew wider every minute.

Some people thought that a corner of the tower might go, but no one was really there but a few tourists and some shopkeepers. We, having lots to do, went to Cook's, where we could see if anything did happen and still attend to our business. Cook's men smiled at the Americans who thought that a tower which had seen eleven hundred years could fall without any warning. Suddenly as we stood there a huge gap appeared from top to bottom, and then the whole thing seemed to groan and tremble, and, with apparently no sound, sunk in a heap where it stood; only the top . . . poised itself a minute in mid-air, tipped, and fell crashing toward St. Mark's. Pieces of the gilt angel were picked up on the church steps; otherwise nothing but a pile of bricks and mortar was to be seen.

We all stood in the doorway, too stunned to move. The people in the square fled panic-stricken in every direction. Instantly [what appeared] a solid wall of dirt and plaster rose from the mass as high as the tower had been and spread in every direction. I thought of course we should be suffocated, and a rush followed for the back of Cook's office. Every one screamed to shut the doors, but there were none at hand, being separate and kept packed away all day. The dirt entered like a thick fog, and you could not distinguish your best friend. Fortunately it cleared away in a minute or so, enough to see where we were, and all were safe. Not even one woman fainted where we were, although the Italians were calling on heaven and earth. . . . The dust was about two inches deep, huge rocks were against Cook's building, and I picked up a

piece of one of the bronze bells on the other side of the square. Venice went wild of course, and the square was soon crowded by hundreds of mourning people. It was a very sad sight. All shops closed at once and every one waited.

### George Elmer Browne

THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES

GEORGE ELMER BROWNE was born in Gloucester, Massachusetts, in 1871. His first art studies were in Boston, under Frank W. Benson and E. C. Tarbell, at the Museum of Fine Arts and at the Cowles Art School. Later he became a pupil of Lefebvre and Tony Fleuryt at L'École Julien, Paris, and in 1901 he had two canvases, "La Vieille Porte à Maret" and "Les Barques Pêcheurs à Boulogne," accepted and hung in the Salon of that year. Since his return to his own land Browne has been awarded a gold medal at the Mechanics' Fair, Boston (1895), and the George Inness, Jr., prize at the Black-and-White Exhibition of the Salmagundi Club, shown on page 123.

It is hardly to be expected that an artist of thirty-one shall have developed a settled style distinctively his own, yet Mr. Browne's work shows a frank way of looking at the things he paints which denotes a strong art personality. More, it has a certain distinction of its own.

Browne has painted much in Holland, and has undoubtedly profited by the study of the modern Dutch painters; his temperament is like theirs, and he chooses to paint the same class of subject as Jakob Maris and the others.

His composition is always pleasing, his color good, and his brush-work adequate, but the charm of his pictures is the tender elusiveness of their somewhat somber air-tones.

*W. Lewis Fraser.*

## IN LIGHTER VEIN

### A Testimonial.

MY hair died out, till I was bald,  
It seemed, past restoration.  
You well may guess I was appalled  
At such a devastation!  
I tried to get relief, in vain,  
From many a physician  
(\*Monstg others, Drs. D-w and R-n),  
And still the same condition.

\*But Dr. Winter treated me  
(I never shall forget him),  
Although I was a sight to see  
Before at last I let him.

He bound my scalp, and used with care  
His Snow-Flake Balmo-Germa;  
And in four months, about, my hair  
Came back. Yours, TERRA FIRMA."

*Edwin L. Sabin.*

### English as She Is Spelled.

THERE was a young fellow named Knollys,  
Who was fond of a good game of kbollys;  
He jumped and he ran,  
This clever young man,  
And often he took pleasant kstrolllys.



A VERY polite man named Hawarden  
Went out to plant flowers in his gawarden.  
If he trod on a slug,  
A worm, or a bug,  
He said: "My dear friend, I beg pawar-  
den!"

A LADY who lived by the Thames  
Had a gorgeous collection of ghames.  
She had them reset  
In a large coronet  
And a number of small diadhames.

THERE was an old lady named Brougham,  
Who sat in a very dark rougham.  
When asked how she fared,  
She said she was scared  
Because of the gathering glougham.

THERE was an old farmer named Wemyss,  
Who had some ridiculous schemyss.  
His horses he sold,  
And then, I am told,  
Drove nothing at all but ox-temyss.

THERE was an old fellow of Norwich,  
'Who was awfully fond of cold porwich.  
As it never was served,  
He quietly observed:  
"I 'll go into the pantry and forwich."

SAID a bad little youngster named Beau-  
champ:  
"Those jelly-tarts, how shall I reauchamp?  
To my parents I 'd go,  
But they always say 'No,'  
No matter how much I beseauchamp."

*Carolyn Wells.*

### A Blunder.

BY AUGUSTA KORTRECHT



Drawn by Fanny Y. Cory

WOULD N'T it be funny,  
Some evening after tea,  
The time the sandman pokes around  
To hunt for Ned and me,  
If he should make a blunder,  
And skip us childrun by,  
And sand the big folks' eyes instead?  
He, he! Ho, ho! Hi, hi!

And do you think Black Mammy  
Would take them by the hand,  
And lead them to the nurs'ry,  
And off to Sleepy Land?  
And tell us come and kiss them,  
And see how sweet they are,  
And sing how ole Br'er Rabbit  
Kep' a-foolin' Mistah B'ar?



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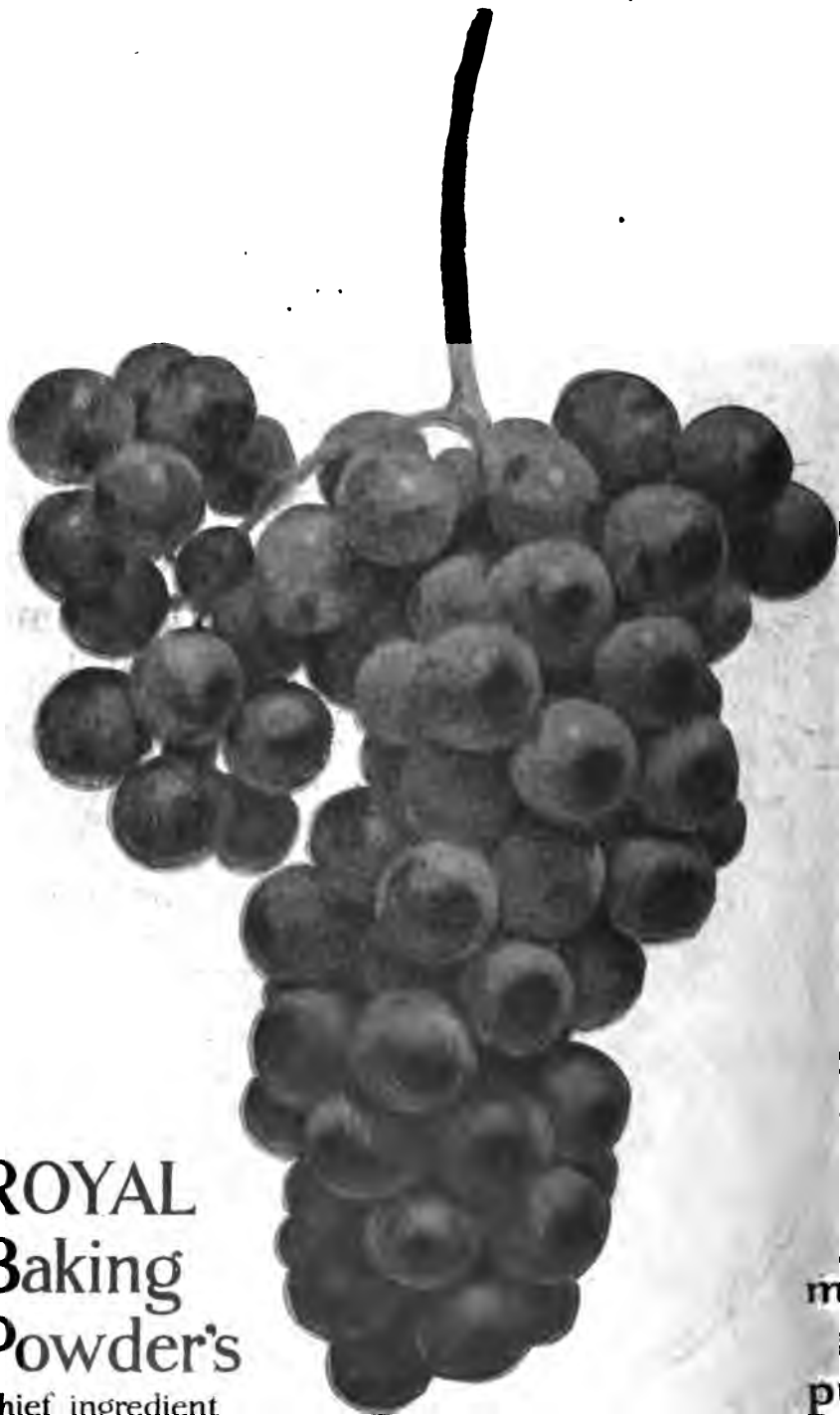
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and it is

VOL. LXV.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER  
No 2.  
DECEMBER, 1902.

THE CENT  
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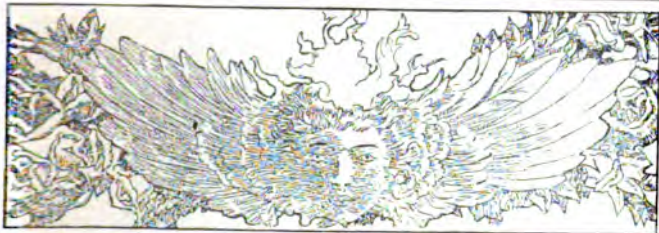


THE CENTRAL LTD ST MARTIN'S  
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**T**HE outer skin constantly sheds itself in minute epidermal scales. These minute scales, unless cast off, clog the pores so that they are unable to throw off the impurities. The new skin, which is constantly forming, is fair and transparent, and will permit the egress of impurities that arise from the blood or from retarded digestion, if the desquamation of the epidermis is prompt and frequent enough—**HAND SAPOLIO** aids it

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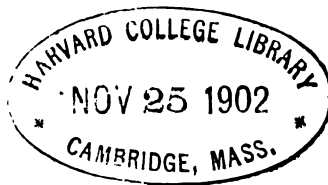
# The Travels of the Soul.

Told in four paintings &  
a decorated text by  
Howard Pyle.









**Christmas Number:**

# The Century Magazine,

**Vol. LXV**

**December 1902**

**No. 2**



## The Travels of the Soul. by Howard Pyle.



HERE was one clad all in red and white who stood within the shadows of the world and blew, so faint, so soft, upon a pipe. Thin and clear he blew the reed, and the name of that piper was Death.

Then, lo! the wicket of Paradise opened, and of a sudden there came forth a winged being. Like one in a dream she came, her sight half blinded, and her breath fluttering upon her lips. And she who thus came forth into the shadows of an earthly life was a human Soul. Before her face there lay the twilight of the world of Time, yet could she not stay herself from coming forth from Paradise, for the piercing sound of that shrill piping drew her thence even as though it were by a silver string tied to her heart. And so she came out into the shadows like one blinded and only half awake.

"Come!" said the voice of the Pipe, "come, for I await thee! Come! Descend into the cool shadows and let me lead thee out into the meadows of asphodel. For I am Death, and I shall be with thee to the end."

Now Death was clad all in a raiment pied of red and white; and the color of the red it stood for Terror, and the color of the white it stood for Peace. So they met and joined, and one was Spirit and the other was of Flesh.







## In The Meadows of Youth.



ONCE upon a day, Death and the Soul came to a wide and dewy place where poppies bloomed; and it was the meadow-land of Youth.

Now by this time the sun had waxed hot, so that birds hardly sang among the leaves and the shady places spread a pleasant coolness.

And as the Soul walked thoughtfully beside the shining streams of water and amid the tall, damp grasses, pondering, the while, upon what further journeying might lie beyond, lo! there came the sound of one playing upon silver strings.

Thither drew the Soul, and saw there one who sat in the shadows of the grass, who struck the quivering chords of a hollow lute. And her fair, smiling face was as shallow and as vacant as the empty lute, and all clad was she in red and black. And the name of the one who sat there playing was Pleasure.

Then, as the Soul lingered in that place, there suddenly came one as though out of the sunlight and stood beside her, and, lo! he also was a winged being like herself. And whence he came the Soul knew not; yet he brought with him a radiance that was like the radiance of Paradise that she had quitted—that shining radiance that till now she had well-nigh forgotten. And at his coming her heart dissolved into a divine and luminous joy; for he was a great Enchanter, and his name was Love.

So they two winged creatures stood together, and the earth and the sky melted into one golden pool of joy. "Surely," said the Soul unto herself, "this is why I came hitherward into the world." And so she stood wrapped with happiness.

But ever, as the Soul and Love stood together, there sounded the ringing of those trembling strings that Pleasure struck; and ever through all there pierced the faint, thin piping of that other player.

Then the thrilling Soul whispered, trembling: "Oh, who art thou, thou bright and winged being?"

And he answered: "I am Love, and these meadows are my abiding-place."









## In the Valley of the Shadow

**N**OW, after these pleasant meadow-lands of other places wherein the Soul must travel. So hard and rugged, and covered all over with shadow, led unto lofty altitudes whereunto the Soul must strive and endeavor, but which are vast spaces and wide lay spread before her, as in the valley of infinitude. Then were there great and solemn forests and valleys wherein she might pause to rest herself awhile, and anon ascending high, anon descending low—the Soul continued her journey whither.

Now, after a great while of this traveling, there lay before her a dreadful valley, and this was the valley of the Shadow of Death.

And the Soul would fain have avoided this valley, but for thitherward lay her path, and there was none other.

Then she cried out to her companion, and said: "Must I enter this valley of dreadful shadows? And canst thou, my companion, go from this?"

But Death spake not, but only piped, and she saw that there was no help from him to be given.

So she entered the valley, and so great was the darkness that she had entirely lost her way. Yet did she still toil on, for her path where so many other souls had traveled before she had.

Then in a narrow way there came behind her one all clad in black, that was Grief. And Grief offered her a cup, and said, "Drink."

And the Soul said, "Alas! I am not athirst for that drink."

But Grief said only, "Drink of this!" and there was no more said. And the winged Soul took the cup and drank. And the bitterness entered into her very heart, so that she nearly fainted from the pain, and had to sit upon the earth for a long time.

And ever Death piped, and she sat and listened, weeping.





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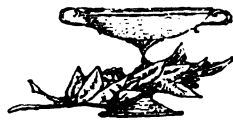
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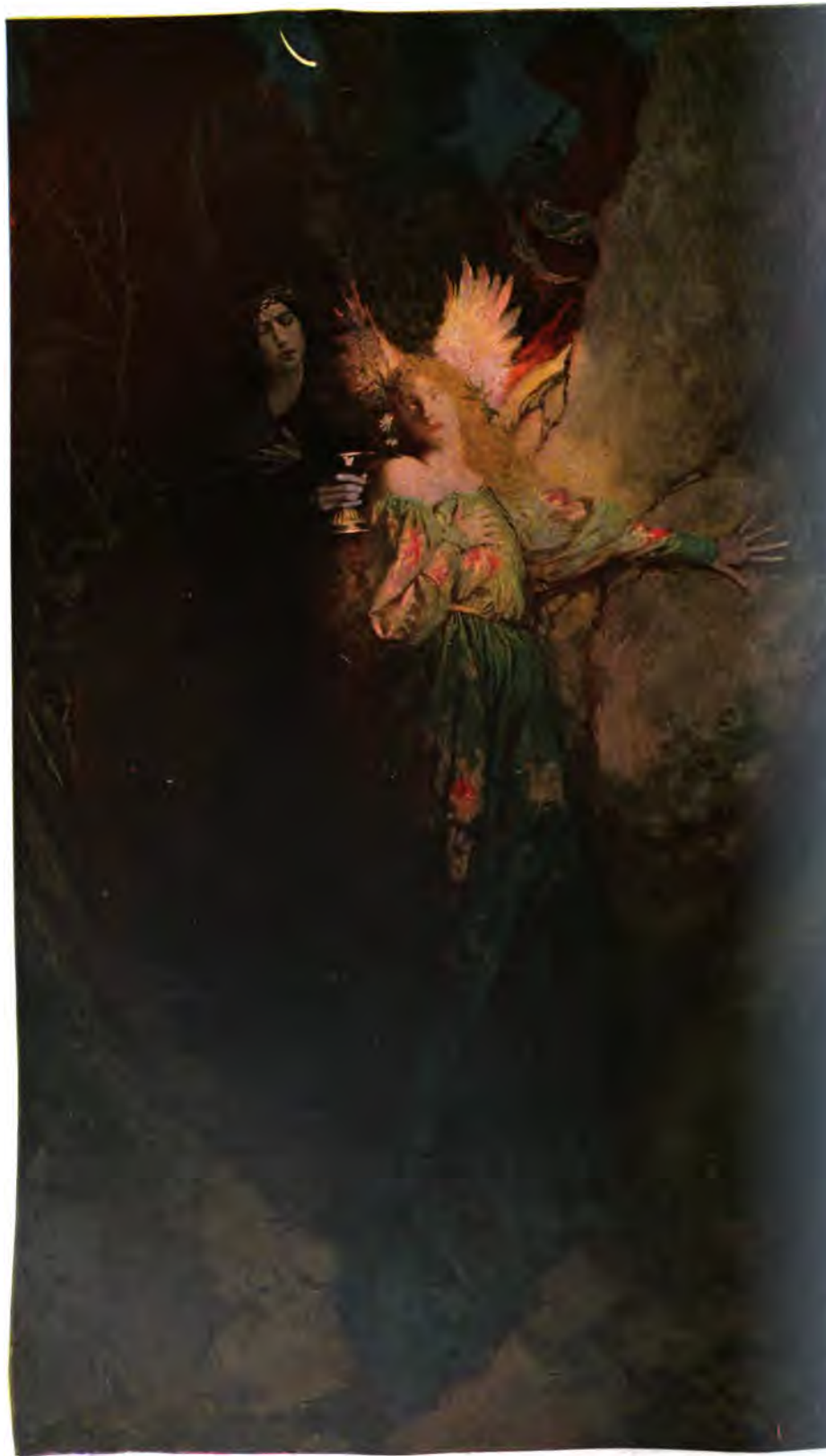
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## In the Valley of the Shadows. & &



**N**OW, after these pleasant meadow-lands of Youth, there came other places wherein the Soul must travel. Some of these were hard and rugged, and covered all over with sharp stones; others led unto lofty altitudes whereunto the Soul must climb with utter striving and endeavor, but which achieved, lo! great spaces and wide lay spread before her, as it were a prospect of infinitude. Then were there great and solemn forests and hollow, fruitful valleys wherein she might pause to rest herself awhile, and so—anon climbing high, anon descending low—the Soul continued her journey she knew not whither.

Now, after a great while of this traveling, there lay before her a dark and dreadful valley, and this was the valley of the Shadow of Shadows.

And the Soul would fain have avoided this valley, but yet she could not, for thitherward lay her path, and there was none other.

Then she cried out to her companion, and said: "Must I pass through this valley of dreadful shadows? And canst thou, my companion, not save me from this?"

But Death spake not, but only piped, and she saw that there was no answer from him to be given.

So she entered the valley, and so great was the darkness that appeared to her that she had entirely lost her way. Yet did she still toil along the beaten path where so many other souls had traveled before she had come thither.

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tower, and as we stood there bricks began to fall out of the crack, which grew wider every minute.

Some people thought that a corner of the tower might go, but no one was really there but a few tourists and some shopkeepers. We, having lots to do, went to Cook's, where we could see if anything did happen and still attend to our business. Cook's men smiled at the Americans who thought that a tower which had seen eleven hundred years could fall without any warning. Suddenly as we stood there a huge gap appeared from top to bottom, and then the whole thing seemed to groan and tremble, and, with apparently no sound, sunk in a heap where it stood; only the top . . . poised itself a minute in mid-air, tipped, and fell crashing toward St. Mark's. Pieces of the gilt angel were picked up on the church steps; otherwise nothing but a pile of bricks and mortar was to be seen.

We all stood in the doorway, too stunned to move. The people in the square fled panic-stricken in every direction. Instantly [what appeared] a solid wall of dirt and plaster rose from the mass as high as the tower had been and spread in every direction. I thought of course we should be suffocated, and a rush followed for the back of Cook's office. Every one screamed to shut the doors, but there were none at hand, being separate and kept packed away all day. The dirt entered like a thick fog, and you could not distinguish your best friend. Fortunately it cleared away in a minute or so, enough to see where we were, and all were safe. Not even one woman fainted where we were, although the Italians were calling on heaven and earth. . . . The dust was about two inches deep, huge rocks were against Cook's building, and I picked up a

piece of one of the bronze bells on the other side of the square. Venice went wild of course, and the square was soon crowded by hundreds of mourning people. It was a very sad sight. All shops closed at once and every one waited.

### George Elmer Browne

THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES

GEORGE ELMER BROWNE was born in Gloucester, Massachusetts, in 1871. His first art studies were in Boston, under Frank W. Benson and E. C. Tarbell, at the Museum of Fine Arts and at the Cowles Art School. Later he became a pupil of Lefebvre and Tony Fleury at L'École Julien, Paris, and in 1901 he had two canvases, "La Vieille Porte à Maret" and "Les Barques Pêcheurs à Boulogne," accepted and hung in the Salon of that year. Since his return to his own land Browne has been awarded a gold medal at the Mechanics' Fair, Boston (1895), and the George Inness, Jr., prize at the Black-and-White Exhibition of the Salmagundi Club, shown on page 123.

It is hardly to be expected that an artist of thirty-one shall have developed a settled style distinctively his own, yet Mr. Browne's work shows a frank way of looking at the things he paints which denotes a strong art personality. More, it has a certain distinction of its own.

Browne has painted much in Holland, and has undoubtedly profited by the study of the modern Dutch painters; his temperament is like theirs, and he chooses to paint the same class of subject as Jakob Maris and the others.

His composition is always pleasing, his color good, and his brush-work adequate, but the charm of his pictures is the tender elusiveness of their somewhat somber air-tones.

*W. Lewis Fraser.*

## IN LIGHTER VEIN

### A Testimonial.

"MY hair died out, till I was bald,  
It seemed, past restoration.  
You well may guess I was appalled  
At such a devastation!  
I tried to get relief, in vain,  
From many a physician  
(Mongst others, Drs. D-w and R-n),  
And still the same condition.

"But Dr. Winter treated me  
(I never shall forget him),  
Although I was a sight to see  
Before at last I let him.

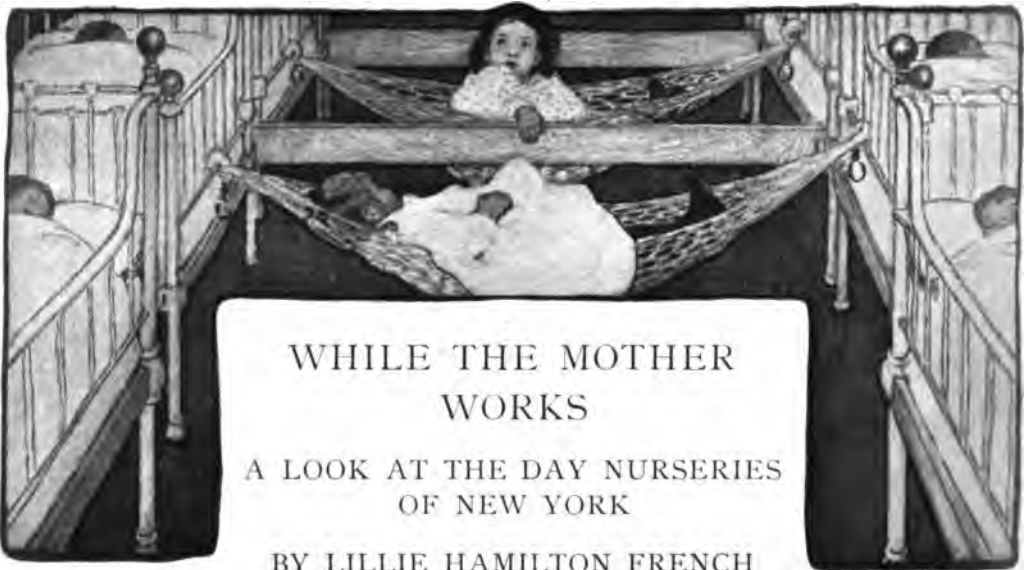
He bound my scalp, and used with care  
His Snow-Flake Balmo-Germa;  
And in four months, about, my hair  
Came back. Yours, TERRA FIRMA."

*Edwin L. Sabin.*

### English as She is Spelled.

THERE was a young fellow named Knollys,  
Who was fond of a good game of kbollys;  
He jumped and he ran,  
This clever young man,  
And often he took pleasant kstrollys.





## WHILE THE MOTHER WORKS

A LOOK AT THE DAY NURSERIES  
OF NEW YORK

BY LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH

WITH PICTURES BY JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH

**Y**OU may find them everywhere in New York, from One Hundred and Fourth street to Stanton street, sometimes three in as many blocks; and if you will take the trouble of a journey you will discover them to be of every kind and character, from daintily appointed establishments having much of the charm of your own nursery at home, to poor places at best, bearing in every detail the indelible stamp of an ill-nourished charity. I never realized so fully as after one of these journeys the difference that prosperity makes in institutions of an eleemosynary character.

It is to be detected at once in the air of the matron who receives you. When she has a board of rich managers behind her, or the exchequer of a well-to-do church to draw upon, there is that in her manner which is not to be mistaken. It is like the bearing of the happy wife who has never been harassed by anxiety. "All that I have to do is to ask for what I want, and I get it. The children have only the best of everything," one of these matrons said to me; and I realized that she spoke truly when I looked into the happy faces of the children, and at their pretty beds, and into the closets filled with their clothes—linens of every kind, dresses and underwear, and even little coats of quaint and charming fashion, meant for use in the roof garden

when the day is cold. I had noticed the same general characteristic in the charitable institutions of Cuba, where money has been appropriated with a generous hand and working materials have been chosen with a regard only for their fitness. I have never seen a kindergarten more perfectly fitted up than the one for orphan girls on Compostello street in Havana; nor have I ever seen more cheerful service among the teachers, since there was no sense of being hampered by lack of good material with which to work.

The case is sadly altered, however, when a day nursery's board of managers has to economize. The matron may be as conscientious and as kind, and the children as tenderly loved; but everything, even to the matron's manner, betrays the pinched and the troubled. To realize this you have only to look at the way in which the children's food is prepared; at the way in which the bread is broken and put into the galvanized iron cups waiting for the soup. Everything may be scrupulously clean and far better than any child could get at home; but for all that, unless you boast more philosophy than the rest of us, you will doubtless sigh as I did. Involuntarily you will find yourself comparing the prosperous nursery with the one before you; the matron of the one with the matron of the other; wishing, as you made the comparison, that money did



not make so great a difference everywhere in life, and that where questions relating to babies are concerned it need never be considered.

We draw such fine distinctions in these days between philanthropy and charity; we are so scientific about it all, and so careful to prove that the almsgiving of the early church was deleterious in its results, and that to assist our neighbor wisely in this more enlightened age we must go about it in a different way—be sociological, anthropological, and heaven knows what else beside! We insist on looking at every desire to be helpful to our kind from so many points of view—on what it will do for ourselves on the one hand, then on what it will do for our neighbor, without ever confusing the two. We tell so much about it and are so exact and so measured and so statistical, so well equipped in argument, that it is a wonder any generous impulse ever lives to grow up, with so many obstacles and arguments buffeting it at every turn. The wonder certainly is not to be escaped by those who study the "literature" of day nurseries, and especially the character of those adverse opinions which their promoters have had to overcome since Miss Biddle, in 1863, opened in Philadelphia the first crèche in this country.

To me, at any rate, who believe that all nurseries are miniature worlds in which the most important lessons of life are taught, these day nurseries have an incomparable value in the training of men and women to come. I realized this first in the case of a child belonging to an irresponsible,

pleasure-loving, young colored girl who had never, to my knowledge, regarded any duty, even that involved in marriage, as altogether serious until a baby came—one of those compelling notes which Providence sometimes sends to the most trifling. I supposed that the mother would be bene-

fited by the care entailed, but I dreaded to think of the future of the child. However, now that it is four or five years old I have to confess that I know few children better trained. For this the day nursery to which this child was confided while its mother worked has been responsible. It has controlled its games, directed its thoughts, cultivated its speech, taught it good habits, and made it love cleanliness. I know a boy belonging to a woman who had been deserted by her husband, and to whom, had we the ordering of those affairs, few of us would have permitted the custody of any juvenile. The mother's only virtue was a willingness to work for her child's support. The educational advantages of a day nursery to the child of such a mother would be of inestimable value, as I recognized at once. The matron who finally

took this little fellow in charge during the day was a widow with grown daughters. She came from somewhere in the north of Ireland, and always dressed in black, except for a spotless widow's cap, and looked what she proved to be—the very embodiment of all the homely virtues, of neatness, good cheer, and of a kindness which beamed perennially out of her soft gray eyes and radiated through her gentle speech. The daughter who assisted her, educated



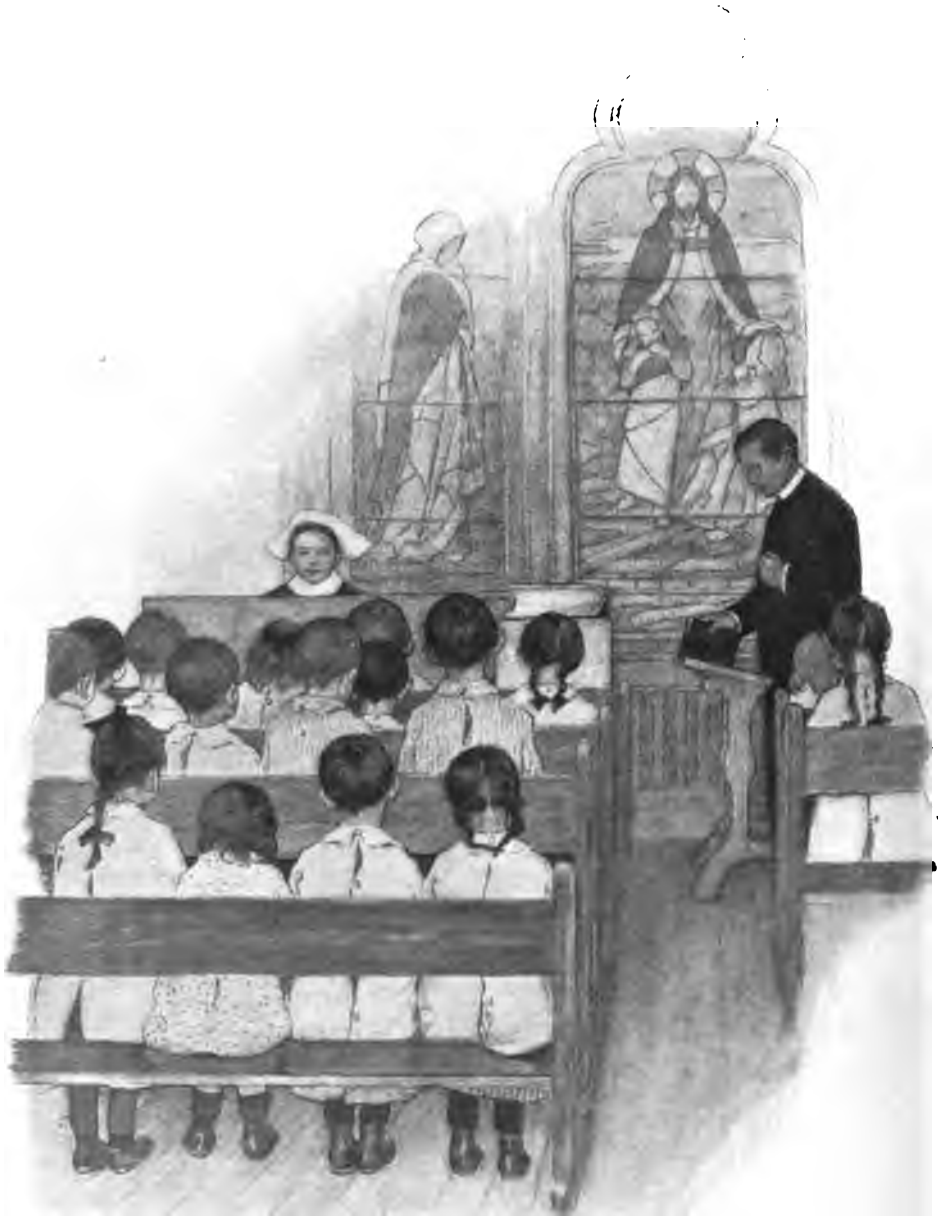
Drawn by Jessie Willcox Smith. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

WOMAN WITH BABY

apparently in this country, seemed like a young Madonna. She was playing with the little ones in the back yard when I went there, and made an unforgettable picture, surrounded as she was by a score of children, some of them with the faces of

cherubs, now that they were scrubbed and shining, their heads in order, and their own clothes replaced by those supplied by the managers. Up-stairs in the house the older children were being taught to sew.

There would seem to be, then, no more



SCOTT'S BROTHERS & CO. N.Y.

Drawn by Jessie Willcox Smith. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

CHAPEL OF GRACE CHURCH NURSERY

question about the educational advantages to children taken out of the streets and placed in such environments than about those advantages upon which the State insists for boys and girls of a riper age whom it compels to learn to read and write at school. Indeed, the publications issued by the day nurseries all go to prove (so much have the goodly intentions of their promoters had to battle against) that the anxiety uppermost in the minds of persons questioning the system during its early stages of development was not for the children but for the parents.

"Would not the father and mother be robbed of all sense of responsibility?" was a prevalent question with many interlocutors at that time. "Would not the day nurseries, by relieving mothers of their care, encourage vice and idleness?" "Would they not lead to the breaking up of all home life among the poor?" A French writer who was quoted on the subject says, in speaking of the influence of the *crèche* in France, that "women who had never gone out to work had they not been sure that their children would have been cared for now leave in the mornings with their husbands, work all day, and come home at night, tired and unfit for exertion, to a cold room all in disorder, no fire, no supper, where indeed they meet their husbands and children, but which is home no longer to any of them." Again, a well-known authority on methods of work among the poor of England wrote of "women standing, gossiping or quarrelling, dirty and draggled, about door-steps, while we are cooking at school for their children the dinner which they should be preparing each in the tidy home; others going out to work because we are preparing the *crèche* instead of leaving the care of the baby to its mother. Is the family life forgotten, that we seem determined to set up all manner of great institutions with charitable subscriptions, instead of encouraging each member of a family to do his or her work?"

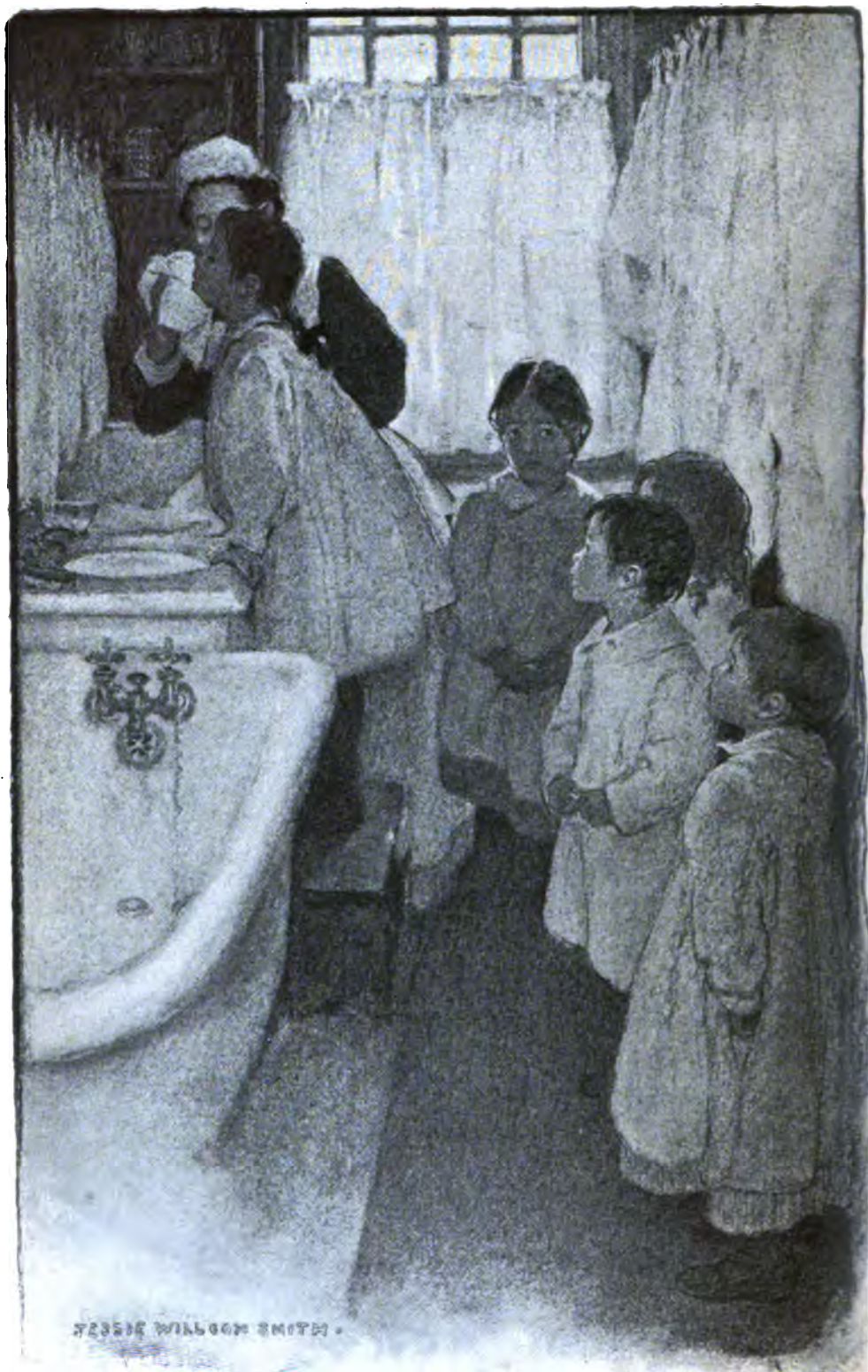
And then, the question of the mother being solved, and it being agreed that to be helped she ought to be worthy, the question of the father came up. "What would the nursery do for him? Would he be encouraged to idleness because his wife labored? Would he become like that father in some factory town who sent all

his little boys and girls to work, confining his own labors to the noonday hours when he carried dinner-pails to his children?" Indeed, it would seem as though the father had been regarded as a greater stumbling-block in argument than even the tired and overworked mother, the question of whose relief had to be so stubbornly contested.

"There is one problem connected with this work," says a writer on the subject, "which we have not yet been able to solve, and that is the disposal to a proper place of the worthless, dissipated husbands, who, whenever their wives are disabled and it is impossible for them to go out to work, desert, neglect, and abuse them. As soon as these women become self-supporting, these parasites, if I may call them such, invariably appear to divide the hard-earned wages, without the least intention of lending their aid toward the support of the family; and in many instances where the women were beginning to reap the benefits of our assistance, these discouraging factors would appear to take out all the hope and courage with which these poor women were beginning to be inspired. It seems almost a hopeless wish that some law might be framed to protect these helpless and devoted wives."

In the meantime those who cared for the babies worked on. Men like Jacob Riis argued in favor of the day nursery. "On the dark slum picture," he says, "it makes always a bright spot. It provides the playground the child's life was yearning for in time to pull all the working thought of the child up to the new ideal of beauty, of civilization. It begins at the end where the beginning must be made, and lays the basis for the kindergarten where it must be made for the mother's sake as well as for the child's sake, the home's sake. It makes a home where there was none. I wish there were no poor mothers who had to go out to work, but unhappily there are. They do have to. I hope for a better day that is coming, when mothers with children shall not have to go out to work; when their place shall be at home. In that day we shall need nurseries no longer."

Women like Mrs. C. R. Lowell plead for them. "There is a field for the day nursery," she says, "which it does seem has no danger lurking in it—there are the desolate widows left with the young children to whom they have to be both mother



Drawn by Jessie Willcox Smith. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

EIGHT O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING, GRACE CHURCH NURSERY

and father, and there are the women with sick husbands, upon whom also falls the burden of the family support; and to these hard-pressed and heroic women the day nursery is an unmitigated blessing, giving them a sense of peace, when laboring for their children's support, in the thought that they are safely cared for and enjoying advantages which otherwise they could never know."

Now that time has proved the value of these institutions, we read in one of the latest utterances on the subject: "For the first time in the realm of sociology its students are beginning to take account of the factor 'the day nursery, or crèche,' in connection with the great problem of the disintegration of working-men's families, and they find that it is proving efficient in keeping the families together who are near enough to take advantage of its helpfulness. The aid that the nursery gives is understood by all who have entered intelligently into that work, and is easily comprehended by others when the fact is pointed out that when the man in a family fails to secure employment the woman must become the bread-winner; then arises the problem, Who is to care for the children while the mother is absent? The father may do so for a while, but he is obliged to be out continually seeking employment; or, as is too often the case, he refuses to stay at home to mind the children; or, still worse, he deserts his family in their hour of need. In any case, the mother is forced to go out to work and the children are either locked into a room and left there all day, or are committed to the care of some neighbor, who doubtless does what she can, or are left recklessly to run on the streets. The inevitable result of this condition is that the mother, sick and tired of the anxiety, the trouble, the complaints which come to her on her return, turns to the half-orphan or other asylum or home, and there places her children, from whence, as statistics show, they seldom return, and the family is effectually broken up."

All of these various considerations have influenced the managers of various nurseries. In some no woman known to be disreputable is allowed to leave her children, whatever, alas!



Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick  
GOING TO DINNER, CATHARINE MISSION



maybe their needs. Most of the day-nursery constitutions read, "For the benefit of working people unable to provide for their children," or "of working mothers: preference given to widows," or "of poor working mothers away from homes." Careful records are kept, and investigations, sometimes with the coöperation of charitable organizations, are made before children can be confided to a matron's care. Moreover, the character of the work done by the mother is carefully considered, to the advantage sometimes of the mother, as in the case of certain women who are dish-washers in restaurants and whose hours are necessarily irregular. The rules of an institution are sometimes broken for their benefit, a child being kept after hours until the mother is able to come for it. Again, in certain manufacturing districts in town, like those on the East Side where cigarettes are made, or like those on the West Side among the silk-mills and box-factories, where women are obliged to make an early report at the factory, the hours of the nursery are also changed for their benefit.

It is not to be supposed that during all these years the day nurseries have been neglected by the Board of Health, that one power of autocratic privilege among us which, when even democracy fails to bring about a reform, steps in and brings the unwary to account. The board has been most vigilant in looking after the nurseries, in making inspections, in limiting the number of children admitted; in requiring iron beds and wire mattresses with blankets over them instead of mattresses of any kind; in enforcing the use of hair pillows when any were used; in insisting upon just so much space about and under each bed, and just so many cubic feet of air for each child in the room; in seeing to it that the outside garments of the children are fumigated daily. When an infectious disease breaks out in the tenements, children from that house are not allowed in the nursery until all danger of contagion is over. If there is no regular physician in daily attendance, one must be within call, and any child showing unusual symptoms or eruptions must be isolated at once until its case can be decided upon.

Cleanliness has been made an absolute rule in all nurseries, some of the managers going so far as to decline a child whose mother has been reprovved for the third time

for bringing her baby dirty. The question of cleanliness, by the way, involves some of the most interesting points in the managers' discussions. Shall a daily bath in the nursery be insisted upon? Shall a child's clothing be changed throughout every day? The settlement of these questions not only involves the nurseries in extra labor, but conflicts with the prejudices and precepts of parents. One child, found at home "sewed up for the winter," said to her visitor: "Don't rip me. Ma will be mad." So widely do domestic customs differ among us.

The pioneer in New York in this line of work was the Virginia Day Nursery. It was so named in 1875 in memory of Miss Virginia Osborn, daughter of the late Mrs. William H. Osborn, who herself will long be remembered gratefully in New York for her wise, noble, and unostentatious charities. Miss Osborn was one of several young women who had planned to execute this admirable idea. The nursery is located at 632 Fifth Street (East), where a new, cheerful, and commodious fireproof building of four stories and basement—a model for such a purpose—was opened in May, 1902. Here, at the nominal charge of five cents a day, children under seven years of age may be left during working hours, receiving two meals (dinner at half-past eleven and supper at five), a physician's supervision, physical care, kindergarten instruction, amusement, and the opportunity for sleep and rest. There are two play-rooms on the roof, one inclosed and one shaded by an awning, and the construction and appointments of the building are in keeping with modern scientific and hygienic requirements. The house has beds and swinging cribs for seventy-five children, three bath-rooms of the latest pattern, rooms for the matron and attendants, an isolation-room for use in illness, dining-rooms, kitchen, laundry, etc. Mothers' meetings, with instruction on sanitary topics and on cooking, sewing, and the care of home and children, are part of the present work, and plans are on foot for an extension of the useful influence of the nursery in the crowded tenement-house section in the vicinity.

The nurseries in New York are supported in almost every instance by voluntary contributions, although one nursery



Drawn by Jessie Willcox Smith. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

BABIES SUNNING IN GRACE CHURCH GARDEN



reports a legacy from some old supporter. The late Mrs. Amory, who some eighteen years ago founded the West Side Day Nursery, a free institution at 266 West Fortieth street, used to raise money at first by printing and selling receipts for sauces, translated from the French, selling also the horse-radish and the flour to be used in making them. She sold pin-cushions too, sent out during one season three thousand five hundred notes, got up concerts, and was so indefatigable in her efforts that she became a proverb among her friends. She began with a couple of rooms on Eighth Avenue and took in two children. This nursery now has an average attendance of thirty-five, that number being all that the Board of Health will allow. A new building is in process of construction. In this institution much stress is laid on industrial training. Girls from seven to sixteen, on payment of ten cents a week, are taught basket-weaving, sewing, and crocheting. This crocheting brings the children a revenue, the work being sold by them among the Germans of the tenements as trimming for pillow-cases and sheets. Much stress is laid on the value of careful habits. If a shoe button is off, it must be sewed on at once; a rip must be mended; the door must be answered properly. And it may be well, just here, to refer to a suggestion, made by some matron, that children trained in the nursery might well be educated to do service as house servants, the training of the kitchen garden, where miniature beds are made and miniature tables set, not quite covering the ends designed. The West Side Day Nursery sends out women as laundresses, washerwomen (there is a difference between them), and cleaners, and provides trained waitresses for dinners and luncheons. Its children must all wear short hair. No colored children are admitted.

The Wayside Day Nursery at 214 East Twentieth street also began some seventeen years ago in two rooms, and is now about to enter a new building of its own. The whole atmosphere of this nursery is one of unquestionable charm. It has an average daily attendance of thirty-nine and a quarter children at five cents a head. It also gives dinners to school children whose mothers are out at work. After school hours and during vacation, industrial classes are held for girls from sixteen

to eighteen years of age. An interesting innovation was made not long since in the cooking classes held for the mothers in their own homes, where eight women are gathered and taught to cook, being taught particularly how to use the materials in the house and the utensils at hand.

The day nursery of Grace Church, which has had the benefit of everything which money and good will could do for it, is under the charge of the housemother, assisted by one of the deaconesses. There are also from ten to twelve nursemaids in charge. The average daily attendance is seventy. The nursery children, trained by a choirmistress, form the choir at the afternoon chantry service. Passers on Broadway may often see these little children, in their pretty caps, playing in the rectory garden. From half-past five to half-past six tea is served to the mothers who come and go. A deaconess is always in attendance. Much volunteer service of an exceptional kind is rendered to the nursery by young women of New York.

Volunteer service is also made part of the obligations of the Order of the Emmanuel Sisters of Personal Service, and at their day nursery young Jewish women of wealth take turns in helping the matron care for the children. This nursery, too, is to move into new quarters now being erected at 318 and 320 East Eighty-second street—a building in which many of the working clubs are to be gathered and where everything is to be planned after that liberal spirit in which the Jews are preëminent in all their charities.

The Halsey Day Nursery at 227 East Fifty-ninth street has been for some years in a building specially constructed for it. The whole atmosphere of this nursery is also of a delightful order, full of cheer and wholesomeness. This nursery is one of the departments of the Helping Hand Association of St. Thomas's Church, which has also an employment society, a diet kitchen, and a maternity society. The average daily attendance of children is between fifty and sixty, representing twenty-two deserted wives. Six nurses are always at work. It has a roof garden, and coats are provided for the children who play there.

The Sunbeam Day Nursery at 1147 First Avenue is carried on by the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in a building having boys' and girls' clubs, a gymnasium, kin-



Drawn by Jessie Willcox Smith. Half-tone plate engraved by J. Tinkey

THE CRËCHE, HALSEY NURSERY



Drawn by Jessie Willcox Smith. Half-tone plate engraved by S. G. Putnam

#### IN THE ROOF GARDEN, HALSEY NURSERY

dergarten, and reading-rooms. The children occupy several floors, and have at their disposal a roof garden carefully shaded, and provided with a sand-pile. It has a daily attendance of forty-five. A philanthropic baker contributes fifteen loaves of bread three times a week for the children.

All the virtues, however, are not to be found in those day nurseries which either have new buildings of their own or are moving into those specially prepared for them. Thus the Sunnyside Day Nursery at 231 East One Hundred and Fourth street is in an old house with a pretty garden in the rear and flowers at the windows. Some half-dozen well-trained nursery-maids are in attendance, and a kindergarten is held. The Riverside Day Nursery at 121 West Sixty-third street is also lodged in an old dwelling-house with a pretty back yard and a sand-pile. Some twelve hundred and eight children were received here during one month of the current year. Colored children are admitted, and school

children can come for their dinner. The Bryson Day Nursery at 149 Avenue B is in a dwelling-house overlooking Tompkins Square. The children are under the charge of a housemother. This nursery has a series of beds named by their donors in memory of certain children.

Other New York nurseries are the Bethany, Bethlehem Day Nursery of the Church of the Incarnation, Bloomingdale, Brightside, Catharine Mission, God's Providence, the Jewell, the Lisa, Little Missionary, New York City Mission, Presentation, Pro-Cathedral, St. Agnes's, St. John's, St. Joseph's, St. Vincent de Paul's, Silver Cross, Temple Israel Sisterhood, and the Winifred Day Nursery of the East Side House Settlement.

In an article of this length it is impossible to go into fuller details about the separate nurseries. Certain general characteristics are found in them all. Cleanliness is made a rule even where poverty prevails and but one extra attendant can

be hired. Not only are industrial classes held, but kindergartens are almost everywhere associated with day nurseries; and where, for lack of means, these are not possible, every effort is made toward the establishment of them. In one or two instances only is the influence on the mother more or less ignored by managers and matron, and the neighborly spirit not cultivated. In fact, the outgrowths of the nursery form one of its most interesting features. Mothers' meetings are held; training and work for the mothers are

tions. Summer homes are provided for many of the children, enabling them to escape the awful heat and discomfort of the tenements during a time when even those left in houses up-town find life insupportable. Some nurseries have established summer



Drawn by Jessie Willcox Smith. Half-tone plate engraved by William Miller

#### DINNER-TIME, SUNNYSIDE NURSERY

provided; lectures on hygiene are given. I saw one charming baby belonging to an Italian who had lost several children before the arrival of this one. She points with pride to her wholesome boy and is eager to tell you how, to save it, she has obeyed every one of the doctor's direc-

mer homes of their own, others send their children through some of the various charitable organizations. For all of this the mother is seldom asked to contribute more than five cents a day; and when two or more children are left at the nursery they are admitted for something like two cents a head.

In 1895 the Association of New York City Day Nurseries, of which Mrs. A. M. Dodge is still president, was organized with constitution and by-laws. The object of the association, which meets in April and November, is to benefit by conference the work done by the nurseries, the extension of the work into the needy districts of the city, and the encouragement and development of every feature which shall educate and elevate the beneficiaries. There is, moreover, a Federation of Day Nurseries, of which Mrs. Dodge is also president. Any nursery throughout the United States may join the federation, the purpose of which is to unite in one central body all day nurseries and to endeavor to secure the highest attainable standard of merit.

New York, as the largest city in the



United States, leads, of course, in the number of its day nurseries. Whenever a report is made of some notable improvement in another city, members of the federation do not hesitate to make the journey in order that the best results may be studied.

Some of the day nurseries invite you to visit them at stated hours, but I have never been able to make up my mind when a visit was most delightful — whether

in the hours when the children are playing, or when they are asleep in their cribs or on the mats which are laid on the floors, or when they are engaged in the kindergarten. One regret I have to confess to—that none of them at table make a picture like that to be seen when the Foundlings dine in London, where every visitor makes it a point to go to see them at their midday meal.

## VISTA

BY GEORGE CABOT LODGE

**W**HERE is the end of the journey we follow, the rest and reward for our travel and tears?

Where shall it fail, in what vistas and vastness, the merciless march of the river of years? Oh, when shall we pass from the ways of the woodland, the wall of the hillside, the length of the lea,

And feel, in the wonder and wind of the sunrise, the void of our vision fill full of the sea?

In the deserts of life we have wearied and wandered, the highways are black with the blood of our feet,

We have fathomed the fashions of faith that are faithless and tasted the bitter of love and the sweet;

Where the highlands of hope on the verge of to-morrow are dim with the sunset and dark with the dawn,

We have pressed in our pitiless pride and our power, and watched for the curtains of death to be drawn.

As a child in a theater we watched and were cheated, we found, as the barriers burst  
 in a breath,  
 The crocus of spring in the snow, and the day after darkness, and life the to-morrow of  
 death;  
 And always a flower or star to discover, a vista to follow, a land to explore,  
 As we stare for the sea-bosom sheathed in the metal of noonday and hark for the  
 sound of the shore.

We have fasted in sorrow and feasted in laughter, denied our desire and sated our lust;  
 We have laddered in spirit the turrets of heaven and learned all the changes of dust  
 into dust;  
 We have sung to the gods that were fair as a flame is with mouths ever fresh from the  
 glisten of wine;  
 From the soul to the body, the flesh to the spirit, we have passed, and returning, have  
 found them divine.

And now in the tumult of passion and sorrow, the splendor and speed of the tireless  
 race,  
 With the knowledge of yesterday wiser than visions, with the winds of to-morrow still  
 fresh in our face,  
 With before us the forests and meadows and mountains, the seasons of earth and the  
 infinite trend,  
 We pause on the verges of life, and resuming, face down the faint vistas and ask for  
 the end!

When the paths are all followed, the mountains all measured, the earth wholly har-  
 vested, flowers and weeds,  
 When our sacrifice smokes on all altars, when body and soul are possessed of all pas-  
 sions and creeds,  
 When by living we love, smitten through with grave gladness, and sorrow, and pleasure  
 that stings like a rod,  
 All the sin and the sinner, the prayer and the prophet, the longing of Sappho, the glory  
 of God;

When the round of creation is traveled and tallied, when the pavement of heaven is  
 grooved to our feet,  
 When the vistas are drenched in a river of light, and the circle of body and soul is  
 complete,  
 When less than the sunlight we measure our mercy, when as heaven at last we are  
 equal and free—  
 Oh, then we shall come to what shore, in what dawn, to be lost in the spaces and sound  
 of what sea?







Drawn by Louis Loeb. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"SHE WAS LIKE A SHADOW, A NOTHING, A LEAFLESS BUSH"



# AT THE TAVERN OF THE SUN

A POMPEIIAN PASTORAL

BY MAUDE CALDWELL PERRY

WITH PICTURES BY LOUIS LOEB

ORDINARILY at this hour of the morning—Vesuvius seen from Valle di Pompei was still two thirds blue in its own shadow—Pasquale would have been sitting at ease on the little stuccoed hemicycle under the eucalyptus-trees at the front of the inn-garden. And it would have puzzled his bald head so much to get rid of her that even Teresa could have chirped her shy little farewells quite through to him.

But this morning those mad Inglesi who wanted meat for their breakfasts had risen early, and now, at seven o'clock, already sat in the cave-cool dining-room,—pink stucco and rose-vines it was all over the outside,—carnivorously growling their haste at the rotund Pasquale. And for once Pasquale's eternal "Subito, signori, subito!" was brisk, even thankful; for did not those abhorred, matutinal orders for *costolette* give him seemly excuse for expedition when he passed the hemicycle, where Teresa still sat, on his way back and forth to the kitchen?

She was a pale girl and too slim. Gown and kerchief—her very best, for she was dressed for travel—were dully brown. She was like a shadow, a nothing, a leafless bush, in the midst of the bright debris of long green eucalyptus wands scattered in last night's rain. Old Maria herself, geared for travel too, was twice as gay a picture where she sparkled against the gloomy kitchen entrance, out of which came no brightness save the low-keyed, indiffusive glow of a small charcoal fire and the occasional shine of some copper thing.

The making of a match between Teresa

and Pasquale was the constant aim of their mothers, and really it was a most sensible idea. Pasquale was nearly forty, very steady, and in point of *lire* well able to wed. His mother would not live forever: he would need some one to look after him when she was gone. Teresa, though young, was plain; her very mother wonderingly admitted it. It was time she wed, and she was just the sweet and tender little soul to lead Pasquale no wild chase, but keep him well contented and serene.

Teresa herself recognized the wisdom of it all, and more than acquiesced; by a sort of turtle-dove insistence she kept herself much beside him in their daily duties at the inn. Pasquale, for his part, admitted the beauty of the thing, and yielded far enough to be Teresa's squire in all the little squiring that he did. But—his mirror did not show much of the bald spot, and in his heart Pasquale cherished a dream, an anachronistic primrose in his spirit-garden that was otherwise gone to seed and gently dead. And in the last few days he had so nearly felt the very tissue of that dream within his hands that even the small claims of Teresa had grown irksome.

And this morning Teresa—she was not bold, she simply did not comprehend—strove every time he passed her to win his ear and to detain him. He would not heed. At first he muttered that she must not disturb him, he was very busy; then he only shook his head; last he would not even look her way. Then Teresa wept.

Yet, when her eyes were quite hopelessly red and swollen, she ambushed herself in the little bower of budding rose-vines at

the dining-room door, and when Pasquale came out, with both hands full as it happened, she took him by the sleeve and talked fast to him between her sobs.

"But surely you do not understand, Pasquale *mio*, we are going away for two whole days to Torre del Greco. It is a serious business—about money. We may never come back at all." Here her tears silenced her and she must let go his sleeve to cover up her eyes.

Pasquale had stopped and was looking down at her; her tears so close by troubled him. "Oh, yes, you will surely come back," he said—Teresa's handkerchief faltered a little from her eyes—"Donna Maria could not get on without you." The handkerchief copiously mopped again, but Pasquale passed resolutely on.

Just then there sounded from far down the village street a clear, long cry of "Arancie! Arancie! Finocchio!" At once Pasquale, both hands still full of dishes, hastened to the gateway and looked out.

"Arancie!" It was a woman's voice, shrill, but a little sweet even in its long, high note. Pasquale smiled foolishly to himself and had almost carried the empty dishes back into the dining-room before he regained his wits. Teresa, on the hemicycle again, wept still more to observe him.

In a little while old Maria and Teresa went away. Donna Maria, the *padrona*, herself came out from the kitchen and walked to the gateway with them. "Good luck!" she said. "I know you will carry off the very best share. You will come back too rich to speak to us!"

"No, no, no," laughed old Maria; "it takes only good luck to get, but good sense to keep. We shall be back in two days, or even in one if all goes well. Then I shall cook for you, and Teresa shall make beds as before."

"You will be too proud after you really get it, you will see. You will be buying the Villa Lava, and Teresa here will set up as an heiress." Bartolo, the *padrone*, spoke thus from the front door of the building, also of pink stucco, at the back of which was the kitchen.

So they went away with such laughter from all the others that no one saw Teresa's tears, nor heard her little gulping sobs. And even as they went along the road her mother, immersed in agreeable computations, paid no heed.

"Arancie! Arancie fresche!" The cry was quite close at hand now, and in a moment old Maria had stopped to chaff in ready mirth with these early merchants, a young man and a young woman, of whom Donna Maria of the Albergo del Sole was a constant patron.

Now the young man, Giuseppe, was a lovely sight for any girl to see, tall, but delicate in mold as a fine bronze statue, with hair that blew all curly in the morning wind and eyes that perpetually made entrancing love. But Teresa turned her thin brown back straight toward the vision and let her red eyes wander on the Sarno fields. Giuseppe did not mind, perhaps he did not even notice; but while he bantered loudly with old Maria, the girl, Battista, came round to where Teresa pouted, whispering kindly, "What is the trouble, Teresa *mia*?"

Teresa twitched her shoulder crossly. "Get away!"

Battista lifted her fine brows and her eyes shone mirthfully. "Is Pasquale still unkind to you?" she asked, smiling at the tight back hair of the aggrieved one.

Thereupon Teresa flashed one look of rabbit-wrath and retreated behind her mother from the clear, large laughter of Battista's handsome bosom.

Presently the two groups separated upon their opposite ways.

As the cart came up the road toward the Tavern of the Sun, there was threaded through the dickering sales and the calling of their wares a conversation of significance between Battista and Giuseppe. From all the tones of it, it seemed frivolous enough, but the drama was enacted in their eyes.

"So you think she is a beauty?" This from the girl, of course.

"Who? Teresa?"

"No, *stupido*, Brigida. Even you are not such a fool as to think Teresa a beauty. Though, on the whole, I do not know but that she is prettier than your Brigida, after all."

Giuseppe's eyes sparkled while Battista tossed her head. "Yes, Brigida is a beauty, but she never looks bright and angry like you," he said.

"Do you know why? No? Well, she is twenty. No girl can afford after that to show temper to a man."

"So? Then I wish you were twenty!"

"Why me, when Brigida is as you wish and in your basket for the picking?"

"But, my cousin, do you really think she cares for me?" Giuseppe's eyes were a study, but Battista's would not meet them.

"Yes, Giuseppe, I do think so." Had he but seen her eyes now! "Do not be discouraged about her, cousin."

"Thank you, I will not."

Then they were in front of the Albergo del Sole, and Donna Maria came bustling out with her eyes rolled up despairingly, Pasquale close behind. Thereupon, while Donna Maria chattered out a bulk of trouble to Battista, that young woman came and stood close beside Pasquale, smiling at him, to his half-alarmed delight.

Donna Maria was surely in trouble enough. Two whole double-vettura-loads of *Americani* had come, and that to stay, all eight of them, only the Blessed Virgin knew how long. And here were Teresa and old Maria gone, leaving no one but herself, little Vincenzo, and Pasquale to do the work. Bartolo was of no account except for the business part of it. The *padrona* was quite beside herself. But, after all, it seemed that Battista was the very one to appeal to; for the moment that Maria paused to breathe the girl proffered her own services to fill the gap. Then, when Maria, almost speechless by reaction from her voluble anxiety, had accepted with a blessing, Battista gave one look each to Giuseppe and Pasquale, and went into the garden, laughing.

Pasquale came into the garden and stood laughing too; but there were many in the dining-room now, and Donna Maria bade him fly. The laugh dwelt with him, however, and shook out now and then unexpectedly, in response to an order perhaps, or when he bent to chase Fifi, the little dried-grass-colored dog, from under the table.

How could he help it? Every time he went across from the dining-room to the kitchen he had only to look up through the long, bright branches of the trees, and there, on some part of the recessed and winding ruin of a balcony on the building that contained the kitchen, he could see Battista pounding away at mattresses or shaking comforters: Battista, with her color, her laughter! And Battista, always looking for him, always smiled.

Pasquale forgot that he was bald, forgot

that he was somewhat fat, forgot that forty years looks very old to seventeen, especially such seventeen as Battista's. He smiled in turn and grew a pleasing red.

Then he thought of his good mother and of how Battista could care for her and could attend to the selling of the oranges, which it was so hard now for his mother to fetch and carry up and down the stair from her store-room even for her little retail trade, and of how she could look after the one petted sheep. Then, too, she could make things go more economically perhaps than the somewhat feeble mother could. Surely Pasquale was forty! But just as surely Pasquale was no more, for all the while that Battista sang up there in the morning air and smiled at him he went on laughing to himself and to Fifi.

There was small rest between the last breakfast and the first lunch, and no conversation time at all for Pasquale with Battista. But, when it came, even the well-anticipated afternoon was harder still to bear. Half that Elysian interval, while the precocious March awakened summer perfumes in the garden orange-trees, he sat at the kitchen door ignominiously swathed in aprons, and plucked the feathers from the dinner chickens. At first it was an easy, even a pleasant task, for Battista was working near by in a third building of pink stucco at the back of the garden.

This building had but one story, and the one story held three chambers, the best of the inn, each opening by a double door on a narrow, fancifully railed balcony. In front of the balcony stood two young cherry-trees that made a snowy interlace of bloom against the rose-pink wall, and at the foot of the trees were purple fleurs-de-lis. Up and down the balcony between the cherry-blossoms and the wall, from the first room to the second and back, flashed Battista, in full song.

"I am coming to oversee what you are doing when I am through here," she called, and Pasquale was happy.

But just as she was about to come, a young painter, a Swede with bright-gray eyes, came out of his chamber, which was the third, the farthest from Pasquale, paused to survey the girl, then, taking her civil "Buona sera, signore" as excuse, drew her into conversation.

Pasquale was aggrieved, but this was not to be all. In a moment the painter had

gone and come again with a box of crayons. Then Battista sat down upon the railing and he put some cherry-blossoms into her hands. The effect was not right. The painter threw the blooms away and, with a gesture of impatience at himself, hurried down the steps and toward the kitchen, calling Donna Maria.

"She is away," said Pasquale, shortly.

"Well, you may get me some oranges, then, very large and ripe ones of fine color."

Pasquale rose from the damp feathers and went after the fruit heavily.

"Quick!" called the young man after him; "this light will not last half an hour!"

Half an hour! Ah, that was different; he had thought it would be quite sunset before she would be free.

Yet that half-hour was bitter; the painter kept the girl talking, laughing, as she sat there on the rail with the oranges in her lap. From where he sat, his hands full of the unpleasant feathers and his shoulders aching from the long stoop, Pasquale could not see Battista's face, but from the poisonings of her head he could guess something; and, knowing so little of the painter-craft, he suspected many things from the artist's long looks at that face. He grew morose. But it was little more than half an hour when Battista, dancing with delight, called him to see the picture.

Was that Battista? He looked at the painter, at the girl, at the picture again. Yes, there were all the colors of Battista, but there was also something else—something very gracious. It made you think as Battista herself once in a very long while made you think, only the thought the picture gave was so much stronger; it was the idea caught, and kept to you, while Battista herself would have blurred it in a moment. Pasquale was awed a little, and when, a moment afterward, she threw him a jesting kiss he vaguely wished she had not.

Yet he felt ill used again at her spending almost all the rest of the afternoon in an unaccountable quiescence, sitting for more than an hour motionless on the stone wall of the garden. And his heart leaped deliciously as, a little before dinner, she joined him at the gate when Maria, who had in her excitement that morning forgotten to buy enough oranges at the cart, had bidden him go up the street to his mother's for some more.

However, he could say nothing to her, though he had all day been planning little speeches which should indicate that age—moderate age—made one only more of a connoisseur. He could say nothing at all: she dazzled him.

The evening was cool; the sky, yet brilliantly blue, was flecked with high, thin-blown clouds of a bright, Norseland pink. Vesuvius was again a cold blue shadow, though the smoke was radiant. Along the street of low pale-stuccoed houses, here and there before dark, open doorways, stood braziers of burning charcoal, where children danced and old men warmed their hands, and housewives, economizing so the indoor fire, stirred the evening brew.

The chill wrought electricity in Battista; it coruscated from her high black pompadour and emanated profoundly from the wide curves of her arms and bosom under the tight-drawn crimson shawl. She smiled upon Pasquale, and, not minding that he but swallowed ineffectual words, she herself talked, to his unbounded joy. And more—could he believe it?—she talked of his mother and her shop, asked much of it, until Pasquale himself grew eloquent at last of the merits of the groves whose agency his mother held, of the rare, sweet apples she was rich enough to vend, and of the fine big sheep she owned, so woolly and so white.

When they had passed some scaffolding that projected in front of the great church, they could see the very sheep itself, picketed before the wide door of the house, beside it on the walk an armful of green lupine. When they had come to the door Battista laid her hand upon the sheep's head, and she smiled winningly to Pasquale as they went inside.

Afterward Battista, kneeling on the floor beside some hamper of the fruit, was picking out the needed oranges and piling them in scales of battered brass. Darkness was dense in the windowless house, and a three-wicked lamp of clay shed a thick flare of cadmium upon the girl and the fruit and the scales, all suspended so in a space of darkness. Pasquale and his mother stood apart, Pasquale whispering:

"Would you like her for a daughter, mother?"

"No, Pasquale; not as your wife."

"Why?"—this in amazement. "She is a good, good girl, I—"

"*Si, si, si*, she is very good. But she has too much of the wild wind in her, my Pasquale. She would wear out your soul. I know the girl. Better bring me Teresa."

But Pasquale was unshaken. His heart was not to misgive him yet, though it troubled him a little, very subtly, when, outside the door, Battista caught the basket of oranges from his short arms and swung it to her head, straightening under it like a Greek caryatid.

"Donna Maria and I are going to Brigida's to-night for a little while; will you come with us? Brigida said to ask you," she said.

"What is going on?"

"Oh, dancing and singing for us; but you will surely find older people there—quieter ones."

He hardly knew whether her eyes were laughing, they looked so straight out from under the basket, but he made a vow touching that innuendo, and replied, "I shall be glad to go—a thousand thanks."

They were passing the church again now, and people were coming out from vespers. Battista, long-limbed, walked rapidly, and it did indeed make Pasquale hasten somewhat to keep pace with her. But the truth of it made him no less resentful when the word was bruited by a friend or two, and some one turned out of a whispering group near the church to follow them. Very black of brow, he was momentarily awaiting fresh insult when the girl spoke:

"They are fools. I know that a coward may have a big body. There is Giuseppe now"—why did she speak so loudly such dangerous things, he wondered—"he is not very large, but he is a good deal larger than you, yet I know you could worst him easily. Would you, for my sake?" Then, very earnestly, "You may be obliged to."

"Why?" Unreasoning terror gripped his throat.

"He is—*O veramente*—he is jealous of you." Her head perforce kept straight, but her eyes drooped.

Pasquale's heart shot fire to his head, ice to his limbs. Jealous of him! Giuseppe the dandy, the man-beauty! Ah, what gay fellows *we* of forty are sometimes! But—*Sancta Vergine*—he might fight!

Battista walked a step nearer. "But do not be hurt; do not be too rash. Remember me!" Why should a woman make such a

speech so loudly? "Be on perpetual guard. He is even following us now!"

Pasquale somehow stilled the clamor of his legs to run, but that writhing ache of spine which pursues children down dark hallways beset him fearfully until he was in the bright accustomed dining-room, and it had been arranged that Vincenzo and Battista were to bring the dishes in across that twilight garden.

Now it was Pasquale's custom, when the dinner work was quite over, to go home, pausing, if at all, only a very little while, at the *Sale e Tabacchi* shop near by for a fling of political argument in the yellow candle-light. His kindly face, that in his sleep betrayed the growing inner weariness of his years, was always on his peaceful, mother-smoothed pillow by nine o'clock.

As he sat at his own late dinner to-night, at the end of the kitchen table, even while he was looking at Battista he found himself hating the prospective revel. Then he remembered what Battista had said, and—Santa Catarina!—was he indeed irretrievably one of the older, quieter ones?

He bargained instantly with Donna Maria for an extra *fiasco* of common wine. Presently he had the joy to find himself very merry, and with such capability in song that Battista and Donna Maria, who too was young, leaned their shapely backs against the wall and screamed with laughter. It was enough; wine was proved potent. He ordered from Bartolo, who was much amazed, a bottle of good *Lacrimæ Christi*, at the awful price of three *lire*. They drank it all together, and Pasquale was made.

On the way to Brigida's Battista pleaded: "Keep near me—Giuseppe will be there." Giuseppe indeed! Pasquale would break his head!

There surely was music and dancing at Brigida's house that night. Pasquale sang with the rest, and, very successfully, sang alone to his own accompaniment on the fine banjo of the amazed Giuseppe, whose ostentatious attentions to Brigida became markedly forced and presently failed almost altogether.

Pasquale danced. How limber his knees were! He danced with the rest, and, late in the evening, solo. His solo dances were from vague memories, eked with spontaneous supplementings of his own: memories of savage dances that black-bearded, ear-

ringed sailors, lounging about the Porto Piccolo, had taught him in his Neapolitan boyhood.

How easy it was, after all, to be young again! The warm sun on the wharves, the small, dark boats rocking on the water that was blue even in that shallow, the wild tales of fabulous "overseas," the smell of fruits, the folk-songs, swam up into his brain once more, and he utterly lost the large, faintly lighted room at Brigida's. He lost the figures of the old women, who, amazed, nodded to one another, regarding him without mirth; lost the figures of the girls, who stared, but shrieked out shrill, melodious laughter; of the young men, who kept time to his dancing and winked to one another scornfully; even of Battista, who, a shade more serious than the rest, stood near him.

At last his dancing slowed perceptibly—it was twilight on the Porto Piccolo to him—and the room grew very still. He stepped unevenly toward a chair,—to him it was a little boat on the blue water,—and a new, low, unpleasant laughter made an undertone all around. It grew until, just as Pasquale, sitting in the chair, dropped his head into his hands, Battista cried out:

"Giuseppe, come! You laugh at him. See if you can dance as well. Dance yourself, I say, if you can do as well!"

The crowd saw the ruse and was delighted to assist at this conflict of the gods. So, while Giuseppe glowered, and his head sank between his shoulders like an angry cat's, while Battista, railing, beckoned him to take the middle of the floor, the crowd laughed and chaffed him without mercy until, at last, they stung him up to dance.

Then, while he was performing a fierce Sicilian measure and the company were all intent on him, Donna Maria and Battista persuaded Pasquale quietly away.

NEXT morning, when Pasquale was awakened in his room by the brightness of a little square of sunshine traveling on his whitewashed wall, it was with a heavy sense of futility somewhere. It seemed strange, too; for even his usual morning mood was most lightsome, and had he not this last night gone to bed the all-but-accepted lover of Battista? He recognized the untoward condition of his soul and sat up to consider, his head between his hands. Something within him coldly said, "Re-

member!" Remember? What should he remember? He groped in an ominous mist. Just then a coin that had been under his pillow slipped, disturbed by his sitting up, and fell clinking to the cement floor.

"Ah!" It was with a gesture and a sob of genuine dramatic woe that Pasquale did at last remember. Two things he recalled: one, that he had been drunk—yes, quite drunk; and another, swiftly, when he heard the coin. This was a long event.

He went over it all again, with bitterness, while he dressed.

He was quite himself, he remembered, plus the *Lacrimæ Christi*, when they came out into the cool night from Brigida's; and the wine's addition had surely been to his advantage. He knew what he wished to say, and the blessed wine said it for him ardently, gracefully. Battista and he sat on the hemicycle, Donna Maria discreetly near, and once, twice, Battista let him hold her hand a moment.

His plea, he recalled it, was poetic, worthy of the hour, almost of the lady. She was pleased, too, urging him by her sweetness, applauding him by her sighs. As he spoke, her eyes shone more and more, she grew more restless on the little seat, until at last in a pause she rose before him, with both hands held out rapturously. (Pasquale shut his eyes now, the better to recall her.)

"O Pasquale *mio*," she cried, "will you always make love to me so, every hour when we are together?" (He opened his eyes again to the morning light, thinking grimly what the price would be of the pale amber wine the answering assurance that he gave her would entail.)

"Pasquale," she said again, after that assurance and a pause while she had stood with her hands clasped behind her head, her eyes fixed on the moon—"Pasquale, sing for me to dance."

Obediently he sang and the girl danced, spontaneously, with delight; slowly at first, then, nodding slightly at him to direct the music, faster, faster, faster, till she whirled, light as some brilliant wraith, where the moon shone under the straight, high trees. He sang and sang, mercilessly goaded by her eyes' impatience when he flagged; sang until he could sing absolutely no more, and must lean back, weary and amazed.

Then, after a few desultory steps without the music, she breathed a little sigh almost

as of return to consciousness, and, coming to him, sat down at his feet on the raised base of the hemicycle.

For a while her head was bowed, but at last she lifted it and sat looking off at the mountain-crest where the smoke, blowing westward in a great wind from the Apennines, was steadily illumined by the glow from the new lava-stream on the Naples side of the mountain. While she looked a strange moonlight glimmer gathered in her eyes.

The hurt surprise vanished from him when she sat down at his feet; and while she was looking at the mountain he was slowly bending toward her, summoning his courage. When her eyes at length left the mountain and turned upon him, he did not heed the witch-light in them, but spoke at once.

"Do you love me, Battista?"

She breathed a gentle little laugh. "How do I know? How should I know yet? Pasquale, what—"

But Pasquale went on, unheeding: "Battista, will you marry me?"

Again the gentle laugh: "Have you asked my good uncle? How can I tell, myself? Pasquale—*mio*—what would you do for me?"

He trembled with happiness. "Anything! everything!" he said.

The shine in her eyes grew brighter. The weirdness in them he had not consciously noted then, but this morning it assailed him.

"Pasquale, will you take a coin I have and in the morning bring it back to me fastened in a piece of the new lava? Will you? Will you have it here in the morning before sunrise?"

It was a trick only for guides, for old ones, and the best at that.

He gazed at her, dumb, while the thing flew through his mind. The obscure and winding road, with its sleeping villages and the ill-rumored stretches between; the long, bare, desolate slope of shifting ashes, tormenting to the tread; the mile of struggle over the recent lava, with its galling, cutting spines, its jagged hummocks, its rent hills where red eyes still glowed in the deeper crevices; the blind, blistered tempting of that demon at the last when the coal-red stream gushed out, rounded up like a thick snake. He saw himself slipping, falling, as he twisted out with an iron-shod staff a red bit of the lava, saw

himself fainting with the hot stench of the gas as he pressed the coin into the little darkening round and turned the soft edges over it to hold it fast embedded and prove his daring.

He imagined clearly everything that might happen, but all the while he was looking into the girl's eyes where the witch-light was, and he said, "I will go. Get me the coin."

She laughed that very gentle laugh again and went into the house.

Quite at the end of the building in the garden, where the cherry-trees were, was a little wing-like projection holding a fourth room, entered from the ground. It was a very tiny room; the doorway made its length, and the door, always swung back, just fitted the end wall.

Out of this doorway and far upon the deeply shadowed path that led to it shone a little shrine-light, burning before a picture of Holy Mary of the Rosary, the beloved Virgin of Pompeii.

A moment after Battista had gone into the house Pasquale knelt at this shrine, his bald head reverently bowed over his clasped hands. The Blessed Virgin's face looked on him from the chromo with tenderness, with understanding. And this last was very well for Pasquale, for his mind was much confused. Twice he rose and had almost left the shrine, yet turned and knelt again with emotion.

But at last he came quite out of the doorway into the path. Instantly a decisive hand reached out of the shadow beside the door and grasped his arm.

"Do not be a fool altogether!" exclaimed Donna Maria in a sharp whisper, and the hand actually shook him. "Do you not imagine that the Holy Virgin has better affairs to busy her than to watch over you running your head into unnecessary danger at a word from that lump of vanity? You would better keep peace of mind and a living for your mother than risk your neck to get a bit of rubbish which that girl will laugh at when you bring it, and lose in the dust next day!"

It was as if a sudden, ghostly embodiment of his browbeaten common sense, which had been vainly striving for audience, had risen in the dark and faced him. But all around him, in the sky-lit interstices of the trees, in the mild glint of the orange-flowers, he saw the compelling light of Battista's eyes.



"I must go," he said.

The hand again shook him with disgusted vigor: "You are a fool; and you are an old fool, so no one can change you!" Donna Maria's skirts rustled sharply as she left him.

Pasquale came down the path softly, not by design, but because he was moving under a spell. When he was passing the kitchen he heard Battista's voice. Surely it was Battista's, but as he had never heard it before, deep, tender, and now passionately remonstrant. He did not hear any other voice, but his heart explained instantly that she was making reply to some one who had expostulated against her favor toward himself.

He waited only a moment in the full light of the garden before she appeared, pressed the coin into his hand, and gave him a cloak and Bartolo's iron-shod staff.

"Good night," she said. "*Buona fortuna!*"

"Good night," he answered, and went away at once down the street toward Torre d'Annunziata, where one makes the first turn to go to Vesuvius.

But only a little later he was journeying homeward very quietly in the shadow on the opposite side of the street.

There had been much in what Donna Maria said, there had been no light in Battista's eyes that last moment in the garden, and Pasquale was forty and utterly tired.

As he passed the inn there was talk and there was laughter, Battista's sweet and loud, and Giuseppe's—unmistakably Giuseppe's—gaily answering.

It was the memory of all those scenes of varied joy and their closing in this traitorous mirth that woke at the sound of the falling coin this morning and brought the groan. Pasquale groaned again when he considered it. But he doggedly picked the bronze disk from the floor and thrust it into his pocket to return to the girl.

He took up the cloak and the staff and went slowly out into the street. He was glad that his mother did not hear him. He gazed a moment, sadly reminiscent, at the

sheep's curly frontlet, then dubiously journeyed down the street.

How should he meet her? He was her declared suitor, but, alas! even the rags of his dream that were left in his hands were dull gray to his awakened eyes. He was still tired and forty in the morning sun; the girl, he knew, was no less a lovely folly-fire than yesterday.

How should he account for the coin lavaless? Should he brave her displeasure, use dignity, authority? With *her*? Yet, if he should appear repentant, what task to-night? Withal, what of Giuseppe?

He was already late, but he leaned against one of the uprights of the scaffolding before the church, not far from an orange-cart that stood there, its master evidently within at early mass. He was in deep thought.

In a few minutes two people came out of the church and approached the orange-cart, walking among the scaffolding and in the shadow of it. Then, while he shrank back noiselessly from upright beam to beam, Pasquale saw Giuseppe and Battista kiss each other.

When Pasquale came into the inn-garden at the Tavern of the Sun it seemed quite deserted. He looked into the dining-room. No one was there, and he sat down on the old sofa in the corner, his face between his hands.

Then some one came into the room, so softly that he did not hear the step at all, and Teresa bent over him, with her soft, thin little cheek, quite a rose-color just now, against the bald head. Teresa's hair had been made very frizzy, as becomes an heiress; she had on a new, bright-blue gown; and around her thin throat were rows and rows of the pinkest coral beads that ever graced a shop-window in Torre del Greco.

Pasquale, making a plaintive kind of note, looked up at her, gazed with an arrested eye. Then he took her hand and held it to his cheek, while she bent above him shyly, sweetly, yet with some dawning trace of archness.

"Teresa mia," he said, "will you marry me?"



Drawn by Louis Loeb. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"THEY DRANK IT ALL TOGETHER, AND PASQUALE WAS MADE"



## BALLADE OF THE MANDOLIN



KENTON  
FOSTER  
MURRAY



WEIRD THE VIOLIN'S REFRAIN,  
PASSIONATE ITS NOTE AND CLEAR,  
FIT FOR NORSEMAN OR FOR DANE,  
FIERCE IN WRATH AND WILD IN FEAR;  
PIPE AND TABOR ALL REVERE;  
SOME THE BASSOON'S LUSTY DIN;  
BUT TO ANY GENTLE EAR  
SWEETEST IS THE MANDOLIN.



HARP AND LUTE SHOULD NONE DISDAIN  
(NAUGHT BY MINSTREL HELD SO DEAR);  
OFTEN HATH THEIR TENDER STRAIN  
DRAWN FROM NOBLE EYES THE TEAR;  
MANY A MAID WILL TAKE FOR CHEER  
DULCIMER OR CLAVECIN;  
NONE OF THESE 'T IS BEST TO HEAR —  
SWEETEST IS THE MANDOLIN.



IN THE SUNNY COURTS OF SPAIN,  
LAND OF DON AND CAVALIER,  
LOVE AND MUSIC HOLD DOMAIN,  
SPEEDING ON THE FLYING YEAR;  
THERE THE GAY GUITARS APPEAR —  
DOMINO AND HARLEQUIN.  
SUCH IT IS IN SPAIN, BUT HERE  
SWEETEST IS THE MANDOLIN.

### L'ENVOI



PRINCE, BELIEVE ME NOT SEVERE —  
SILVER-SOFT THY FLUTE HATH BEEN.  
EVEN IF PAN HIMSELF BE NEAR,  
SWEETEST IS THE MANDOLIN.





Drawn by Harvey Ellis. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

# THE MAKING OF THE UNIVERSE

BY JOHN HENRY FREESE

Observer at the Harvard College Observatory<sup>1</sup>

AFTER looking through a telescope of high power at such objects in the heavens as nebulae and star-clusters, or perhaps at the "mountains on the moon," visitors at the Harvard Observatory always marvel at their delicacy of definition and general magnificence, and often make the inquiry: "Do stars change, and is any order of change discernible?" In the present article I shall consider this question.

Under my analysis, the inquiry means, Has the nebular hypothesis been proved or disproved in the light of facts disclosed by recent astronomical research? Great thinkers of the past have thought that the sun and its planets, including the earth, existed long ago in a diffused nebulous state, rotating on its axis, from which the sun and its planets have evolved by the natural forces of attraction and condensation. At the present time this theory is widely accepted among astronomers.

Sir William Herschel, the renowned English astronomer and indefatigable explorer of the stellar realm, extended the aforementioned nebular hypothesis beyond our solar system. His great intellect conceived the evolution of the stellar universe in a manner that has received striking confirmation from recent stellar photographs.

Let us consider whether the nebular theory applies to all the stars, or, as the visitor puts it, do real changes take place in the stars, and can we discern the order of change? Do these "unnumbered sparks" grow up from an infancy, live a life, and then undergo extinction and dissolution, only to be recreated by the forces of nature?

Changes may be of position, of form, and of composition, though these divisions are closely related.

Detecting changes of the position of stars with reference to one another involves an exceedingly nice observation and calculation, but numerous independent researches have confirmed the general principle that the stars in the constellations of Hercules and Lyra are apparently spreading, and those on the opposite side of the celestial sphere are growing nearer together. It was Sir William Herschel who made this great discovery, and he argued from it that our solar system is moving rapidly through space toward Hercules, an analogous apparent motion being that of groves of trees, when a person moves from one grove toward another, in which case the trees behind him seem to be growing nearer together, and those before him seem separating farther apart. Aside from these general changes, occasioned by the translation of our solar system in space, it is certain that many of the stars are moving irregularly in reference to one another,—some this way, some that,—stars near together tending to move in the same direction. One star, known as No. 1830 Groombridge's Catalogue, moves ten degrees in five thousand years; Arcturus moves five degrees in ten thousand years, both being extraordinarily great changes from the astronomical point of view. Professor Arthur Searle of the Harvard Observatory has recently detected a star having a very large proper motion, and such new discoveries are becoming commoner every day.

Many stars show a tremendous velocity

<sup>1</sup> The illustrations are mainly reproductions from prints made by the writer, being his interpretation of negatives made under the direction of Edward C. Pickering, Director of the Harvard College Observatory.



FIGURE 1. A RICH FIELD OF STARS. FROM A PLATE COVERING ONLY FIVE SQUARE DEGREES, BUT SHOWING OVER 400,000 STARS BY ACTUAL COUNT

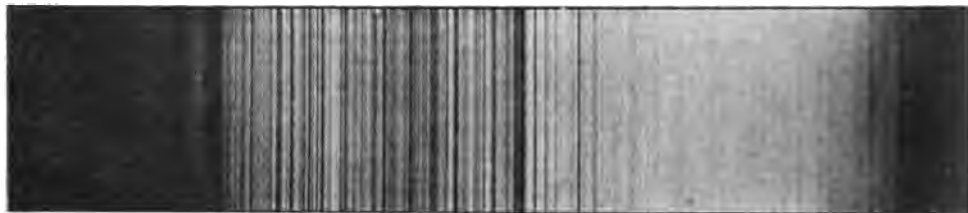


FIGURE 2. SPECTRUM OF ALPHA BOÖTES

in the line of sight, some moving toward, others away from, the earth. Sir William Huggins discovered the ingenious means of detecting this phenomenon by the spectroscope. A single point of light passed through a prism gives what is called a spectrum. When spread out by a cylindrical lens, or by a trail on a photographic plate, this appears as a ribbon of light crossed by certain lines. These lines stand for certain chemical elements—hydrogen, calcium, and so on. Figure 2 shows a spectrum of the star Alpha Boötes, photographed at the Harvard Observatory. The lines crossing the band of light shift their position as the body moves nearer or farther from the observer, and the amount of change can be measured, and the movement in the line of sight can be detected and estimated.

Changes in form and composition I shall discuss together, and endeavor to work out a definite cycle of evolution.

As a starting-point in this endless chain of stellar evolution, conceive the existence of a vast amount of molecular matter, or perhaps gaseous atoms, much diffused in space, and too remote and infinitesimal to be perceived by any human agencies of discernment. Space is filled with such atoms, and they are continually changing their position with respect to one another. Changes in this mass of "star-dust" are exceedingly slow, for thousands of years are but momentary in the scale of cosmic time. At length, however, mutual gravitation brings the atoms near together, and simultaneously, uninterruptedly, and with increasing activity, mutual pressure and increase of temperature bring about chemical union. At length these united molecules, by combining with one another again and again, aggregate into irregular, spiral, and annular clouds of nebulae. It is the steady pull of gravity which overcomes atomic repulsion and compels mutual approach



FIGURE 3. THE GREAT NEBULA IN ORION



FIGURE 4. THE TRIFID NEBULA



of the particles. Figure 3 shows one of the earlier forms of nebulae. Here I believe a tremendous collision between stars in all probability took place many ages ago. The colliding bodies may have been bright stars, but more likely were stars cooled and darkened by radiation and contraction. Then atomic concentration began, and has continued until a nebula of enormous extent



FIGURE 5. THE PLANET SATURN.

is established, the more or less homogeneous mass probably rotating around a common center of gravity. Continued condensation and centripetal action cause accelerated motion, while, on account of the centrifugal force, division of the nebula may take place, as is shown in Figure 4. Here, in a later stage, the nebula is seen divided into two parts, and the larger component shows unmistakable evidence of an approaching division into three parts. There are various forms of concentration, just as we observe the same phenomena in sky-clouds and dust-clouds. Such forms depend upon the shape of the nebula, its density, motion, size, etc. The photographs themselves are self-explicable, indicating that the form really depends upon the accident of creation, whether by collision of stars or by the attractive accumulation of star-stuff. The whole nebula may revolve, throwing off outer rings, as is shown in Figure 5, which represents the planet Saturn, and in Figure 6, which shows the planet Jupiter. These photographs give autobiographical evidence, the latter of the existence of attached rings in ages long gone by, while the rings of Saturn remain clearly intact. The bands upon Jupiter's surface and the rings of Saturn may be

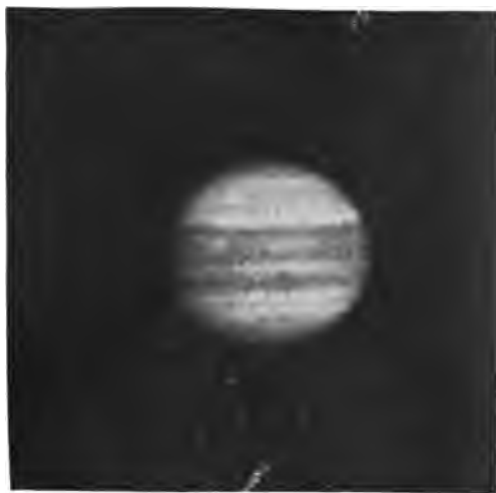


FIGURE 6. THE PLANET JUPITER

seen clearly with a telescope of low power. Figure 7 shows a more extended state of condensation, and is not easily interpreted. Here groups of stars are shown surrounded by nebulous clouds. Gradually the nebulous matter is absorbed, and the perpetual recurrence of curves and lines of equal stars regularly interspersed, having strikingly similar configuration and being self-delineated on the photographic plates just



FIGURE 7. NEBULA IN CARINA



FIGURE 8. GREAT NEBULA IN ANDROMEDA

By courtesy of Dr. Isaac Roberts of England

connected with nebulous matter, adds proof to this hypothesis. Figure 8 shows the nebula in Andromeda, its spiral formation appearing quite clearly. Here, notwithstanding the unfavorable inclination of the axis of the spiral, we see a strong central nucleus encompassed by dark bands, showing divisions between symmetrical bands or rings of nebulous matter, the center of which must be many times larger than our whole solar system. Figures 9 and 10 show two other examples of spiral nebulae, and these nebulae are profusely distributed throughout the heavens, and they almost all show strong central nuclei, the outer portions being more or less broken up, from which innumerable nebulous wisps extend out-

ward—in all making a strong pictorial argument, tending to show that large star-clusters are the result of the convolutions of spiral nebulae. Probably the outside of nebulae breaks up first, and so we find many with uniform stars on the outside, but with centers which cannot be resolved by telescopes of the highest power. Figure 11 shows a cluster in process of condensation, the outside being condensed into the stars, and the nucleus being unresolvable. Figure 12 shows a cluster which can be resolved almost wholly. In all probability this was once a spiral nebula, and we see it in a much condensed state, looking along the axis of the spiral—looking into the cone, as it were. Figure 13 shows

the group of stars known as the Pleiades, it being a condensation almost consummated, a faint nebula only remaining around the newly formed stars.

Thus we have viewed the transformation of nebulae into stars. To complete the cycle of evolution by understanding the change from stars into nebulae is most perplexing. But the spectroscope comes to our aid. With the spectroscope we can



FIGURE 9. GREAT SPIRAL NEBULA IN HYDRA

quite certainly determine star-temperatures, which gives us an indication of the star's age. This is done by an analysis of the star's spectrum, a star-spectrum being shown in Figure 2. Sirius and other bluish-white stars give spectra crossed by heavy hydrogen lines, indicating a high temperature of the dense primordial matter and its envelopment in hydrogen gas of high temperature. This stage I conceive as an early one in stellar life. As condensation and radiation progress, the gaseous star grows brighter, as may happen to a star as explained by Lane's law. In Capella and other stars having spectra resembling our sun, the carbon and metallic lines are conspicuous and numerous, indicating a much more condensed state than Sirius, and recording the extensive dissipation of energy in the form of light and heat. These stars may be called middle-aged. In Aldebaran and other of the lighter-red

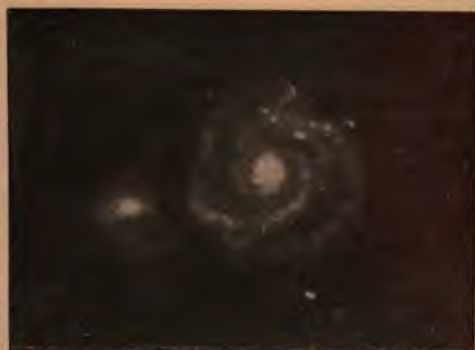


FIGURE 10. GREAT SPIRAL NEBULA IN CANES MAJORES

stars, the spectra are crossed by faint metallic lines and dark bands, faint toward the red end of the spectrum. In other deep dark-red stars the metallic lines are faint, and the dark bands are faint toward the violet end of the spectrum, these two latter stages, in my opinion, being the last stage toward total extinction of light.

Stars, after gradually absorbing all surrounding nebulous particles, at the end of the transition from a gaseous state sink in temperature. Like our sun, they gradually cool off, and sometime become dark and dead. This, to my mind, is also proved by the fact that so many stars are apparently cooling off, varying extensively in the amount of light-emission, which irregularity has not as yet been adequately explained. At present there are a great many long-period variable stars, many of which I have observed myself. These stars are periodically compared with the stars near them of apparently constant magnitude, the comparison stars being of graded degrees



FIGURE 11. CLUSTER IN HERCULES



FIGURE 12. CLUSTER IN CENTAURUS

of brightness and perhaps being lettered from A to K, A being the brightest, and K several magnitudes fainter. At maximum brightness, a star may be as bright as A or B, and at minimum as faint as K, an unquestioned change of several magnitudes in brightness. I believe that in time to come, perhaps not for many centuries, the course of variation of all stars, apart from the cycles of variation now so easily fixed, will be found rising or falling, and unquestionably determined to be at some stage in cosmic life or in the cycle of evolution as revealed by the spectroscope. Extensive variation, I believe, is a symptom of extreme decadence, dark-redness being a prelude to extinction. Becoming dark and of smaller and smaller mass affects velocity and increases perturbations of motion, and they become at length more and more irregular. Then it must follow that collisions and grazings of stars occur. Figure 14 shows the recent "new star in Perseus" as photographed at the Yerkes Observatory. It is the most perfectly ob-

served of all "new stars," and is an instance where, in all probability, either a small body or small nebula collided with a similar body or a tremendous internal explosion took place. It blazed out in February, 1901, at a place where no star had previously been observed, and has ever since been subsiding. Besides this one, astronomical history has recorded at least fifteen similar instances.

But you ask, "Why do not bright stars collide, since they are so thick?" To this I say that, from the astronomical point of view, stars are not thick, but are separated by vast distances in space, and, further,



FIGURE 13. THE PLEIADES

that our universe has existed for such an infinitely long time—for millions and millions of ages—that it has reached a high degree of stability, and, by the theory of chances, such collisions are extremely unlikely, though they must occasionally occur.

This primary diffusion of molecules is not only brought about by collisions of stars themselves, but by the collision and disintegration of comets and meteors, and by volcanic action and star-explosions and the incessant chemical action going on in space.

Extraordinary as it may seem, two hundred tons of meteors fall upon the earth daily, working tremendous geological and chemical effect in a long period.



FIGURE 14. THE "NEW STAR IN PERSEUS"

By courtesy of Mr. G. W. Ritchey, the Yerkes Observatory

# THE VISION<sup>1</sup>

BY ELIZABETH CHERRY WALTZ

WITH PICTURES BY W. L. JACOBS

"What is man, that thou art mindful of him?"

I

"I MIGHT ez well fly round an' stir up a few crulls an' make a nutcake," sighed Ma Gladden from the kitchen table one March morning, "fer we 'll shorely hev Doc Briskett here afore midnight."

"Why, ye 'pear to be purty peart this mornin', ma," replied her husband from the open door.

"It 'll be fer yerself, pa. Ye 'll shorely be needin' him ef ye try plowin' thet south field arter hevin' the roomaticks sence Christmas."

Pa turned upon his partner with a look of mild reproach.

"Drusilly, thar air times when ye 're a leetle too wordy. It 's an awful drawback to a woman. Ye know I 'm lookin' forrard to plowin' thet field, an' so ye make it a most distressin' subjeck."

"Ye air allers likely ter hev yer own way, pa. I hain't fergot thet barn."

Pa began a soft, sibilant whistling of "Old Joe Bowers," which seemed to convey a great deal of meaning. Then he silently rose, with a mended bridle in his right hand. Ma softened at once.

"Thar 's yer dinner," she announced, holding forth a good-sized basket, "an' thar 's a plenty. I never knew ye to come hum from the south field with a crumb. Thet air a good locality to get rid o' good food."

"The basket gin'rally does show its bare bones scand'lous," assented pa; "but I 'll tell ye how it is, Drusilly: ef 't ain't folks it 's creeturs, an' ef 't ain't creeturs it 's birds' an' squirrels thet sassy thar 's no denyin' 'em."

Ma Gladden shaded her eyes with her hand to shut out the strong sunlight.

"It air a fine day, shorely," she smiled, "still a leetle wet underfoot. I hev real misgivin's, Asahel."

"Waal, I swanny, Drusilly," exclaimed the small man, now thoroughly roused, "ye shorely know thet the kernel of the hull year ter me is in the plowin' of thet south field. Ef thar air one spot on the place thet I hev a nateral effection fer, it 's thet spot. It air suttinly a locality whar man kin peruse his own idees. I been born inter the speerit thar ag'in an' ag'in. Actoolly, ef ever I am held in the holler of the Almighty hand, it 's when I 'm pursuin' Cephy up an' down them long furrers. Me an' Cephy works out the hull problem of the resurrection thar oncet a year. I don' warnt ter forgo thet sort o' blessed 'speerience, Drusilly. I been havin' a reg'ler tussle with Satan an' the roomaticks all winter, an' I do want revivin' bad."

Drusilly nodded her head slowly.

"I know ye 're sot on it. I 'll hesh up, pa, an' put a leetle mullen an' vinegar on ter steep. So go 'long."

Pa waved his hand as gallantly as a young lover and strode away to the great barn quite briskly for a victim of the rheumatism. He loved to be abroad in the awakening of the world, and this was the great birth, the morning of the spring. All life in earth and air was reviving. Tiny springs and streams glittered everywhere. The sunshine had a crystalline clearness, the air had a spicy tang in it. Distant woodlands seemed mystic forms wrapped about with diaphanous veils of mist, rose, violet, and faint green. Nearer tree forms

<sup>1</sup> See also, in *THE CENTURY* for December, 1901, "The Mystery Play," a story by the same author, in which Pa and Ma Gladden appear as characters.—EDITOR.





Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'IT 'LL BE FER YERSELF, PA'"

were nymphs in swirling garments. Over the deeper brooks and pools hung ethereal mists, formless, dissolving, fleeting, returning. Pa Gladden drew in deep breaths as he gazed. He realized, in his inmost being, the deep throes that went on beneath his feet. His heart chanted its choral:

The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.

Behold him, a half-hour later, in the south field, backing a faded red wagon into a fence corner, and directing Cephy with a beautiful disregard of any distinction in intelligence between man and beast. To the most casual observer it would have been at once patent that Cephy appreciated this sweeping away of barriers. He watched Pa Gladden and listened to his conversation with respect and reverence. Between them was not only faith, peace, and concord, but a sympathetic affection.

"Stand over a leetle, Cephy," directed Pa Gladden; "seems like ye 've lost yer calkilation of how ter git inter this plow, hain't ye? Don't ye be disturbin' the peace of my mind, Cephy, so thet I 'll hev any speeritoal 'rastlin's ter calm it. It air too fine a day. My mind air goin' ter rise erbove all things mortal, Cephy, an' ye must do the plowin'. It's a day thet air carryin' ter the speerit, shorely."

Cephy turned his head and whinnied several times, but finally settled down into a steady going forward up and down the long field, that was, of a truth, like the hollow of God's hand. It was an oval dip between gracious slopes. The sides gently fell into an emerald bowl, all tree-bordered and hedge-bordered with sweetest, wildest growths. Here were locust-trees still thinly clad, the budding dogwood and the redtinged sassafras, the bursting wild berry and greenbrier, the palest emerald of the wild-grape tendrils, and all those wanton-natured creepers that cling to tree and shrub alike. In this bit of nature's choicest work Pa Gladden stood, the one thing human. Beneath the translucent dome that roofed his chosen temple he moved and fed his soul with infinite suggestions.

He walked forward steadily, a figure well in accord with the place. His faded blue overalls were tucked into his high boots, his red neckerchief was carelessly knotted over his calico shirt, and a woeful old felt hat was drawn well down over his

forehead. Yet he saw all. Not a nesting bird building in the hedge-row, not a bright-eyed squirrel venturing out of its hiding-place, but he noted; not a wafting about of the intangible growth-aroma but made his heart leap. When he reached those spots where the sun shone, his blood pushed and leaped in his veins. From the ground came new odors, and the upturned earth seemed full of those forces that calmed and strengthened him.

Two months of rheumatic suffering had tried his soul. He felt that he needed spiritual as well as physical regeneration. Racked with pain, he conceived it the absence of God's favor and chided himself for his depression of spirits as a tangible evidence of spiritual retrogression. Through the dark days of winter, kept from his usual active tasks by his ailments, he cried out in longing toward the spring. Then and only then, he explained to Elder Becks of the Pegram church, could he expect to return to the full favor of his Lord.

Elder Becks listened respectfully, but he was rarely able to rise triumphant above the trials of the Pegram pastorate.

"We are to see through a glass darkly, you know, not now face to face."

"But I been right nigh ter God two or three times," persisted Pa Gladden. After the elder's departure, nowise cast down, he confided in Drusilly:

"Ma, Satan suttinly works on the elder's liver an' keeps him low down in heart. Why, some days he 's actoolly green in the face. It's borne in upon me thet one of my greates' marcies is hevin' ye ter do my cookin'."

Elder Becks, in this conversation, had also spoken of the insignificance of the individual, the great good of the whole, and the small chance any one person had of special recognition by God. Pa Gladden was pondering upon this as he followed the plow. His conversations were always directed at Cephy.

"Oh, yes, Cephy, I 'm a pore worm jes like thet wriggly brown one thar, jes an atom, ez the elder says, but I feel clean ter the bone thet the Omnipyent has mastered his hull job. I don' hol' thet one creetur he has made air overlooked er fergotten, nary one lost outen his jurisdiction. He may not call ter me now, but ef he does, I 'm a-listenin'—listenin' an' lookin', Cephy."



His thoughts were uplifted in his own soul's psalm-making:

"Lord, thou art entirely witnessed in this upliftin' mornin'.

"Thy servant asts ye ter come right down inter the middle o' this new life, Father of love, inter the ground an' the sunshinin'. Lemme feel thet thrill o' grace an' redeem-in' love thet I been sorrerful fer of late!

"Pore worm thet I be, I been closet ter thy feet oncet er twicet. Make me fit ter see thy face in some time nigh at hand."

Undoubtedly Pa Gladden liked things to happen. Hours passed, and the coveted thrill of grace was denied him. It was almost "lyin'-by time." Pa Gladden was standing wearily by the plow, and he had just remarked, "Oncet up an' oncet down, an' then we'll call it a mornin'," when Cephy gave a curious snort and shied violently. As pa had his head rather despondently upon his chest, he saw nothing. At Cephy's sudden movement he was at once awake and alert. He looked to right, to left, and swept the oval with the keenest glances. Nothing unusual was in sight, but pa went to the horse's head with the fullest confidence in him.

"So I hev missed suthin', Cephy? Mebbe I was noddin'. It stan's ter reason thet my thorts war suttinly not fixed on my Maker. Ye saw suthin', an' I missed it. Lord, I am shorely a most errin' human.

"Oncet up an' oncet down, Cephy, an' we'll rest a spell. These hain't the days of meracles, but thar's nothin' in Scriptor sayin' thet them days won't return. Thar war cows in the stable when theetle Saviour war born, an' shorely ye could sense the presence o' yer Lord. Yer a reformed animal an' ez smart ez a whip."

Half-way down the furrow Cephy shied once more and suddenly stopped. Pa Gladden reverently lifted his head.

There seemed that moment a holy stillness in all the place. Every bird was hushed. Suddenly a baby's ecstatic laugh bubbled out over the stillness, sweet, reasonless, thrilling. It came again, and high along the southern slope ran a lovely, bare-headed boy child, his fair curls flying in the high winds, his arms uplifted. At him man and beast gazed and trembled. Was this a sign? There was no such child in all the countryside. The boy disappeared, and Pa Gladden knelt on the damp earth, his lips pleading:

"Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?"

## II

PA GLADDEN came slowly over the slope in the soft gray twilight of that day. Already the lamp was lighted in the kitchen window, Ma Gladden's beacon-light of home. No need to ask "What cheer?" at that port. As long as that lamp was trimmed and burning it sent forth a message of warmth and welcome to the weary. Along the path came Ma Gladden, laughing like a girl, to meet her tired spouse.

"Air ye all right, Asahel? Thar's a powerful wedge outen thet nutcake a'ready," she chuckled. "Doc Briskett's been here an' gone. He was hungry ez usual an' worried ez seldom. He warnted ter consult with ye, pa, an' thet's the truth. He owned up ter needin' counsel erbout a case, an' thort ye could boost 'im erlong. Whut d' ye think o' thet?"

Pa smiled, quite important at once.

"Doc Briskett air all right on the book-l'arnin'," he announced, "but he hain't come ter the deeps o' human bein's as he wull when his intelleck hain't so uppermost. 'T ain't hardly proper fer me ter boost a sawbones erlong. He jes warnts a lift over suthin' thet's wuss 'n sickness. Doc kin foller the course o' nater an' close the aged dyin's eyes, but he does git kerflummixed a-losin' a case outen the common run. He said oncet thet his motter war, 'From battle, murder, an' sudden death, good Lord, deliver us.' Thet air a pow'rful tellin' motter fer a docter, hain't it? Who's sick, Drusilly?"

"He never told me," said Ma Gladden, with heartfelt regret in her tone, "fer all my hintin's. I been so busy I hev eeny-most lost tab on folks fur an' near. Mother Omerod's bedridden these six months, but I don' imagine it's her. Waal, anyhow, ye'll see doc erbout noon ter-morrer. He said he'd eat a snack with ye in the south field ef the weather held good. So ye got along to the day's end? Thet's hopeful. Supper's waitin', an' I got a s'prise fer ye in the way of apple dumplin's."

Arm in arm, the two walked through the falling shades. The glow from the lamp showed Pa Gladden's well-lined face.

"Ye look purty happy, pa," added his spouse, "so I s'pose ye been uplifted."



Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

“‘FER THIS FOOD’”

“Ter the skies,” returned Pa Gladden; “the hull afternoon in the peace o’ God that passeth all understandin’—honest.”

“It’s plumb onpossible,” said Pa Gladden to his equine confidant the next morning about eleven o’clock, “fer a common mortal to satisfy his nateral curiosity an’ be pursuin’ the Speerit at one an’ the same time. It air like oil an’ water, an’ don’ mix. I hev spent the endurin’ mornin’ wonderin’ whut Doc Briskett warnts ter consult me erbout, an’ I feel trailin’ on the airth, Cephy, cl’ar down inter the dust. Yestidday war all glory an’ mystery, to-day air common things. Waal, a mortal can’t be expectin’ the hull of eternity to unwrop afore him every day, kin he? Sech air the hours of life, the pump-handle goin’ up an’ down an’ water comin’ all the time. But, Cephy, we ’ll lie by with this furrer an’ rest a spell. It’s erbout time fer doc ter be comin’ erlong over them ridges.”

When Cephy was turned out to graze in the corners, Pa Gladden thought he heard the sound of wheels afar. He went over to Tarleton Road, which ran along the edge

of the southwestern slope, and climbed on to the fence in his favorite attitude, his heels holding firmly to the second rail, his body well balanced from long practice. The doctor’s stout little mare, Jinny, soon came in sight over the next ridge, and trotted briskly toward him. Pa, taken unawares, did not perceive that the doctor was not alone until it was too late to unwind himself from his perch. Pa was entirely unconscious with Doc Briskett, he being a part of his accustomed environment, but his companion seemed to Pa Gladden a being from another world, and indeed of a quality to disturb a more serene mind. He was tall, rather portly, and impressive. He was clad in the garb of the Episcopal rector who is a great stickler for form and ceremonies. He walked slowly beside the doctor and stood before Pa Gladden. Then the farmer saw the unutterable sadness of the well-controlled face.

“Pa Gladden, I’ve brought a visitor to see you. We’re all doctors together. He doctors souls, I doctor bodies, and you, good old pa, doctor hearts and happenings.”

Pa fluttered like a young girl. For the first time in his life, he was really embarrassed. In a moment he rose to the occasion.

"Ye 're welcome," he said, holding out his small, hard hand. "This air truly a

upon. Pa led the way to a sunny nook near the merry brook that fell turbulently down the western slope. They could look over the whole south field, the emerald pastures yet untouched, the brown furrows



Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"SHORELY, SHORELY, ONE OF GOD'S LEETLE ONES, DRUSILLY"

beaut'ful day to be outdoors. An' Drusilly, expectin' on ye, has purvided a fine cold snack fer every one. Jes ye wait, doc, an' I 'll lower them bars a leetle so 's ye kin step over."

It was evident that the invitation was expected, for Doc Briskett tied Jinny to graze with a long rein, and brought the buggy cushion for the clerical guest to sit

already turned for the harrowing and planting. Cephy grazed nearer and nearer. Pa Gladden could always be very deft and dainty in his handling of anything, and he set out Ma Gladden's luncheon with a loving pride. Drusilly had arranged everything. There were plates, knives and forks, and napkins and a fair white cloth.

"'This air a reg'ler picnic," beamed Pa

Gladden. "Draw to, gentlemen; but properly we'll fust ast a grace. Cephy, thet air not good manners. I did n't bid ye to-day."

For the horse was seemingly in waiting on the turf at pa's left hand.

"Ye must really 'scuse Cephy," explained pa; "I hev plumb sp'iled him a leetle, favorin' him when we're alone."

Then, baring his head, he stood above his guests and in his mildest voice said:

"Fer this food, fer life, fer health, fer marcies onspeakable, fer the good in the world and God above, let us be truly thankful."

"Where did you get that grace?" asked Doc Briskett, with his hands full of chicken, but his eyes shining.

"Nowhar," returned pa, heaping a plate; "it made itself. Don't it kiver the case? I'm allers too 'tarnal hungry ter spread out much on sech occasions."

"It covers," broke in the stranger in his deep voice—"it covers everything. But what have we here, doctor—new guests?"

"Birds, beasts, and creeping things," returned the doctor, laughing; "they all know Pa Gladden, and he knows them."

For the squirrels were coming down from every corner, and the birds came hopping near. Cephy reminded them of his presence by frequent whinnies, and, between taking his own mouthfuls, Pa Gladden bestowed scraps and crumbs generally and indiscriminately.

"Who ever saw a horse eat bread and butter before?" observed the stranger.

"He eats everything thet I kin," answered the farmer, proudly, "an' ef he's got any real preference it's fer a fried egg. But you see Cephy hain't a common hoss, sir. He air a reformed animal, an' knows a heap. He knows more of redeemin' love than mos' people."

"A reformed horse!" exclaimed Dr. Torrence. "Do tell us about it, Mr. Gladden."

"Jes ye say Brother Gladden, sir, ter feel ter hum."

"Well, Brother Gladden?"

Doc Briskett, who had planned this very episode from start to finish, leaned back well pleased, and put his fat thumbs into his big waistcoat pockets, while he laughed out:

"Let me tell you that it is only one of Pa Gladden's good deeds, doctor. I want to say also that Cephy was the worst horse in the country, and that I know it."

"Plumb onregenerate to the core," asserted Pa Gladden, "naterally vicious-like, an' soopernatural smart. His pedigree must hev been suthin' fearsome, an' all his nateral faults war aggrivated by no one's understandin' of his ways. Cephy war indeed far down the dirt road when I tuk 'im up. He had a reppytation fer bitin' people's garments cl'ar off from 'em, an' he admired ter make 'em think he war goin' ter onkiver their brainpans by ketchin' a firm holt on their scalps. Them playful habits purvented folks from purceivin' thet he had any good p'int. He war owned by most every kind of folks, storekeepers an' milkmen an' farmers an' livery-stables, which are the hardes' on hosses, 'cause it's all work an' no play. Cephy got lower an' lower. Then he bit inter a nigger boy's scalp a leetle too deep, an' thet made his folks real anxious ter part with 'im at any price."

"Still, you bought him—believed in him?" queried Doc Briskett. "He might have killed you, pa."

Pa hastily finished a large piece of the nutcake.

"Waal, doc, it war like this. I war passin' an' saw Cephy in his disgrace. I got ez keen a nose arter a good hoss deal ez any one, an' I don' often git bit. I seen Cephy thet day, an' Cephy seen me. He war tied fore an' aft with ole rope. Thar war a movin' expression in his eye thet I hope will never be seen thar ag'in, pore dumb creetur. I went up ter 'im an' teched 'im on the nose, jes whar a hoss senses a human quickes'. He jerked his head aroun' an' regarded me mournful-like.

"Ye understan's hosses' naters,' he meant by thet look, 'but I got sech a bad name an' no frien's. I would n't deceive ye.'

"Thet clean onsettled my mind, an' I hung roun' ontill Cephy war put up ter auction. A ragman war biddin' right ag'in me, an' he says thet he would conquer Cephy er kill 'im, so he would. I went up to the hoss ag'in an' considered Cephy, an' Cephy ag'in considered me.

"'Ef I buy ye,' I says ter 'im, 'I shall be fair with ye, but ye must reform. A low way of actin' has fetched ye right here. Ye must change yer ways.'

"Waal, gentlemen, that war jes the best hoss deal thet I ever made. Cephy air a sober, hard-workin' animal now. He airns

his keep an' loves his dooty. We understand's each other, Cephy an' me, an' we 've been workin' tergether more 'n three years. I don' deny thet I favor him over all my hosses because of his reformin' an' fer his smartness. He understand's human talk, an' he likes me ter hold converse with him same ez ef he war a man."

"But the means?" said the clergyman, slowly, as Pa Gladden threw Cephy a cruller. "You must have used some extraordinary means so to change a vicious animal."

Pa beamed his best smile.

"Elder, ye shorely know thet redeemin' love kin do anything. Thet 'll move the hull roun' world."

"That is a great force," the stranger replied, "but from what source do you draw your great store? You seem imbued with faith, Brother Gladden, faith, hope, and love—the things God gives as rewards to very few people."

Pa Gladden threw a handful of crumbs to right and to left. The birds flew and twittered excitedly. Then he turned his rosy face to his questioner.

"Redeemin' love air not bought ner made," he said; "it 's jes lived, like the sun risin' every mornin', Sunday an' all. But thar! I eenymost fergot Drusilly's jug of fresh milk down in the brook. Ye must hev some. Do; it air real good an' cold."

Doc Briskett lifted his cup, drank silently, and set it down gently.

"Pa Gladden," he said a little hoarsely, "we came here with a purpose. Dr. Torrence is bowed down under a great sorrow, an uncommon sorrow. He has a beautiful little son who was bright and strong, his only child. A year ago he was ill and lay near death's door for some time. He recovered, but—but he knows nothing, pa; he notices nothing. He will not speak and goes aimlessly about. All that remains to him is his baby laughter, and that—it is such a heartbreaking sound. Great doctors have told his father that he must stay in the country, and he has been here a month or more under my care. I had Aunt Willy Geeder, beyond the wood there, take care of him. She has been quite faithful, and the child thrives in body. But his mind, Pa Gladden, stays the same. He may never be better. That sickness seems to have burned out his wits. Now what can

your philosophy say to your suffering brother there?"

Pa was visibly trembling. He rose, his height seemingly increased by a terrible intensity.

"A leetle child! A boy—a leetle boy thet laffed? An' ye say he don' notice nothin'? Oh, no, no, doc; ye can't tell me thet. Doc, he has tuk notice. He war runnin' erlong thet field over thar yestidday, laffin' at me an' Cephy. Give 'im time. Trus' God; trus' in his revivin', redeemin' love."

His own voice broke, because there came a sound of a man's deep sob.

"I thort it war a vision, ouchsafed arter strong 'rastlin' in prayer, .... this war better. I tell ye thet child noticed; ef he noticed oncet, why not ag'in. Trus' yer Pa Gladden ter reach thet leetle feller, doc. He ran erlong, right up thar 'tween me an' heaven, an' then my soul it uplifted remarkable. God shorely meant suthin'. Thet leetle feller war laffin' at me an' Cephy. Le' 's see whut me an' Cephy kin do fer 'im, doc. We 're jes humly folks, but ye fetch 'im ter me an' Drusilly an' Cephy, an' we wull teach 'im ter notice."

Doc Briskett's voice was suspiciously bluff and hoarse.

"The very thing, Pa Gladden. Doctor, if there is a chance it lies here. Are you willing?"

"Willing?" trembled the father. "God bless him! Tell him that there 's no lack of money—money for everything, anything."

Pa Gladden laughed gaily.

"'T ain't a case o' money, elder," he said cheerily; "it 's plumb beyond it. It 's plumb onchristian ter mention it. Me an' Drusilly air pa an' ma ter all the livin', sence we hain't no special chillern. It 'll suttinly be an all-absorbin' game ter study out how ter make thet leetle boy notice, won't it? Elder, yer tribblelation has been deep, but don' ye never doubt yer Lord ag'in. He air in all things, ef we kin jes sense him, like a hoss senses water afur off. This air another trick o' Satan, an' must be dealt with accordin'. Why, my ole arms air jes achin' ter hold thet laffin' baby! Thet laff—why, doc, thet went clean through me like breakin' glass. Whut in all creation 'll Drusilly say ter see me comin' home with a leetle Moses from the south field? Cephy an' me got intrusted

in him; why, you could n't guess, doc. Now, elder, lift up yer speerits, 'cause yer Pa Gladden don' b'lieve but whut this matter air boun' ter come out all right. Trust yer Pa Gladden."

ONCE again Pa Gladden approached the small brown house in the mysterious sweetness of the spring twilight. Once again the saffron glow of sunset still low on the horizon and the lamplight from the kitchen window showed Ma Gladden hurrying along the path toward him. She was coming quickly, for her keen eyes had shown her that her husband carried a burden. By his side gravely walked the beautiful collie that had one day appeared at Pa Gladden's barn door and ever after stayed with him. Her unusual appearance near the house added to the solemnity of the picture. It was strangely suggestive of that one of the Good Shepherd that adorned the big family Bible. Drusilly's heart beat as she neared that burden and felt intuitively that it was no late lamb or sick puppy. With a most tender face she held out her arms to relieve her spouse and to share the burden.

Pa Gladden's eyes were misty.

"Ye shorely air a good woman, Drusilly," he said, "an' if ever yer heart melted ter water, it will be at this sight."

Lifting a light shawl thrown over the child, he showed her the strange white face, one placid but unlighted, one that made Drusilly gasp awe-struck and fold him closer to her loving heart.

"Shorely, shorely, one of God's leetle ones, Drusilly, an' sent as a sign of favor ter us. Come in, an' I 'll tell ye the hull tale. It's one ter wring the heart sore."

### III

HIGH on a branch in a tree that leaned over the south field a gorgeous cardinal sat triumphant. Below him, in a deep tangle, was his new nest, and in praise of life he poured forth liquid ecstasy. Near him, on a swinging bough, hopped and twittered a warbler, a tiny thing, as gray-green as new foliage, with orange touches that lightened underneath to lemon tints as he flew above the dogwood, white with bloom. Attendant were they upon the child sitting on the greensward below, playing vaguely with flowering branches

and a number of brilliant dandelions. In the very center of the field, Pa Gladden dropped corn and watched the little head, almost as yellow in the streaks of sunlight as the dandelions.

Cephy browsed up and down. Sometimes Pa Gladden talked to him, sometimes called cheerily to the child. Cephy was apparently the interested listener, but the farmer knew no discouragement in talking to either. The self-imposed task of rousing the child's interest had never been given up, although more than a year had passed away. The same patient hope that taught him to go on planting his crops after discouraging years made him persevere. Good years were God's years, and Billy, the child, would have his good year yet.

A whole year's cycle, and a strange year at the Crossroads farm: a year when the child rule was the rule of the utmost tenderness and love over both Pa and Ma Gladden; a year when, as pa expressed it to Doc Briskett, "more things kep' on-foldin'" than these good folks had dreamed of in existence; a year when Ma Gladden gave up her usual visits to relatives and held most tender disputes with Pa Gladden as to Billy's physical upbringing. It was a queer quest, that search for the clue, the end of the thread of intelligence which they believed in so thoroughly. The two were sure that he knew them, sure that he realized the refuge of Ma Gladden's warm arms and of Pa Gladden's strong shoulder. But Billy remained an animated doll, one growing stronger, heavier, ruddier, but still as listless and as dead in mind. At times he would sound that reasonless sweet laughter, a peal that seemed to come from a far-away consciousness. So laughed the babes in Paradise, thought these tender souls, but Dr. Torrence could not bear it.

Pa Gladden, now passing up and down his field, remembered last year and his spiritual longings. They seemed to him selfish.

"It air true," he mused, "thet larst year my prayers war all fer myself, my own vain-glory an' hypocrisy. This year they air all fer leetle Billy. Ef ever I hears the voice o' God, it 'll be when thet child says 'Daddy,' knowin' o' me. The Lord air takin' his time erbout this 'ere duplex business, but I 'm waitin' fer the Word same 's larst year, an' hopin' pow'ful."

The next time he stood erect to wipe the

sweat from his brow and look at the boy he heard the laugh he loved yet dreaded. It seemed louder than ever. Cephy, always a joint owner in Billy, had gone a meandering way around the perfumed hedge-row, where there was a well-worn path. Reaching the languid boy, he affectionately nosed him, despite pa's shouted cautions. Pa Gladden started across to the pair, but paused half-way.

"It do 'pear ter me," he was saying to himself, "thet Cephy air about the same business ez we all hev been, jes tryin' ter make leetle Billy notice some. Ef Cephy hain't smart, I miss—" But here Pa Gladden stopped amazed. Something had happened at last. The child had risen voluntarily and, with a flowering branch upraised, was striking playfully at the horse.

Pa's heart beat wildly, but his judgment never forsook him.

"'T ain't anything fer me ter mix in jes now," he thought, both trembling and curious, "but I 'll jes wait right here. God air movin' here in this south field. God air movin' in Cephy. God air movin' in the child's mind."

Slowly Cephy backed away from the child's light blows, slowly and with low whinnies. Again came that burst of wild, sweet baby laughter, and then the child advanced a few steps, following the horse. Cephy still backed, shaking his head and whinnying in play. Suddenly he dashed quickly through the brook, and Billy, running forward, fell in with a great splash and at once lifted up his voice in a healthy outcry that went to Pa Gladden's very heart and knowledge.

Quick as he was across the furrows, Cephy was first. The horse jumped to the pool, and with those strong teeth, so much feared in other days, lifted the small Billy by his serviceable petticoats and deposited him on a flat stone. There Pa Gladden, stumbling and breathless, found Billy roaring lustily.

"Did he fall inter the brook, pore leetle feller? Well, jes come here ter yer daddy, an' he 'll strip ye ter oncet."

The loud roar never ceased, but there were notes in it sweeter than music to that anxious heart. Reduced to nature's state at the red wagon, Pa Gladden wrapped the child in the table-cloth Drusilly had placed over the lunch-basket, and hung out his clothing to dry in the sun. In the mean-

time he addressed the attendant Cephy with much feeling:

"I don't s'pose thet ye meant it, Cephy, but thet hain't good manners. Howsomer, ye ondone yer mischief. Thet air a right deep pool."

Billy, a mummy enthroned on an old feed-sack, soon ceased his wailing under the influence of Ma Gladden's cookies.

"I wisht fer oncet ye war a nuss-gal, Cephy," said Pa Gladden, "fer thet larst furrer er two must be finished this arternoon."

Cephy remaining obediently by the wagon, Pa Gladden at length went back to his labors. It was very warm for so early a spring day, and he felt no uneasiness as to the child's unclothed state. He was more concerned as to how to remove the coverings from that shrouded mind.

But Pa Gladden mused cheerfully on Nature's ways and trusted her with this task.

"Boun' ter come out," he declared, "boun' ter come. He's spinnin' his own web o' thought now, an' outen thet, like a butterfly, he 'll jes come all right. I feel things movin' in thet child's mind quite plain-like."

Up one furrow, and the child was sitting as quietly as before, a yellow-headed manikin in a Dutch blue-and-white drapery. Down another furrow, and the far sound of wheels came along Tarleton Road. Up the furrow half-way, the sound of wheels nearer, and the joyous, happy laughter of a child at play sounding loud. No small figure sat in the red wagon, but a rampant bit of marble sculpture, save with yellow streaming locks, ran high on that woodland road where he had rioted last spring, a figure pursuing Cephy with mocks and gibes and a rod of blossom.

With a prayer of joy in his heart and on his lips, Pa Gladden sprang across the plowed field to intercept. As he ran and stumbled again, he also saw, above the fence-bars, the faces of those he would have most wished there. On came the reformed horse, curveting and veering and jumping at a good safe distance from the capering figure so wildly reckless in pursuit. Pa Gladden caught up the small dancing form and endeavored to hide it in his encircling arms. He struggled with it toward the fence. When he reached the two men there, his mouth was quivering.



"This here air scand'lous, gentlemen; but ye see he's begun ter notice suthin', an' I'm plumb boun' ter say thet he promises ter be full o' speerit. Look at them eyes, elder! Thar's a light kindlin' thar. Oh, praise God thet some day he'll know me ter call me daddy jes oncet! I b'lieve it. Ye limb! an' ye warnt ter get down ag'in in thet state? Oh, no; stay with yer daddy."

No one had noticed the weather, but behind the florescent southern hedges hung a sullen cloud-bank that now boomed out a thunderous warning.

The child heard it, started with fright, and clung to Pa Gladden's neck with wild shrieks. Unintelligible at first, they resolved themselves into a sobbing word:

"Daddy, daddy!"

Big drops fell unheeded. Doc Briskett supported a man's shaking figure at the fence-rails, while Pa Gladden, holding the child aloft in utter abandonment of joy, cried out, in a voice deep and glorious with happiness:

"The Voice—the Voice! Glory, glory be ter God!"

## HEROISM IN EVERY-DAY LIFE

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D.



SOME three years ago, in a talk among friends, a discussion arose as to whether the civilized world was improving in altruism. The talk at last narrowed to the question of whether the modern man and woman are any more altruistic in their tendencies than they of, we may say, the seventeenth century.

The question was not of the sacrifices involved in any form of charity in giving money, but simply whether self-risking heroism is, or is not, on the increase—a very hard question to answer. Most of us believed that it was, but agreed about the difficulty of obtaining satisfactory proof.

It occurred to me later that to secure some statistical relation of the amount of heroic conduct in every-day life might perhaps be of value. I therefore engaged one of the clipping agencies to send me for a year the reports of perilous self-devotion to be found in the American daily papers. The net thus cast was large, but by no means could be made to catch all even of the published cases. I myself saw from time to time a number in the papers which were not among the clippings sent. The most important journals are supposed to have been searched; but there are some twenty thousand papers printed in the United States, most of them

weekly or half-weekly. To include all of these was past hope. Moreover, in private life occur, as every one knows, numerous examples of heroic endeavor which never are within reach of the reporter. Indeed, it is true that they who do for their fellows acts which involve self-risks are usually those who avoid public appreciation.

Notwithstanding these limitations of my quest, I found that I had as the product of my order a mass of matter requiring care and restraint in the use I made of it. It became, indeed, so large that at the end of ten months I called a halt, had the clippings pasted in books, and only of late have had the courage to deal with them.

It is needful that the reader understand that the splendid roll of coast-guard rescues has no place here. What a sailor or soldier did does not now concern us, nor the action of men working in masses, as miners or as firemen. I sought only records of what unaided individuals did when face to face with emergencies where to act was dangerous. Despite my instructions, much that fell among the excluded classes found its way into my collection; and I also discovered that I must, for other reasons, shut out a good deal that was gallant.

I found that I had in ten months eleven hundred and sixty-three records. I began

to deal with these by striking out all cases where mothers ran risks to save a child. Here we have to do with instincts and extravagant motives which must always have existed. Many cases were repeated over and over, with such changes as at times were bewildering. The quality of some of the reports made me reject them, for plainly it was out of the question to attempt verification.

Having thus, and perhaps even too critically, sifted my reports, I felt sure that, while I might have rejected many true cases, there was reasonable security of the reality of what remained.

My exclusions left me with a record of seven hundred and seventeen examples of men, women, or children who took grave risks to save persons in peril.

Of these two hundred and fifty-eight were attempts to save the drowning.

One hundred and ninety-four were efforts to rescue from fire. Among these quite one third were by single firemen acting alone; the rest were by men, women, or children, and involved various kinds of danger from fire, such as carrying out children or adults from houses on fire, taking great risks to alarm persons asleep in such places, running elevators amid terrible fire risks, etc.

Sixty-one were acts of self-devoted courage on the part of railway engineers, brakemen, switch-tenders, or others employed on railways. Among these were many amazing examples of high conduct amid appalling risks, with a lamentable list of fatal efforts to drag from a railway-track persons in grave danger. I am assured on good authority that a large number of cases of heroic behavior by railway employees are never reported, and that this list is much too small. More remarkable is the number of persons who, not being in this employ, made like efforts to save the lives of children, women, or drunken men from the swift approach of trains. Forty-eight such instances were thus reported.

My miscellaneous list numbers one hundred and fifty-six. It is largely made up of efforts to stop runaway horses, of which about one third were by policemen. It also includes a curious variety of rescues. Several were from noxious gases in wells; twelve from bulls; others were contests with mad or ferocious dogs; there were seven attempts to save from awful death by a "live electric wire"; and, finally, two cases were of per-

sons who sucked snake-bites—probably a harmless effort, but popularly regarded as endangering the operator.

Surely this simple relation is an interesting addition to the better preserved statements of the heroism of men disciplined by years of familiarity with risks, as is the sailor, and, best of all, the coast guard.

My record invites comment which, it appears to me, may be of interest. Generally it fails to tell us the social status of those concerned as rescuers. I make out, however, that usually these chances are thrown in the way of and accepted by laboring men—mechanics or others, to whom personal injury means what it does not to an easier class. But men, women, and children of all classes are on my list, and there are some negroes.

I was surprised to discover how many instances of heroic acts by children remain among my credible examples. I was forced to leave out many, since when the reporter described children of four or five years of age as trying to save others as young, or younger, from fire or water, he was probably often in error—as to the age, at least. Nevertheless, I am able to keep and believe fifty-three statements concerning children under fifteen who have tried to save others from water, fire, or other danger. Of these fifty-three, twelve concerned girls who tried to save drowning comrades or others previously unknown to them.

Three very brave rescues from water were undoubtedly attempted by boys from five to six years old, and as to these the evidence was good. The rest of the boys who took such risks were from six to fifteen years old, and some of these lads were reported to have more than once saved the drowning.

It is to be said that the lads who frequent city docks are always good swimmers, and that, in the country, boys of any spirit will, in summer, swim two or three times a day, and probably never think of, even if they understand, the immense danger in assisting the half-conscious, frightened victim.

The reported attempts of children under fifteen to save others from fire are to me a remarkable part of this collection. Of my fifty-three trustworthy statements, thirteen were efforts to carry out babies on fire, or to put out their blazing clothes, or to awaken persons amid perilous fire condi-

tions. In three undoubted instances little fellows of four, five, and six respectively did very gallant acts of this kind, and all were more or less painfully scorched.

As these statements may appear improbable, I ought to add that I am personally aware of at least six most heroic efforts to save life from fire made by children of six or seven years. All of these were by little ones brought up in luxury, one being a girl who is permanently disfigured. It may be, therefore, that I myself have set aside as incredible too many alleged examples of heroic childhood.

Two lads of fourteen and fifteen respectively made splendid rescues of younger children who were crossing rails.

I regret that I cannot describe at length some of these many acts of intelligently guided self-devotion, of which even to read makes one proudly glad.

When I came to estimate the cost to the long list of men, women, and children who undertook these varied kinds of rescue, I found an appalling catalogue of injuries, concerning which it is obviously impossible to give accurate reports. More sadly definite is the roll of death. Of the whole seven hundred and seventeen, one in every eleven lost his life in trying to save that of another, and usually that of one strange to him.

Efforts to rescue the drowning gave the largest list of fatal results, chiefly because such attempts are the most frequent. Next in number came the deaths from fire; but the fatal results to rescuers from the rail were, in proportion to their totality, far the greatest. Deaths from trying to stop runaways were few, but the number thus injured was large.

I like to add that in this long record of heroic conduct there were twelve attempts to save the lives of dogs or cats or birds, not to mention more valuable animals.

I foresaw the impossibility of comparing statistically these records with the conduct of individuals during, we may say, the seventeenth century. But at any period the general feeling, and the legal and other relations of man to man, are probably fair representations of what individual action will be at that day, under circumstances involving the need for self-devoting courage.

To give force to my comparison and value to my inferences, and at the risk of stating well-known facts, I take the liberty

of reminding the reader of what large changes civilization has brought about in the humanitarian attitude of man to his fellows and even to animals. Slavery and the slave-trade have been abolished. Torture and extreme punishments for minor offenses no longer exist. Animals are protected from abuse and cruelty. It is scarcely worth while to add the gains made in the treatment of women, the protection of childhood, hours of work, the liberal aid for the sick, the wounded, and the helpless, or the humane changes in the care of the insane and the feeble-minded.

The growing regard of mankind for the needs and rights of others is seen, too, in a large way in the fostering of education, in freedom of modes of worship, and in liberty of speech. All of these vast changes show, I think, an ever-enlarging conscience as to the duty man owes to man. It should not surprise us, therefore, that by degrees this has come to affect the actions of the individual and to exhibit itself most nobly in a select group of such persons as in emergencies are obedient to that spirit of duty which is more or less the child of all the altruistic influences which have determined the larger changes thus briefly summed up.

It is also interesting to note, for comparison, the feeling of the Orient, as in China, in regard to the subject here discussed. Torture is freely used; the prisons are actually prolonged means of torment; there is no legislative effort to provide for the many calamities which befall mankind. This general expression of callousness to suffering, this low valuation of human life, finds equivalent representation in the conduct of the individual man, to whom the pain, the suffering, and the lives of those outside his family are matters in which he feels small concern. The Oriental man does not risk his life for others in houses afire, or to save the drowning. In other words, the individual is as the race. The better the breed, the nobler and the more numerous are they who represent in self-devotion the spirit of their time and their nation.

Undoubtedly the civilized man is acquiring something valuably efficient which urges him to take for others risks which he probably would not have taken in former days. I find far fewer of these records of rescues in English journals. The reason is

somewhat humbling to our pride. In England rails are guarded with care. Animals, such as horses, are more thoroughly trained. Driving in the great cities is remarkably better than with us. The houses of the poor are less combustible. Bathing at English waterside resorts is carefully watched, and limits are set for bathers.

Beyond the urgent sense of duty which we proudly claim as racial, and the sources of which are large and general, there are motive influences which act with varying degrees of power to urge to acts of self-devotion. Primarily, courage is required. That it has not been lessened by the gentling effects of civilized life all now admit. Courage is the ability to attempt what involves physical risk or subjects one to disagreeable consequences which are not physical. The first is physical, the second moral courage. We have here to deal only with the first, and with that type of courage which is promptly active in emergencies. The one thus gifted is usually he who has all his faculties raised to their utmost competence by danger—is, in a word, the man valuable in war. Because he is brave he can do the thing needed. But what motives urge him on? The time for consideration is always brief. The house on fire, the drowning man, the runaway animal, the express-train thundering down on the child, give no time to weigh risks or to consider motives. Men are in emergencies the puppets of their past, which of a sudden pulls the unseen wires and determines action. The gun was loaded long ago: occasion pulls the trigger.

As there are degrees of courage, so may these, in certain persons, cause hesitation and allow of self-debate; but the men who do gallant acts are rarely indecisive. They do not preconsider what may happen to themselves, nor, at the time, are they conscious of dominating motives. The person who stays to ask himself whether he shall undergo peril for another is not the one who ends by accepting it.

Having always been curious about this subject, I have many times asked men to tell me why they took such risks. Usually they replied that they did not know and were simply conscious that they must do the thing. One, a man of unusual intelligence, said when thus questioned: "I had a sense of queer mental confusion, and then I did

it. I have never been able to feel that I had any conscious motive."

If now we go back into these lives and seek to know what were in the past, the educating preparations which at the moment of invitation to action proved so despotic, we find them numerous and interesting.

Where those of a family are concerned, love must count for something as a determining motive in many rescues. The general good-natured willingness to help other people becomes in an instant acutely active. The joy in adventure goes for something, the pleasure of using faculties felt to be competent, the strange happiness danger brings to the courageous:

The marge of perils sweet.

Nor can we omit the influence of example, of things heard or read in the past—a motive not easy to analyze.

I do not doubt that in fostering heroism the relation of acts of self-devotion in the daily papers has its use. What this or that man did I can do. It is a constant call on self-respect. Out of all these contributory influences comes the construction of characters which represent at its best the growing altruism of modern life, and prove its influence.

The many attempts at rescue by children require an added word of comment. Here, too, I have questioned, and the reply always was: "I don't know why; I just had to do it." There was something like the force of instinct in the act. Have children in the far past been like this? Or may we believe that it is the result of something contributed by generations of gradual gain in altruistic tendencies? It cannot be from education, or precept, or example. Many of these little ones are, or were, too young to feel these influences. How strong was the impulse, how unthinking the act, is shown most strangely by some of the cases where small boys, or in two cases men, who could not swim plunged into deep water to try to save the drowning.

I have by no means exhausted a subject very attractive to the student of human motives, but assuredly here is ample material for those who, fed daily in the journals by the focused horrors and crimes of seventy millions, find in them support for pessimistic beliefs about mankind.



SCOTCH FIR-TREES AT WARNHAM

# ANIMALS IN BRITISH PARKS

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLES R. KNIGHT AND J. M. GLEESON

## I. WARNHAM COURT

BY ANNIE HARDCASTLE KNIGHT



COAT OF ARMS OF CHARLES  
JAMES LUCAS

LXV.—26

**W**ARNHAM COURT is the residence of Mr. Charles James Lucas. It lies between the town of Horsham and the picturesque village of Warnham, in the county of Sussex. About five hundred acres of the estate have been converted into a park, which is highly artistic in its arrangement. On every side the observer is pleasantly greeted with vistas of hills and green fields interspersed with woods and shining lakes. Between the trees one catches glimpses of red and fallow deer quietly grazing, and over the whole there rests a pervading serenity which it is hard to realize can exist within thirty-five miles of the greatest of cities. But all is quiet, save for the chimes from the clock-tower.

The house is a large and beautiful dwelling of gray stone in the

Elizabethan style, built upon the highest of several terraces, almost surrounded by mounds of flowers, and commanding an extensive view of the park and country beyond, with the far-off South Down hills fading away in the distance. To the south are the pleasure-gardens, in which are statuary, rustic seats, tennis-courts, cricket- and croquet-grounds; and a little farther on are the flower-gardens, with their glowing masses of color. A stone balustrade, twined with purple and white clematis and ornamented with urns of flowering plants, separates these grounds from the park proper. A short walk leads to the Rock Garden, where many varieties of rock-growing plants are cultivated. Near by are numerous hothouses of fruit, orchids, and palms, and row upon row of trellised gooseberry-vines, supporting luscious berries far exceeding in size and flavor any that can be grown in America.

Scattered here and there are the workmen's houses, modern and attractive in appearance. Contrasting with these in age, and more interesting from a different point of view, is the keeper's cottage, several hundred years old, built in the early English style of architecture, and resembling in general construction the home of Shakspeare at Stratford-on-Avon. It is built of half-timber and pebble-dashing, and roofed with large slabs of stone in lieu of tile or thatch. It is almost entirely covered with roses, and presents a most picturesque appearance, with the evening sun brightening its patches of green moss while its shadow slowly lengthens upon the grass. Over a hundred years ago it was used for secreting smuggled goods brought from the coast of France. The present occupant, Taylor, is a typical gamekeeper, strong-bodied and thick-legged, and always accompanied in his walks by two fine retrievers. As he passes along with his gun over his shoulder, he presents a formidable appearance indeed to would-be poachers.

Down through the meadows we come to the playground of the poet Shelley, where the old mill still stands, its grinding-stones propped against its sides, quietly registering the flight of time. Swans glide to and fro upon the pond or rest upon its edge; black-and-white rabbits scurry across the wooded paths; fan-tailed pigeons disport upon the lawn; in the tall grass tiny fawns feign sleep, while furtively watching with half-closed eye; and everywhere the mischievous emu

stalks about in conscious pride of his importance in this strange land.

Being a special aversion of the game-keeper's, this bird takes apparent delight in annoying him in every way. Prying about until he finds a choice nest of pheasant's eggs, he despatches the dainty morsels instantly, thereby destroying the hopes of both keeper and hen. Every effort to break him of this pernicious habit has been unsuccessful. Once the keeper resolved upon a plan which he thought would without doubt prove effectual. Having hard-boiled a number of eggs, he carried them in steaming-hot water to the field and placed them before the ever-ready emu. Much to his surprise, the dish seemed to appeal strongly to the voracious appetite of the bird, for in a twinkling they were gone, a seeming look of wonder accompanying his grateful appreciation of this unusual attention.

The chief entrance to the court is through a granite lodge gateway flanked on each side by square towers. The inner walls are decorated with sets of red-deer horns, the peculiar cup-like upper tines of which furnish ideal spots for nesting birds.

A drive, with the most charming outlook on each side, leads to the house, which contains many apartments, bright and cheerful and homelike in the extreme. Some of these are furnished with antique suits of armor and rare pictures.

Mr. Lucas's particular "den" is ornamented with spears, javelins, trophies of the hunt, and prizes won at cricket and tennis. The men of the family have long been famous cricket-players. The present Mr. Lucas is very keen at the game, and his two sons at Eton bid fair to sustain the family record. With the exception of a few weeks' shooting and fishing in Scotland, the greater part of Mr. Lucas's time is spent at Warnham Court. Here is seen a fair sample of the life led by the country gentry of England. Home is the center about which an Englishman's thoughts revolve, home life is his most cherished sentiment, and right cordially he welcomes his guests to share its enjoyments. There are many gay gatherings at the court during the hunting season, which begins in October with the pheasant-shooting.

This bird is not indigenous to England, but with great adaptability he contents himself in the large area of open field and woodland cover which is provided for





From a water-color drawing by Charles R. Knight

PHEASANT FEEDING—PHEASANT ATTACKED BY A STOAT—  
PHEASANT-SHOOTING, WARNHAM COURT







Drawn by Charles R. Knight. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

RUNNING THE DEER—NEARING THE FINISH

him in that country. His welfare is looked after by the keeper, whose vigilance is not relaxed from early spring until late in the autumn. His first care is for the eggs. With several assistants he searches the covers for the rudely built nests, which are usually concealed in the dense shadows of the thickets, marking each clump of secreting bushes further to aid him upon his return, ten days later, to collect the eggs, of which each nest will then contain about eight. In the meantime he has constructed false nests of sticks and leaves, elevated upon a structure of branches, in which he has placed several eggs, and beneath them a trap set for the destructive jackdaw. Frequently, in bad weather, the eggs are found here and there upon the ground, where they have been dropped by the capricious bird, who lacked patience to build and sit upon a nest. Eighteen eggs are put under a common hen to hatch, while the pheasant is left to lay another seven or eight, which she is allowed to dispose of as she wishes. In many cases the mother instinct, with the assistance of the warm earth, triumphs, and after retiring for three weeks she may be seen (about the middle of May) proudly parading the outskirts of the cover with a brood of tiny turkey-like babies, of whose youth limitations, however, she has no conception, for, unless circumstances be very favorable, the chicks succumb in early infancy to the wet and cold, or later to hunger, should there be a protracted dry season.

Simultaneously the open fields become a chirping, moving mass; a miniature city appears, its avenues bordered with tiny laurel-trees, each shading a pent-roofed house, the occupant of which is the hen with her adopted fluffy mites, not half so large as she might naturally expect them to be. The front of each house is composed of slats, with spaces between for the little ones to run in and out, and large enough for the mother to put her head through and warn the chicks at the slightest sign of danger. Their only drink is an occasional drop of rain or sip of dew; but the food is moist, and consists of rice, barley, lettuce, onions, maize, rabbit, etc., chopped fine and boiled together. This mixture four times a day is strewn through each path where the little ones expectantly gather. They are very shy, but soon learn to recognize the feeder in the distance, and

as he strolls carelessly along, whistling his call and dispensing the contents of his basket, some, made bolder by hunger, venture to meet him and forget their fear in the enjoyment of his bounty, while others, whose efforts at providing a meal for themselves have been more successful, hold aloof and stealthily mingle with the grass until one ceases to distinguish them.

Ants also form an indispensable part of the young pheasant's diet. Huge hills of these insects and their eggs are sometimes thrown up by the spade, and these are received by the old hen with gluttonous and inviting clucks. She fully realizes the dependence of her and her family upon the good keeper, and usually greets him with expressions of delight, though once in a while, in great distress and excitement, she tells him of an attempted sally upon her young by a weasel or his big brother, the stoat. At such times, after comforting her as best he can, the keeper, gun in hand, takes his stand, motionless and hidden from view, awaiting the reappearance of the enemy, who at length crawls cunningly past the trap set for him in the small hill-side, and darts upon the flock, quickly seizing and killing one here and there before he is brought down by a shot from the keeper. A clatter of rejoicing resounds from the throats of the hens, and in a very few moments they see their enemy dangling from a tree or bush, a ghastly warning to other marauders. And in the mysterious light of the moon the owl himself avoids the spot as he circles through the air, frightening with his flight the pheasants in his way.

The birds are shifted in about seven or eight weeks. The cocks have by that time begun to show their distinguishing plumage, and some of the more precocious ones have already wandered off to care for themselves. A damp or windy evening is preferably selected for the operation, that the sound of footsteps may not disturb the sleeping brood. Sacks are carefully slipped beneath the coops, secured above, and the whole placed upon a low wagon and conveyed to the edge of the covers, where they are evenly distributed. From this time life begins in earnest for the young bird, and he is gradually weaned from feeder and hen.

One season the keeper made a pet of a young cock, which became so completely

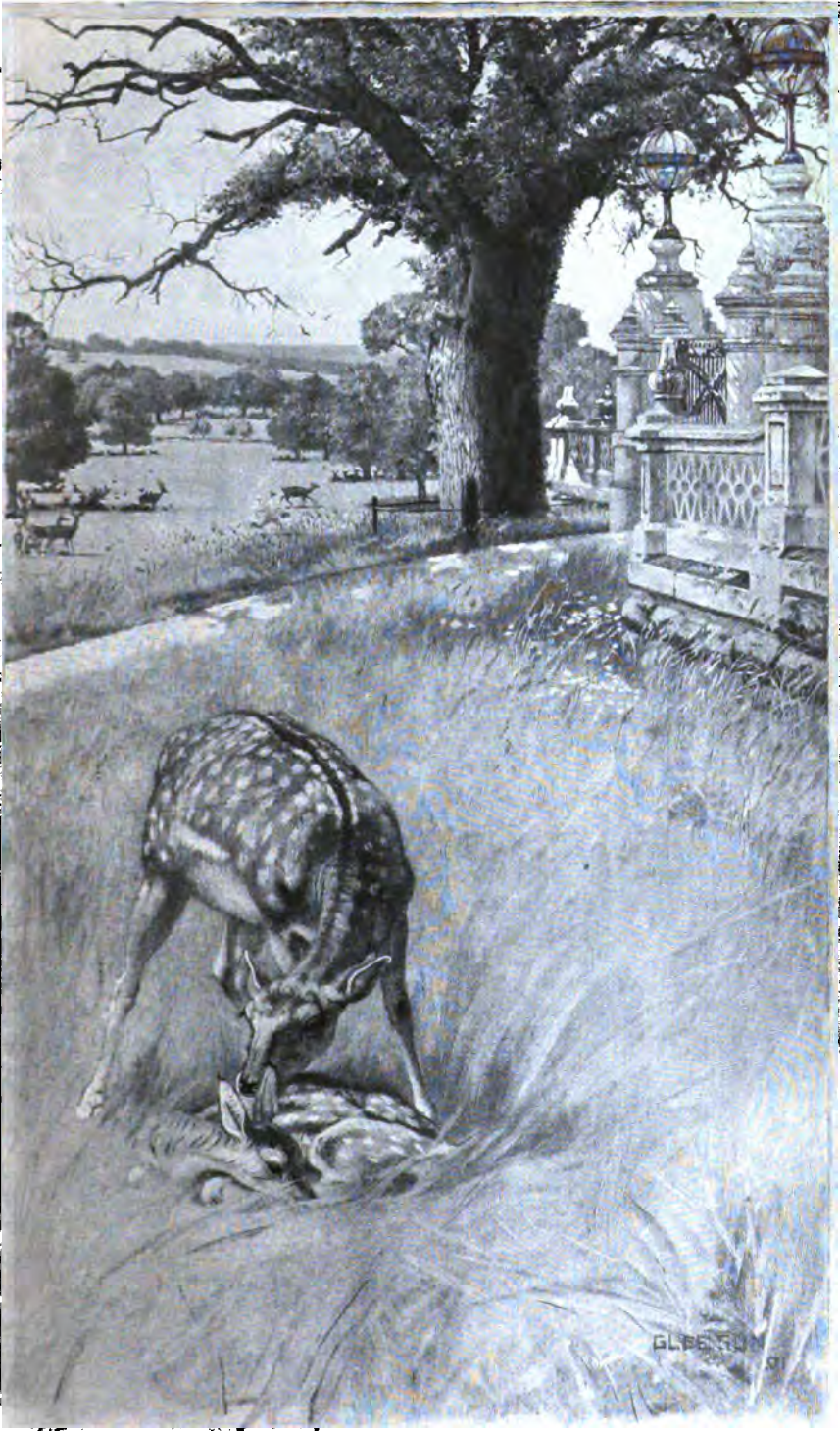


From a water-color drawing by Charles R. Knight

**THE HUNTSMAN, WARNHAM COURT**







Drawn by J. M. Gleeson. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

ENTRANCE GATE, WARNHAM COURT

tamed that even after taking up his abode in the cover he would, at the familiar call, cautiously emerge, compare the general appearance of the man with the voice, and, being satisfied as to his identity, walk quickly toward him, ready for the usual frolic. The keeper would imitate that peculiar whirring sound of the bird and make a sidewise lunge; at the same time the young pheasant would raise his wings and dart forward and backward before his advancing and retreating opponent, and watching his chance, dive at the keeper's hat and knock it upon the ground, then, turning swiftly, make for the cover, his vanishing figure presenting a ridiculous appearance of inward and stifled laughter.

This same cock, which was rather remarkable for the unusual expanse of white round his neck, afforded the keeper much amusement one day in a conversation with the cowman, who wanted to know if all that white was "natural." "No," Taylor replied, taking advantage of the other's ignorance; "I catch him every Saturday night and change his collar." "There," exclaimed the exultant cowman, "I told my wife it could n't grow that way!"

With many others, this interesting bird came to his death in a most unfortunate manner. At the sound of an approaching mowing-machine he took refuge in the erstwhile protecting length of the grass, and was cut and mangled in the knives.

In spite of the many casualties, the birds number about six hundred in October, when the host assembles his guests for the shooting.

Upon an early morning the keeper stations "three guns" well back between each

two covers, and the beaters, dressed in white smocks, enter the bushes to startle the birds. As they rush across the open for the next cover, they are met by a volley of shot. This operation is repeated until a semicircle is described, and the sportsmen find themselves opposite the starting-point.

The running of the deer begins in November, and it is said they often take as keen an interest in the hunt as their pursuers. The hounds are never allowed to kill them, and the same ones are often run for several successive years. Twenty-five of the heifers and does are selected for the season's sport, and two are usually run in a week. The one chosen for the day is drawn in a queer-looking two-wheeled covered cart to the appointed place. The back of the cart is lowered until it is level with the ground. When the door is opened, the deer steps out, sniffs the air, with his head up, and takes a sweeping glance around before he is away like a shot. He is given five minutes' "law," while the well-trained hounds and horses stand tremblingly impatient to be off in pursuit.

The old English staghounds have become extinct, and foxhounds, bred for the purpose of the chase, have succeeded them. So fleet are they that the horses become jaded in their efforts to keep up with them.

Spring and summer in turn affords its own particular sport—tennis, cricket, croquet, etc. And never must be forgotten the hospitable afternoon tea, served upon warm days in the shade of the lawn, when one feels comfortable in the knowledge that even the laborers in the field are resting for the nonce and enjoying the refreshing cup.



Drawn by Charles R. Knight. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

FALLOW-DEER HEADS



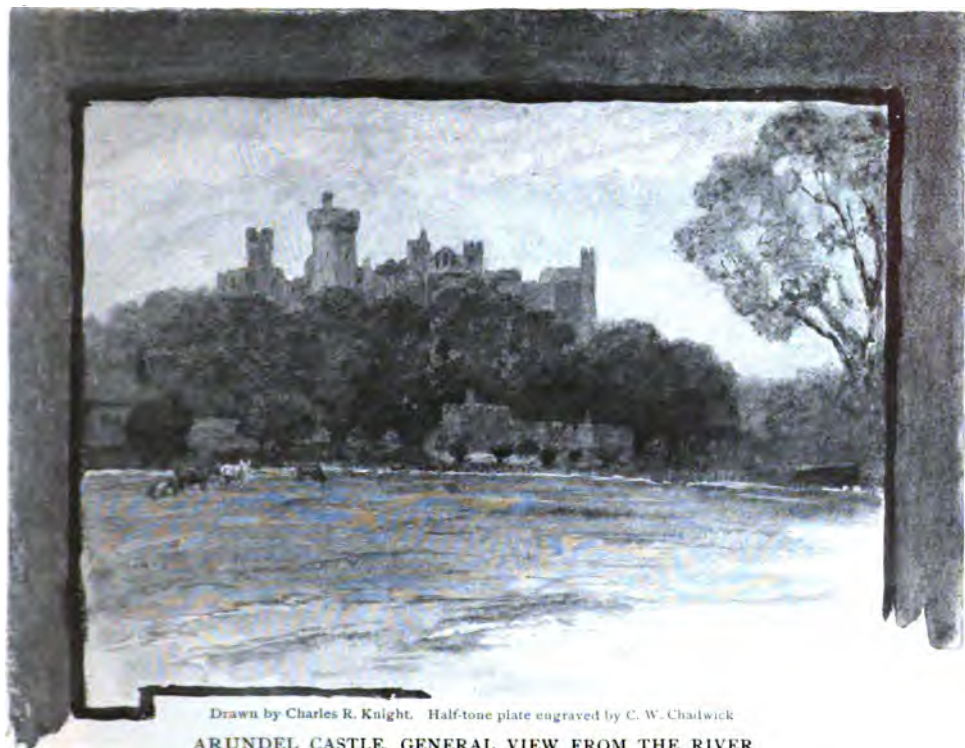
SETTLER



From a water-color drawing by Charles R. Knight

STAGHOUND "SETTLER," WARNHAM COURT





## II. ARUNDEL CASTLE

BY CHARLES R. KNIGHT



ARMS OF THE DUKE  
OF NORFOLK

WITH its mighty turrets and battlements rising warm and brilliant against the deep-blue sky, Arundel Castle, the seat of the Duke of Norfolk, stands on the summit of a hill overlooking the vale of the Arun River, in

the county of Sussex. Flanked on each side by verdure-clad hills, in front the landscape stretches away in a flat plain toward the English Channel, four miles distant.

In the little town clustered at its base all is brightness and freshness: the tally-ho bringing throngs of visitors from the neighboring seaside resorts—a gala crowd off for a few days' holiday from smoky London, or else the ambitious American tourist prying and poking here and there among the gravestones in the old church-

yard, hoping, perchance, to find some long-forgotten ancestor there. Yet what different sights have the gray and crumbling walls of the keep looked down upon in earlier times! Then the horses plunging along the roads carried armed men, and the trumpet-calls echoing among the hills were clarions of war, far different from the cheery notes of the coaching-horn.

Then, too, the great gates of the castle were closed and barred, and on the turrets the sun glinted on the spears and polished helmets of its defenders, and the stern old castle stood like a stag at bay, facing stubbornly the swarms of Norman invaders that hurled themselves against its walls and surged about the massive base. Fearless it stood thus, impregnable against the spears and arrows of the enemy until the advent of gunpowder. Then even the heavy masonry gave way before the storms of solid shot that rained against its side, and to-day nothing remains of the original building

but the keep, a great tower built on the top of a high hill which commanded an extensive view of the surrounding country.

The present castle, therefore, is of com-

might be expected, rather a failure from an architectural point of view. Fortunately, the son, Henry Howard, realized fully the desirability of having the restorations car-



Drawn by Charles R. Knight. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

#### A GLIMPSE OF ARUNDEL CASTLE

paratively recent date; in fact, the greater part has been restored within the last thirty or forty years. The father of the present duke undertook this truly herculean task, but was ill advised in the restorations by incompetent men, and the result was, as

ried on in a proper way, and with that end in view he has had many portions of the structure torn down and rebuilt on very much better lines. To-day the castle stands as an example of the feudal style of building, when a man's castle was not only







From a watercolor drawing by Charles E. Knight  
REV. HEB. ARUNDEL

his home, but a place of refuge from his enemies.

Picturesque and precipitous as the town may be, it gives very little idea of the beauties to be found in the great park of thirteen hundred acres which surrounds the castle on three sides. The principal entrance to the park lies through a splendid avenue of trees, the twisted roots and moss-covered trunks of which line the road for a short distance on each side. The park itself rises and falls like huge billows—great stretches of woodland interspersed with smooth green grass, while looking toward the sea fainter and bluer hills obscure the horizon. Across the valley a herd of red deer are feeding, while close at hand, under the grateful shade of the trees, a band of fallow bucks huddle closely together, waving their horned heads ceaselessly to and fro, to keep away the insects which annoy them greatly.

So far the bucks have not assumed their full gala attire, and the graceful palmated horns are still in the velvet. Already, however, the sharp, hard points are beginning to show through the soft skin, and the creatures rub back and forth against a convenient tree-trunk in order to loosen the now dead and useless covering which hangs like Spanish moss from the perfected horn. Owing to the continual presence of visitors in the park, the deer, both red and fallow, are tame, and will allow one to approach almost within touching distance. While most of the red deer here are normal in color, a few have a peculiar white streak down the middle of the face, while in others the entire head is white. The horns of the bucks are of ordinary size and shape, but those of the fallow deer are unusually large and handsome.

The red deer are rarely shot for venison, and for this reason are perfectly tame, while of the fallow deer a certain number of bucks and fawns are killed every year, in order to keep down the increase. Very

cunning are these fallow bucks, and after two or three have fallen victims to the keeper's rifle, the rest become exceedingly shy of him, and it is with great difficulty that he is able to get a shot at the desired one. They seem to know that he will not dare to shoot while people are about, and will circle and double back and forth, trying always to keep near the visitors. The continual presence of tourists in the park

makes a random shot impossible, consequently the keeper is obliged to shoot only when he can kill. When a deer is killed, it is taken in a pony-cart to the safe or larder, where it is dressed, and prepared for the owner and his friends.

The duke himself is not given to hunting, so that the whole work devolves upon the head keeper, a

Highlander by birth and a man brought up in the very atmosphere of such things, his father and grandfather having been keepers before him. At present there are also kept here a small herd of Highland cattle, shaggy brutes with sharp horns and very malicious in appearance, but, as a matter of fact, extremely gentle.

Curiously enough, the park is used as a drill-ground for the troops, and rifle practice goes on here weekly. It seems rather an incongruous place for such things, as a number of people are always wandering about through the grounds and might easily be struck by a stray bullet. On the eastern side of the castle, and running for some distance along the valley, lies a small lake over which the swans glide to and fro, ever greedy for the morsels of food given them by the visitors. I have noticed also along the shores of the lake a great number of coots or mud-hens, seemingly tame and oblivious of the passer-by; on several occasions a mother bird with her young ones swimming along or diving suddenly under the water in their jaunty, fussy way.

From the lake we walk along the new wood, constructed only a few years ago,



Drawn by Charles R. Knight

HEAD OF FALLOW DEER IN VELVET



until we are under the castle walls again. One is amazed, on closer inspection, to note the great thickness and solidity of these walls and to appreciate the difficult task that confronts any prospective invader of such a place, surrounded as it is by its deep moat and placed high above the level of the river, which winds slowly by its walls to the sea. The duke is a very busy man, possessed of at least a dozen titles and holding endless offices. He is very often away for weeks at a time, but during his absence everything goes on in the usual way. The extensive alterations are not quite completed, and others are already in view.

The castle is constructed of a rather soft stone, warm and gray in color, very pleasing to the eye, and lighting up splendidly under the sun's rays. Neither money nor time has been spared to make the building beautiful, and the construction is of the finest. Indeed, I doubt whether the former owners ever gave so much time and thought to the effect as a whole, and judging from the remains, the old castle must have been a rather rude affair, although it is very difficult to tell just where the old part ends and the new begins.

The keep, which I have mentioned, is of course the most interesting portion of the building to the visitor, but architecturally it is poor and rude in style, and very much battered and worn. In days gone by a

great well, some three hundred feet deep, kept the besieged from dying of thirst. One window at the top of the keep remains entire, and through it one may have a charming view of the landscape, the side of the window forming a perfect frame. For some reason a number of owls were kept here for many years, but now only the very much faded and badly stuffed bodies of the birds stare at the visitor from behind glass. As is usual with such places, an air of mystery is maintained concerning the true variety to which these owls belong; that they are a "peculiar" horned breed is all the information that it is possible to elicit. For my own part, I should say they were simply the great eagle owl of Europe, a bird closely resembling our own great horned owl.

The interior of the castle accords in grandeur with its exterior, the stone construction being visible throughout; and while it presents a slightly chilly effect to the eye, it is nevertheless harmonious in color and texture. The carving both in stone and wood is excellent, the character of the material being preserved in each case. The arms of the duke figure prominently in many of the decorations, and as they are very ornamental, the effect is not unpleasing. The view from the windows is superb, the blue plains stretching away for miles, and the peaceful river winding through them to the sea.

## NIGHT ON THE DESERT

BY EDITH C. BANFIELD

SILENCE hath sound, and darkness hath a tongue  
In all God's lands but this, where no sounds be.

There is a whisper in each slumbrous tree  
When every little bird his song hath sung;

A myriad murmurs, when the stars are hung,  
Uprise from wood and riverside and lea,  
And all the dwellers by the ancient sea  
Hear through the dark the eternal breakers flung.

But here upon the desert is no voice,  
No speech, no language, but the emptiness  
Of the primeval void. No hills rejoice,

No quenchless streams and rivers leap to bless.  
On these still sands, alone with outer space,  
The starlit night is awful as God's face.

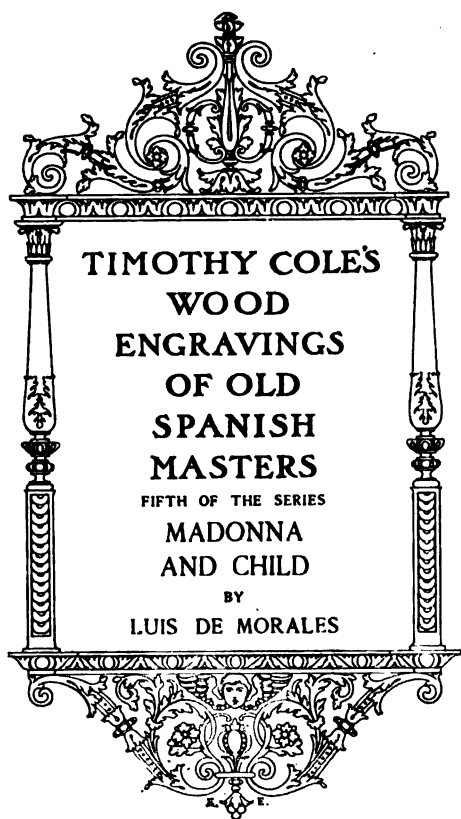
[The above, written by a resident of the West, was suggested, in part, by one of Mr. Baker's articles on the Great Southwest.—EDITOR.]



From the original painting in the Bosch collection, Madrid. See "Open Letters"

MADONNA AND CHILD. BY LUIS DE MORALES

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF  
OLD SPANISH MASTERS; FIFTH OF THE SERIES)



**TIMOTHY COLE'S  
WOOD  
ENGRAVINGS  
OF OLD  
SPANISH  
MASTERS**

**FIFTH OF THE SERIES**

**MADONNA  
AND CHILD**

**BY**

**LUIS DE MORALES**



# DE APPILE-TREE

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

DAT 'S a mighty quare tale 'bout de Appile-tree  
 In de Pa'dise gyarden whar Adam run free,  
 Whar de butterflies drunk honey wid ol' Mammy Bee.  
 Talk 'bout good times! I bet you he had 'em—

Adam—

Ol' man Adam un' de Appile-tree.

He woke one mornin' wid a pullin' at his sleeve;  
 He open one eye, an' dar wuz Eve;  
 He shuck her han', wid "Honey, don't you grieve!"  
 Talk 'bout good times! I bet you dee had 'em—

Adam—

Adam an' Eve un' de Appile-tree.

Den Eve tuck a bite er de Appile fruit,  
 An' Adam he bit, an' den dee scoot  
 (Dar 's whar de niggers l'arned de quick callyhoot),  
 An' run an' hid behime de fig-tree.  
 Talk about troubles! I bet you dee had 'em—

Adam—

Adam an' Eve behime de fig-tree.

Dee had der frolics an' dee had der flings,  
 An' den atter dat der fun tuck wings.  
 Honey mighty sweet, but bees got stings.  
 Talk about hard times! I bet you dee had 'em—

Adam—

Adam an' Eve behime de fig-tree.

'Kaze out er dat gyarden dee had fer ter skin,  
 Fer ter look fer de crack whar Satan crope in.  
 Dee s'arch fur an' wide, an' dee s'arch mighty well—  
 Eve she knowed, but she 'fuse fer ter tell.  
 Ol' Satan's trail wuz all rubbed out,  
 'Ceppin' a track er two whar he walked about.  
 Talk about troubles! Well, I bet you dee had 'em--

Adam—

Adam an' Eve an' all der kin.



Drawn by A. B. Frost. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"BUT WATCH ME KEEP IN DE MIDDLE ER DE ROAD"



An' when dee got back, de gate wuz shot,  
 An' dat wuz de pay what Adam got.  
 In dat gyarden he went no mo';  
 De overseer gi' 'im a shovel an' a hoe,  
 A mule an' plow, an' a swingletree.  
 Talk about hard times! I bet you dee had 'em—

Adam—

An' all er his chillun, bofe slave an' free;  
 Dee had 'em—  
 Bekaze er de fruit er de Appile-tree.

An' de chillun er Adam, an' de chillun's kin,  
 Dee all got smeared wid de pitch er Sin;  
 Dee shot der eyes ter de big hereatter,  
 An' flung Sin aroun' wid a tur'ble splatter,  
 An' colloqued wid Satan, an' dat what de matter.  
 An' troubles—well, I bet you dee had 'em—

Adam—

De chillun er Adam dat fergit ter pray—  
 Dee had 'em—  
 An' dee keep on a-had'n' 'em down ter dis day!

But dat wa'n't de last er de Appile-tree,  
 'Kaze she scatter her seeds bofe fur an' free,  
 An' dat 's what de matter wid you an' me.  
 I knows de feelin's what fotch on de Fall,  
 De red Appile an' ol' Satan's call—  
 Lor' bless yo' soul, I knows um all!  
 I 'm kinder lopsided an' pidgin-toed,  
 But watch me keep in de middle er de road,  
 'Kaze de troubles I got is a mighty load.  
 Talk about troubles! I got um an' had um,  
 An' I know mighty well dat I cotch um fum Adam  
 An' de Appile-seeds what he scatter so free—

Adam—

Adam an' Eve an' de Appile-tree.





Drawn by Albert Sterner. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"STREVETZKY WAS AT THE PIANO"



# A DECEPTIVE CADENCE

BY ELINOR COMSTOCK



I

HO is playing, Katharine?" asked Claire de Villiers in her pretty Belgian French.

"Why, Strevetzky, of course," replied the American girl. "Don't you recognize his playing—those clean-cut, powerful chords, that rich, round, solid tone? It's magnificent! He has a great future before him."

"It is *colossale*," Claire assented, listening with kindling eyes. "He will make a sensation at his debut next week. Even the professor says it. But he is not *your* discovery, Katharine," she added scornfully, her brows contracting as she glanced up at her companion's lovely face.

Turning away, she stood in the doorway listening. There was something exceedingly striking about this young Belgian girl. Her face radiated happiness. Her liquid brown eyes, singularly full of passion and intensity, were yet always dancing with fun and merriment. The dark cloud of hair was pushed back carelessly from the laughing face, beautiful in its freshness, rich coloring, and vitality, but also strong and resolute, showing a will-power which no obstacle could divert from its purpose. She was a self-centered nature, carrying out her aims, ambitions, and desires with perfect unconsciousness of other lives, though with no thought of selfishness. She was like a flower, shedding brightness and happiness about her as she grew, but ruthlessly thrusting all hindrances out of her way, without even knowing that she was doing so.

The room in which the two girls stood talking was the library of the Herr Professor Paul Lanovitch, the world-renowned

master, who has had no equal but Liszt. To his pupils it was as thrillingly historical as the prison of Chillon is to the world. It was, in fact, the inquisition-room where for years each applicant for lessons had awaited his doom. Its very walls diffused an atmosphere of dread, exhaling the tortures of those who had agonized there in the past; for the Herr Professor was as autocratic and erratic as he was celebrated, and a lesson with him was an ordeal which daunted the greatest geniuses who came to him.

Claire de Villiers and Katharine Gifford were no exception to this rule, as was apparent now by their nervous, strained faces.

"I am petrified with fear," said Claire, shivering and laying her cold hand on Katharine's.

"What! you nervous, Claire? I am in a quiver from head to foot, but *you*, *Lieblings-kind*, what have *you* to fear? If I had one half your genius I would not be nervous at all. But come, let us go in."

In the long music-room across the hall a class of fifty or sixty pupils was already assembled. There was a unique charm about this apartment. The long, low windows opened out into a garden of tranquil bloom which filled the room with fragrance, marble busts of the great masters cast their spell over it, and scattered about in profusion, lending it an atmosphere of extreme culture, were curios, souvenirs, photographs of the greatest musicians of the day with quaint autographic inscriptions, rare paintings, and books in every language. The students stood in groups, chatting in low tones. One was practising five-finger exercises on a dumb piano, others were doing the same on their laps. Strevetzky was at the piano, playing detached bits from one of his own

compositions to the eager crowd surrounding him. Suppressed excitement reigned. Suddenly the chatting ceased. Every one rushed to his seat. A dead silence fell over the room. *Der Professor* stood in the doorway!

No outsider could conceive the mingled feelings of awe and veneration, fear and love, which his pupils felt for this great man. No monarch ever ruled more despotically or governed a more servile kingdom. His will was law, his smile or frown life or death. As he stood there now, bowing and smiling to different ones, inquiring who was to play and arranging the program, no one would imagine the tyrannous will behind that gracious mask. He seemed merely the lovable, genial, sympathetic master. Yet an occasional glance from those deep gray eyes revealed him. He was a man of medium height, between fifty and sixty, lithe and supple in figure, with iron-gray locks pushed back from a strong, intellectual brow, a gray mustache which partly covered the cynical, rather cruel mouth, and a closely cropped beard. Possessing an overpowering personality, a colossal intellect, a keen-edged wit, and a lightning-like perception, he wielded a power which made him feared as if superhuman. The most reserved character had no fastnesses which his marvelous insight did not penetrate at a glance, nor was there any weakness which his barbed and cruel wit failed to find and wound in a few stinging words. His praise was rare, yet, when accorded, was generously given and seemed to crown the pupil with laurel in the sight of a jealous but applauding world.

The professor took his seat at one of the grand pianos and surveyed the silent crowd. His glance was an electrical current bringing each individual will under his power.

"Who plays the Saint-Saëns concerto?" he cried.

A young Swede stepped forward and seated himself at the piano. The professor played with him, interrupting him every few moments with criticisms, witty little sarcasms which sent a ripple of laughter over the class, but did not improve the nerves of the player. Others followed, and finally Claire de Villiers was called.

She was a favorite with the professor, and as she took her seat, with a bright glance at him, though he had been crotchety and exacting all the evening, he

smiled at her, lighted a fresh cigarette, and ejaculated proudly, "Now we are to have something!"

Claire struck the opening chords of Schumann's "Faschingsschwank." Instantly the room was quiet. A strained and excited interest was depicted on every face. Claire de Villiers ranked next to Strevetzky among her fellow-students, most of whom, before coming to Altstadt, were already professional musicians. Her touch was like a man's. There was a vibrant quality in it, a brilliancy and verve and abandon that held you captive at once. The professor said nothing at first beyond an occasional "Gut" or "Schön," but toward the end her memory failed her once or twice. She hesitated only a second, but the professor's face darkened.

"Why do you not work?" he muttered angrily. "You have talent, you have capabilities, but you are so lazy!"

Claire had really played magnificently, and there was a suppressed murmur of applause as she left the piano disheartened. The professor's disapproval, slight as it was, gave her a sense of failure unusual to her.

Katharine Gifford followed. All eyes turned to her admiringly as she took her seat at the piano, the high-bred calm of her manner betraying but little of the nervousness beneath. She was tall and willowy, with a winning sweetness of manner, and a face resembling a miniature, with its delicate tints and wavy black hair drawn down over her ears in a quaint, old-fashioned style. Her eyes, which were of a vivid blue, in striking contrast to her hair, were raised now to the professor's face, waiting his signal to begin.

"But why do you not play?" he cried impatiently. Claire had not left him in good humor. Every one felt sorry for Katharine, but her forgetfulness of self generally carried her through such ordeals, and she was soon lost to everything but her interest in her work.

Despite her fine musical qualities, Katharine was by no means Claire's equal in talent, and her self-possession and poise seemed always to irritate the professor. He interrupted her now at nearly every bar, telling her in one place that she played like a machine, in another "like a hen," one of his favorite comparisons, until finally she came to the last piece in the

group, a most original and charming composition of the professor's own. Katharine liked it particularly, and it brought out all the sympathetic quality of her touch and her full singing tone. She played it now with exquisite artistic feeling, and the professor was pleased in spite of himself.

"Good!" he cried. "That was exceedingly well played!" And he turned and shook hands with her.

The color rushed into Katharine's face at this unwonted praise. But Claire, from the far-away corner where she had hidden herself, saw only the look of comradeship and understanding which Strevetzky and Katharine exchanged as she reseated herself among the others.

## II

IN the hall, as the class broke up, every one crowded about Katharine. She had won the professor's favor, and all bowed at her shrine, though with envy in their hearts, while she, inwardly as happy and elated as a child, outwardly preserved her usual sweet dignity of bearing.

As she and Claire passed out, Strevetzky joined them, and they walked down the shaded street of the little suburb where the great master lived, Claire in her very gayest mood, too proud to show the humiliation which she felt she had received.

The beauty of the evening tempted them to walk on through the byways of the quaint suburb to the meagerly lighted city. For in Altstadt by ten o'clock at night all doors are closed, every one rushing home before that hour, as if from an impending catastrophe, to escape the small tax demanded for admittance later. Only the cafés and hotels remain with open doors, making gay spots of light and color at far intervals in the deserted thoroughfares. In these brilliant places half of the sunny-hearted, improvident, insouciant Altstädters seemed to be gathered. The rest had apparently gone home in accordance with the parental wishes of their government, save where a stray *Kutscher* trolled one or another of the many distinctive *Volkslieder*, or some student hummed the refrain of the most characteristic of them all:

Mir ist alles eins, mir ist alles eins,  
Ob ich Geld hab' oder keins.

Leaving Claire at her pension, Strevetzky and Katharine walked on. Claire's face

lost its sparkle of animation as she looked after them a moment with a sudden indrawing of the breath. Then turning sharply about, she entered the house, brushing without a word past the rosy-cheeked *Mädchen* who met her with a cheery "I kiss the hand, Fräulein."

Reaching Katharine's home, Strevetzky rang at the monstrous iron doors of the apartment-house. They opened after long waiting, revealing a sleepy, half-dressed concierge. Katharine took the lighted taper from the man in exchange for a small tax-coin, and bidding Strevetzky good night, proceeded to mount the four flights of stairs leading to the artistic little apartment occupied by herself and her mother.

She made a picturesque and happy-looking ghost as she wound slowly up the long flights, holding the wax taper high above her head. Excited, flushed, and triumphant, she threw out ecstatic little sentences, under her breath, to the lonely walls as she climbed:

"I *will* succeed!"

"I *will* be famous!"

"What an inspiration the professor can be!"

"Anton, too, was proud of me to-night! I know it! He was never as he was to-night. *Ach Gott!* how happy I am!"

## III

LATE in the afternoon of the next class day, Claire, who had been kept away by an engagement, had returned to her boudoir, where she had thrown herself down in her pale-pink gown, among the rosy cushions of her divan, when Katharine came eagerly in.

"Claire, it was tremendous! I have brought Herr Strevetzky with me to tell you about it. May I bring him in?" She impulsively summoned him as she spoke.

Claire, who had sprung to her feet, gave a startled look from one to the other. What had they come to tell her? Why had they come together?

"Herr Strevetzky played his whole concert repertoire through this afternoon! It was magnificent, Claire!"

"But, you know, that is not what we came to tell mademoiselle," said Strevetzky, greeting Claire with his usual cordiality.

"But if only you had heard it, Claire!" Katharine persisted. "The whole class went wild, and the professor fairly embraced him!"

"*De grâce! De grâce!*" exclaimed Strevetzky, laughingly. "This is entirely apart from our errand."

Anton Strevetzky was soon to make his début before the public, and all prophesied an unexampled future for him. Paul Lanovitch called him a genius, "and there is but one in a century," he said. Simple and modest as a child in heart and manner, Strevetzky nevertheless gave the immediate impression of strength and poise, while the rare magnetism of his personality was as marked an ingredient in his success as his genius. The sensitive, delicate mouth and high-bred, aristocratic features reflected every passing emotion, yet the deep, veiled eyes seemed always guarding the high secrets of an inner world of inspiration.

"We have something much more interesting to tell you, mademoiselle," he continued to Claire. "The professor is to give a soirée on the 15th, and for that occasion he has selected you, Miss Gifford, and the Hoffman to play."

Claire roused instantly. Her eyes brightened.

"At the professor's? A week from to-morrow? Really?"

"*Parfaitement*. It is to be a grand affair. All the critics of Altstadt are to be there."

"Only we three are to play," Katharine broke in. "Of course Herr Strevetzky will not play so soon after his début, but think of *my* being chosen for one of the three! *You*, of course, Claire, but I too! Think of that," she continued, going up to her and putting her arm around her.

"But you forget your success of the other evening," Claire answered, with an odd little smile. "And what do you intend to play, Katharine?"

"Oh, the Rubinstein D moll, of course, Claire! You know it is my chef-d'œuvre. I should not make a success of anything else."

"And to make a success of that means a great deal," said Strevetzky. "It is the most effective among the modern concertos. It requires an immense versatility."

Claire looked up quickly. Some sudden resolve seized hold of her.

"Nor have I ever heard any one inter-

pret the second movement better than Mademoiselle Gifford," Strevetzky went on, turning to Claire. "She makes it poetical and spiritual, not sentimental, as so many do, and her tone is perfect for the melody—round and pure and rich in quality. You lose all thought of the instrument as she plays it. It is like a beautiful voice sustaining the melody throughout the movement."

"I quite agree with you," replied Claire. "Mademoiselle renders the andante with rare sentiment, and her tone is always *sans reproche*. But the last movement—has she the technic for it? Ought it not to be played at a tremendous tempo and with great abandon and dash? In my opinion she plays the Schumann concerto, as a whole, far better. It suits her American temperament."

"Oh, but I have not practised that at all lately," Katharine interposed anxiously. "I am not up in it now. I have put aside everything for the Rubinstein. I have not touched the Schumann for weeks."

"*Eh bien*, some one must be interested in what *I* am to play," said Claire, a little impatiently, "but I suppose the professor will tell me at my lesson to-morrow."

Strevetzky made her a ceremonious bow.

"Mademoiselle will be a success in anything she chooses. We shall all be at her feet that night."

Claire threw back her head and looked him straight in the eyes a moment. Every line of her glowing face expressed an indomitable determination.

"Yes," she said very quietly. "Whatever I play *shall* be a success. You shall *all* be at my feet that night."

#### IV

EARLY the next morning Claire was awaiting her private lesson in the inquisition-room.

"How did it go? Is the professor in good spirits?" she questioned nervously, as the pupil who had preceded her came out from her lesson.

"*Ach*, it was horrible!" said the flushed and tearful *fräulein*. "Everything went wrong! Have you not heard how he screamed at me? He shouted out everything as if he were a captain on a ship. He frightened me so that I could do nothing—*nothing!*"

This was not a propitious outlook. But Claire pulled herself together and hurried into the opposite room, where the professor was pacing up and down like a caged tiger, running his hands through his hair and showing every sign of extreme distress. His nervous system was as delicate as an æolian harp. Untalented pupils tortured him.

"What have you brought to play to-day?" he said to Claire sharply in German, continuing to stride up and down.

"The Rubinstein D moll concerto, Herr Professor."

"The Rubinstein? Why bring that again?" he said gruffly.

"I have been working very hard on it, professor," she answered demurely. "I want to show you how much I have improved. Please let me play it," she said with the utmost persuasiveness.

"Well, play then," he agreed, though still unwillingly.

Claire seated herself at one of the grand pianos. This was her chance. She would carry through her intention at all hazards.

During the first bars the professor sat at the second piano with his face in his hands, the picture of despair. But her playing was the tonic that he needed. After a little he straightened himself up, lighted a cigarette, put on his eye-glasses, and watched her a moment with a keen glance of interest, then joined in with the orchestral part with unexpected energy and fervor.

Those who were privileged to hear Paul Lanovitch play never forgot it. His touch was incomparably magnetic, and behind his strength and immense technic was a power that moved the very soul, a tenderness and ideality which seemed incredible. He interrupted Claire now frequently, shooting out detached sentences while he played with her, trenchant criticisms, encouragement, sometimes commendation. In one passage he told her that the pedal should be like a smile across it, and again and again he brought in such striking similes and suggestions that the whole composition was transformed, giving it color, life, and plasticity. Claire, with her rare tact and musical talent, was able to put this sensitive, high-strung organization in tune, and at once he became again the great pedagogue and artist, the wise and wonderful critic, and a lesson with him under these conditions was a never-to-be-forgotten inspiration.

"Nun! You have worked. That was well played!" the professor admitted, looking at her proudly, as she finished. "What will you play at the soirée?"

"Oh, *this*, professor," exclaimed Claire, her eyes and face brilliant with the excitement of the lesson. "You have given me so much to-day. I will make a tremendous success in this, if only you will give it to me!"

"But I thought the Gifford must play that," replied he, smiling indulgently at her radiant face. "Has she anything else?"

"Oh, yes, the Schumann concerto. She plays it finely! May she play that and I this? *Bitte, bitte, lieber Herr Professor!*" she insisted almost tragically, going up to him and clasping her hands in entreaty before him.

"Nun, gut—play it," he said, yielding. "But tell Fräulein Gifford to bring the Schumann to the next class. She must have a lesson on it, and I have no time for a private lesson between now and then."

"Certainly, certainly, Herr Professor," and he noted with amusement the look of determination and triumph in her face. This talented little Belgian would certainly do whatever she chose! "She will have a career also," he said to himself as she passed out.

v

MA BIEN CHÈRE KATHARINE: I had my lesson yesterday. The professor insists that I play the Rubinstein concerto at the soirée. Vous le connaissez. Il le veut. C'est assez. There is nothing more to be said. I shall *have* to play it.

He told me to tell you that you are to play the Schumann, and that you must bring it to the next class, as there will be no time for a private lesson. N'ayez pas peur, chérie. You play the Schumann splendidly, and you will reap all the honors.

I am just leaving town and shall be back only in time for the soirée. I shall miss the next class again. N'est-ce pas dommage? Was not Strevetzky's début last night beyond all expectation? Il avait un succès fou. C'était étonnant! That man will have world-wide fame! I was so sorry I could not see you after it. Au revoir; je vous souhaite beaucoup de succès.

Votre amie dévouée,

Vendredi.

Claire.

VI

WEDNESDAY evening the class was gathered again at the house of Paul Lanovitch. It was a strange conglomeration of races

—Swedes, Norwegians, Poles, Germans, Greeks, Russians, and Americans, all drawn together by the singleness of their aim and the magnetism of a great personality. Nearly every member was present, it being known that a special program was to be played. The dining-room was thrown open in order to make place for all, and the students were crowded into odd corners everywhere.

Strevezky stood beside Katharine, looking surprised and worried. She had but just told him that she was to play the Schumann instead of the Rubinstein concerto. She herself looked exceedingly pale and nervous. Ever since receiving Claire's note she had worked over the Schumann concerto without ceasing, seeing no one and scarcely eating or sleeping. She had not attempted to intercede for herself with the professor, knowing that his word was always final and that there was no choice but to do her best with the work assigned.

This evening a general excitement prevailed, and all were awaiting the professor's appearance with impatience. He was late, and word had been sent down that he was far from well. At last his voice was heard in the distance, a high, thin, rasping voice, which to-night sounded especially tense, and he entered the room without his usual bow, took his seat at the piano, and lighted his cigarette.

A newly arrived American boy, who was to play part of a Beethoven sonata as a trial performance, was the first to come forward.

The professor apathetically allowed him to play on without a single interruption, omitting even that small sign of interest, the putting on of his eye-glasses. At the end the poor boy looked up at him expectantly. The professor leaned forward, removed his cigarette, and asked with solemn distinctness:

"Do you know how to wash clothes?"

Utterly taken aback, the victim stammered out a faint "No."

"First," said the professor, slowly enumerating the processes on his fingers, "you soak them, next you rub them, rinse them, dry them, starch them; last of all you polish them. Do you understand? When you are ready for the polish, come to me. Until then—*adieu, monsieur.*"

After this came a slim young Englishman. He was to play the B Minor Sonata

of Chopin, and was greeted with the skeptical remark, "Now we will see if an Englishman can play Chopin." Soon the professor began to get restive, and his voice became high and thin again, denoting intense effort at self-control. Once he remarked that the fellow played like a blacksmith, and again that his cook knew more about piano-playing than he did. Several times he cried impatiently, "It is too English!" But the young man kept on phlegmatically, unconscious of the professor's growing impatience, until suddenly he became aware that the whole class was laughing. Turning, to his intense astonishment, he saw the professor kneeling, with upturned eyes and clasped hands, in front of a marble bust of Chopin, as if entreating that great master to forgive this intolerable rendering of his composition. Paul Lanovitch was not always so cruel, but he was in no gentle mood to-night.

"Nun, Fräulein Gifford, what have you brought to play to-night?" he called out in a loud voice, when it came her turn to play.

Katharine's nervousness increased to an actual tremor. What could she do in such an atmosphere? Her strength almost refused to carry her to the piano. The professor scanned her face narrowly, but said nothing. He did not like nerves. She struck the first chords of the Schumann concerto.

"Why do you not modulate?" the professor shrieked at her. He usually changed the key himself, and his ingenious and clever weaving of the theme of the last composition into the one to follow was a marvel to the class. But now he was in a satanic mood, and it amused him to test Katharine's nerves. She made a simple modulation, from B minor to A minor, not daring to trust herself to anything elaborate. The professor smiled sardonically, but let her go on, playing the second piano with her in an uninterested way, though still criticizing her occasionally. She managed to take his ideas at first, altering phrasing or nuance or pedaling as suggested; but she labored under difficulties. She felt his mood, and she was afraid of him—a fatal mistake, for Paul Lanovitch was cruel to those who cringed.

At last there came a passage where he desired a certain rhythm. He played it for her, and she repeated it after him, but he was not satisfied.

"*Nein*," he said in a snarling voice, and played it again. It seemed to Katharine as if she imitated him exactly, but this time he fairly roared "*Nein*" at her, played it once more, and then waited.

It was an awful moment to Katharine. She knew she could not satisfy him. Her ear was not fine enough to detect the infinitesimal gradation of rhythm which he wanted. She hesitated before repeating it again.

"*Ach Gott!*" he roared out, bringing his hand down on the piano. "Why do you not play? Can I sit here all night waiting for you?"

Katharine was no longer able to realize anything. She saw vaguely the long room filled with distressed faces, all turned toward her, the open doorway with people standing in it; the agony of the moment was supreme. She played the passage again, but like an automaton. She knew there was no hope for her. In that single instant she realized the desperateness of her fight and the completeness of her failure, and saw her life, devoid of career, reaching endlessly and colorlessly out before her. Then came the end! The professor towered over her like a madman.

"Go! Go back to America!" he thundered out at her in a voice that almost shook the rafters. "You have no talent! You can make nothing. Go!"

Katharine rose with the look of one struck with death, and walked out of the room. A terrified stillness reigned. Not a word was spoken. The seventy or eighty students hardly breathed. The professor went into the dining-room. Strevetzky, white as a sheet, followed Katharine. The silence was unbroken, save for a murmured whisper now and then. Katharine was known and loved, and the scene had shattered every nerve.

## VII

CLAIRE DE VILLIERS had just risen from the piano, triumphant, transfigured, inspired, conscious in every throbbing vein of the immensity of her success. Everything about her radiated light, from her transparent skin and dazzling eyes to the shimmer of her white gown. Her perform-

ance of the Rubinstein concerto had been a stupendous one. The audience had scarcely yet recovered from the excitement of the last movement. She had swept through it at such a dashing, whirling speed, with such rhythmic, incisive phrasing and virile tone, that the effect was electric. There was a breathless instant before the thunder of applause broke out on every side. Critics, whose verdict made or marred a reputation, crowded about her, unanimous in enthusiasm. The atmosphere vibrated with emotion.

Claire stood, tense yet quivering, the center of the brilliant scene. One thing she yet lacked. She looked across at Strevetzky, an imperious summons in her eyes. In an instant he stood beside her.

"*Mademoiselle*," he said, bending to kiss her hand, "it is as I prophesied. It was wonderful, overwhelming, beyond words! I lay all my homage at your feet!"

Claire, speechless and expectant, looked at him imploringly.

The professor at the second piano, beaming with pride and graciousness, was turning toward her from the guests about him. Strevetzky caught sight of him.

"The Herr Professor would congratulate you," he said. "I must make place. But as I shall not see you again, let me at least bid you good-by."

"Not see me again? *C'est donc adieu?*"

Strevetzky, a new radiance shining in all his face, noticed only her surprise.

"*Mais oui*. Have you not heard? Have you not seen Katharine? Mrs. Gifford takes her back to America at once, and I—have you not already guessed? I sail with her."

The great, brilliant room turned suddenly empty and dark. Claire shrank back, shivering visibly, despite a desperate effort at self-control.

But already the professor stood in Strevetzky's place and had both her icy, nerveless hands in his, and was shaking them exultingly, crying out so that all the room could hear:

"A triumph! A triumph, *fräulein*! Superbly done! Magnificently done! Tonight you have entered upon your career! Congratulations! Congratulations! A thousand congratulations!"





# UNCLE BIGE'S CREAKING HEART

BY BURTON E. STEVENSON



It began one evening after supper. I had brought Uncle Bige's corn-cob pipe out to him on the side porch, and was watching him fill it up, thinking maybe he'd tell me a story after he'd got it to going just right, when, all of a sudden, he let the pipe fall and dropped back in his chair with his hand to his side, and looking kind of green around the gills, like I saw a girl get once riding on the razzle-dazzle.

He groaned once or twice, while I sat there staring at him, with my tongue sticking to the roof of my mouth and cold shivers chasing each other up and down my back.

"Oh, my poor Mary!" he moaned after a while. "Sam, run an' tell Mary t' come here quick, ef she wants t' see me ag'in in this life."

Well, I did n't need to be told twice, and I just loped out to the kitchen, where Aunt Mary was putting up some tomatoes.

"Oh, Aunt Mary," I cried, "Uncle Bige is took. He says t' hurry up."

"Took!" cried Aunt Mary, wiping her hands nervously on her apron. "What d' y' mean, Sam?"

"Come on!" I said, and ran back again to the porch, with Aunt Mary at my heels, her slippers going flip-flop like a horse trotting along a sandy road.

Uncle Bige was still lying back in his chair, groaning kind of mournful every now and then, but he brightened up a little when he saw Aunt Mary.

"Good-by, Mary," he said, in a sort of hoarse whisper. "Good-by. I guess I'm a goner this time. Jest listen at my heart."

Aunt Mary put her ear down to his vest on the left-hand side and listened a minute, and when she straightened up again she looked 'most as scared as Uncle Bige.

"We must git y' t' bed, Abijah," she said, kind of subdued-like, just as if she was in church. "Does it hurt you much?"

"Not much. Only makes me feel weak and sick-like."

Aunt Mary nodded.

"I'll bet it does," she said. "I'll run an' turn down th' bed in th' spare room, so 's you won't have t' go up-stairs. Sam, you stay here with your uncle, an' call me if he gits any worse."

I said I would, and I went up and stood right close by Uncle Bige's left side, for I was mighty curious to find out what it was had scared Aunt Mary so. He was leaning back with his eyes shut, breathing slow and painful, and so I put my ear down about where Aunt Mary had put hers, and gee! but I did jump.

Every time he breathed up and down you could hear his heart creak like anything. It reminded me of the time our old horse had the wheezes, only this was worse. I thought maybe what it needed was some oil to sort of slick it up and make it run smooth, but before I could say anything Aunt Mary came back again.

"Now, Abijah," she said, "I've got th' bed fixed. You lean on me. Sam, you take th' other side."

So we helped Uncle Bige up out of the chair, and started for the spare bedroom. He was mighty weak and tottery, and leaned on me so I could n't hardly stand; but we finally got there, and Aunt Mary whisked him into his nightgown and put him to bed. Pretty soon Uncle Bige said he believed he felt a little easier.

"Listen at my heart, Mary," he said. "Seems t' me he's sort o' got his wind ag'in."

Aunt Mary listened quite a while.

"I can't hear nothin'," she said at last. "I've heard that them kind o' spells soon

pass off, an' if they don't kill you right away, you're safe till th' next time. But I reckon you had a mighty close call."

"Yes, I reckon I did," said Uncle Bige. "But th' worst's over now, an' I'm glad y' don't have t' call ole Sprigg."

Old Dr. Sprigg was the only doctor for five miles around, but he and Uncle Bige did n't gee very well since the time Uncle Bige thought he was bitten by a snake in the night and it turned out to be only a mosquito. He said after that he'd sooner die than have that old fool of a doctor in the house again.

Well, he did n't die this time, for by morning he was so much better he could sit up in bed and eat his breakfast. He said that the spell had made him uncommon hungry, and so Aunt Mary had to fry him two extra eggs and another slice of ham before he got enough. Along toward afternoon he sat up awhile with a blanket around him out on the porch, in a big chair that Aunt Mary fixed for him.

The day after that he got up for breakfast, and said he felt about as usual, but he guessed he'd go a little slow, because any sudden shock might bring on another spell, and he'd heard that the second spell was fatal, or the third one, anyway. After breakfast he went down to the field to see how the men were getting along with the corn, and I went with him, because I thought maybe his heart might get to creaking again, and I did n't want to miss the chance to hear it. Uncle Bige walked around the field awhile and bossed the men, and then he remembered about his heart, and sat down by the fence to rest. Well, sir, it was n't more than a minute till I saw him fall back on the ground with his hand up to his side.

"Boys!" he yelled. "Boys!"

We all ran to him as fast as we could, and one of the men threw some water into his face out of the water-jug.

"I'm gone," he moaned. "I'm gone this time, sure. She's creakin' ag'in!"

And sure enough I could hear it now even without putting my ear down. The other men heard it, too, and you could see the sweat break out on them. I tell you it was a scary thing to stand there and hear his heart making such a noise every time he took a full breath.

They lifted Uncle Bige into the wagon mighty slow and careful, and it was n't no

easy job, either, for he weighed considerable over two hundred pounds; and then I got in and held his head while Bill Hawkins drove the team back at a walk to the house. It reminded me of a funeral that I was to once, and I kept looking down at Uncle Bige to be sure he was n't a corpse; but he lay there as white as a sheet, and his heart still a-creaking every time he breathed. Aunt Mary saw us coming a good ways off, and she came flying down the road.

"Is he dead?" she screamed, as she came up alongside of us. And then she looked over into the wagon. "Are you dead, Abijah?"

"Not yet, Mary," answered Uncle Bige, faint-like. "I guess maybe I'll pull through it ag'in this time."

Well, we put him in the spare bed again, and he came around all right, and the next day was able to be up. That afternoon his heart got to creaking again, but this time he just sat right still on the porch and let her creak, with me and Aunt Mary standing there expecting to see him drop over every minute. But after a while it stopped, and he said he did n't feel much worse and would n't go to bed. He sent me over to the drug-store at Springtown to get him a bottle of cod-liver oil, and he said that maybe if he got enough of that in him, his old heart would get greased up again and quit making such a fuss.

After that Uncle Bige got to be a big curiosity all through that part of the country. People would come for six or eight miles to listen to his heart and stay for dinner. Aunt Mary said she was getting mighty tired of running a boarding-house, but Uncle Bige seemed to like it, and as he could n't do much work on account of his heart, all these visitors helped him pass the time. Besides, Aunt Mary did n't know what minute he might drop off, so she kind o' humored him.

Well, one Sunday afternoon the house was full. There must have been twenty-five people sitting around on the porch and in the front yard, and they were all taking turns listening to Uncle Bige's heart, which had an uncommonly bad spell on, when up came Dr. Sprigg a-driving along the road. He stopped out in front and looked at the row of buggies hitched there, and then he got out, hunted up a place to tie his own horse, and came in.

"What 's the excitement?" he asked, as he got around to the porch. "Having a picnic or a wedding?"

The folks looked at one another sort of sheepish, thinking that they had been having a good time out of Uncle Bige's being so sick, and then one of the men took the doctor over to one corner and whispered something in his ear.

He kind of snorted, and then he came over to Uncle Bige.

"Bige Cheney," he said, "what 's all this humbug about your heart squeakin' ? 'Nother case of snake-bite, I reckon!"

"Dr. Sprigg," answered Uncle Bige, very haughty, "I object to bein' addressed in that manner, sir. It ain't no humbug. You see a man on the edge of the grave."

"Well, don't get mad," said the doctor. "We 'll look into this. Where does it hurt you?"

"It don't hurt me anywheres—not much, anyway. But every time I breathe you kin hear it creak."

"Every time you *breathe*! Why, good heavens, man, you don't breathe with your *heart*!"

Uncle Bige did n't answer, but he made a little motion toward his left side.

The doctor put his ear down and listened a minute, while Uncle Bige breathed slow and solemn. Then he undid his vest and listened again. Then he took hold of Uncle

Bige's suspender and worked it up and down two or three times, and then he began to laugh. I never saw a man laugh like he did. He just rolled around and held his sides and yelled. It made you laugh to look at him; and pretty soon the whole crowd was yelling like they was at a circus and the clown had just come in. Only Uncle Bige sat there solemn and pale-like, and Aunt Mary by him.

"Dr. Sprigg," he said, when the doctor had to stop a minute to get his breath, "it may be fun fer you, sir; but it ain't no fun fer a man that 's lookin' in th' face of death."

"Face of your granddaddy!" snorted the doctor. "Here, Bige Cheney, listen to this"; and he grabbed Uncle Bige's suspender and worked it up and down. "Hear that? That 's your suspender-buckle creakin'. Put a drop of oil on it, Bige, and your heart 'll be all right again."

Well, you ought to have heard them people yell. Uncle Bige sat as still as a statue for a minute, and then got up and kind o' staggered into the house; and the people hurried out to their buggies and climbed in. But we could hear them shouting a mile down the road.

And Uncle Bige has never been quite the same man since. I can hardly ever get him to tell me a story any more.



## WHITE NIGHTS

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

THE sea sobs low on the dune  
Where a wave awakens and dies,  
And the whippoorwill mourns to the moon,  
And a whispering night-wind sighs.

With its passion the dusk is still,  
And the tide turns back to the sea,  
And the wind creeps over the hill,  
And my heart goes forth to thee!

# A FORSAKEN TEMPLE

BY ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

Author of "The Rescue," "The Confounding of Camelia," "The Dull Miss Archinard," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLOTTE HARDING

## PART II



THE end had come; not of Christina's love, not of her absorption, her need, but of Milly's. At first her mind refused to face the full realization; groped among the omens of the past; refused, even now, to fix on Dick as the cause of all. She could trace the gradual, the dreadful severance; Milly's slow loss of interest in her—in their life together. It was at first only for the fact of loss that she wept—that, only, that she could look at. But by degrees, as her stifled sobs grew quieter, she was able to think, to think clearly, fiercely, with desperate snatchings at hope, while she crouched by the bed, pushing back her hair from her forehead, pressing her hot temples with icy hands.

Why should Milly lose interest? How could she? How could love and truest sympathy, truest understanding—how could they fail? "Love begets love," she whispered under her breath, not knowing that she spoke, and, in this hour of shipwreck, clinging unconsciously to such spars and fragments of childish, unreasoning trust as her memory tossed her. No other friendship threatened hers; she was first as friend—she knew it—irrevocably. First as friend did not mean to Milly, could never mean, the deep-burning attachment that it meant to her; but such friendship could not die without some cause other than mere weariness of sameness. And the truth, no longer to be evaded, leaped upon her: Milly was falling in love with Dick. Whether the weariness was the cause of her love, or whether the latent love had been the cause of her long weariness, Christina could not tell, nor, as she acutely guessed, could Milly. But now, this abnormal interest in

a man so utterly alien to her, this gentle eagerness, this frank comradeship—above all, this indifference to herself—could only mean one thing: Milly was falling in love; and she was frank and happy because she did not know it; and he did not know it. Like two children with a fresh day of play and sunshine before them, they were engaged in merry, trivial games—picnics, make-believes, no thought of sentiment or emotion in them to account for the new sympathy; but from these games, these picnics,—Christina saw it with burning eyes,—they would return hand in hand, all in all to each other, needing no one else.

Maps! travels! adventures! Africa!—folly! folly! Did they not see these things as silly toys—as she did? What could Milly care for such toys? That she should play with them—as if she placed tin soldiers and blew a tin trumpet—showed the fatal glamour that was upon her; glamour only; a moonshine mood of vague cravings. Dick happened to have stepped into it, and it was fastening around him. How dignify by the sacred name of love this sentiment—all made of her weakness, her impressionability, her emotionalism—that swayed her toward her husband?

Passionate rejection of the degradation for Milly swept through the stricken friend and mingled with the throes of her anguish for herself. For how could she live without Milly? How could she live as Milly's formal friend, kept outside the circle of deepest affection, the circle where, till now, she had reigned alone? Ah! she understood Milly's nature too well; saw that, with all its sweetness, it was slight. Love, with her, would efface all friendship. Like a delicate, narrow little vase, her heart could hold but one deep feeling. She

simply would come not to care at all for Christina—would come? Had she not come already? In her eyes, her smiles, the empty caressing of her voice, was there not already the most profound indifference?

Had Milly's relation with her husband been normal there could have been no such appeal as that upon which their friendship was founded, and when the relation ceased to be abnormal the need of the stop-gap friendship would cease.

The essence of Milly was a complete self-abandonment to one, surrounded by complete reserve to everybody else. She could never give herself to two; Christina saw that. What she did not see so distinctly was that Milly had never really given herself to her; that it had always been she who gave and Milly, tenderly smiling, who received; she did not see that Milly was essentially the woman who must be in love, the woman who must have somebody in love with her. How she would be in love she did see: how she would idealize Dick; imagine him strong and stately, and proceed to lavish upon him, encompass him, and decorate him with all her clasping vines and tendrils. Milly would remain fond of herself as she had been fond of little Joan Ashby—a fondness all sweet demonstration, all emptiness. Yes; she saw it, felt it, luridly: the greater Milly's need of her had been, the less it would be now. She would mean much less to her for having meant so much. She would be the quaffed cordial that had sustained Milly over the desert of quite illusory disillusion, to be cast aside when the desert was passed and her uses gone.

And all the forces of Christina's nature rose in rebellion. She felt the rebellion like the onslaught of angels of light against powers of darkness; it was the ideal thing doing battle with some primal, evil force. She measured herself beside Dick Quentyn, her needs beside his. His life was cheerful, contented, complete; hers would be without Milly a warped, a meaningless, a broken life. Strangely her thoughts in all their anguish turned in not one reproach upon her friend; rather, her comprehension, from heights of love, sorrowed over her with infinite tenderness. For, so she told herself, she could have resigned her to true greatness, to true comprehension, to true companionship; but Milly, her Milly,—made hers by all these years,—in love with Dick!

It was a calamity, a disease, that had befallen her darling. It would last with her, too; she would not learn to unlove him. This love, asking no heights, would slowly lead her down to contented levels, and her life, too, in all true senses, would be warped, meaningless, broken.

In Christina's mind there grew, inflexibly, the determination to fight for Milly as well as for herself, to save herself, and Milly too. She armed herself with desperate measures.

Meanwhile in the library Dick said to his wife: "Are n't I interrupting you? Don't you want to read—or talk with Mrs. Drent?"

And at the question, alone with him as she was, Milly made a swift, surprised little survey of the situation. She was sitting contentedly—more than contentedly—talking with her husband; she did not want to talk to Christina; she wanted to go on talking to Dick. Her thoughts did not carry her further, did not dwell on Christina. She had not yet realized—as Christina had—that Christina was profoundly indifferent to her; she had not realized that Christina's presence had become an interruption, a burden. Christina's personality merely seemed blurred and very far away.

"Oh, no, you are not interrupting me; Christina and I have read everything—talked of everything," she said, smiling, and yet, though she was unconscious of it, blushing faintly; Dick, as unconscious of its meaning, gazed at the blush; and then they went on talking.

When Christina came down to dinner that evening her eyes were only very slightly shadowed with her weeping.

Her task was enormous. She must never let them feel her there, as a barrier between them, and yet she must be there always, and always as a barrier. She was all ease, all lightness, all unemphatic adaptation. She seemed as soft, as unmenacing, as she was resolute and implacable.

"We had thought, you know, Dick, of going to Greece," said Milly. "How would you like to go to Greece, Dick?"

"With you and Mrs. Drent, do you mean? Immensely. But you don't mean it."

"Indeed, why not?" laughed Milly. "Indeed, I do mean it. Do come. Would it not be nice, Christina dear? He would take such good care of us."

"It would be delightful," said Christina, smiling at Dick over the fruit she was peeling.

"Dick is going to London in a few days, and I thought we might all go together, and then start for Greece in about a week's time," said Milly.

"Delightful," Christina reiterated; "you know how much my heart has been set on Greece."

Her greatest terror now was that Milly should guess her terror.

Two days afterward they went up to London, and during these two days Christina had effectually—though so delicately, so imperceptibly—kept the wife and husband apart. Dick went to his bachelor chambers, Milly to her friend's house. She and Christina had hardly been alone together since Dick's return, and now, in the unchanged surroundings of the old companionship, the change in the companionship itself could but strike them both; but Christina did not show any consciousness of change. Over the lava-heavings of her terror and misery she showed a constant smiling composure. Poor Milly, hardly yet seeing distinctly, hardly yet comprehending clearly, felt a strange awkwardness, a strange confusion; Christina's ignoring of change deepened it; she tried to hide it by an over-demonstrativeness that only revealed new and huge reserves. She was horribly afraid lest Christina should guess things at which she herself had hardly looked, and the fear at once gave her an odd feeling of defiance. She thought a great deal, unreasonably it seemed to her, of that distant scene over Joan Ashby. Milly was cowardly about giving pain, yet, stung to desperation, she could be crueler than a less tender person. She was not yet stung to desperation, but she was afraid of Christina. The fear, superficially, was that Christina should guess that she was not altogether frank with her, and it nerved her to apparent frankness.

"I asked Dick to come and dine," she said; "we can talk over the trip."

"It is all arranged, dear," Christina could not repress—a false step, she knew, but in her position false steps were almost inevitable from time to time.

"Yes—but not for three," said Milly. And the monstrosity of there being three, of there being such a third, suddenly overcame her; she stood dyed in helpless

blushes, not knowing what her helplessness confessed. Christina ignored the blush.

"Yes, that will need retalking," she said gaily. Perhaps Milly would think that she saw and did not mind; for the present that was safest; for the present the safest of all was to keep on the surface, to define nothing.

After dinner that night, in the drawing-room, Christina felt the very air electric with all the restraints ready to burst into revelations that would surprise no one. The terrible falseness of her attitude, the thing that put her terribly in the wrong, was that she ought to leave them; but she could not risk an explanation between them, and if she left them there must be an explanation. They must, dumbly, feel her as an intolerable intruder, and she must, as yet, be intolerable. With all her inflexible calm, a new feeling was surging over her—blind hatred of Dick Quentyn, a torment of jealousy. And in this room!—where everything spoke of her and Milly,—which had grown, as it were, around their affection, symbolized it in every bit of porcelain chosen together, every print, the furniture, the very wall-paper—all speaking of that real community of taste and feeling that this crude, elemental passion was to part forever. And Dick was unsuspecting, even now; even now when Milly had begun to grope toward complete discovery. But Christina read in his eyes, as they rested upon his wife, in the new slight shyness that had suddenly colored all his manner toward her, that for him, too, revelation would not be long delayed. Christina hated him so much that she knew that joy only would be in her were he to fall suddenly dead before her. She sat quaking with misery, her throat dry, her eyes hot; she sat, smiling, until the hour was late and Dick was forced to go.

Milly walked beside him to the door; Christina guessed that she wanted to go outside with him, and then that the courage to be frankly cowardly failed her, for, bidding him good-by inside the drawing-room, she said:

"Would you like a walk to-morrow, in the park?" She had lacked the courage to murmur it out of earshot, and in the question Christina felt the defiant hostility of weakness brought to bay.

"Delighted; may I come for you at eleven?" said Dick.

Left alone, the two women were silent. Milly went to the mantelpiece and touched her hair, looking at her reflection in the mirror.

"Dear me, how late!" she said at last, turning to her friend, but not looking at her. "Good night, dearest; I am dead with sleepiness."

"May I not come, too, for the walk?" Christina asked, smiling up at her from the review she had opened on her knees; "it is our usual hour, you know."

"Why, dearest, of course you are coming," said Milly, instantly.

Christina measured the depth of estrangement in all that the flexible acquiescence hid of bitterness, disappointment—hatred even. The contest was becoming desperate indeed.

The walk next morning was as meaningless as Christina had intended it should be. She felt herself a frail barrier between two surging impatiences. She could not long divide them unless she armed herself with some towering strength.

But even her reckless dexterity was not to prevent a meeting. Next morning, at an hour she thought thoroughly safe,—indeed, she had heard Dick speak of an engagement for that morning,—she went out to make the last preparations for the Grecian trip. She and Milly were still to go to Greece, and they were to go alone—so Christina saw the future.

During her absence Mr. Quentyn came, and Milly, in the drawing-room, seeing him drive up, hearing his voice, knew a sudden throb of triumph. She had not time to analyze it. Dick was in the room; she only knew that she was unutterably glad to see him, unutterably glad to see him alone; knew, too, that she was suddenly shy of showing her gladness. With cool sweetness she gave him her hand.

"Surely I have further privileges," said Dick. He bent his head and kissed his wife's cheek.

"Only after a return from Africa," said Milly, lightly, turning away to hide her new and quite overwhelming confusion. Waves of it were going over her; she was seeing, in flashes, the absurdity, the difficulty, the wonder of what was happening to her.

"I must be off again at once, then," said Dick, "and get back as soon as possible."

She had sat down, now, on the sofa, still

wondering greatly. Why, why was this foolish talk so charming, so dear to her? Why did she dread—and hope—that Dick would take the place beside her? He took it. For a moment she was so frightened that she thought she was sorry.

"It will be awfully jolly, this Grecian trip," said Dick, who, on his side, was also feeling a mixture of dread and hope; he hardly dared to hope—and yet—Dick, too, was wondering greatly. Most definitely he was wondering if he could dare propose something—that they might take the trip to Greece alone—together.

"It's awfully good of you to let me come," he said.

She said nothing, looking away, a little smile fixed on her face. She could not alter it; it meant nothing—was therefore safe.

"Why are you so good to me, Milly?" he asked, and leaning to her, gently, very timidly, yet with a certain elated air of right asserting itself, he took her hand. She burst into tears.

"Oh, Milly!" said Dick. He held her hand and stared.

And upon these tears, and Dick's look of mingled alarm and rapture, Christina entered.

Through her tears Milly saw, blurred and wavering, Christina's face, white, distorted, in agony. Christina and Christina's agony were now, indeed, intolerable. Milly sprang up and ran out of the room.

"How much have they said? How much? How much?" Christina was saying to herself monotonously. She was left alone confronting the husband.

"What has happened? What has happened?" She asked it in her lowest, most intent tones.

Dick had risen, agitated, yet, as usual, simple. "I am afraid I have distressed Milly. At least—"

"What have you said to her?" Her right to question him seemed, oddly, far greater than his to resent such questioning.

"I asked her—to tell you the truth, I have always hoped, Mrs. Drent, that Milly could care for me—again. I asked her why she was so good to me. She has been good, you know—surprisingly so. And—but of course you have known that—I have always been in love with Milly—quite desperately in love; that's why I never minded—never felt turned against her—you understand—"



She understood all, as he blundered on in his terribly telling way. How it would tell upon Milly with her new longings for simplicity and strength she understood too.

"Did you tell her that you loved her?" she asked.

"She must know it. No, I did n't tell her; I had n't time."

She felt as if she held, lifted in her hand above some innocent life, a murderous weapon. Yet, relentlessly, it fell.

"I must tell you, Mr. Quantyn, you will kill your wife if you continue to see her—to pursue her," she said; and she heard, as if from a far distance, the icy steadiness of her voice. "I cannot keep the truth from you now. You know my love for Milly, as great, as true, as any love can be. She told me that when you came back she was going to be kind—as kind as she could be. She felt it to be her duty—her duty only. An almost morbid change came over her this winter. Life took a new aspect to her. She saw it only as a sacrifice to be offered. She determined to live for duty only; to sacrifice herself. But you will, I know, ask no such sacrifices when you know that it is upon them that your happiness will be based. You will help me to save her from her own sick conscience. Milly does not love you—could never love you. She does not even care for you. I must tell you all the truth—as she told it to me—last night,"—she was rapidly drawing her gloves through her hands while she spoke; now she twisted them around her knuckles, clenched her fingers upon them,—"she hates you. You are repulsive to her. She cannot conquer the repulsion. It will kill her if she tries to conquer it. She is strong for martyrdom, but, you have just seen it, not strong enough to go through it, always, unflinching. Spare her. Do not see her again. Go away. Go away forever."

Her voice was hardly more than an insistent thread of sound. Drops of sweat stood on her brow. The truth of her dreadful outspeaking seemed stamped upon her rigid face. Dick Quantyn did not know a doubt. There was bewilderment, horror, on his countenance; but of incredulity not a trace—not even a trace of humiliation. A quick dart of keenest admiration for him went through her, cutting, horribly painful.

"Mrs. Drent—how right of you! This

is awfully right of you," he murmured. "Of course I'll go; at once." He looked about dazedly for his hat.

"Forever?" Christina asked.

"Forever—of course."

"And you will never let Milly guess—what I have told you?"

He stared for a moment.

"That I have let you know!" her impatience, almost fierce, explained to him.

"Of course I'll never let her know. You will tell her that I have gone? I will write—some sort of a letter. Make her think I don't mind—that will be easiest for her. Make her think that shooting—all that sort of thing—is all that I really care for—that she could n't do anything for me."

"I will make her think it. Where are you going?"

Again Dick stared for a vague moment. Where was he going?

"I may as well go back to Africa," he proposed.

"To Africa," Christina assented.

She was looking, still with the inflexible face, at him, but she felt as if the pain of her admiration were almost killing her.

"It was for her sake," she whispered. "I had to do it. It was for her sake."

"I understand—perfectly," said Dick. "Good-by." He held out his hand to her.

"Noble! noble!" she breathed, still fiercely.

And Dick actually smiled.

### III

#### CHRISTINA

HE was gone. She pressed her hands to her face. She shook in every limb. And yet she did not regret. Above the horror and the pain she felt, with a savage joy, that she had bound Milly to herself, snatched her from degradation—forever. She was breathless, trembling, but her soul was still dauntless. And now—Milly.

Christina went to her.

She found her sitting near her window, looking out, still with the wonder on her face. When she looked round at her friend, Christina read upon it, too,—under the confusion and the attempt at affection,—that latent, instinctive hostility, as though her nature warned her against the enemy to her love.

Christina knelt down beside her.

"Darling," she said, "do you care for him?"

"Yes," said Milly, sullenly. She had been nerving herself to the difficult task of declaring her love; Christina's solemn question forestalled her declaration and seemed ominous of something against which, unconsciously, she armed herself.

"Oh, my own dearest—no, no. Not really?"

"Yes, really," said Milly, more sullenly. "I can't help it. I don't want to help it. You need not reproach me. It has all been a hideous mistake. I believe that I have always needed him."

"No! no!" It was an almost fierce appeal. Milly misread its significance. She shook off her friend's encircling arms and rose.

"I can't help it, if it does part us—and it has parted us. It is all impossible—and you have made it so, Christina, not I; the way you have acted toward us shows it. You have been so false—pretending not to see, and yet seeing all, and separating us! I am fearfully sorry. I know how ungrateful I seem, how cruel; but—you oppress me; you imprison me: I have felt it for a long, long time without knowing that I felt it. I must be free. I must love Dick, and be alone with him,—do you understand, Christina?—alone with him."

The cruel courage with which weakness in supreme moments of self-assertion can arm itself thrilled in her sharpened voice; a violent red burned on either cheek; her eyes were wild with the half-terrified, determination to be pitiless.

And even now Christina did not waver. Her faith in the power of her own love swept her on.

"Milly—Milly—I am not thinking of myself—of parting from you—of obtruding myself upon you." The quality of the deep sadness, of the infinitely sorrowful tenderness, in her voice stilled Milly's agitation to instant attention. "I was thinking of you—of how to tell you. Dearest, how to tell you! It was not for myself I pretended not to see that you were in love with your husband; it was for you, Milly—and, if possible, to keep him from seeing, too: it was for that I tried to separate you. Dear one, from me you must hear it; who else could tell you? Your husband, Milly, has gone."

Milly gazed, again wildly.

"He has gone to Africa."

"To Africa?"

"Yes." Christina grasped her hands. "Now bear it. I will bear it with you. We will never speak of it again. He guessed to-day at your love for him—and he has gone—because he has none to give you."

Milly stood rigidly, manacled by the other's grasp.

"He told me all the truth. He said that to me, who loved you so, he could speak—must speak. He felt, after what your tears had revealed, that it would be dastardly to remain. I was not to let you know that he had guessed; I was to let you think that he believed you cared as little as he did. He does n't love you. He does n't love you,"—Christina paused, looking her friend in the eyes,—“but more than that,” she said, “more than that—though he did not tell me this—there is another woman; and for years, Milly, I have known it.”

She saw all the enormous risks she was taking; she knew that Milly might be armed with some knowledge of her husband's heart that would unmask the lie: but she dared it, ready to meet passionate denial with pitiful and inflexible reiteration, or to catch her friend, fainting, to her breast.

But Milly neither fainted nor denied.

For a long moment she looked, with strange eyes, and lips parted, at Christina. Then, not violently, with a cold, soft persistence, she twisted her hands from the grasp that clung to them. Silently she sat down again by the window, and again looked out.

On her face was none of the horror and bewilderment that her husband's had shown, but, like his, it showed no humiliation; it was with a new wonder, a frozen calm, that she looked out at the street.

"Dear one," Christina whispered, "you will love me again—and forget him?"

Her work accomplished, a dreadful weakness—a weakness that clung, shuddered, appealed—seized her.

"Will you let me be alone, please?" said Milly, not turning her head.

"Milly! Milly!" Christina moaned, "what have I done that you should change so?"

"Nothing. Nothing. It is not you who

have changed me—or anything you have done. I cannot think of you. Have mercy on me," Milly answered, "and leave me."

Dick's note of farewell came next morning; Christina did not see it, but she knew that it had been effective. Milly had not needed the effectiveness of the brief information as to his sudden determination to be off on another expedition; no more than Christina's other victim did she feel incredulity.

She and Christina went on living together in Christina's house, living together, yet parted unutterably.

And it was not Milly who drooped and pined and leaned, again, upon her friend. Milly never mentioned her husband's name; never alluded to the terrible episode of her mistimed love; never—ah, never!—asked a question about that "other woman." With a look of hard serenity she went through her days; refused with gentle courtesy the proposal of the Grecian trip; acceded with formal gratitude to less onerous suggestions.

She went out; she saw people; she smiled, was alert, almost merry, and altogether reticent. The barriers, now, were of stone indeed, but of stone overlaid with diamonds; her manner glittered with forbidding sweetness. No conscious cruelty could have been so cruel as the cruelty with which her broken and bleeding heart shut itself from any look or touch.

It was Christina who grew thin and wan, Christina who pined and sickened.

Milly did not notice—or care to notice—her wasted hands, her sunken cheeks, the haunted eyes that dwelt in a deep humility of dumb appeal upon her. She could not think of Christina's feelings; the hiding of her own demanded all her strength. Christina's mere presence was an almost insupportable burden; it made huge demands, to none of which she could respond. It was a constant reminder of all the things she could not longer give, all the things she did not care to remember. She knew that Christina saw her unutterable misery, but she determined that Christina should never see it without its mask. Endurance was all that she could give Christina, and after a month of mutual torture Milly felt that even that she could not longer give.

She said one day that she was going

down to Chawilton House—to be alone for a little while. There was no longer any veiled defiance in Milly's manner; it was gentle and inflexible. Christina made no protest, no reply. She submitted. All hope now lay in submission. But deep in her heart dwelt the dreadful fear that all had been in vain and that all was in vain; that Milly would never come to her again; that she had lost her the more utterly for having tried, at such awful costs, to keep her; that Milly had no longer been hers to lose, and would never again be hers.

Milly left her, kissing her good-by with more sincere affection than she had shown for months.

"I have been very horrid, but you have understood," she whispered hurriedly as they stood together in the hall, the carriage waiting outside. "Learn to live without me; I am not nearly fine enough, generous enough, true enough for you. Go to Greece, Christina; take some nice woman and go to Greece."

Christina only bowed her forehead upon the speaker's shoulder, clasping her, for one moment, mutely.

In the country, full of summer now, Milly felt the hateful oppression fall from her. She could be miserable and not have to hide her misery. She could sit and look at her life without dreading that another's eyes were looking with her.

It pained her to see how utterly all love for poor Christina had died from her; to see how the, perhaps, crude and elemental love had killed the delicate, derivative affection; it pained her for Christina's sake, and grieved her for her own, too, to contemplate her own essential smallness and instability of nature. And yet the pain and grief were very superficial; it was saddest of all to realize that—to realize that her chief feeling about Christina, and really about herself too, was a deep indifference. Worst of all,—and she turned from the thought with a pain that was no longer superficial,—with the sensation of a real cruelty in herself, was the other latent feeling about Christina, the feeling that she could not conquer, that vaguely underlay the indifference—a dim repulsion, a dim dislike. Was it that she could not forgive her for having seen her deepest woe?

The thought of Dick was like the blue sky, like the free wind, like the grass and wild flowers; to think of Christina—even

apart from recent black associations—was to think of a hothouse atmosphere, where one was exquisite—and imprisoned. It had been real, it had been normal—for Christina; for her, with her far less idealistic nature, her nature so puny, for all its big cravings (Milly was very severe with herself), it had been a long, gradual exhaustion. She could not live in a hothouse, nor on heights either; she could not live in any rarefied atmosphere. Nectarines would not do for daily food. She only wanted simple, wholesome bread. Bread was denied her; the trees, the wind, the blue sky were not to be hers; but never, never would she go again into the hothouse, never eat nectarines again.

She was sorry, very sorry, for poor Christina. She had accepted Christina's life, used it, and now, through the strange compulsion of fate, she must cut herself away from it—even if she left it to bleed to death. That, of course, was only a simile; Christina would not carry the abnormal so far as actually to die; but that she must bleed Milly knew. But the cruelty was kind, because so truly necessary, and with time—time healed everything—Milly dropped finally into soothing truisms—with time Christina would find some other parasite, some other fragile life to cling to her own, and joy and strength would come to her again in upholding and supporting it.

That Christina had submitted showed in her letters, not too frequent, making no appeal, unemphatic, friendly recordings of superficial facts. Among them was no mention of her own health. It was, therefore, with a shock, a shock that roused her effectually from her condition of benumbed indifference, that Milly read one autumn morning, in a blurred, shaking hand:

I am very ill—dying, I think. Come to me at once. I must tell you something.

Milly was horrified, conscience-stricken too. She hastened to London and to the little house, home of so many remembrances, near Sloane street.

The maid at the door told her that Mrs. Drent was rapidly sinking. Milly read wondering reproach in her simple eyes.

"I did not know! Why was I not told? Why was I not told?" she repeated to the nurse who came to meet her.

Mrs. Drent, the nurse said, would not have her sent for; but during these last

few days she had become slightly delirious, had spoken repeatedly of something she wished to tell, had, at last, written herself. She could hardly live a day longer; heart-failure had made her illness fatal.

Milly felt herself choking with sobs. In the room she paused for one moment. Was that Christina, that strange face with such phantom eyes? For the one moment she felt herself seized by the terror that seemed to look at her from those eyes; for Christina did not smile at her; only looked, silently, and, it seemed, with terror unspeakable.

Then Milly remembered: she was dying; not herself; and oh, what must she be feeling in her abandonment, her desolation! The rush of intense pity, intense self-reproach, shook her through and through.

She ran to the bed, weeping. Her tears rained upon Christina's face, upon her hands as she took her in her arms, kissed hands and face.

"Christina—dearest—dearest! Forgive me for leaving you—oh, forgive me! I did not know! Why did you not tell me? let me come and nurse you? Oh, Christina! Christina!"

Holding her, kissing her, she could not see clearly, or at all interpret, the strange illumination that, at her words, irradiated the dying woman's face.

Life seemed suddenly to leap to her eyes and lips. Terror vanished like a ghost in the uprising of strong morning sunlight. With a rapture of hope, a vigor of yearning that resumed all her ebbing power, physical and spiritual, she stretched up her body and clasped her hands around Milly's neck.

"Do you love me again? Do you love me again?" she repeated. Her voice was like a flame springing from the languors of dissolution.

"Yes! yes! yes!" cried Milly. No affirmation could be too strong, she felt, no atonement too great.

"Better than you love him?" Christina asked.

Milly did not even hesitate. Lies were like obstacles hardly seen, as, in the gallop of her remorse and pity, she leaped them.

"Yes, yes, yes," she reiterated.

"You could be happy with me—again?"

"Yes, dearest Christina. It has passed—that feeling. I love you—only you."



Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"MILLY SAT SOBBING"

She smiled, a solemn, intent smile, into Christina's eyes.

"Ah!" Christina gasped. Milly laid her back upon her pillows. Her eyes had closed; but her fingers hunted among Milly's, seized her hand, held it.

"Only me," she said; "the other love has passed. All was right, then; all was right. He could not have seen the pictures—the jewels, Milly—heard the music."

"No, dear, no." Milly put over her eyes the hand Christina did not hold. Ah! those cravings, to which Christina had responded—now so dead.

"He could never have loved you—as I did—could he, Milly?"

Christina's face was still radiant, but her voice had sunken to a shrouded whisper.

"Never, Christina."

"I shall get better," said Christina; "I feel it now, I know it. I shall get better—and be always with you."

Held by those cold, clutching fingers, Milly sat sobbing. Christina would not get better; and, with horror at herself, she felt that only at the gates of death could she love Christina and be with her. Life would be impossible. And, glancing round at the head on the pillow—ah, poor head! Christina's wonderful head, more wonderful than ever now, so eager, so doomed, so white, with all its flood of black, black hair—glancing at its ebony and marble, she saw, in the closed eyes, the relaxed lips, that she need have no fear of life. Death was to end all. Christina would not get better. Brokenly, she spoke a few vague words:

"If you had loved him—you would have hated me. Now you will never hate me."

"I love you, dearest."

"You will not send for him? You will not see him? You will stay with me?"

"I will stay with you—not send for him."

"And be glad again—with me?"

"So glad."

"I shall get better," Christina repeated, turning her head on Milly's arm.

And the disarray of her mind still whispered on in strange fragments:

"It was not useless. I had not lost you. You were really mine. You are mine now; for always."

A few hours afterward, her head still turned on Milly's arm, Christina died.

SITTING alone very sadly on a winter day in the library at Chawilton, Milly

heard carriage-wheels outside, and then a voice, and steps, familiar, wonderfully dear, wonderfully terrible to hear. Dick—returned.

All the misery and humiliation of her ruined married life rose before her as she heard, and as she felt her terror and her joy. She could hardly bear to see him. And then, her mind running swiftly over wild possibilities, she felt suddenly that his cruelty in coming might be explained by a great hope. Shaken by fear and hope, she rose to meet him. Dick appeared immediately,—he had not even taken off his long traveling-coat,—with no emphasis at all of look or manner, almost as casually as he might have returned from a day's hunting, though she detected at once a new and natural embarrassment; his pity, however, cloaked it. His manner might be casual, but his pity was warm and vehement, so warm, so vehement, that it gave her no further time for wonder over his conquest of the other, older pity.

"My dearest Milly," he said, "I only heard yesterday. I got back from Africa yesterday. And I felt that I must see you. I don't want to bother you, you know, or make a nuisance of my sympathy. I have only come down for the afternoon; but I wanted to ask you if I could do anything—help you in any way—be of any use—" In spite of his careful voice, his longing to see her—a longing that even his generous love for her had not made him proof against—showed in his candid, clouded eyes. Milly could only feel it vaguely; her hope, face to face with reality, was hardly conscious of itself.

"How kind of you—dear Dick!" she said, and her poor voice groped vainly for firmness. "I am glad to see you. Yes, I have been very unhappy."

And that he should know the other reason for her unhappiness! that he should know that not Christina's death alone had crushed her to the earth—that he should know that she loved him! Suddenly she seemed not to care that he should know. Her womanly pride broke. With this human kindness, so warm, so true, near her, she forgot their tangled relations as man and woman; the simple human one only remained, and the loneliness, the grief of a child overwhelmed her. She sank, sobbing helplessly, into her chair.

"Oh, Milly!" said poor Dick Quentyn,



Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by J. Tinkey

"THEY STOOD IN THE FIRELIGHT, HOLDING EACH OTHER'S HANDS"



as he had said on another occasion. But the human appeal, the human longing to console, overcoming his fears and diffidence, he knelt beside her and took her in his arms.

Milly then did and said what she never could have believed herself capable of doing or saying. No pride could hold her back from it—no dignity, no common shame, even. She simply could not keep herself from dropping her face upon his shoulder and sobbing: "Oh, Dick—try—try to love me—a little. I can't bear it any longer."

It was a startling moment for Dick Quentyn—the most startling of his life.

"Try—to love you!" he stammered. He pushed her back to look at her. "Milly, the maddest self-sacrifice does n't demand that from you. I ought, I know, to be ashamed to force myself upon you like this, knowing as I do—for I do, Milly—that you simply can't endure me."

Milly had shut her eyes after her appeal; it had been like a diving under deep waters—she had not known how or where or when she would come up again. Now she opened them and stared at her husband. She seemed to have come up under new, bewildering skies; strange stars made her dizzy.

She and Dick looked, and in each other's faces they saw great wonder, and, amazing yet unmistakable, great love.

"What do you mean?" asked Milly.

"Why, that is why I went away—because you could n't endure me. What do *you* mean?"

"*Endure* you? When I adore you! And you—who love the other woman! Oh, Dick! Dick!" She hid her face, she could not look at him, and still the strange stars seemed to dance, the very universe to turn round.

Dick was repeating with a stupefaction numbed to mildness: "The other woman? Another woman, Milly?—when there has never been any woman but you—never, never—from the first."

Again they gazed at each other. It was as if, groping toward each other through

a forest, they were calling in the dark. Suddenly Milly sprang to her feet.

"Oh!" she cried, "oh! oh!" Horror, triumph, love, and hatred thrilled in her voice.

Dick rose, still gazing, still uncomprehending.

"Christina! Christina!" cried Milly. "That is what she was going to tell me!—and did not—did not—died without telling me!"

She seized her husband's hands.

"Was it she? Did Christina say that I could not endure you?"

This was no time for a careful keeping of promises. The truth must trample on lies and disdain hoodwinked pledges.

"Yes, she did," said Dick, and he grew white.

"And she told me," said Milly, "that you were going because you guessed that I loved you, and because you could not love me, and that you loved somebody else."

After this they stood in the firelight, holding each other's hands, as though, after long wanderings, they had found each other at last. There was silence. Only after many moments of grave, mutual survey did Dick say, gently, with a sudden acute wonder and pity: "Poor thing!"

"Horrible! oh, horrible!" said Milly. "You might have died away from me—I might never have seen you again. Horrible woman! Horrible love!"

"Poor thing!" Dick repeated vaguely. He kissed his wife's forehead, and, his arm around her: "I have n't died: she is dead. I do see you again: she does n't see you. I have got you: she has lost you."

Milly still shuddered; she still looked down the black precipice—only just escaped.

"Yes; she has lost me—lost me forever. It may be cruel, but I hate her. I shall never forgive her. Oh, Dick, I can never—never forgive her."

"Ah, but she loved you tremendously," said Dick. "All I can feel is that."

But Milly only said: "I love you all the more for feeling it."

# MRS. CHICK

BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD

"NOW I 'm settled in my own house I reckon I 'll have a heap o' company," said Mrs. Chick, looking happily around her bare little room. There was a stove, a pine table, and in one corner a settle that served as a bed. "Mrs. Bell let fall that there geranium from her market-wagon, and it 's growin' grand!" The neighbor addressed looked dubiously at the scrubby slip in its close confines of a tomato-can and said nothing. "And Isaac Beck says his mother 's got real citronalis,—it smells so sweet, you know,—and she 'll give me a slip in the spring. I declare, folks are so kind and attentive! Blessin's pile up and heap on me."

The neighbor looked doubtful. "You do keep real cheerful, Mis' Chick, but seems to me you 've had a heap o' trouble this past year, tossed around as you were till you got these two rooms, and they nothin' to brag of, leakin' as they do."

"I just opened Mis' Green's umbrella over my bed," put in Mrs. Chick.

"And the cow dyin'."

"Mis' Wright sent me over a whole quart o' milk."

"And you all crippled up with sciaticky; hardly able to move outer your chair."

"My left leg goes a heap easier this mornin'."

"And all snowed up only last week, and dug outer this hollow, with everybody waitin' to see you dead or smothered."

"Was n't it grand!" Mrs. Chick's small hands clasped the chair-arms in her excitement. "I never spent such a night! My! 't was so still I just kep' quiet and got the feelin' that I was in my coffin for good and all."

"Mercy, I 'd ha' been scared, though!" said the other.

"Scared!" Mrs. Chick drew herself up. "It war n't the time to be scared. 'T was too grand-feelin' for that. A body can get scared when a mouse squeals, if she 's a . . . but as for one's coffin, what 's . . . be scared of in a place that holds

nothin' but one's self? No, indeed; I just shut my eyes and got the feelin' that I was waitin' for the day o' judgment."

"My land!" breathed the neighbor.

"And 'long toward late mornin', when I heerd the first shovel, I says, 'There 's Gabriel!' 'T was just Billy Bates, but the feelin' was the same, and feelin' 's a great thing. Then to be dragged out as 'live as anybody else—"

"You certainly was alive," said the neighbor, with a sniff. "I never seen your like; everybody standin' there worryin' and solemn, and you pulled out in your best mohair and pin, lookin' like you 'd never enjoyed yourself as much!"

"Why, they was my layin'-out clothes!" said Mrs. Chick. "A body must wear her best frock for the last. Enjoyed it? I don't want to be bragity, but I would n't ha' missed that feelin' for a coach-ride to Barnwell and back."

"Well, feelin's may be all right in their place, but they ain't always fillin'," said the neighbor, "so I fetched you over some o' them pippins. Thought maybe you could bake 'em."

"Now, ain't that jest as I said!" exclaimed Mrs. Chick. "I do get more favors than enough! I must get ready to make room for those that 'll come Christmas. Folks are so good in rememberin' Christmas, and it 's only three days off."

The neighbor looked around her again. Then she remarked: "I hope all your relations 'll remember you well this Christmas, Mis' Chick. So much has happened to you this year. There 's a heap of things they could do, maybe—a cushion for that chair, and a tidy or two; a barrel o' flour by freight would n't hurt, to say nothin' of cans of things. Do you still write 'em letters?"

"Whenever there 's a stamp convenient," said Mrs. Chick, working her chair to the table to avoid rising on her painful little limbs. "They 're so much company to write. I had a letter only last week from Hannah—that 's Brother Ned's widow.



Drawn by E. Noyes Thayer. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

“MAIL!”

She 's so pleased that I 'm doin' so well. She 'll be sure to send a box, for Hannah 's well-to-do and a free-handed girl. So 's Martha Fitz. They 're awful pleased when I write 'em. They say it cheers 'em up to hear of prosperity when there 's so much trouble around 'em."

"My goodness, Mis' Chick! Did n't you write 'em about losin' your place and your horse, and breakin' your leg last fall, and your cow dyin', and your taxes, and the fire, and your spring runnin' dry, and you havin' the grippe, and gettin' all crippled up with sciaticky, and bein' snowed up and dug out, and your roof lettin' in snow, and not a mouthful—"

The neighbor stopped short. The bare larder and meager resources might have been added to the list, but Mrs. Chick broke in, weighing an apple in each hand:

"To be sure, I wrote and told 'em all about the snowin' up and diggin' out, and Hannah says it 's the most excitin' readin' she 's had in a long time, and that most people would ha' got into a heap o' trouble over it. She thinks I escaped wonderful. And they certainly did congratulate me over such an interestin' experience. The same way when my leg was broken. They said it might ha' been my neck, and so it might. They tell me I 'm the luckiest woman they ever heard tell of, and I certainly am. I 'm real full of gettin' ready for Christmas," added Mrs. Chick, irrelevantly. "I 'd try my hand at makin' a pie of these apples if lard was n't so scarce; but I 've got a notion that a Brown Betty would be fine. I declare, I get the feelin' for Christmas so strong, and it 's a grand feelin'! You come over as soon as you can, Henrietta, and see my things that come."

The neighbor promised and went her way, while Mrs. Chick sat before the fire to plan her Christmas.

When Christmas day arrived, however, the neighbor was too busy to go across to Mrs. Chick's until afternoon. Then she rapped at the door, and it was immediately opened by Mrs. Chick. She was arrayed in her laying-out clothes, and her eyes sparkled with the delight of living. She hobbled to the table, which was carefully covered with newspapers.

"They 've all come, every one of them! I covered 'em with papers to keep from a speck of dust."

"I did n't see the expressman stop," re-

marked the neighbor, eying the table suspiciously.

"Mail!" Mrs. Chick carefully removed the papers and disclosed a white surface beneath. "They came by mail!"

The other stared down at the table.

"Well! What are all—well, upon my word, Mis' Chick!"

"Pocket-handkerchiefs!" said Mrs. Chick, triumphantly, "all of 'em. Hannah sent me a whole dozen, and all hem-stitched, too! Martha she sent another dozen, and Tom's widow she sent six with letters on 'em—look! B—that 's for Betsy. Cousin Mary Battey she sent three, and Mis' Neal sent two, and here 's one from Mis' Petty, up at Barnwell, and another from the preacher's wife up there. Ain't they grand? Hannah says she sent handkerchiefs 'cause they could mail 'em so easy, and so they could. 'T was a mighty sensible thought and saved 'em trouble. Martha says a body who has as many friends as I have needs handkerchiefs—they 're so useful at goin' out to tea and to funerals. I do like a nice stiff handkerchief at a funeral!" Mrs. Chick passed her hand proudly over the array of linen. Then the neighbor said: "Thirty-seven pocket-handkerchiefs. Well, I never!"

"Nor I," said Mrs. Chick, proudly. "I don't want to be bragity, but I don't believe anybody around got so many, and I 'll have one fresh for every Sunday."

The neighbor looked around her,—a comprehensive glance that took in the table, empty save for a plate and broken-handled knife, the struggling geranium slip, the pale winter sunlight that left nothing disguised,—and then she said:

"Pocket-handkerchiefs are good in their place; a body can't eat 'em, though."

"Well, I declare, the Christmas feelin' has been so strong that I 've not thought much about the eatin' part," said Mrs. Chick. "I 've got all these letters to write by and by."

"So I fetched along a piece of roast turkey," added the neighbor. "As I said, feelin's ain't fillin'."

Mrs. Chick was speechless. Then she seized the nearest handkerchief and pressed it to her eyes.

"Oh, Henrietta! To think I should make the first use of 'em by cryin' into 'em! But it 's tears of thankfulness, and thankfulness is a grand feelin'!"

# LOVEY MARY

BY ALICE CALDWELL HEGAN

Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"

WITH PICTURES BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN

## I

### A CACTUS-PLANT

For life, with all it yields of joy and woe,  
And hope and fear, . . .  
Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love,—  
How love might be, hath been indeed, and is.  
BROWNING'S "A Death in the Desert."

EVERYTHING about Lovey Mary was a contradiction, from her hands and feet, which seemed to have been meant for a big girl, to her high ideals and aspirations, that ought to have belonged to an amiable one. The only ingredient which might have reconciled all the conflicting elements in her chaotic little bosom was one which no one had ever taken the trouble to supply.

When Miss Bell, the matron of the home, came to receive Lovey Mary's confession of repentance, she found her at an up-stairs window making hideous faces and kicking the furniture. The depth of her repentance could always be gaged by the violence of her conduct. Miss Bell looked at her as she would have looked at one of the hieroglyphs on the Obelisk. She had been trying to decipher her for thirteen years.

Miss Bell was stout and prim, a combination which was surely never intended by nature. Her gray dress and tight linen collar and cuffs gave the uncomfortable impression of being sewed on, while her rigid black water-waves seemed irrevocably painted upon her high forehead. She was a routinist; she believed in system, she believed in order, and she believed that godliness was akin to cleanliness. When she found an exception to a rule she regarded the exception in the light of an error. As she stood, brush in hand, before Lovey Mary, she thought for the hundredth time that the child was an exception.

"Stand up," she said firmly but not unkindly. "I thought you had too much sense to do your hair that way. Come back to the bath-room, and I will arrange it properly."

Lovey Mary gave a farewell kick at the wall before she followed Miss Bell. One side of her head was covered with tight black ringlets, and the other bristled with curl-papers.

"When I was a little girl," said Miss Bell, running the wet comb ruthlessly through the treasured curls, "the smoother my hair was the better I liked it. I used to brush it down with soap and water to make it stay."

Lovey Mary looked at the water-waves and sighed.

"If you're ugly you never can get married with anybody, can you, Miss Bell?" she asked in a spirit of earnest inquiry.

Miss Bell's back became stiffer, if possible, than before.

"Marriage is n't the only thing in the world. The homelier you are the better chance you have of being good. Now the Lord meant you to be plain"—assisting Providence by drawing the braids so tight that the girl's eyebrows were elevated with the strain. "If he had meant you to have curls he would have given them to you."

"Well, did n't he want me to have a mother and father?" burst forth Lovey Mary, indignantly, "or clothes, or money, or nothing? Can't I ever get nothing at all 'cause I was n't started out with nothing?"

Miss Bell was too shocked to reply. She gave a final brush to the sleek, wet head and turned sorrowfully away. Lovey Mary ran after her and caught her hand.

"I'm sorry," she cried impulsively. "I want to be good. Please—please—"

Miss Bell drew her hand away coldly. "You need n't go to Sabbath-school this morning," she said in an injured tone; "you can stay here and think over what you have said. I am not angry with you. I never allow myself to get angry. I don't understand, that 's all. You are such a

dreadful to Lovey Mary; she would have experienced real relief could she have known that she did not possess any. It was not Kate Rider, however, who was causing the present tears; she had left the home two years before, and her name was not allowed to be mentioned even in whis-



*Flower Pearl Shinn*

"NOW THE LORD MEANT YOU TO BE PLAIN"

good girl about some things and so unreasonable about others. With a good home, good clothes, and kind treatment, what else could a girl want?"

Receiving no answer to this inquiry, Miss Bell adjusted her cuffs and departed with the conviction that she had done all that was possible to throw light upon a dark subject.

Lovey Mary, left alone, shed bitter tears on her clean gingham dress. Thirteen years ought to reconcile a person even to gingham dresses with white china buttons down the back, and round straw hats bought at wholesale. But Lovey Mary's rebellion of spirit was something that time only served to increase. It had started with Kate Rider, who used to pinch her, and laugh at her, and tell the other girls to "get on to her curves." Curves had signified something

pers. Neither was it rebellion against the work that had cast Lovey Mary into such depths of gloom; fourteen beds had been made, fourteen heads had been combed, and fourteen wriggling little bodies had been cheerfully buttoned into starched blue gingham exactly like her own.

Something deeper and more mysterious was fermenting in her soul—something that made her long passionately for the beautiful things of life, for love and sympathy and happiness; something that made her want to be good, yet tempted her constantly to rebel against her environs. It was just the world-old spirit that makes the veriest little weed struggle through a chink in the rock and reach upward toward the sun.

"What 's the matter with your hair, Lovey Mary? It looks so funny," asked a small girl, coming up the steps.

"If anybody asts you, tell 'em you don't know," snapped Lovey Mary.

"Well, Miss Bell says for you to come down to the office," said the other, unabashed. "There's a lady down there—a lady and a baby. Me and Susie peeked in. Miss Bell made the lady cry; she made her wipe the powders off her complishun."

"And she sent for me?" asked Lovey Mary, incredulously. Such a ripple in the still waters of the home was sufficient to interest the most disconsolate.

"Yes; and me and Susie's going to peek some more."

Lovey Mary dried her tears and hurried down to the office. As she stood at the door she heard a girl's excited voice protesting and begging, and Miss Bell's placid tones attempting to calm her. They paused as she entered.

"Mary," said Miss Bell, "you remember Kate Rider. She has brought her child for us to take care of for a while. Have you room for him in your division?"

As Lovey Mary looked at the gaily dressed girl on the sofa, her animosity re-kindled. It was not Kate's bold black eyes that stirred her wrath, nor the hard red lips that recalled the taunts of other days: it was the sight of the auburn curls gathered in tantalizing profusion under the brim of the showy hat.

"Mary, answer my question!" said Miss Bell, sharply.

With an involuntary shudder of repugnance Lovey Mary drew her gaze from Kate and murmured, "Yes, 'm."

"Then you can take the baby with you," continued Miss Bell, motioning to the sleeping child. "But wait a moment. I think I will put Jennie at the head of your division and let you have entire charge of this little boy. He is only a year old, Kate tells me, so will need constant attention."

Lovey Mary was about to protest, when Kate broke in:

"Oh, say, Miss Bell, please get some other girl! Tommy never would like Lovey. He's just like me: if people ain't pretty, he don't have no use for 'em."

"That will do, Kate," said Miss Bell, coldly. "It is only pity for the child that makes me take him at all. You have forfeited all claim upon our sympathy or patience. Mary, take the baby up-stairs and care for him until I come."

Lovey Mary, hot with rebellion, picked

him up and went out of the room. At the door she stumbled against two little girls who were listening at the keyhole.

Up-stairs in the long dormitory it was very quiet. The children had been marched away to Sunday-school, and only Lovey Mary and the sleeping baby were on the second floor. The girl sat beside the little white bed and hated the world as far as she knew it: she hated Kate for adding this last insult to the old score; she hated Miss Bell for putting this new burden on her unwilling shoulders; she hated the burden itself, lying there before her so serene and unconcerned; and most of all she hated herself.

"I wisht I was dead!" she cried passionately. "The harder I try to be good the meaner I get. Ever'body blames me, and ever'body makes fun of me. Ugly old face, and ugly old hands, and straight old rat-tail hair! It ain't no wonder that nobody loves me. I just wisht I was dead!"

The sunshine came through the window and made a big white patch on the bare floor, but Lovey Mary sat in the shadow and disturbed the Sunday quiet by her heavy sobbing.

At noon, when the children returned, the noise of their arrival woke Tommy. He opened his round eyes on a strange world, and began to cry lustily. One child after another tried to pacify him, but each friendly advance increased his terror.

"Leave him be!" cried Lovey Mary. "Them hats is enough to skeer him into fits." She picked him up, and with the knack born of experience soothed and comforted him. The baby hid his face on her shoulder and held her tight. She could feel the sobs that still shook the small body, and his tears were on her cheek.

"Never mind," she said. "I ain't a-going to let 'em hurt you. I'm going to take care of you. Don't cry any more. Look!"

She stretched forth her long, unshapely hand and made grotesque snatches at the sunshine that poured in through the window. Tommy hesitated and was lost; a smile struggled to the surface, then broke through the tears.

"Look! He's laughing!" cried Lovey Mary, gleefully. "He's laughing 'cause I ketch a sunbean for him!"

Then she bent impulsively and kissed the little red lips so close her own.





"COME HERE, TOM, AND KISS YOUR MOTHER"

## II

### A RUNAWAY COUPLE

"Courage mounteth with occasion."

FOR two years Lovey Mary cared for Tommy: she bathed him and dressed him, taught him to walk, and kissed his bumps to make them well; she sewed for him and nursed him by day, and slept with him in her tired arms at night. And Tommy, with the inscrutable philosophy of childhood, accepted his little foster-mother and gave her his all.

One bright June afternoon the two were romping in the home yard under the beech-trees. Lovey Mary lay in the grass, while Tommy threw handfuls of leaves in her face, laughing with delight at her grimaces. Presently the gate clicked, and some one came toward them.

"Good land! is that my kid?" said a woman's voice. "Come here, Tom, and kiss your mother."

Lovey Mary, sitting up, found Kate Rider, in frills and ribbons, looking with surprise at the sturdy child before her.

Tommy objected violently to this sudden overture and declined positively to acknow-

ledge the relationship. In fact, when Kate attempted to pull him to her, he fled for protection to Lovey Mary and cast belligerent glances at the intruder.

Kate laughed.

"Oh, you need n't be so scary; you might as well get used to me, for I am going to take you home with me. I bet he's a corker, ain't he, Lovey? He used to bawl all night. Sometimes I'd have to spank him two or three times."

Lovey Mary clasped the child closer and looked up in dumb terror. Was Tommy to be taken from her? Tommy to go away with Kate?

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Kate, exasperated at the girl's manner. "You are just as ugly and foolish as you used to be. I'm going in to see Miss Bell."

Lovey Mary waited until she was in the house, then she stole noiselessly around to the office window. The curtain blew out across her cheek, and the swaying lilacs seemed to be trying to count the china buttons on her back; but she stood there with staring eyes and parted lips, and held her breath to listen.

"Of course," Miss Bell was saying, mea-

suring her words with due precision, "if you feel that you can now support your child and that it is your duty to take him, we cannot object. There are many other children waiting to come into the home. And yet—" Miss Bell's voice sounded human and unnatural—"yet I wish he could stay. Have you thought, Kate, of your responsibility toward him, of—"

"Oh! Ough!" shrieked Tommy from the playground, in tones of distress.

Lovey Mary left her point of vantage and rushed to the rescue. She found him emitting frenzied yells, while a tiny stream of blood trickled down his chin.

"It was my little duck," he gasped as soon as he was able to speak. "I was tussin' him, an' he bited me."

At thought of the base ingratitude on the part of the duck, Tommy wailed anew. Lovey Mary led him to the hydrant and bathed the injured lip, while she soothed his feelings. Suddenly a wave of tenderness swept over her. She held his chubby face up to hers and said fervently:

"Tommy, do you love me?"

"Yes," said Tommy, with a reproachful eye on the duck. "Yes; I yuv to yuv. I don't yuv to tiss, though!"

"But me, Tommy, me. Do you love me?"

"Yes," he answered gravely, "dollar an' a half."

"Whose little boy are you?"

"Yuvey's 'e boy."

Satisfied with this catechism, she put Tommy in care of another girl and went back to her post at the window. Miss Bell was talking again.

"I will have him ready to-morrow afternoon when you come. His clothes are all in good condition. I only hope, Kate, that you will care for him as tenderly as Mary has. I am afraid he will miss her sadly."

"If he's like me, he'll forget about her in two or three days," answered the other voice. "It always was 'out of sight, out of mind' with me."

Miss Bell's answer was indistinct, and in a few minutes Lovey Mary heard the hall door close behind them. She shook her fists until the lilacs trembled. "She sha'n't have him!" she whispered fiercely. "She sha'n't let him grow up wicked like she is. I won't let him go. I'll hide him, I'll—"

Suddenly she grew very still, and for a long time crouched motionless behind the

bushes. The problem that faced her had but one solution, and Lovey Mary had found it.

The next morning when the sun climbed over the tree-tops and peered into the dormitory windows he found that somebody else had made an early rise. Lovey Mary was sitting by a wardrobe making her last will and testament. From the neatly folded pile of linen she selected a few garments and tied them into a bundle. Then she took out a cigar-box and gravely contemplated the contents. There were two narrow hair-ribbons which had evidently been one wide ribbon, a bit of rock-crystal, four paper dolls, a soiled picture-book with some other little girl's name scratched out on the cover, and two shining silver dollars. These composed Lovey Mary's worldly possessions. She tied the money in her handkerchief and put it in her pocket, then got up softly and slipped about among the little white beds, distributing her treasures.

"I 'm mad at Susie," she whispered, pausing before a tousled head; "I hate to give her the nicest thing I've got. But she's just crazy 'bout picture-books."

The curious sun climbed yet a little higher and saw Lovey Mary go back to her own bed, and, rolling Tommy's clothes around her own bundle, gather the sleeping child in her arms and steal quietly out of the room. Then the sun got too high up in the heavens to watch little runaway orphan girls. Nobody saw her steal through the deserted play-room, down the clean bare steps, which she had helped to wear away, and out through the yard to the coal-shed. Here she got the reluctant Tommy into his clothes, and tied on his little round straw hat, so absurdly like her own.

"Is we playin' hie-spy, Yuvey?" asked the mystified youngster.

"Yes, Tommy," she whispered, "and we are going a long way to hide. You are my little boy now, and you must love me better than anything in the world. Say it, Tommy; say, 'I love you better 'n anybody in the whole world.'"

"Will I det on de rollin' honor?" asked Tommy, thinking he was learning his golden text.

But Lovey Mary had forgotten her question. She was taking a farewell look at the home, every nook and corner of which had suddenly grown dear. Already she seemed

a thing apart, one having no right to its shelter and protection. She turned to where Tommy was playing with some sticks in the corner, and bidding him not to stir or speak until her return, she slipped back up the walk and into the kitchen. Swiftly and quietly she made a fire in the stove and filled the kettle with water. Then she looked about for something more she might do. On the table lay the grocery book with a pencil attached. She thought a moment, then wrote laboriously under the last order: "Miss Bell I will take kere Tommy pleas dont be mad." Then she softly closed the door behind her.

A few minutes later she lifted Tommy out of the low shed window, and hurried him down the alley and out into the early morning streets. At the corner they took a car, and Tommy knelt by the window and absorbed the sights with rapt attention; to him the adventure was beginning brilliantly. Even Lovey Mary experienced a sense of exhilaration when she paid their fare out of one of the silver dollars. She knew the conductor was impressed, because he said, "You better watch Buddy's hat, ma'am." That "ma'am" pleased her profoundly; it caused her unconsciously to assume Miss Bell's tone and manner as she conversed with the back of Tommy's head.

"We'll go out on the avenue," she said. "We'll go from house to house till I get work. 'Most anybody would be glad to get a handy girl that can cook and wash and sew, only—I ain't very big, and then there's you."

"Ain't that a big house?" shouted Tommy, half-way out of the window.

"Yes; don't talk so loud. That's the court-house."

"Where they make court-plaster at?" inquired Tommy, shrilly.

Lovey Mary glanced around uneasily. She hoped the old man in the corner had not heard this benighted remark. All went well until the car reached the terminal station. Here Tommy refused to get off. In vain Lovey Mary coaxed and threatened.

"It'll take us right back to the home," she pleaded. "Be a good boy and come with Lovey. I'll buy you something nice."

Tommy remained obdurate. He believed in letting well enough alone. The

joys of a street-car ride were present and tangible; "something nice" was vague, unsatisfying.

"Don't yer little brother want to git off?" asked the conductor, sympathetically.

"No, sir," said Lovey Mary, trying to maintain her dignity while she struggled with her charge. "If you please, sir, would you mind holding his feet while I loosen his hands?"

Tommy, shrieking indignant protests, was borne from the car and deposited on the sidewalk.

"Don't you dare get limber!" threatened Lovey Mary. "If you do I'll spank you right here on the street. Stand up! Straighten out your legs! Tommy! do you hear me?"

Tommy might have remained limp indefinitely had not a hurdy-gurdy opportunely arrived on the scene. It is true that he would go only in the direction of the music, but Lovey Mary was delighted to have him go at all. When at last they were headed for the avenue, Tommy caused another delay.

"I want my ducky," he announced.

The words brought consternation to Lovey Mary. She had fearfully anticipated them from the moment of leaving the home.

"I'll buy you a 'tend-like duck," she said.

"No; I want a sure-nough ducky; I want mine."

Lovey Mary was exasperated. "Well, you can't have yours. I can't get it for you, and you might as well hush."

His lip trembled, and two large tears rolled down his round cheeks. When he was injured he was irresistible. Lovey Mary promptly surrendered.

"Don't cry, baby boy! Lovey 'll get you one someway."

For some time the quest of the duck was fruitless. The stores they entered were wholesale houses for the most part, where men were rolling barrels about or stacking skins and hides on the sidewalk.

"Do you know what sort of a store they sell ducks at?" asked Lovey Mary of a colored man who was sweeping out an office.

"Ducks!" repeated the negro, grinning at the queerly dressed children in their round straw hats. "Name o' de Lawd! What do you all want wif ducks?"

Lovey Mary explained.

"Would n't a kitten do jes as well?" he asked kindly.

"I want my ducky," whined Tommy, showing signs of returning storm.

"I don't see no way 'cept'n' gwine to de mahket. Efen you tek de cah you kin ride plumb down dere."

Recent experience had taught Lovey Mary to be wary of street-cars, so they walked. At the market they found some ducks. The desired objects were hanging in a bunch with their limp heads tied together. Further inquiry, however, discovered some live ones in a coop.

"They 're all mama ducks," objected Tommy. "I want a baby ducky. I want my little ducky!"

When he found he could do no better, he decided to take one of the large ones. Then he said he was hungry, so he and Mary took turn about holding it while the other ate "po' man's pickle" and wiener-wurst.

It was two o'clock by the time they reached the avenue, and by four they were foot-sore and weary, but they trudged bravely along from house to house asking for work. As dusk came on, the houses, which a few squares back had been tall and imposing, seemed to be getting smaller and more insignificant. Lovey Mary felt secure as long as she was on the avenue. She did not know that the avenue extended for many miles and that she had reached the frayed and ragged end of it. She and Tommy passed under a bridge, and after that the houses all seemed to behave queerly. Some faced one way, some another, and crisscross between them, in front of them, and behind them ran a network of railroad-tracks.

"What's the name of this street?" asked Lovey Mary of a small, barefooted girl.

"T ain't no street," answered the little girl, gazing with undisguised amazement at the strange-looking couple; "this here is the Cabbage Patch."

### III

#### THE HAZY HOUSEHOLD

"Here sovereign Dirt erects her sable throne,  
The house, the host, the hostess all her own."

MISS HAZY was the submerged tenth of the Cabbage Patch. The submersion was mainly one of dirt and disorder,

but Miss Hazy was such a meek, inefficient little body that the Cabbage Patch withheld its blame and patiently tried to furnish a prop for the clinging vine. Miss Hazy, it is true, had Chris; but Chris was unstable, not only because he had lost one leg, but also because he was the wildest, noisiest, most thoughtless youngster that ever shied a rock at a lamp-post. Miss Hazy had "raised" Chris, and the neighbors had raised Miss Hazy.

When Lovey Mary stumbled over the Hazy threshold with the sleeping Tommy and the duck in her arms, Miss Hazy fluttered about in dismay. She pushed the flour-sifter farther over on the bed and made a place for Tommy, then she got a chair for the exhausted girl and hovered about her with little chirps of consternation.

"Dear sakes! You 're done tuckered out, ain't you? You an' the baby got losted? Ain't that too bad! Must I make you some tea? Only there ain't no fire in the stove. Dear me! what ever will I do? Jes wait a minute; I 'll have to go ast Mis' Wiggs."

In a few minutes Miss Hazy returned. With her was a bright-faced little woman whose smile seemed to thaw out the frozen places in Lovey Mary's heart and make her burst into tears on the motherly bosom.

"There now, there," said Mrs. Wiggs, hugging the girl up close and patting her on the back; "there ain't no hole so deep can't somebody pull you out. An' here 's me an' Miss Hazy jes waitin' to give you a h'ist."

There was something so heartsome in her manner that Lovey Mary dried her eyes and attempted to explain. "I 'm tryin' to get a place," she began, "but nobody wants to take Tommy too. I can't carry him any further, and I don't know where to go, and it 's 'most night—" again the sobs choked her.

"Lawsee!" said Mrs. Wiggs, "don't you let that worry you! I can't take you home, 'cause Asia an' Australia an' Euro-peny are sleepin' in one bed as it is; but you kin git right in here with Miss Hazy, can't she, Miss Hazy?"

The hostess, to whom Mrs. Wiggs was an oracle, acquiesced heartily.

"All right; that 's fixed. Now I 'll go home an' send you all over some nice, hot supper by Billy, an' to-morrow mornin' will be time enough to think things out."

Lovey Mary, too exhausted to mind the dirt, ate her supper off a broken plate, then climbed over behind Tommy and the flour-sifter, and was soon fast asleep.

The business meeting next morning "to think things out" resulted satisfactorily. At first Mrs. Wiggs was inclined to ask questions and find out where the children came from, but when she saw Lovey Mary's evident distress and embarrassment, she ac-

won't have to send in so many outside victuals. If she could make three dollars an' Chris three, you all could git along right peart."

Lovey Mary stayed in the house most of the day. She was almost afraid to look out of the little window, for fear she should see Miss Bell or Kate Rider coming. She sat in the only chair that had a bottom and diligently worked buttonholes for Miss Hazy.



"'T AIN'T NO STREET . . . THIS HERE IS THE CABBAGE PATCH'"

cepted the statement that they were orphans and that the girl was seeking work in order to take care of herself and the boy. It had come to be an unwritten law in the Cabbage Patch that as few questions as possible should be asked of strangers. People had come there before who could not give clear accounts of themselves.

"Now I'll tell you what I think I'll be best," said Mrs. Wiggs, who enjoyed untangling snarls. "Asia kin take Mary up to the fact'ry with her to-morrow, an' see if she kin git her a job. I 'spect she kin, 'cause she stands right in with the lady boss. Miss Hazy, me an' you kin keep a' eye on the baby between us. If Mary gits a place she kin pay you so much a week, an' that'll help us all out, 'cause then we

"Looks like there ain't never no time to clean up," said Miss Hazy, apologetically, as she shoved Chris's Sunday clothes and a can of coal-oil behind the door.

Lovey Mary looked about her and sighed deeply. The room was brimful and spilling over: trash, tin cans, and bottles overflowed the window-sills; a crippled rocking-chair, with a faded quilt over it, stood before the stove, in the open oven of which Chris's shoe was drying; an old sewing-machine stood in the middle of the floor, with Miss Hazy's sewing on one end of it and the uncleared dinner-dishes on the other. Mary could not see under the bed, but she knew from the day's experience that it was used as a combination store-room and wardrobe. She thought of the home with

its bare, clean rooms and its spotless floors. She rose abruptly and went out to the rear of the house, where Tommy was playing with European Wiggs. They were absorbed in trying to hitch the duck to a spool-box, and paid little attention to her.

"Tommy," she said, clutching his arm, "don't you want to go back?"

But Tommy had tasted freedom; he had had one blissful day unwashed, uncombed, and uncorrected.

"No," he declared stoutly; "I 'm doin' to stay to this house and play wiv You're-a-peanut."

"Then," said Mary, with deep resignation, "the only thing for me to do is to try to clean things up."

When she went back into the house she untied her bundle and took out the remaining dollar.

"I 'll be back soon," she said to Miss Hazy as she stepped over a basket of potatoes. "I 'm just going over to Mrs. Wiggs's a minute."

She found her neighbor alone, getting supper. "Please, ma'am,"—she plunged into her subject at once,—“have any of your girls a dress for sale? I 've got a dollar to buy it.”

Mrs. Wiggs turned the girl around and surveyed her critically. "Well, I don't know as I blame you fer wantin' to git shut of that one. There ain't more 'n room enough fer one leg in that skirt, let alone two. An' what was the sense in them big shiny buttons?"

"I don't know as it makes much difference," said Lovey Mary, disconsolately; "I 'm so ugly, nothing could make me look nice."

Mrs. Wiggs shook her by the shoulders good-naturedly. "Now, here," she said, "don't you go an' git sorry fer yerself! That 's one thing I can't stand in nobody. There 's always lots of other folks you kin be sorry fer 'stid of yerself. Ain't you proud

you ain't got a harelip? Why, that one thought is enough to keep me from ever gittin' sorry fer myself."

Mary laughed, and Mrs. Wiggs clapped her hands. "That 's what yer face needs—smiles! I never see anything make such a difference. But now about the dress. Yes, indeed, Asia has got dresses to give 'way. She gits 'em from Mrs. Reddin'; her husband is Mr. Bob, Billy's boss. He 's a

newspaper editress an' rich as cream. Mrs. Reddin' is a fallen angel, if there ever was one on this earth. She sends all sorts of clothes to Asia, an' I warm 'em over an' boil 'em down till they 're her size. Asia Minor!" she called to a girl who was coming in the door, "this here is Mary—Lovey Mary she calls herself, Miss Hazy's boarder. Have you got a dress you could give her?"

"I 'm going to buy it," said Mary, immediately on the defensive. She did not want them to think for a moment that she was begging. She would show them that she had money, that she was just as good as they were.

"Well, maw," the other girl was saying in a drawling voice as she looked earnestly at

Lovey Mary, "seems to me she 'd look purtiest in my red dress. Her hair 's so nice an' black an' her teeth so white, I 'low the red would look best."

Mrs. Wiggs gazed at her daughter with adoring eyes. "Ain't that the artis' stickin' out through her? Could n't you tell she handles paints? Up at the fact'ry she 's got a fine job, paints flowers an' wreaths on to bath-tubs. Yes, indeed, this here red one is what you must have. Keep your dollar, child; the dress never cost us a cent. Here 's a nubia, too, you kin have; it 'll look better than that little hat you had on last night. That little hat worried me; it looked like the stopper was too little fer



*Have Some Shun*

"SHE PUFFED HER HAIR AT THE TOP AND SIDES"

the bottle. There now, take the things right home with you, an' to-morrow you an' Asia kin start off in style."

Lovey Mary, flushed with the intoxication of her first compliment, went back and tried on the dress. Miss Hazy got so interested that she forgot to get supper.

"You look so nice I never would 'a' knowed you in the world!" she declared. "You don't look picked, like you did in that other dress."

"That Wiggs girl said I looked nice in red," said Lovey Mary, tentatively.

"You do, too," said Miss Hazy; "it keeps you from lookin' so corpsey. I wisht you 'd do somethin' with yer hair, though; it puts me in mind of snakes in them long black plaits."

All Lovey Mary needed was encourage-

ment. She puffed her hair at the top and sides and tucked it up in the latest fashion. Tommy, coming in at the door, did not recognize her. She laughed delightedly.

"Do I look so different?"

"I should say you do," said Miss Hazy, admiringly, as she spread a newspaper for a table-cloth. "I never seen no one answer to primpin' like you do."

When it was quite dark Lovey Mary rolled something in a bundle and crept out of the house. After glancing cautiously up and down the tracks she made her way to the pond on the commons and dropped her bundle into the shallow water.

Next day, when Mrs. Schultz's goat died of convulsions, nobody knew it was due to the china buttons on Lovey Mary's gingham dress.

(To be continued.)

## TO A BIRD WRONGLY NAMED THE SCREECH-OWL

BY WILLIAM ALLEN WOOD

THOU art an ill-named bird, my lady owl,  
Who sit'st before me on the lonely bough;  
Men had less reason e'er to wince or scowl  
Had thy sex all such mellow tones as thou.

The shimmering light from off the winter moon  
Falls rich and soft upon the quiet wood—  
As rich and soft thy fond, maternal croon  
That warms with sound this snow-clad neighborhood.

The birds that nest in summer 'mid these trees,  
At frost to tropic climes and cheer they go;  
But thou dost stay, in spite of chilling breeze,  
To comfort with thy tender tremolo.







Drawn by Sarah S. Stilwell. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson



## A CHRISTMAS HYMN FOR CHILDREN

BY JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM

OUR bells ring out to all the earth,  
*In excelsis gloria!*  
But none for Thee made chimes of mirth  
On that great morning of Thy birth.

Our coats they lack not silk nor fur,  
*In excelsis gloria!*  
Not such Thy Blessed Mother's were;  
Full simple garments covered Her.

Our churches rise up goodly high,  
*In excelsis gloria!*  
Low in a stall Thyself did lie,  
With hornèd oxen standing by.

Incense we breathe and scent of wine,  
*In excelsis gloria!*  
Around Thee rose the breath of kine,  
Thy only drink Her breast Divine.

We take us to a happy tree,  
*In excelsis gloria!*  
The seed was sown that day for Thee  
That blossomed out at Calvary.

Teach us to feed Thy poor with meat,  
*In excelsis gloria!*  
Who turnest not when we entreat,  
Who givest us Thy Bread to eat.  
Amen.

# FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON

BY W. T. HEWETT

Professor of German Language and Literature, Cornell University



FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON is a striking figure in the religious history of the nineteenth century. His personality was as great a

power as his words, and was the source of an attraction which has been felt by the most diverse minds. An eminent bishop recently pronounced Robertson the greatest spiritual force of the last century in England, and Principal Fairbairn has said that "no body of sermons preached by any man in the nineteenth century has had the same reformatory power on the generation that immediately succeeded him as those of Robertson." Dean Stanley has compared him as a preacher with Newman and Arnold, and pronounced him as superior to either. An able writer in the "Contemporary Review," in extending the comparison, retained Newman, and added Archer Butler as alone worthy of comparison with him as the greatest English preacher of the century. After fifty years his influence has not diminished, but has won increased recognition from the most eminent scholars of Germany and France.

No clergyman ever valued popular applause less, or, in his death, left apparently less claim to enduring fame. He had published during his lifetime a single sermon, namely, that issued upon the occasion of the death of Queen Adelaide, which was printed by public request, but to which he attached little value. An address delivered at the opening of the Workingmen's Institute in Brighton had been published in several editions, also two lectures before the same association upon "The Influence of Poetry on the Working Classes." But as a preacher the results of Robertson's life and thought were not in such form as would promise literary immortality. His rare gifts would apparently be remembered only in the city in which he labored, and by

the few personal friends whom he bound so closely to him. His influence here, however, was of the most marked kind. The Rev. Mr. Anderson of Lincoln's Inn has said: "I cannot count up conquests in any place or by any man so numerous and vast—conquests achieved in so short a period, and in many instances over the hearts and consciences of those whom, from their age and pursuits, it is always difficult to reach."

Robertson's public utterances became preëminently the subject of popular discussion in the community in which he lived; they affected not only the attendants upon his ministry and the public at large, but especially the workingmen, who were at that time powerfully moved by the current discussion of social questions. It was the period of Maurice and Kingsley, as well as of Newman, Pusey, and Keble.

While the immediate influence of Robertson's preaching was marked, there is a striking absence of any general recognition by contemporaries of his extraordinary power as a preacher, and still less of the fact that what he uttered would have a mission among people of other languages and influence the religious thought of succeeding generations. He was the incumbent of a small proprietary chapel in a frequented and fashionable watering-place. It would have been natural to suppose that transient hearers would have borne some knowledge of the eloquent preacher beyond the city of his residence, or at least that his bishop and clerical associates would have formed some adequate estimate of his work and of his extraordinary gifts; but this does not seem to have been the case, if we may judge from the absence of contemporary records. An appreciative criticism in the "Athenæum" of his lectures on poetry is one of the few public mentions of his name.

The sermons upon which Robertson's

reputation rests, which have been published, are only ninety-three in number, and were preached in the period from 1849 to 1853. Two of the year 1848 are preserved, and the exact dates of a few are uncertain. His incumbency of Trinity Chapel, Brighton, lasted precisely six years (August 15, 1847, to August 15, 1853, the date of his death). There is nothing to characterize particularly the sermons which have been preserved above others which alike thrilled his audiences, but of which nothing has lingered save a memory. Many sermons equal in power have been lost. Some of the most striking passages in the sermons as originally delivered are not preserved in the form in which we possess them. Personal testimony and the evidence of his letters furnish some conception of the character of these discourses. His sermons were not written in full, and many of his most eloquent passages were conceived in the fervor of delivery. He spoke from careful notes, which contained an exact and elaborate statement of his views. His mind was so clear and his power of analysis so keen that he could discuss the profoundest truths without looseness or inaccuracy. There was, also, a wonderful insight into truth, and a grasp of the relations of a part to the whole. The material of his sermons as preserved rests upon these notes, also upon rapid summaries of his sermons which he wrote out for distant friends, often in the exhaustion which followed their delivery. Many, however, are based upon the shorthand reports of a lady, which she made for her own use. These reports were carefully collated with Robertson's own notes, and thus the sermons received their final form for publication.

Robertson was also accustomed to deliver expository lectures on Sunday afternoons, in which he took up in order and expounded various books of the Bible, as Samuel, the Acts of the Apostles, Genesis, and the Corinthians, only the last series of which has been preserved in an adequate form. One series of these expository sermons which attracted especial attention, namely, those upon Samuel, which bore indirectly upon the political questions of the time, the French Revolution of 1848 and the Chartist movement, have not been preserved. The theme afforded great freedom for discussing the lessons which could be drawn from the national life of Israel, and

their application to present questions. As models of interesting exposition, the lectures which we possess are worthy of the most careful study. It is impossible to complete their reading without a vivid and realistic grasp of the questions of the period which were being discussed, and their application to the life of the present time.

Robertson's sermons were published in four volumes between 1855 and 1859. They were reprinted in America almost simultaneously, but it was only after the publication of Stopford Brooke's "Life and Letters of Robertson" that general attention was attracted to them. It is an interesting fact that the attention of James T. Fields, his first American publisher, was called to these sermons by Miss Fanny Kemble, who was a friend of Lady Byron. Visiting Lady Byron in Brighton, Miss Kemble had heard Robertson preach, and later, when the first volume of his sermons was published, she said to Mr. Fields: "Robertson is the best preacher I have ever heard. I wish you would bring out the volume of his sermons just published in England." Mr. Fields was surprised at the large and immediate sales, and inquired of the Rev. Dr. Munger, who relates the incident: "What is the meaning of it? People of all denominations, orthodox and Unitarians and Episcopalians, are buying this volume." The answer was: "The reason is they all find something they are glad to hear."

No one whose student days fell in this period can fail to recall now the impression which the reading of these volumes produced upon him. Old texts and truths, the interpretation of which had become traditional and mechanical, acquired a power and an uplifting influence unknown before. Religion became personal, brave, manly, and reasonable when interpreted by an individual life, and not presented as a fragment cut to measure from a system of theology or philosophy. The eternal in religion, its necessary and abiding character, its laws so divine as a revelation, but essentially human in their beneficent purpose, manifested religion to us in a form with which we had previously been unfamiliar.

Like all great spiritual forces, Robertson's work has become a part of the world's legacy of truth, and his spirit and his life have affected the entire church. How much he has influenced religious thought can be



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson  
From a photograph, lent by Professor W. T. Hewett, of a recently discovered daguerreotype

**FREDERICK WILLIAM ROBERTSON**

recognized only by those familiar with current interpretations and pulpit methods of a generation ago, or by a careful study of the dominant religious spirit in England and America at that time. His sermons begin with a few illustrative remarks about the text, followed by an almost uniform division into two parts, each of which may have several subordinate heads, but the main, often contrasted but naturally related, thoughts always control the memory and constitute the general impression of the sermon. The rich subordinate truths developed in the progress of his discourse illustrate the affluence of his mind. Few sermons contain so many striking thoughts or quotable passages.

In Germany the fifth edition of his sermons, edited by Harnack, the most famous church historian of the present time, has been recently published. The recognition of Robertson in France was earlier, and occurred in the case of chance readers of English works. Dean Stanley, in *THE CENTURY* for February, 1882, relates two remarkable instances of the effect of Robertson's sermons: in one case, upon a rough French surgeon who was on his way to the French war in Mexico, and, in another, upon a high government official who had met incidentally with a volume of these discourses.

The Brighton of 1850 was different from the city of to-day, but with a certain general likeness. It was then a city of seventy thousand inhabitants, where now the population is one hundred and fifty thousand. Apart from the gay crowd which throngs to a fashionable watering-place, it is a vast residential city. Then, as now, it was the home of officers of the army and of civil servants after their retirement from active life, of retired gentlemen, or of business men who still retained their interest in the metropolis. Many who have gone to Brighton to seek for memories of Robertson, or to see the spots associated with his life, have been surprised to find how few persons remain who possess any knowledge of the great preacher, or how vast a number of respectable residents of the present time have never heard of him. It is nearly a half-century since his death, and the personal memory of any man dwells lightly in the human mind after so long an interval, but the real reason is found in the character of the population of the city.

It is a non-productive city: it does not offer in its industries a permanent field for the activity of a second generation, which begins life anew elsewhere. It has been said that the mass of the population of the city changes every six years. However this may be, few cities show a more fluctuating citizenship. The character of the population affected Robertson's work. No population is so difficult to move as one in which the active life of its members is a thing of the past. They have lived through activity, often through duty; their emotions have become memories, or no longer impel to a life of purpose in the present. Convictions and opinions are, however, deeply rooted and are matters of intense feeling, the motive force of which remains only as an intellectual excitement. Such communities find a pleasurable interest in both the old and the new. There was in Brighton a rigid conservatism which adhered to the past in politics and religion. An adverse element was found in a vigorous Dissent and in an influential Low-church party. The Tory spirit was dominant to irrationality, the High-church element intense and aggressive, for the Oxford school had won here an enthusiastic support and constituted a proscriptive ecclesiasticism.

It was a period of great social unrest. The consciousness of political power created by the Reform Bill of 1832 had engendered the Chartist movement, which reached its culmination in 1848, and all Brighton was aflame with the discussion of social privileges and the rights of workingmen. What voice the church should adopt when there was a burning sense of wrong in a large class of the community, when men were taught that Christ came to establish a universal brotherhood, affected an earnest group of thinkers in the church itself. It was in this atmosphere of contending religious and political views, of diverse social conditions, of skepticism born of contact with French thought, when men no longer looked to a national church for aid in settling the problems of an unequal existence, that Robertson's ministry was passed. A historic faith was powerless save as it could be shown to possess an application to modern needs, and it could afford an answer to a cry for light and help under oppressive social conditions. Forms and ceremonies were symbols of profound meaning, but they needed a fresh



interpretation in order to demonstrate their perpetual signification. Robertson had passed through many stages of thought in his spiritual growth. He was descended from a family of soldiers, and his early life was passed in garrison, where he "was rocked and cradled to the roar of artillery," and the very mention of the army "sounded to him like home." His early dream had been for a military career. The delay of a few days in the receipt of his commission determined his career as a clergyman. He possessed preëminently the spirit of a soldier—courage, a quick and lofty sense of honor, and a power of sympathy which evoked the full energy of his being against injustice, meanness, and untruth, however masked. He could never separate himself from the army. By an ideal sense of duty, whenever the regiment to which he had been assigned fought in India, he felt that he should be sharing its perils and hardships, or "lying in his dragoon's cloak at Moodkee, where the Third fought so gallantly." The uniform of a passing soldier always awakened a sense of comradeship. It was this spirit which enabled him to face the most extreme movements against social order and religion, the excesses of the Chartist agitation, and the wild outcries of the Revolutionary spirit in 1848. He could stand before a mob of the most tumultuous spirits and awe them by his own courage until he had convinced them by his reasons. He had all the gifts of a great public speaker, save perhaps that rough vigor which is so often effective in dealing with the masses. A gentleman then resident in Brighton told me that the whole city would have followed Mr. Robertson had he placed himself at the head of any popular movement at that time. He stood before assemblies of working-men and addressed them, not as members of a class, but as "brother men." He showed to them that they were a part of a social system, sharing all its interests, and that they would suffer in the destruction of social order. He turned equally to the rich and demanded in ringing tones that they should recognize their brothers' need. A life of selfishness was not only unchristian, but a crime. Robertson did not, however, join in the movement of Christian socialism which interested Kingsley and Maurice.

There was a vital element in Robertson's preaching which has given to his sermons

an influence surpassing that of any other preacher of the century. Newman's sermons have appealed to certain finely attuned and thoughtful minds; the beauty of his language and many of his descriptions remain a permanent part of our literature; but his writings do not present a universal appeal or furnish an interpretation of truth to which those of other forms of faith alike respond. Liddon's elaborate philosophizing makes truth appear as part of a system often cold and unsympathetic, even if eternal. Spurgeon and Beecher have reached vast audiences, but their works constitute no permanent part of our religious literature. One possessed a sagacity which appealed with rare power to the heart and to the every-day intelligence of men; the other felt truth, which he expressed in great affluence of language, but his influence was mainly due to his personality, and the form of his thought will not abide. Much of the lay preaching of the present day is of a crude, realistic type, often by men of great strength of feeling and vigor of statement, but of limited spiritual knowledge or insight. Mozley and Caird and William Archer Butler were able preachers, the latter a soul of extraordinary promise, but their writings have not appealed to the laity as to the clergy, or received popular recognition. Some preachers, like certain great writers, appeal to a cult, and only indirectly affect the masses. Bushnell's sermons are of great power, but his influence has been felt mainly through his disciples and those trained in theological study. Robertson's sermons have moved both classes; they have been successful not only in their original form, but in German and in French translations. They appeal not merely to religious thought in England, but possess permanent and universal elements; otherwise their mission would have ended in the plain chapel where they were uttered.

England possessed many able preachers in this eventful period, and there were eloquent preachers at Brighton during Mr. Robertson's ministry, as Sortain of the Countess of Huntingdon's Connection, in whose sermons Lord Macaulay took delight, and who attracted an audience of equal numbers; but few now living have ever heard his name. There was a quality in Robertson's sermons which differentiated them from all other preaching of the time



—a vital element derived either from the character of the preacher, the views which he expressed, or the method of his presentation of truth. Robertson himself described his own method in these words: "The principles on which I have taught are: first, the establishment of positive truth instead of the negative destruction of error; secondly, that truth is made up of two opposite propositions, and not found in a *via media* between the two; thirdly, that spiritual truth is discerned by the spirit, instead of intellectually in propositions, and therefore truth should be taught suggestively and not dogmatically; fourthly, that belief in the human character of Christ's humanity must be antecedent to belief in his divine origin; fifthly, that Christianity, as its teachers should, works from the inward to the outward, and not vice versa; sixthly, the soul of goodness in things evil."

While these statements illustrate his method of presenting truth, and thus constitute the key to a comprehension of his influence, the fourth principle is profoundly prophetic of the trend of modern religious thought. He that embodies the perfectly human must be divine. However striking many of Robertson's interpretations of truth may be, his influence is largely due to the spirit with which he approached all truth. His appeal is directly to human consciousness, and the effect of his sermons springs from the soul's involuntary response to truth. This only can explain the profound impression of his thought upon people of other nationalities. If truth met a profound human need, a universal experience, its existence could be defended apart from external evidences, upon which Robertson seldom relied. His presentation of truth thus escaped the dogmatic individualism which has characterized so many modern preachers and expounders of religion, in whom personal views take the place of universal facts.

To him spiritual truth was a part of a world order, which found its illustration in nature as well as in the human soul. Men instinctively trusted him. He believed profoundly in religion and in the church. But in the church voices were conflicting; truths venerable for their age must be accepted in accordance with some early interpretation, which was powerless to move men now, or they must receive a new

meaning in order to become an inspiration in modern life.

Robertson was indeed powerfully influenced by what we now regard as the scientific view of religious truth, which has since been emphasized in popular form in "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," and has received so powerful an impulse during the last quarter of the nineteenth century. He accepted early what has since become the dominant view of modern scholarship in regard to the question of the Pentateuch and the growth of the canon of Scripture. The range of his reading comprehended not only the theological literature which constituted the province of his profession, but German philosophy, especially Fichte and Lessing, poetry, criticism, novels, history, current books of travel, of natural science, and of military history. He studied carefully works upon geology and chemistry, many of the experiments in which he verified. In the preparation of his lectures he read widely and accurately everything which bore upon the period of which he treated, whether in history, archæology, or ethnology. When the Oxford controversy arose, he not only studied ecclesiastical history, but read many of the early writers whose works illustrate the faith of the first centuries. A somewhat supercilious review of Robertson by an eminent High-churchman questions the former's right to an independent judgment on matters of ecclesiastical history, and affirms that he should have accepted meekly the conclusions of others, as though the facts of history were incomprehensible save to the initiated. The author mistakes absolutely the extent and conscientiousness of Robertson's study, who could never surrender to another the duty of forming his conclusions or of thinking for him, and who could not, either during his university career or later, stand aloof from the burning questions which occupied all minds. His letters contain constant reference to current publications, and express his views on all social, literary, and religious questions. If we were not forced to throb with the painful intensity which characterizes them, few letters would compare with his in picturesque descriptions and in delicate interpretations of nature. The exquisite literary quality which gives a rare beauty to every expression of his thought constitutes the charm of his correspondence.

He was profoundly moved by the reli-

gious questions of the time, to the solution of which he contributed in no small degree. How far are the claims of the old theology valid in the light of modern science? If former evidences of the truths of revealed religion are no longer to be maintained, upon what basis can the claims of religious faith be urged upon men? If a historic church with a divine organization has proved powerless to relieve injustice and suffering, how can its demands for continued allegiance be met? Do the symbols of the medieval church embody truths for the present day, and if so, what is their significance? In the presence of superstition, what was the original truth which has become the source of error? Such questions are of vital import in religious thought.

Robertson believed that man in the profoundest depths of his being longs for truth, and that he cannot be satisfied with illusions. This was what gave directness to all his thought. He had studied Edwards profoundly. Channing was to him a great religious teacher, and Theodore Parker commanded his respect, though he regretted his lack of reverence. Wordsworth and Tennyson, as well as Keble, were great teachers and interpreters of nature, and Shelley, in his view, often uttered the voice of humanity.

Intensity is the one word which characterized his life. Truth was to him real, vital, imperative, commanding his allegiance and advocacy in every fragment; with his loyalty to it, and his sense of human need, he could not stand before his fellow-men and recite smooth homilies or merely parade discourses. It is not strange that multitudes found him inspiring, and thronged the little chapel where he preached until the pulpit steps were crowded. Settled worshippers were startled from decorous formalism, and their places in the chapel were taken by earnest, thoughtful men. There is something unique in the form in which truth was presented in every sermon. A profound generalization was enforced with a felicity of language and naturalness of illustration which, in its appeal to the human heart, found there its adequate confirmation.

Robertson stood apart from the great leaders of the theological thought of his time. The intimate relationship which existed between those who supported and those who opposed the Oxford Movement

did not include him. On a single occasion he seems to have come into personal contact with Maurice. His views were formed independently, and he could never be counted as a member of either school. His views of truth were too comprehensive to accept any incomplete presentation as final, or to permit the partial philosophy of one group to proscribe the truth which the other held. In his early ministry the lives of certain heroes of faith, such as Brainerd and Martyn, inspired him, but they taught him rather by their example and devotion than by their theology. His life of a single year at Winchester was characterized by a fervor and a personal sacrifice of the noblest type. His spiritual growth was marked during the period of five years which he spent in a subordinate position in Cheltenham, but in the silence which followed his resignation of that position, and in the rest of Switzerland, his life attained a direction which it was never to lose. For two months he ministered to the Church of St. Ebbe's in Oxford, which was filled with undergraduates. He left it to enter upon the charge of Trinity Chapel in Brighton, which is inseparably associated with his fame. He was thirty-one years of age when his work here began. The product of the six years spent here is marvelous. No sermon gives the impression of elaborateness, and none of carelessness or easy effort. Every one is marked by spiritual insight, by eloquence, often by exquisite literary expression. Many a single discourse was a revelation of truth which seems often unsurpassed in the field of which it treats.

The wonderful and sustained character of these discourses, which were not academic and prepared with ample leisure, but the product of the life of a busy pastor, must be considered in estimating Robertson's genius. In a single month such sermons as those upon "The Early Development of Jesus," "Christ's Estimate of Sin," "The Sanctification of Christ," "The Glory of the Virgin Mother," "The Glory of the Divine Son," were preached, and in a like period the striking group of sermons, "Realizing the Second Advent," the three Advent lectures upon the relation of Christianity to the Greeks, the Romans, and the barbarians, and that upon "The Loneliness of Christ."

There is a bust of Robertson in the Pavilion in Brighton, and a copy in the Bod-

leian Library in Oxford. These were made after Robertson's death. As a portrait of the great preacher the bust is unsatisfactory. A memorial window was placed by the men of his college and by his friends in the chapel of Brasenose College, and one has also been placed in the chancel of Trinity Chapel, where he preached. The latter contains several panels. Beneath that of John the Baptist is the inscription from a sermon by Robertson: "Men felt that he was real." Beneath the Apostle Thomas: "When such men do believe, it is with all the heart and soul." Under the representation of Christ in the temple: "They were thinking about theology, he about religion." Under the central figure, Christ on the cross, stands: "The sacrifice of Christ is but a mirror of the love of God." Under that of St. Paul: "Paul's sole weapon was truth."

Robertson's tomb stands in the Extramural Cemetery at Brighton. It was erected by popular subscription. There are two medallions upon it, one representing Robertson as a preacher, addressing a congregation as an ambassador of Christ; the other as a teacher, speaking to laboring men as "Brother-men and Fellow-workmen." A fund still exists, raised by the members of the Brighton Mechanics' Institution, which he was influential in founding, to keep fresh flowers perpetually on his grave.

The picture from which the present engraving of Robertson was made was found

in the summer of 1896 in the collection of an antiquity-dealer in Brighton. Robertson had an invincible repugnance to the dissemination of his picture. Of those commonly known, several are from drawings, one is from a water-color, one even sketched during a sermon. The story attached to the present portrait is that it was a present to a member of his congregation who, at the peril of his own life, had rescued Robertson's son from before a runaway team. Robertson desired to reward the deliverer, who refused all other recognition save the portrait of the preacher. On returning from the Highlands in perfect health and vigor, Robertson had this daguerreotype taken by the Queen's artist in London. It was used for a very unsatisfactory lithograph which was made soon after Robertson's death, photographs of which are in circulation. Upon the death of the owner of the daguerreotype, it is said to have become, with other possessions, the property of his house-keeper, from whose possession it passed into the hands of the dealer above mentioned, who retained it for many years as a memorial of his mother's pastor, whose name had been given to him in baptism. The portrait most commonly known is unsatisfactory, as it represents Robertson in delicate health, and fails to give any impression of a countenance full of expression and with an alertness and vigor which were among his most striking characteristics.



## DARKNESS

BY ALFRED A. WHEELER

THE noteless night,  
 Not daytime's glare;  
 The shaded moon,  
 Not face aflare;  
 The stellar space,  
 Not stars, my cry:  
 As moth to light,  
 To dark I fly!

**Author of "No. 5 John Street" and "The Island"**



It would be overwhelming, were it not

"Aunt Emily!"

"Well, yes, I know; only do give 'em a chance, my dear. And don't let your travels run into archæology. It gives them a turn. Don't mind an old woman's counsel, and give me a kiss. I'm so delighted you 're goin' to be friends with Mary Liddicot. She's such a nice girl."

The dowager has certainly not spoken too soon. The two younger women—if Mary, as a mere legal infant of seventeen, is to be reckoned a woman—are good friends already. They are together in the private garden this morning.

"Why not sit here, duchess?" And Mary throws herself on a time-worn step of the terrace. "We may dodge the sun for an hour under the balustrade."

It is notorious that no human being can possibly be half so good as some women look, so devotees must e'en make the best of the limitations of our fallen nature. Here, for instance, is another of them who seems all health of body and of mind in fresh cheek, clear eye, straightness of manner. Health is always beauty of a kind, but other is not wanting in the fine, firm drawing of cheek and brow, tempered into expression by the suavity of the mouth and the benignant eyes.

"Will the steps bear us, Mary? That is the point. And please don't call me 'duchess' any more. Augusta is my name."

"Why not, d—I mean Augusta—as to the steps?"

"It will have to be something shorter to-morrow; so I give you warning. As to your silly question, look at the crannies and the moss."

"Yes; and as to your wise answer, don't forget the fresh masonry on the other side."

"The old order and the new patchwork, eh, Mary?"

"Just like Allonby, at any rate. We are more consistent in decay at Liddicot."

"Well, I take your word for it; for who ought to know Allonby, if you don't? That is why I want you to show me round my own place."

"Then come to the bowling-green; we shall be better under the terrace there. Give me a hand with the sketching-traps, and I'll lead the way."

"Oh, is n't it just lovely!" cries the delighted duchess, as they reach a stretch of faultless turf lying under the shelter of an ancient wall. "But I forget: I must n't put it in that way."

"Why not?"

"Slang—and not English slang, at that."

"What's the matter with it?"

"Mary, you must help me in these little things. Be cruel to be kind. What would you have said now?"

"What about?"

"About the loveliness."

"What could I have said but 'it is lovely'?"

"Ah, you've left out the 'just' in spite of yourself; so I stand rebuked."

Lovely it is, for want of a better word. The sheared grass stands as firm and upright in its ranks as a regiment of Spanish pikemen. The wall, a mere accident of lusty decay, has been turned to the best account. It is paneled by its buttresses, and every space between them is a mass of flowers springing from a bed of mold at the base. There are more flowers in the coping, with potted plants to mark the lines of buttress, and the whole composition has the time-worn red of the brickwork for its background. A clipped hedge forms the border on the other side of the alley, and gives a choice of luminous shade. There is more turf beyond the wall, and beyond that a growth of wood vast and deep enough, to all appearance, to house the whole pagan world of dryad and faun. Impenetrable privacy is the note. Surely, if there can be any sure defense against the siege of troubles, here is the triple line.

"Too beautiful," again murmurs Augusta. "Who wants to play at stupid bowls in such a place—or to play at anything except being in heaven?"

"Well, you must decide, you know. It is your garden, all yours. Father says the duke himself would hardly intrude without asking leave."

"Mary, we'll sit here all day long and read 'The Golden Pomp.'"

"What about exercise?" says Mary, simply.

"Oh, very well. I'll learn the stupid game, if I must."

"Why should you? There are links on the other side of the wood. Yours, too. 'All trespassers will be prosecuted'—even from the house-party."

"The house-party!" echoes Augusta, with a sigh. "Well, never mind all that this morning. Let us just sit here and feel sorry for most of our fellow-creatures."

Ach, du lieber Gott! What may this mid-geet want? Is n't he cunning, now?"

A page boy approaches and touches his cap. "Please, your Grace, Mr. Jarvis want to know if your Grace would like to see the stables this marning. The 'osses come down yesterday, and he want to take your Grace's commands."

"Stables, Mary? Must it be stables now? One might as well be back home."

"Well, you see they 're your stables. Jarvis is your man. He might feel—"

"Say no more, my dear. Say we are coming," she adds, turning to the manikin, as he vanishes at a trot tempered by a sense of decorum.

Mr. Jarvis is very proud of his horses, his carriages, his harness-room, of all that is his as head coachman of the duke. The stables are marvelous; and the lodging for the men is worthy of the lodging for the beasts—you can say no more. The wood-work is real and rare, the plated metal is as good as silver to the eye. The architect was a poet playing with a fancy of stately comfort in brick and tile picked out with crest, coronet, and monogram, and with the most lavish exercise of invention. The mere cleanliness is a marvel, too. Mr. Jarvis's ideal is a place in which the duke, should he ever wish to do anything so absurd, might "eat his dinner off the floor." With all its brightness, it is as severe in taste as a Greek temple. There is no superfluity—if only for that reason, there is no dirt. There is only everything of the very best, even light and air, and, at need, artificial warmth. The splendid creatures in residence, glistening in their coats to match the general scheme, turn meek faces, with eyes of fire, as the visitors trip from stall to stall without once having to lift a skirt. Here is Chieftain, the champion hunter of England, who, it is hoped, may carry the duchess herself.

The auguries are favorable. "The beauty—beauty!" cries her Grace, running her hand over his coat. "We 're going to be the best friends in the world, Chieftain." And she lays against his neck a face that stands out fairer than ever from the background of bay.

"Sixteen hands, or hardly an inch under, your Grace."

"Surely not quite that!"

"It 's his build, and good proportions. He matches himself all over. You can

have a horse as big as a house if you breed him right. If ever anything happens to him, I 'll keep his skeleton, and then your Grace will see what he is in bone."

"May my skeleton be ready first! I 'm going to love him too much."

"Augusta, Augusta, come and see your new ponies!" It is a cry from Mary, who leads the way. She stands in ecstasy before a pair matching in everything but color, and in that a sharp contrast which shows that no match has been sought.

"Twelve hundred and fifty guineas is what the duke paid," says Mr. Jarvis; and, like a wise man, he leaves it there.

"He is too good," murmurs the duchess.

And, after all, it might have been worse. What of that queen of Egypt who had the revenues of a whole city to keep her in shoes alone!

The ponies are skittish and resent her caress; but she goes away with an uplifted forefinger that promises a speedy struggle for the mastery.

"The Yankee trotter is for the duke. Supposed to beat anything in this country," says Mr. Jarvis, in a tone which marks his indifference to all that lies beyond. "Your Grace might like to see the harness-room?" His *h's* bespeak his social altitude. He has risen by them, as well as by his skill with the reins.

It is a wardrobe of fashion, only it has a richer variety of suits. The more costly ones shine out at you in gold plate and patent leather from their cases of plate-glass. Even the least costly have that kind of right through excellence which marks the struggle for perfection. The best that money can buy is Mr. Jarvis's estimate of its claim to notice; and he is right. Where it forbears ornament, the leather is still silky to the touch; and the mastery of its hand-stitching might bring a saddler's apprentice to his knees.

Mr. Jarvis, in the interest of his colleagues, now urges the kennels, the stud-farm, the pedigree cows, even the aviary, since there is everything in the wonderful place. But the duchess has to tell him that these are for another day. After duly expressing her approbation, she turns toward the castle, first stopping to pick up a bewildered Japanese spaniel which has followed her to the grounds. The picturesquely ugly mite is of course one of the costliest things of its kind in all England. Everything is

of price at Allonby. The meanest of the stable-hands fitting to and fro on their labors in the glorious sunlight has the sense of the choice and the exclusive. The fellow sponging the foolish face of one of the Jerseys, that keeps her apartment by the doctor's orders, is ready, on the slightest encouragement, to recite her style and titles to the distinguished visitor. Sally is the heroine of half a dozen agricultural shows, and her certificates of glory are nailed in black and white over her stall. She is the best Jersey in all England, bar none; she fetched the best price, and she belongs to the best duke and duchess in that favored land. It makes the lowest of them feel their kinship with the real old sort of the foundation of things; and that is moral impulse, of a kind. Here is Allonby, and on the other side of its wall is the balance of the world. Their very expletives are tempered by a sense of the dignity of their office, and even their occasional profanity is counted but another mode of clean speech at the Knuckle of Veal.

The ladies are for turning back to the house, but the duchess has a sudden fancy: "Mary, I think I'll begin to be good friends with Chieftain now. I'm wild for a gallop. Saddle him, Jarvis, while I run inside and put my habit on."

"Augusta! The duke?"

"I thought he was my horse. I must have one spin on him, if I die for it."

Her readiness to accept this gruesome condition by no means puts Mr. Jarvis at his ease. "Your Grace might like to try him first in the riding-school. We don't know him very well ourselves yet."

"Hush! he'd never forgive us if he heard us talking like that. Wait for me here, Mary."

She scampers into the house, and Mr. Jarvis turns, with a sigh, to give the necessary orders. They have hardly been carried out when she reappears in costume, and comes running toward the unhappy pair.

"Her Grace took it into her own head, Miss Mary. You'll bear me out in that—"

"You don't think it might be better to wait, Augusta? He's new to the place, you see, as well as to the people. He might—"

"How could he, now, when I'm going to give him this nice lump of sugar? But it's not for the goodies, Chieftain dear, is it? It's because he likes me."

She nestles up to him again, caresses him, seems to whisper in his ear, glances at his girths, and in another moment, with the help of Mr. Jarvis's broad palm, is in the saddle, with the reins in hand.

"Adios, Mary. Just one spin across the park!"

"She's off," mutters poor Jarvis, evidently not in the best temper with her, nor indeed with anybody, including himself.

It is not a mad gallop by any means, but it is a smart one. Chieftain is fresh and skittish for mere joy of life, but he has a foolish idea that he could get on better if he had the spin to himself. He flies with her now and then, and once or twice shakes himself ominously, as though thinking he would like to ask a question before accepting her for better or for worse. It is presently asked and answered. As soon as they have come to a perfect understanding, she gives him his head for a run before the wind, talking pleasantly to him the while. Then, just as he begins to feel he has had enough of it, she gently eases him down into trot and walk, leaving him, and perhaps herself for a moment, to fancy that it is all over. But there is a long wall between them and the spot where Jarvis and Mary Liddicot stand, and it is clear that Augusta has made up her mind to take it on her way back. The gradual change in Chieftain's pace shows that he has received the necessary orders, and soon he is in full course for the obstacle.

"I don't like this kind of circus work," mutters Mr. Jarvis, wiping a cold drop from his brow. "I can't stand it, if you ask me." There is no time to say or even to think more. In another moment they are at it, and, in a moment again, safe and sound on the other side of the wall.

"She's done it, by—" cries Mr. Jarvis, reining himself in on the very edge of expression. "This must be my lucky day." He also forbears to add, "Who said she'd only been a governess?" but it is in his mind. His only additional observation is, "She'll do."

"Sorry!" laughs Augusta, as she touches earth and her friend's cheek once more. "It had to be done. I was beginning to feel—you know. But don't look so cross, dear! I guess I can take care of myself as well as the next one when I'm on a horse."



"WHAT about the appointment with Mr. Raif?" was all that Mary allowed herself to say.

"Mr. Raif?"

"The domestic chaplain, duchess."

"Augusta, if you please—Miss Liddicott!"

"And Mr. Bascomb. You know they are both to come to you this morning about the poor in the village. I dare say they are waiting in your morning-room."

"Oh, hurry up, Mary, like—like a little lamb, and go in and amuse them while I change. I'll be down again before you have finished with the weather." And she was almost as good as her word.

Mr. Raif, the domestic chaplain, is the born conscience-keeper of a noble pair, sleek, apple-faced, unwrinkled, untroubled by a doubt. He has cast all difficulty of that sort behind him in his solitary volume "The Struggle for Faith," the title-page of which is the sole attestation of his having ever wrestled with a fiend. The victory has been so unmistakably on the right side that it has left him scarcely a memory of the encounter. The work commended him to the duke by the orthodoxy of its sentiments, and he was appointed to the dignified office of reading prayers twice a day to the household. He has thus, by anticipation, entered into the joy of his Lord. His parsonage, within the gates of the domain, has a wide prospect of the scenery that may easily be regarded as an outlook on the plains of heaven. There, surely, in the remoter distance, is the green bank in a flowery valley where angels will one day serve far more excellent nourishment than afternoon tea to him and to the whole croquet-party on his lawn. All is in harmony in the celestial view. In the nearer distance is the model village of the domain, in which Mr. Raif keeps in comfort the castle poor—for Allonby has its pet breeds in this line, as in horses and cows—on the easy condition of their being perfectly virtuous in order that they may be perfectly happy. They rise with the lark and retire with the other reputable birds. They carouse on mineral waters. They peruse the cheaper British poets in a reading-room which is quite a little masterpiece of domestic Gothic, and in which a bust of Shakspeare faces a bust of the duke. They

see Palestine with the aid of lantern-slides. So may we hope to enjoy our leisure in a better world.

"Your Grace will come and see us soon, I feel sure. I do not press. The multifarious duties of the present moment—I know something of their claims. But some questions are urgent. Our wilder spirits in the reading-room are getting up a round-robin for beer."

"Very sad!"

"I was glad when the pitmen who came to the procession went back to their homes. They do our people no good. Happily, cock-fighting on bank-holidays is a purely acquired taste."

"I suppose I ought to like him, Mary," said the duchess, when he had turned his back; "but somehow—well, I dare say he is quite a good man."

"Mr. Bascomb is my favorite," returned Mary. "See, here he comes through the gate. I wish the other looked a little less sure both of earth and heaven. Dear old Bas! His hold on earth is of the weakest. He contrives to look untidy in spite of a cassock that hides him from head to foot. Even a man, one would think, could hardly go wrong with an overall of that sort. But only look at the buttons—all in the wrong holes!"

"Ah, men are just as clever in muddle as in all else. One of us would have blundered into the right hole midway—uncertain sex. Tell me something about him before he comes up."

"Great scholar, great gentleman," said Mary, breathlessly talking against time as the parson gained on them in his toil up the sloping walk. "Warn me when he's within ear-shot, but remember he's a trifle deaf."

"Go on: still half a minute to the good."

"Does n't believe there has been any Christian church to speak of for hundreds of years."

"Oh, Mary! Only ten seconds more. Make the best use of them."

"Thinks that Allonby should be melted down and spent in making everybody good."

"Why, that's rank Social—How do you do, Mr. Bascomb? Very glad to meet you. Miss Liddicott has been saying such nice things in your praise!"

Five and forty is about his age, but his untidiness adds some ten years to the

rough estimate. A skullcap worn at the back of his head, at a slope that suggests miraculous agency, gives an effect of the innocence of childhood. The state of his robe seems to show that he has been valleted by a housemaid who has mislaid her duster. The tall, spare figure, bent with the toil of patristic learning, the high Roman cast of the face, are so many notes of the mystic. But the dreamy eyes have that in them which betokens a terrible fellow to meet in some stock-exchange concerned with the transactions of another world.

He smiled affectionately at Mary and took her hand, first making his bow to the duchess, not without grace. This done, he gazed on the new mistress of Allonby as though he had, at once, a perfect sense of her beauty and a like power of referring it to the same category of impersonal wonders of nature as the rose and the dawn.

"It is a joy to me to meet you, madam. You have so much power for good, and I am sure you are disposed to use it."

His voice is music in its intonations, as voices are wont to be when they have ever kept close touch with the spiritual harmonies of which music is made.

"I hope I may be able to make myself useful, with your help. But there seems so little to do here. It is different in town."

"Madam, we are of the earth, as well as on it. I think you will find that. Rest assured you will not languish for want of opportunity."

"Mr. Raif has promised to show me his model village."

A slight cloud passed over his features. "I have no doubt Mr. Raif has done his best with it, but somehow these questions of machinery—I shall be pleased to take your Grace's opinion on all the villages at some future time."

The conversation soon drifted into generalities, wherein, however, he showed himself so utterly incompetent, or at any rate so ill at ease, that the duchess in mercy gave him an opportunity of escape. On leaving, he looked at her again with a kind of awe, and seemed to take her in from head to foot.

"Pray don't flatter yourself," laughs Mary. "He fixes every charming woman in that way; but half the time, you know, he forgets that they are alive. I do believe he thinks we are plants, and that one day he'll try to break off a finger for a button-

hole. He used to lift me on to the table and look at me like some little image of piety, all the time I was in short frocks. It was done quite without distinction of persons. He treated Rose Edmer in just the same way. Dear old thing—I do love him so!"

"And so shall I. But who is Rose Edmer? You know, child, you are my guide to Allonby."

"Rose Edmer is the village beauty. Every self-respecting village has an institution of that kind."

"Then I know her perfectly well. Listen: dark-eyed as well as dark-haired; heavy-eyed, too, a little, by reason of a sort of lowering mischief in the lids. I made her show them to me all the same, for they were wide open as I passed. Trouble there, if crossed. The face a good oval, not so much by the narrowness at the chin as by the breadth at the cheek. Lips that pout more with determination than with caprice, and that I should say might give great satisfaction in—other uses. What a little type! No, not a type at all, but just her individual self. And what an inventory, eh? Gracious! it's like an early Victorian novel."

"That's the girl. True as steel, I should say, if you win her; but wants winning all the same. They say George Herion is the boy to do it. It will be a pretty game, lost or won, for the onlookers."

"George Herion—I never saw him."

"Perhaps, duchess, because he never saw you, saving your presence, all the same. It's the crisis of his fate, so I hear—and I get a bulletin almost every morning from my maid."

"No wonder. It would never do to let love-making become one of the lost arts; so let us all keep an eye on Phyllis and Corydon. Ah, what a land, what a land!"

"What do you mean?"

"I don't know. The whole country seems like a book—so many 'Half Hours in a Library,' illustrated with copperplates, as much too picturesquely good to be true as a scene at the play. That feeling, I remember, came on me with a perfect rush at Warwick. I saw old beardsmen in cloaks that suggested the funeral procession of Queen Elizabeth, walking in and out of old almshouses to match, with an old Shaksperian square in the background. I declare, when some incongruous old thing

in an overcoat and a stovepipe hat came out of one of the houses I could have shaken him for an anachronism. And in the market-place I believe they were roasting an ox whole, and hiring plowmen and dairymaids at a 'statute' fair."

"But how would you hire them, Augusta? You know that's the proper way."

"Who said it was not? What a dear old land!"

"How do they hire them in your country, then?"

"How do I know—or care? Not that way, that's all. No such luck."

"What a funny sort of country it must be!"

"No, no. It just spreads itself about too much to be anything in particular. This one is perfect, and if I had my way I'd put it all under a glass case. Our glass case is the sky, and that's too big for comfort to the beholder. How are you going to keep the dust off five and twenty miles of corn all in one unbroken line? What you lose in breadth you gain in variety, intensity of impression. A dozen 'vestiges of creation' is a space no bigger than the back of your hand! I want to label it all. At least, Mary, help me to label out the 'county,' that mysterious thing you were telling me about the other day; the people to whom I have to go and 'pay my respects' in the family coach, in return for their dutiful performances of the same sort here."

"Well, first you want two big glass cases—one for our set and one more for the other."

"Tell me about the other. Our set I am beginning to know—birth, acres, long settlement. Oh, I am so frightened of some of them, Mary! But don't you dare tell. I'm going to manage them by springing right into the cage, firing my pistol, and keeping them too busy with the trick to have time to devour me."

"They don't want to devour you, except in the way of kindness—nice as you would be."

"Nonsense. I'm certain that venerable nobleman (is n't that the right way to put it?) to whose place I went the other day was a man-eater. Not a sign was wanting—the long, solemn face, the sepulchral voice, the lean family drawn up behind, in their huge cavern of a drawing-room, waiting for their prey."

"Don't be so unkind. That's just what you'll find at Liddicot, I warn you, when you come to see us in our moated hall. How can people help being a thousand years old?"

"Child, you know I don't mean that."

"Besides, the Ogrebys and ourselves are just old-timers; we don't set up for being smart. But you'll find plenty of nice people quite up to date, I assure you. Why, look at Allonby itself!"

"Still, Allonby is sometimes rather alarming. I stumbled into the family mausoleum the other day, railed off from the rest of the church. What a scare—all the effigies still glaring mastery over the destinies of men from sightless orbs! Another Temple of the Sun, with the embalmed Incas all in rows from the beginning of a dateless line—except that the Incas sat up to their work. And then, what about the people who are not nice?"

"Oh, you'll soon know more than you want about them. They're the real danger. You'll find it hard to keep out of their clutches, duchess as you are."

"Are they so very hateful?"

"Dreadful people. They've made all their money in business, heaps and heaps of it; and where we are in any way salable they just come and buy us out. Sometimes they issue us as companies, with our names on the prospectus."

"Insolent creatures; and with their own money, too!"

"You don't understand, Augusta; but you will."

"Silent contempt?"

"How are you to keep it up, when they make such a noise? There's a terror of a man down here called Kisbye who tried his hardest to get a corner in your procession the other day. His house-parties are a perfect scandal, and he's got the very place in which the Parringtons were born."

"Well, it's easy enough to keep out of it now."

"Not so easy as you think. He tries to do everything, from the shooting to the dinners, twice as well as everybody else, so far as the mere luxury goes. And some of our younger sons positively go there for the dinners. Why, even my brother Tom—oh, it's a shame! And they make game of it all when they come away."

"And we both think that's a greater shame still; don't we, Mary? But don't

be afraid: I am going to be perfectly orthodox and hate Kisbye. Only just now I am much busier with attractions than repulsions. I do so want to like everybody, the women above all."

"What is to prevent it? I am sure they all want to like you."

"Sometimes they seem so—"

"So what?"

"So near and yet so far, like the star in the song—so effusively indifferent, so cordially cold."

"Augusta!"

"Oh, don't misunderstand. It's nothing personal, to you especially—not even to myself. I am sure they all treat me exactly as they treat one another. But their aloofness is sometimes a bit of a trial. I suppose it's the smart manner. They don't seem to care a hang for anybody or anything. Yet underneath that mask of cynical hardness what wonderful women some of them are! They know so much, and they've seen so much, and they've even thought and felt so much; and they seem so very much ashamed of it, after all. That hard, short, dry style I've seen in one or two here! None of us women are like that by nature—mere souls reduced to the state of an anatomical preparation. Why should we make ourselves such pieces of bad art?"

"I never thought of that. I suppose it must be so, since you see it so. I wonder if it is because they are trying to please the men? I remember, now, how Tom changed as soon as he went to Eton: not much kissing good-by and kissing how-d'-ye-do after that. He did give me a furtive hug behind the door at the end of the first term; but it was too good to last. Our men, you see, won't stand what they call 'gush.' Will yours?"

"We never ask 'em," said Augusta, simply. "They have to take us as we are. It does them a world of good."

"That's it, I suppose. You never let them get out of hand. I wonder if they don't like you all the better for just being yourselves, instead of trying to talk golf and races and stables to them, and all that."

"They like us well enough," said Augusta, as simply as before. "But never mind, dear. 'When you are in Rome'—you know the rest. And I'm going to get Anglicized as fast as I can."

"Take care we don't get Americanized first and save you the trouble."

"No; my turn first. Come and help me out with my visiting-list. Here's a Blyth, I see."

"Excuse me, but would you mind not sounding the 'th'? You know you asked me to mention any little thing of that sort."

"Thank you a thousand times; but shall I nevermore call a fellow-creature by his right name? I learned 'Coocheon' and 'Chumley' and 'Abergenny' from a Sunday edition before I came out, and I thought I was through. The rule of it, the distracting rule? Shade of Ward McAllister, will nobody give me a glimpse into first principles? Is it something like this: always sound your own name as the other man writes his? I suppose we must be 'Applebys,' as we begin with an 'Al'; and Halifax is 'Gomshall,' dear—say it's 'Gomshall'; and 'Waldegrave' is 'Zoroaster,' by way of giving a neighbor a lift."

"Augusta, you are really unfortunate to-day! It's 'Walgrave,' at any rate, as true as I live."

"Mary, Mary, we've gossiped away half the morning, and we've a whole house-party on our hands. Besides, I must have a first peep at the village this afternoon."

"Which one—Mr. Raif's?"

"No; little Slocum. That's more to my taste. But he may come all the same, if it's part of his show."

## VI

It was no easy matter. In these exalted regions the simplest incident has to be contrived. A duchess from Allonby can hardly walk into Slocum Parva like you or me. Nothing merely occurs in such lives: everything is matter of specification. Mr. Jarvis had to be consulted about the carriage, and he put the priceless ponies in harness by way of giving them an airing. Her Grace would fain have walked, but she was told it was unusual in the circumstances. Then the housekeeper was sent for. In such houses domestics are as keenly concerned for the privilege of menial office as are nobles in a court of claims contending for their right of bearing a towel or a pair of spurs at a coronation. In vain may the unhappy object of their attentions wish them at the devil. It is their "perquisite,"

not his luxury, and the thing is done for the doer's sake. Custom ordained a hamperful of goodies and physic whenever a Duchess of Allonby went among her subjects for the first time.

"You may go in an old frock and a waterproof later on," said Mary, as she stepped in after her friend. Augusta sighed and took the reins. Mr. Raif and a man in liverly were in the rear.

The drive in the fresh air, stirred by a rush from a gap in the distant hills and cooled by a recent shower, was exhilarating. The road was all vistas contrived by centuries of landscape-gardening on the grand scale. The village looked as blandly beautiful as a mezzotint. Where the red tile failed, brown thatch continued the curves of the exquisitely broken line. A glory of honeysuckle and other climbers covered window and porch; the garden patches were in their later and richer bloom. A lady, apparently on her travels in search of the picturesque, rose from her easel and bowed as the duchess passed. The children were still at their lessons, but a shuffle of feet as the carriage skirted the school seemed to betoken the spontaneous disruption of a class. Their mothers meekly awaited developments in the gloom of interiors, as though following some ritual of becoming behavior for the Last Day.

Mr. Raif made a good showman. The carriage stopped here and there as he gave the word, and the duchess saw tidy homes adorned with chromolithographs of the royal family, bright furniture, and clean-aproned matrons bobbing reverence from the knees, for want of mastery of the art of lateral extension. It distressed her. "Please don't be so respectful," she said at first, until she saw that, with their training, it gave them even more embarrassment to withhold than her to accept. Then she yielded with one sigh more. And besides, resistance was not in the spirit of a scene which seemed to put to shame the placard of a county paper outside the grocer's shop announcing battle, murder, and sudden death in other parts of the earth.

At a turn of the road a bent figure of age came in sight. It was the octogenarian Skett, the broken-down navvy whose acquaintance as one of the nondescripts of village life we have already made. He dragged himself homeward with the help of his two walking-sticks and of a pair of

lower limbs which seemed ready at any moment to strike work for life.

"Poor old man!" cried her Grace, reining in the ponies. "Open the hamper, James, and see what you think he would like."

"Quite unnecessary, duchess," said Mr. Raif, rather hastily; "he is well provided for, and I'm afraid he is not much of a man for dainties."

"Tell me something about him."

"There is really little to tell. He was a good, honest, hard-working fellow in his day, though not very saving, I'm afraid; and we do what we can for him now."

"What do you do?"

"I don't quite know," returned Mr. Raif, in some confusion, "but I can easily find out."

"And where is your cottage, old man?" said her Benevolence—perhaps by way of protest against that tyranny of the middleman which is the curse of our time.

But Mr. Raif was not easily baffled. "He lives alone; and I am afraid your Grace might hardly care—"

"It ain't nor a stone's-throw, neyther," piped Samson, "if anybody's a mind to come and see a feller-creetur." There was desperation in his manner; the vision splendid was not to be suffered to fade without a struggle for better acquaintance.

"May I come?" said the duchess.

"And thank you kindly, if you don't mind walking," returned this more terrible infant of second infancy; "you got good legs."

The duchess evidently bore no malice; Mr. Raif looked unutterable horror.

It was one of a row of brick-built cottages in the execrable taste of most modern work of this kind. They formed a sort of back street for the village, and their manifest avoidance of all outward display bore the suggestion that even in Slocum there was something not meant to meet the eye. Their sites were part of a clearance made by the old duke in accordance with the general policy of keeping down population by keeping down house-room. But the old duke had cut it too fine, and had destroyed so rashly that his successor had been obliged to build again to house his own laborers. Still the area of ruin exceeded the area of restoration; and the population of Slocum was smaller in our period than it had been at the close of the middle

ages. It had finally attained to that state of perfect numerical balance which is the glory of the statistical tables of France. The governing idea of the modern scheme of architecture was the upturned box with holes in it, the smaller openings as windows, the larger as doors. A lower box, if it may be so described, was the day-room, an upper the bedroom, and the two made a building which might serve to remind a Chicago sky-scraper of the modesty of its origin. The doors were an unnecessarily close fit for the inquisitive figures by whom they were now filled. One of the latter, Mrs. Artifex, seeing what company Samson was about to entertain, now came into his cottage to "speak up for him" in conjunctures wherein his own modesty or his own courage as a petitioner for charitable favors might be expected to fail. The principle imported a future exchange of good offices of the same sort on his part.

His room was untidy. It was the penalty of age and infirmity with him, as with most of his neighbors. Their partners were mostly in the churchyard. Their young people had gone to fight for themselves in the world. The old were the mere wastage of the settlement, kept there only because they refused to enter the workhouse, and on a scanty allowance of outdoor relief by which the guardians made a reasonable bargain for the ratepayers.

Samson's way of doing the honors was all his own.

"Sit ye down, my loidy; here be old Sam Skett a-waitin' his call—all that 's left on him, all that 's left!"

"Remember where you are, Skett," said Mr. Raif, severely; "that 's hardly the way to speak to her Grace."

"Oh, please let him speak as he likes," said Augusta; "he won't hurt me."

"You be a beauty an' no mistake," cried the delighted old man. It was a tribute to moral quite as much as to physical worth. Mr. Raif cast protesting eyes upward, and a still more protesting chin.

It was easy to see that Samson's manners had stood in the way of his advancement in life. He was not one of the courtly poor, and his obtuseness left him beyond the reach of Mr. Raif's art as an introducer of indigence to the notice of the great. Most of his neighbors in this row were in the same plight. Mr. Raif's choicer specimens were the trained bands of the model

village within the domain, and the select few of Slocum Parva whom he had just left. These had become, under his tuition, as sleek as any peasants in old china. Poor Skett was but the ignoble savage of the rural scene. He was still magnificent in his ruin—a giant in beam, well-nigh as broad as long, and not short at that. And nature seemed again to assert his brotherhood with the ox in the great flat face, and in the neck all dewlapped with wrinkles. The blue eye, bleared though it was with age, betokened the Frisian peasant of almost pure descent. His brown skin was a diaper of the seams of age and toil which made him look like something in rhinoceros hide. His history was that of many an English laborer of his day. He was one of the earth-men of our railway age, and he had left his lasting mark on the planet with pick and shovel. He had read nothing,—for the best of all reasons,—thought nothing, hoped nothing, but had just dug, fed, and slept. It was enough for pride. "Worked on the first railway made in this world," he piped, "an' worked all over the country after that. Aye, an' my own brother went to a place called France an' Spain to make more railways there under Muster Middlemass—old Middlemass—whose son 's a lord now. You 'll find that reet."

"What a fine, strong man you must have been!" said the duchess.

The compliment gave Sally an opening for the neighborly office of the song of praise. "Aye, your Grace, 'e wur a good un in 's time—could wheel six 'undred-weight. 'Is old feyther wur a good un too. Made nothin' o' liftin' up a 'undred in each 'and."

"Aye, an' used to win beer wi' it," muttered Samson, as though editing her with notes.

"Well, this 'ere man 'e could lift fifty more. 'Never give in'—that was 'is motter; 'e was real cruel at 's work. Took a job on the roads when 'e 'ad to give up his navvyin', an' one day, when 'e wur over seventy, they finds 'im lyin' in a faint beside 's load o' stone."

"I 'ad n't give in, mind yer," annotated Samson. "I 'd been knocked out o' time. Ricked ma back—that 's what a did."

"Aye," interposed Sally; "an' thowt nothin' o' buttin' 'is 'ead through the panel of a door, in 's prime."

"Don't you tell tales out of school," said

Samson, shyly; "young men will be young men."

It was honored age rebuking an untimely allusion to the follies of youth. He felt that it was a generous folly still, and that he had lived it down.

"Well, I hope you are comfortable now."

"Two an' six a week from the parish, an' sixpence extry for coals in the bitter weather. Got to be careful—rent out of it, and every blessed thing."

"He 's so lonesome, your Grace," said Mrs. Artifex; "that 's the worst on 't. Fell out o' bed t' other night, an' cut 'is face."

"It warn't nowt," he chuckled. "Why, old Grutt 'e 'urt 'isself same way a month ago, an' he ain't well yet."

Mr. Raif was manifestly ill at ease. It was not exactly the show for a mistress of Allonby; and he made a move for the door.

The duchess was content to follow, but she wished first to make the old man a present, and she fumbled at her purse. There were difficulties. She had yet to attain to full mastery of the value of the coins in it, for the British monetary system is not exactly a thing that comes by the light of nature. If half a crown a week kept him going, it would perhaps be unadvisable to give him so much. But what was half a crown? It was more bewildering, in the circumstances, than Peel's: "What is a pound?" She pecked wildly therefore, at the first thing that came to hand—a florin, as it proved. Then—how to offer it to him without wounding his self-respect? With her lifelong associations, she had scruples on this point which had not been wholly overcome by her short experience of European travel. The good things in her hamper were, after all, mere presents of courtesy, if you chose to look on them in that light; but a tip in hard cash to one who had been a workman, and was no tramp of the roadside!

"Would you allow me to offer you a little—a little change?" she said timidly, slipping the florin into his palm of horn.

To her intense relief, Samson did not hurl it to the ground with the pride of the free-born. He only said, "Thank ye kindly," and fobbed it with the avidity of a Tantalus who has unexpectedly caught a bite.

Mr. Raif looked vainly round for a diversion, until it came by the mere compulsion of his desire, as they passed one of the honeysuckle cottages on their way to the carriage.

A neatly dressed girl was standing in the porch, half hidden in its shade, and evidently keeping an eye on the road.

The duchess whispered to her friend: "Why, surely, Mary, it is your village beauty, Rose—Rose—"

"Rose Edmer. Oh, is n't it funny! She 's waiting to catch a glimpse of him on his way home from work; and she 'll vanish as soon as he comes in sight. She 's dairymaid at Allonby, you know,—one of your people,—and he a laborer at Kisbye's—you remember George Herion, the young fellow I told you about to-day. Do speak to her, Augusta. She is so sweet."

It was an unfortunate moment for an introduction, for Rose wanted anything but company, even, as we have seen, the company of George. She was in the earliest and perhaps the most entrancing stage of the divine complaint. George's love for her, admiration for her, was her first initiation into love and admiration for herself. Hitherto she had been a chit of a girl, half aware, or scarcely aware at all, that she was anything out of the common. He had lifted her into the fullness of the realization of personality, and had brought into her soul the exquisite delight of the feeling that she was part of the beauty of the world. From this came wonder, pride, joy in herself—nay, a kind of reverence of her own girlhood. Oh, the music of it! All the things she had done before, not knowing there was anything in them,—fetching water from the well (he had spoken with a rude rapture of her beauty as she stood there), plucking berries from the garden for the meal,—were now sanctified as so many things that gave her a part in life. She had grown from child to essential woman in a night, with the thought of that part. She loved George—though as yet she was in no hurry to tell him so—for loving her. Of course she was in no hurry. What joy to go on forever like this, to be merely courted and adored!

And, besides, she must not make herself too cheap. There was always that dreadful warning of her mate in the dairy, Silly Jane. Jane, yet little more than a child, had suddenly found love in the confession of a stable-boy of much the same standing, and had forthwith called her playmates about her to make solemn renunciation of childish things. There could be no more hide-and-seek, or skipping-rope: she had



a sweetheart now. The ceremony included the refusal of her dinner as a public function. She wanted nothing but a slice of bread and butter, and the right to sing softly to herself all day long. The whole village knew it: it was a jest at the Knuckle of Veal. Then one day, goaded thereto perhaps by the banter of the inn, the stable-boy, without a word of warning, gave a penny to an infant, and told her to seek Silly Jane with the message that he had had enough of her. The message was duly delivered before a whole household, and for a day or two Jane's parents thought it prudent to keep watch on the well. The precaution was unnecessary. Silly Jane resumed her dinner and her skipping-rope, not much the worse, except that she was more of a laughing-stock than ever. Better death than that fate for Rose. So, as Mr. Raif opened the garden gate to summon her to the presence of the duchess, she ab-

ruptly fled from the porch, and locked herself in her chamber, with a determination to die rather than meet any lady in the land.

Yet, in spite of this agreeable diversion, Mr. Raif's feelings were doomed to yet another shock. The ponies were in full trot for the castle when they showed a disposition to shy at a strange object surrounded by awe-struck urchins on the village green. It was a huge covered van of the kind used by traveling showmen; it was painted in bright aggressive yellow, and it bore the announcement of a "Lecture on the Land and the People" for that very night. The mystery was deepened by the circumstance that the vehicle was as yet hermetically closed, and that, having no horse in the shafts, and to all appearance no human being in charge, it gave not a sign of life.

"What *does* it mean?" said Mary.

"Radicals, I am very much afraid," said Mr. Raif.

(To be continued.)



## THE CANADA SABLE

BY FRANCIS STERNE PALMER

LIGHT as a leaf is foot of the hare,  
A leaping deer seems borne by air—  
Lighter than either, as swift as a bird,  
Scarcely seen, too light to be heard,  
Where high in the wind a tall tree rocks,  
He flashes red, like a wingèd fox.

Sweeping the skies the keen hawks go,  
Foxes prowl on the moss below;  
But the hunting-fields of the sable lie  
Where tree-tops wave, 'twixt earth and sky:  
By dizzy ways, o'er highest limb,  
Lies the path best liked by him;  
Woe to the grouse that hoped to hide  
Leaf-obscured and unespied.

Squirrels falter, afraid to race—  
Red sable sets too hard a pace.

# THE GREAT BUSINESS COMBINATIONS OF TO-DAY

## THE SO-CALLED STEEL TRUST

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON  
DAVID A. WELLS PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL SCIENCE, WILLIAMS COLLEGE

THE purpose of this article is to describe the formation and character of the United States Steel Corporation; to explain the causes of its origin; to give to the readers of *THE CENTURY* some notion of its vast wealth, and some conception of the tremendous force which it may exert in the industrial world; and to set forth as briefly as possible the policy of its founders and managers. It is no part of the purpose of this article to assist in a search for evils the existence of which is often asserted, but which are difficult to define; nor to discuss the vexed question of the relations which the state ought to maintain toward combinations; nor to consider, with that seeming minuteness and that assurance which are characteristic of many reasoners who possess insufficient data, the margin between the real value of the property and the business of the corporation on one hand and its capital on the other. Nor shall its opportunities for wrong-doing, nor its proneness to oppression, be entered into; nor shall I indulge in prophecy. All these problems, questions, and surmises are interesting, and some of them are important, while it is certain that those which are both interesting and important are to play a larger and larger part in public controversy either for good or ill.

This paper proceeds on the theory that before the public discusses the United States Steel Corporation it should know of what the corporation is the outgrowth, how it is organized, the extent of its property and power, and what are the purposes of those who are at its head. One of Henry Fielding's philosophical introductory chapters in "Tom Jones" is entitled: "An Essay to prove that an author will write

the better for having some knowledge of the subject on which he writes." And since this is as true to-day as it was in the eighteenth century, and of industrial and economic phenomena as of what Mr. Fielding called, in the language of his day, the *beau monde*, it seems quite likely that the significance and effect of the largest and freest expression of the modern economic movement will eventually be more intelligently debated if the reasons for its formation and the purposes and policy of its founders are first understood.

Perhaps the key of the method by which the subject is to be examined is to be found in the remark which Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan is said to have made in response to the charge of having formed a trust and of having monopolized the business of manufacturing iron and steel, "I have smashed a trust, not formed one," and it is fair to study the corporation from this point of view.

This great corporation, by far the most important industrial organization in the world, is possibly the formulation of the terms of an economic problem the satisfactory solution of which lies in the future. It is such a combination of resources, properties, instrumentalities, and opportunities as the world has never known before, or known only as an important element of the wealth of a nation.

This combination is likened to an industrial democracy having many of the features of coöperative associations, with an added virtue: it is almost certain—as certain as future events can be—of continued intelligent expert management. It is the greatest, but not the only, power in the iron and steel industry of this country. If

the protective duties on its products shall ever be abolished, if the consumers of the world shall become its customers, and the mines and manufactures of the world its rivals, it may become the most important iron and steel power of the world. This democracy succeeded an absolute master of a smaller realm, who ruled not only his own kingdom, but who was the chief of a group of powerful rivals, himself powerful enough, by reason of his vast wealth, to cripple, perhaps to ruin, any competitor, actual or prospective, with whose business he might have occasion to interfere.

Mr. Carnegie was a very rich man in 1900, as he is now; but in 1900 it was essential in the very nature of competition that he should constantly exercise the enormous power which his wealth gave him both for its defense and for its increase. Now he may safely be quiescent. If he had not formerly been aggressive, if he had stood still, if he had refrained from adventure, becoming in his youthful old age that sort of old-fashioned conservative who usually in his decrepitude indolently professes content with conditions achieved during his more active middle life, the great Carnegie steel-works and their associated properties would have begun to decline, the victims of wasting competition. In time Mr. Carnegie himself might have ceased to endow libraries, universities, and other educational institutions, and in the end, if he had lived long enough, he might easily have found himself compelled to stop all his work of beneficence; he would then no longer have been able to engage in the interesting struggle to prevent the increase of his capital. Then the problem of distributing his wealth during his lifetime—a problem which now perhaps adds to his years, stimulating his pulses and enormously promoting his happiness—would no longer exist; indeed, his own requirements and previously assumed engagements of benevolence might then be eating into his capital.

If, during his active participation in the manufacture of iron and steel, he had ever reached the period when he would not have thrown away a million-dollar steam-hammer for a better tool, or when he would not have fought every rising competitor and every exacting transportation company, that moment would have marked the beginning of his decadence. And this decadence would have produced far-reaching

results—results proportionate to the enormous and wide-spread interests of which he was the head. It might have marked the beginning of a period of depression like that which followed the failures of 1873.

It is essential to the modern man of business, in the war of competition, for the mere maintenance of his prosperity, that his defense be aggressive; that he keep in motion; that he retain his relative rank; that he adapt himself to every economic change; that he avail himself of every improvement in machinery and method. If he be at the head of the procession, he must remain the leader or go to the rear. Death seizes the industrial and commercial captains who grow weary of the struggle, who stop by the way for the purpose of carrying on business in no other manner than in that which they have already learned. The time has been when the second and third generations could prosper modestly, and for a few short years, by following in the footsteps of fathers and grandfathers; but under the most favorable circumstances which can be imagined, it is a hazardous undertaking to follow old fashions in business.

This has been especially true since the "factory system" came into existence. Every one who is familiar with rural New England can recall dead mills and mill villages—the archaic factory with its silent water-wheel, its broken windows through which one catches glimpses of the rusty machinery, antiquated before it ceased to run, before it stopped for its long repose in bankruptcy. The picture of a grass-grown street bordered by ruined houses, once the homes of operatives, is a common one, as common as is the loss of the spirit of enterprise by the old, or as the lack of industry and intelligence, the misfortunes of sons brought up to regard the old mill-pond as if it were fed by a Pactolian stream whose golden sands needed no replenishment. The ways of doing business change with the changing generations, and he who would hold his own must change with them. The economies which result from improved labor-saving machinery or from cost-reducing methods are vital, and the manufacturer who does not take advantage of them must go out of business or lose all the gains of his prosperous years. The surrender of an important market to a rival is likely to be the

beginning of an unfortunate ending. The loss of this market can never be measured in terms of the profit previously gained from it, for the loss of one means the loss of another until loss becomes a habit.

Andrew Carnegie, as an active factor in the steel market, was master of the situation. The company called by his name was capitalized at \$320,000,000, half in bonds and half in stock. It owned the whole or a majority part of many blast-furnaces and rolling-mills. It operated railroads, water companies, and steamship companies. It was the proprietor of coal lands, coke-ovens, a natural-gas company, limestone deposits, and ore-mines. It dug the ore out of the mines, carried it to the furnace, transformed it into iron and steel, rolled it, and made it into billets, blooms, steel rails, car-axles, armor for battle-ships, castings, boiler-plates, beams, columns, and girders for buildings, and then carried its products to the lakes, or shipped them to the seaboard. Once, in speaking of the extent of his business, Mr. Carnegie said that he furnished to the railroads running from Pittsburgh more freight than the entire amount carried from New York by the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad. This enormous business could not neglect the smallest invention which increased the economy of production, and was compelled to struggle against every advance in the price of raw material or in the cost of transportation, or against any rival that sought to supplant it in any market.

In his struggle to preserve his preëminence, which had become necessary to the existence of the great combination in which he was the largest owner, Mr. Carnegie's wealth gave him an enormous advantage over all his competitors. He virtually commanded the steel market. He possessed not only the best facilities for the conduct of his business, but he had a weapon which he might use and did use against competitors. If a manufacturing company making pressed-steel car-wheels felt disposed to purchase its raw material from one of Mr. Carnegie's rivals, he might come to the conclusion that the deserting customer needed competition, and he would therefore found, or threaten to found, his own factory for pressed-steel car-wheels. If a maker of tubes was developing a too powerful rivalry, he might contemplate a

new tube-works which would eventually destroy the first. If a railroad company's freight charges went beyond Mr. Carnegie's conception of what the traffic ought to bear, at once the route for a competing road was surveyed.

Why did Mr. Carnegie desire to withdraw from his dominating position? He was easily the king of the steel business, and ordinarily—if we may consider anything having to do with kings as ordinary—kings do not resign their thrones. But Mr. Carnegie's power was much greater than that of most modern monarchs, and his occupation was much more interesting than theirs. Interesting as it was, however, his fertile and active mind preferred new occupations. Perhaps it was because he had conquered the industrial field that he sought other entertainment and other usefulness. At any rate, he had determined to retire from business several years before the United States Steel Corporation was thought of. In 1899 this desire seemed to be on the verge of gratification, for then Mr. Carnegie gave to a syndicate, at the head of which was Mr. H. C. Frick, an option for the purchase of his interest in the Carnegie Steel Company. For his interest in this corporation he was to have received \$157,950,000. He owned sixty per cent. of the whole capital, so that the Carnegie steel-works at that time, or under that option, were admitted to be worth something less than \$300,000,000. The forfeit money of \$1,170,000 was, however, surrendered to Mr. Carnegie by the syndicate, and the sale was not perfected. Mr. Carnegie then said that he had offered his property at too low a price, and it has been reported that he once remarked that he could sell the property in London for \$500,000,000. By agreement, terminating a litigation, the value of the property and business was placed at \$320,000,000. The Carnegie Company, then formed as the successor of the Carnegie Steel Company, was capitalized at this amount, and the United States Steel Corporation paid much more than \$320,000,000 for its property. As his share of this price Mr. Carnegie received a vast fortune, with which he is conducting beneficent works. He was paid entirely in bonds. He desired stock, and nothing but stock, but the organizers refused to comply with his wishes, on the ground that such enor-

mous power in the hands of a single owner would be dangerous to the interests of the corporation.

Although his property consists largely of the securities of the Steel Corporation, he has passed out of and from among the active powers of the industrial world. Not only is his former power now divided among a number of persons, but that which made it threatening to his rivals has disappeared, or is greatly modified by the combination of interests which had always been on the verge, at least, of active warfare with one another. Mr. Carnegie was the master of one of the most perfect human organizations ever constructed. So complete and efficient was it that he is reported to have said: "Take away all our factories, our trade, our avenues of transportation, our money; leave me our organization, and in four years I will have reestablished myself."

This splendid and powerful organization gave him liberty of action, the privilege to be absent from his mills and from the country, and at the same time gave him also almost absolute power over the business of iron- and steel-making. He could and did change prices when he deemed it for his interest to do so. He constructed mills for making articles which he had not previously manufactured, in order that he might bring unruly customers or competitors to terms. He had constructed a railway from Pittsburgh to Lake Erie, and was known to be able to injure, and perhaps to ruin, not only manufacturing competitors but the corporations engaged in the business of carrying his wares to market. The iron and steel trade feared him, and regarded him as the most threatening "trust" in the country—if I may be permitted for the moment to employ the word "trust" after the vague and incorrect manner of the politician. It saw in him the embodiment of all the evils of competition because he had the power to destroy rivals. Indeed, it was the contemplated exercise of this power that led to the taking of the first step toward the formation of the United States Steel Corporation.

The National Tube Company was a very large and prosperous organization. Its capital stock was \$80,000,000. It owned five blast-furnaces. It owned and operated nine rolling-mills and steel-works and fourteen pipe-and-tube works. Mr. J.

Pierpont Morgan was one of its proprietors. Mr. Schwab, who was then president of the Carnegie Company, planned to build a tube-mill for his company, a tube-mill so perfect in design, equipped with such excellent machinery, while it was to be operated with such great economy, that he expected to add one more dominating factory to the already long list of such factories in Mr. Carnegie's kingdom. Mr. Carnegie was dissatisfied with the rates of freight charged by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for carrying his iron and steel goods from Pittsburgh to the seaboard, and he threatened to build a line of his own, for which surveys were actually made. The imaginations of large capitalists became alarmed. This emperor of the steel business was an uncomfortable neighbor. The rulers of the other and smaller kingdoms and principalities thought that they would breathe more freely if a way might be found for their overshadowing rival to abdicate at a cost not inconsiderable.

At this juncture Mr. J. Edward Simmons, the president of the Fourth National Bank of New York, gave a dinner in honor of Mr. Charles M. Schwab, and Mr. Morgan was one of the guests. In a speech which he made after dinner, Mr. Schwab outlined his views on combinations—views apparently so large, so wise, and so interesting that Mr. Morgan was strongly impressed by the speech and the speaker. Then there began a series of interviews which eventually led to the founding of the United States Steel Corporation, to the realization of Mr. Carnegie's desire to retire from the control of the business, and to the elimination of a strong one-man power, approaching absolutism. The new combination was a federal republic composed of former rival powers, chief among which was the old Carnegie kingdom. It is an interesting and an important fact that while the negotiations were in progress Mr. Carnegie declined to enter the combination unless Mr. Morgan would become its head. He insisted on this as a guaranty of strong and wise management.

The new corporation, in the opinion of its founders, guarantees the continued existence of many wealth-producing establishments and their prosperity, and puts an end to the fear of a displacement of capital which, if it had been realized, must have produced a general panic. This corpora-

tion, again in the opinion of its founders and directors, so far from being a trust, has destroyed the possibility of an iron and steel trust and has democratized this fundamentally important branch of business. Whether these sanguine men are justified depends in the first place upon the purpose of their organization, and after that upon their own views as to what should be its methods, its relations with the consumers, its business principles; and, furthermore, it depends upon the power of the officers and directors of the company to pursue the policy which, as I understand, Mr. Schwab outlined at Mr. Simmons's fateful dinner.

The corporation was organized February 23, 1901. It obtained its charter in the State of New Jersey, because the laws of that commonwealth, in the opinion of the organizers of large corporations, are more liberal, fairer, and wiser than those of other States. They have certainly been more stable, having been virtually unchanged for nearly sixty years; in other words, there apparently has not been in New Jersey that disposition to interfere with corporations which has been manifested in other States. Then again, taxation of corporations is lighter in New Jersey than in other States: for example, the fee which the United States Steel Corporation paid for its charter was \$220,000, while at the time of its incorporation the fee in New York would have been \$1,375,000 (the law has since reduced the rate); in Pennsylvania it would have been, and still would be, the same; and in other States it would have ranged from \$550,000 to \$1,100,000. Lighter annual taxes are also imposed on corporations in New Jersey than elsewhere; and while the rights of shareholders are guarded, while publicity is provided for to the extent of requiring that full information shall be always at the command of shareholders, and while actual residence and a permanent office within the State are required, the laws of New Jersey permit to a corporation more varied and more extensive powers than can be enjoyed under the laws of other States, with the exception of one or two, where, however, the statutes and popular inclinations are not so favorable to substantial business interests as are those of New Jersey, or where the laws are new and have not been interpreted by the courts.

The properties and revenues of the corporation are those of an empire. Its offi-

cers and wage-earners constitute an army in number, but an army of beneficent producers, not one of waste and destruction. Its landed estates are measured in square miles, and its railroads and boat lines make it a transportation company of no mean importance.

Its most important subsidiary company is the "Carnegie Company of New Jersey." The capital of this company is \$320,000,000, half in stock and half in bonds. As the successor of the Carnegie Steel Company it is itself a combination of other companies, among them the most important of their kind in the world. It owns 19 blast-furnaces and 6 rolling mills, among them the Edgar Thomson and Homestead steel-works.

Another subsidiary corporation of the Carnegie Company is the H. C. Frick Coke Company, owning 40,000 acres of coal land, 20,000 acres of surface land, and 11,652 coke-ovens. All of these lands and the ovens are situated in Westmoreland and Fayette counties, Pennsylvania. It owns also nearly 3000 cars, and now markets the product of 5463 ovens belonging to other constituent companies of the United States Steel Corporation, besides the product of 1600 independent ovens. Its capital stock is \$10,000,000. The inclusion of this company brought into the combination one of the ablest men of the iron and steel business. It is due to Mr. Frick's development of the Connellsville region that the United States Steel Corporation possesses one of its most valuable properties—a property which is almost, if not quite, indispensable to the realization of its plans. Mr. Frick is now one of the largest owners of the new combination.

Another subsidiary company of the Carnegie Company is the Carnegie Natural Gas Company, which leases 98,000 acres of gas lands in Pennsylvania and West Virginia. It has 130 gas-wells, 300 miles of pipe-lines, and annually furnishes 11,000,000,000 cubic feet of natural gas.

The Union Railway Company, another Carnegie property, with capital stock of \$2,000,000, operates about seventy-four miles of railroad-track connecting the Monongahela River plants of the Carnegie Company, and Bessemer with North Bessemer.

The Bessemer and Lake Erie Railroad Company is the lessee of the Pittsburgh,

Bessemer, and Lake Erie Railroad, which, having \$12,000,000 of capital stock, operates 203 miles of road running from North Bessemer, Pennsylvania, to Erie, in the same State, and Conneaut Harbor, Ohio. At this port on Lake Erie, the Pittsburgh and Conneaut Dock Company owns the docks at the terminus of the railroad. These docks can accommodate daily 25,000 tons of iron ore and 4000 tons of coal. This subsidiary company also owns nearly a half-interest in the Pennsylvania and Lake Erie Dock Company and twenty-five per cent. of the stock of the New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio Dock Company.

The Carnegie Company also owns five sixths of the Oliver Iron Mining Company, and the United States Steel Corporation owns the remaining sixth. This mining company owns in fee or holds by lease iron-ore properties in the Vermilion, Mesabi, Gogebic, Marquette, and Menominee ranges in the Lake Superior iron region. It produces about one quarter of the ore mined in that rich district.

Still another property of the Carnegie Company is the Pittsburgh Steamship Company. This company owned, before the consolidation, 12 steamships and 2 barges, having an annual ore-carrying capacity of 1,276,800 gross tons of ore. It now operates all the vessels formerly belonging to itself and to the other constituent companies of the United States Steel Corporation. These constitute a fleet of 112 vessels, of which 69 are steamships and "whalebacks" and 43 are barges. Their total carrying capacity is 9,488,600 tons. These vessels of the Great Lakes include ships of ocean-going size. Among them are the four largest steamships of the lakes, which were purchased from the American Steamship Company by the American Steel and Wire Company for \$5,600,000, each vessel having a carrying capacity of 9000 tons. Each of the "whalebacks" can carry 6000 tons of ore.

Other Carnegie properties are the Youghiogheny Northern Railway Company, and the Youghiogheny, Trotter, and Mount Pleasant water companies, with a total daily pumping capacity of 11,000,000 gallons of water. Finally, we have the Pittsburgh Lime Stone Company, able to produce every day 4500 tons of stone.

The second subsidiary company of the United States Steel Corporation is the

Federal Steel Company, also of New Jersey. The issued capital of this company is as follows:

|                                                         |               |
|---------------------------------------------------------|---------------|
| Preferred stock, six per cent. non-cumulative . . . . . | \$ 53,260,900 |
| Common stock . . . . .                                  | 46,484,300    |
| Bonds (of constituent companies) . . . . .              | 26,829,000    |
| Total outstanding capital . . . . .                     | \$126,574,200 |

The Federal Steel Company owns the Illinois Steel Company, with a capital stock of \$18,650,000, and the Lorain Steel Company, having capital stock of \$9,000,000. These two companies together own 21 blast-furnaces and 6 rolling-mills. In addition, the Illinois Company possesses a bridge and structural plant, two cement plants, a wire-rod mill, a bolt, nut, and rivet works, and a spike-works. It further owns all the stock of the Chicago, Lake Shore, and Eastern Railroad Company, which operates 299 miles of track; it owns several thousand acres of iron-ore lands, operates a number of mines in Michigan and Wisconsin, and owns 5986 acres of coking-coal lands, part of which are in the Connellsville coal region of Pennsylvania and part in West Virginia. It also operates limestone quarries in Indiana.

The Federal Steel Company also includes the Minnesota Iron Company, which owns 150,300 acres of iron-ore lands in Minnesota and Michigan. The Minnesota Company, in turn, owns all the stock and \$3,500,000 of the second-mortgage bonds of the Duluth and Iron Range Railroad Company, which operates 192 miles of track and has ore-docks on Lake Superior.

Another property of the Federal Steel Company is the Elgin, Joliet, and Eastern Railroad Company, which operates 190 miles of main line and branches and 114 miles of spurs and yards, a total of 304 miles of track. Another road belonging to the Federal Steel Company is the Mason-town and New Salem road, which brings its coal lands and its ovens in Fayette County in connection with the Baltimore and Ohio and the Pennsylvania railroads.

The third subsidiary company of the United States Steel Corporation is the National Steel Company, with capital stock issued to the amount of \$27,000,000 seven per cent. cumulative preferred stock and \$32,000,000 common stock and an assumed bonded indebtedness of \$3,819,000. This



company owns 18 blast-furnaces, most of which are situated in Ohio, the rest in Pennsylvania. The company also owns 6 rolling-mills and steel-works, ore-mines in the Mesabi range, and coking-coal lands in Pennsylvania.

The National Tube Company, with capital stock of \$80,000,000 equally divided between seven per cent. cumulative preferred stock and common stock, is the fourth of the subsidiary companies. It owns 5 blast-furnaces, 9 rolling-mills and steel-works, 2 cut-nail factories, a galvanized and calaminated pipe-works, 14 wrought-iron and steel pipe-and-tube works, 2 seamless pipe-and-tube works, coke-ovens, coal lands in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and Ohio, limestone quarries, and Lake Superior ore-mines.

The American Steel and Wire Company is the fifth of the subsidiary companies. Its capital stock is \$90,000,000, \$50,000,000 common and \$40,000,000 seven per cent. cumulative preferred; its bonded debt is \$78,000. Its property consists of 11 blast-furnaces, 15 rolling-mills and steel-works, 13 wire-rod plants, 23 wire-drawing plants, 16 wire-nail plants, iron-ore mines in the Mesabi range in Minnesota, in the Gogebic range, Wisconsin, in the Marquette range, Michigan, and in the Menominee range. It owns about 12,000 acres of coal lands in Pennsylvania, and limestone quarries.

The sixth subsidiary company is the American Tin Plate Company, with capital stock of \$20,000,000 seven per cent. cumulative preferred and of \$30,000,000 common. Its property consists of 29 rolling-mills and 26 tin-plate works.

The seventh subsidiary company is the American Steel Hoop Company, with capital stock of \$33,000,000, \$14,000,000 seven per cent. preferred and \$19,000,000 common; owns 3 blast-furnaces, 14 rolling-mills and steel-works, more than 7500 acres of coal lands, ore-mills in the Mesabi range, and coke-ovens.

The American Sheet Steel Company is the eighth subsidiary company. Its capital stock issued is \$49,000,000, equally divided between preferred and common. Its authorized stock is \$26,000,000 of each class, a total of \$52,000,000. It owns 21 rolling-mills and steel-works, and more than 2000 acres of coal lands in Pennsylvania and Ohio.

The ninth subsidiary company is the American Bridge Company, the authorized stock of which is \$70,000,000, half in seven per cent. cumulative preferred and half in common. There has been issued \$31,372,000 of the former and \$30,950,000 of the latter. This company owns 1 rolling-mill, 25 bridge-building plants, and 5 bolt, nut, and rivet works.

The Shelby Steel Tube Company, the tenth subsidiary company, with issued stock of \$5,000,000 seven per cent. cumulative preferred stock and \$8,151,500 common stock, has 5 rolling-mills and 7 seamless drawn-tube works.

Finally, the United States Steel Corporation owns the Lake Superior Consolidated Iron Mines, with a capital of \$30,000,000. These mines constituted the great Rockefeller properties, the acquisition of which was urged as essential by Mr. Carnegie while the combination was in process of formation.

The immensity of this property and the quantity of its output may be more impressive if the information is consolidated. Here, then, is a corporation which owns much the larger part of all the iron ore known to be in the ground in the Lake Superior region, and which, in 1901, actually shipped sixty-one and six tenths per cent. of all the ore shipments from the region. The quantity of its ore is estimated to be 750,000,000 tons. Mr. Schwab, the president of the corporation, testified in the pending suit of Hodge, Smith, and Curtiss against the United States Steel Corporation that these ore properties are indispensable to the corporation.

The Lake Superior iron ore constitutes nearly three fourths of the iron ore of the country. Moreover, it is the richest deposit of this mineral in the world. Nothing equal to it has yet been discovered. According to the testimony of Mr. John Birkinbine, an expert in iron metallurgy, and formerly president of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, there does not exist any "exploited ore deposit . . . which can be compared to what is known as the Lake Superior region." This superiority consists not only in the excellent quality of the ore, but in the "persistency of deposits." "In this region," said Mr. Birkinbine, "there was produced in the year 1901 more iron ore than was ever supplied by any entire country in a year, Great Britain and Ger-

many being the only two countries which in any one year have approached an output equal to eighty-five per cent. of that of the Lake Superior Mines in 1901."

The total production of iron ore in the United States in 1901 was 28,887,479 tons. Of the total shipments, 20,589,237 tons were actually shipped from the Lake Superior Mines. Of the whole Lake Superior product about 12,692,213 tons came from the mines belonging to the United States Steel Corporation, and this was nearly forty-four per cent. of the total ore product of the country.

Possessing the iron ore, the corporation also possesses the means for its transportation from the mines to the furnaces. It owns the fleet of 112 vessels already mentioned, the necessary terminals and wharves, and 1467 miles of railroad having an equipment of 23,185 freight and other cars and 428 locomotives.

Having brought the ore to the furnaces, of which there are 77, according to Mr. Swank, and 75, according to Mr. Schwab, the corporation possesses the means for transforming the ore into pig-iron. It owns 54,269 acres of Connellsville coking-coal lands, there being less than 15,000 acres of unmined coal lands in the Connellsville region outside of the holdings of this corporation. It also holds or leases some 33,320 acres of steam coal, making, according to Mr. Schwab, a total of 87,589 acres, "situated in the best coal regions of the United States, and within easy access by economical transportation facilities to the producing mills." Of this coal 42,000 acres are of the celebrated Connellsville coal, which is recognized as the standard coking coal of the world, of which the average yield is 7500 tons of coke to the acre, a total of 315,000,000 tons for the 42,000 acres.

Bringing the ore and the fuel, with abundant limestone, to its furnaces, it is able to produce annually from 8,500,000 to 9,500,000 tons of pig-iron. This is a production equal to half of the world's output in 1880. In that year Great Britain, which stood at the head of the producers of pig-iron, made 7,749,233 tons of pig, not so much as can now be made by the United States Steel Corporation alone. Then the United States, which stood second, produced less than half the possible output of this single corporation. In 1897 this country, then at the

head of the iron-producers of the world, made more than 9,652,680 tons of pig-iron, a trifle more than can be produced this year by the United States Steel Corporation. In 1901, when the country's production had reached 15,878,354 tons, this company's present furnaces could have produced more than half of the total. Its actual production was 6,460,847 tons.

After the pig-iron is produced, the corporation can manufacture every year in its present rolling-mills and steel-works, numbering 112, more than 8,000,000 tons of Bessemer and open-hearth steel. It makes more than a million tons of wire rods. The Shelby Steel Tube Company alone has a capacity for making annually 63,000,000 feet of tubes. The 16 wire-nail plants of the American Steel and Wire Company can turn out 12,385,000 kegs of nails.

Again, we can form some conception of the enormous proportions of this giant among the industries by comparing its capacity with the country's total production. In its more than 250 mills and finishing-works it produced, in 1901, seventy and two tenths per cent. of the Bessemer and fifty-nine per cent. of the open-hearth steel which is made in this country; about sixty per cent. of the steel rails; about the same proportion of the structural steel forms; sixty-five per cent. of the plates and sheets of steel; virtually all of the hoops and cotton ties; it has hardly any competition in the manufacture of tin-plate, because the American Tin Plate Company is the original tin-plate maker in the United States; it made sixty-six per cent. of the wire nails produced in the country, all or very nearly all of the barbed and woven fence wire, because of its ownership of patents, and seventy-eight per cent. of the wire rods and wire. Great as it is, however, it will be seen from these figures that the combination is not a monopoly.

What is the money value of this giant—not merely the money value of the physical plant, its buildings, its machinery, its stock, but all that goes to the making of a running business? The authorized capital stock is \$550,000,000 of seven per cent. cumulative preferred and \$550,000,000 of common stock, a total of \$1,100,000,000. Besides the capital stock, bonds are provided for to the amount of \$304,000,000, making the total authorized capital of the corporation \$1,404,000,000. The amount

of stock which has been issued is \$1,018,-583,200, with \$508,302,300 of common and \$510,280,900 of preferred stock. Of the bonds \$303,757,000 have been issued.

It is said that this is over-capitalization, an assertion which is naturally denied by the managers of the corporation. Although this is a proposition which I have already said that I should not discuss, the various estimates of value will be interesting. When the corporation was organized the par value of the outstanding stock and bonds of the subsidiary companies aggregated \$911,-700,000, and the total market value was quoted at \$761,100,000. Professor Wilgus, estimating that \$622,600,000 was paid for the Carnegie Company's properties, placed the price paid for the aggregate securities of all the subsidiary companies at \$1,297,-200,000; but his estimate of the cost of the Carnegie Company was incorrect. The terms of Mr. Morgan's bargain with Mr. Carnegie were fixed by Mr. Charles M. Schwab, and since Professor Wilgus published his book on the United States Steel Corporation, Mr. Schwab has stated the price paid for the Carnegie properties. He asserts, in an affidavit made in a pending litigation, that the value placed upon the Carnegie properties in the contract with the Frick Syndicate was too low, and in the litigation which followed it was shown to be in excess of \$320,000,000. In his affidavit Mr. Schwab swears that the United States Steel Corporation paid for the Carnegie properties the \$304,000,000 of five per cent. bonds, less \$243,000 held against an equal amount of underlying bonds, or \$303,757,000, the total already mentioned as that of all the bonds issued by the corporation. In addition to these bonds the Carnegie Company received \$188,556,000 in stock, making the price paid for its properties by the United States Steel Corporation \$492,313,000. On the value of the Carnegie properties as determined by agreement, the advance paid by the United States Steel Corporation over the value of 1899 was a little more than \$172,000,000; but since the stock of the United States Steel Corporation sells for less than its par value, this increment was actually considerably less.

In the circular offer to stockholders of the various companies issued by J. P. Morgan & Co., March 2, 1901, it was said: "Statements furnished to us by officers of the

several companies above named and of the Carnegie Company show that the aggregate of the net earnings of all the companies for the calendar year 1900 was amply sufficient to pay dividends on both classes of the new stocks, besides making provision for sinking-funds and maintenance of properties. It is expected that by the consummation of the proposed arrangement the necessity of large deductions heretofore made on account of expenditures for improvements will be avoided, the amount of earnings applicable to dividends will be substantially increased, and greater stability of investment will be assured, without necessarily increasing the prices of manufactured products."

From April 1, 1901, to April 1, 1902, the earnings of the United States Steel Corporation amounted to \$111,503,053, from which there was deducted \$12,736,601 "to provide for various sinking-funds to meet the principal of the present bonded indebtedness, and to represent depreciation in plants, etc." At the end of the first year, after paying its fixed charges, including the seven per cent. dividend on its preferred stock, and after paying also a four per cent. dividend on its common stock, the corporation found itself with a surplus of \$25,015,-233. During the first three months of the current year, from April 1 to July 1, 1902, the earnings were \$37,691,700, or at the rate of \$150,766,000 for the year. For the nine months ending September 30, the earnings were \$101,142,158. Mr. Schwab believes that the revenues for 1902 will equal and probably will exceed the sum of \$140,000,000.

The significance of such an income can best be determined by a contrast with some financial statistics of the past. In 1870 the total value of property, real and personal, invested in iron and steel manufactures in the whole country was less than \$122,000,000, which in turn is \$18,000,000 less than the estimated annual revenue of the United States Steel Corporation a few years more than a generation afterward. In 1870 the value of all the material used was less than this corporation's present yearly revenue, and only twenty years ago the total capital in the business was but \$90,-000,000 more than this company's probable returns for this year.

The actual value of the properties of the corporation has been variously estimated.

We have the estimate of Professor J. W. Jenks of the Industrial Commission, published in a bulletin of the Department of Labor. He puts the value at \$559,100,000. He is contradicted by newspaper writers, who insist that at least \$1,000,000,000 of the capitalization is water, which would put the value of the business, as a going concern, at about \$404,000,000, nearly \$160,000,000 less than the estimate of Professor Jenks, which is said to have been based on the probable cost of reproduction of plants and on a "per cent. of working capital of the stock issued." There is a further contradiction found in the book estimates, as shown by balance-sheets, which make the value of the properties \$1,229,400,000. To this total should be added the value of the Frick Coke Company and of the Shelby Steel Tube Company, which together would bring this estimate up to about \$1,300,000,000. There is apparently a further contradiction in the earnings of the subsidiary companies and in those of the United States Steel Corporation since its formation. In the first fifteen months of the existence of the company its net profits were more than ten per cent. on its whole capital stock, which is equal to thirteen per cent. on its common stock, after deducting the seven per cent. dividend on its preferred stock, while the promise for 1902 is of earnings amounting to fourteen per cent. or more on the common stock, after deducting the fixed charges and the dividend on the preferred stock. The answer of some economists to this exposition of earning power is that the corporation is capitalized on the basis of a continuance of our present prosperity, while the reply is that provision is made for future depression by a sufficient surplus. Others assert that, in counting on the persistence of these large earnings, the corporation does not take into account the probable loss of its protective tariff duties. Finally, the estimate of Professor Jenks is contradicted by the testimony of the officers of the corporation and other experts in the Hodge suit already mentioned. According to this testimony, the following are the values of the different properties:

|                                                                       |               |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------|
| Iron and Bessemer ore properties                                      | \$700,000,000 |
| Plants, mills, fixtures, machinery, equipment, tools, and real estate | 300,000,000   |
| Coal- and coke-fields . . . .                                         | 100,000,000   |
| Transportation properties . . .                                       | 80,000,000    |

|                                                   |                 |
|---------------------------------------------------|-----------------|
| Blast-furnaces . . . . .                          | \$ 48,000,000   |
| Natural-gas fields . . . . .                      | 20,000,000      |
| Limestone properties . . . .                      | 4,000,000       |
| Cash and cash assets as of June 1, 1902 . . . . . | 148,291,000     |
| Total . . . . .                                   | \$1,400,291,000 |

Mr. Schwab, in giving his reasons for fixing these values upon the properties (and in some instances he is corroborated by outside experts), states it to be his opinion that if the corporation did not own its ore-mines, and if consequently it was forced to purchase its iron ores, the cost of the ores would compel an annual expenditure of \$30,000,000 at the present time, and a larger sum in the future "by reason of the exhaustion of known Bessemer ore deposits." He added that if the corporation did not now own the mines, "it would not only be willing but would practically be constrained to pay therefor at least \$700,000,000."

As to the plants, mills, fixtures, machinery, equipment, tools, and real estate, he states—as an expert who has had a long experience with these properties and who has made a careful study of them—that they could not be duplicated for \$300,000,000, the sum which he fixes as their value in the above table. In this estimate he is sustained by the estimate based on balance-sheets, which places the value of the plants, exclusive of those of the Carnegie, Federal Steel, American Bridge, Lake Superior Mines, American Sheet Steel, and the Shelby Steel Tube Company, but including various items not included by Mr. Schwab, at \$275,700,000.

He also asserts it to be his opinion that the corporation's transportation facilities could not be duplicated for \$120,000,000, \$40,000,000 more than his estimate of their value; nor could the blast-furnaces be replaced for the sum which he has estimated them to be worth. He says that the company's natural-gas fields are worth to it at least \$2,000,000 per annum, and that the possession of its limestone quarries saves it an annual expenditure of at least \$500,000.

So much for the physical properties, the wealth, and the earning power of this huge aggregation. We have now to set forth the asserted advantages of the combination, and then to explain the character of its organization and its methods of administration.

In 1880 the number of wage-earners in the iron and steel manufactures of the United States was 140,978; in 1902 the number of wage-earners employed by the United States Steel Corporation alone is 158,000. In 1880 the aggregate of wages paid to the iron and steel workers of the country was \$55,476,785; this year this single corporation pays about \$113,000,000. Among its wage-earners are included other than iron and steel workers, such as miners, boatmen, quarrymen, and railroad hands; but granting this, this one company is evidently as important to labor as was the whole steel and iron business of the country a little more than twenty years ago.

The possible effect of this industrial combination upon the future relations of capital and labor may be more satisfactorily discussed when the terms of the problem are understood, and when the operations of the corporation give us more data than we have at present. I shall now content myself with an outline of the argument advanced by the company in support of its policy. The strike of 1901 revealed the fact that the corporation was opposed by the existing iron and steel labor union. In the opinion of Mr. Schwab,—an opinion which is shared by his associates,—the union which the iron and steel makers are facing is governed by a policy which is radically hostile to that of the corporation. This means that while the corporation holds that success, and the prosperity which results from success, are promoted by an expansion of business, the union insists upon the restriction of production. This is shown in a variety of ways, but especially in the contracts which the labor organization exacts in the union mills. There the exceptional man's earning capacity is checked and bounded in behalf of the poorer workman, and there also the product of the works is limited, partly for the purpose of maintaining prices and partly for the purpose of minimizing the time of labor. The arguments in this phase of the labor discussion are familiar and therefore need not be repeated here. It is worthy of note, however, that thus far the Carnegie Company and its successor have succeeded in remaining substantially non-union concerns, the former company since 1892. It is credible, however, that the exclusion or defeat of the union is not due to success-

ful war upon the principles of organized labor, but is largely the result of crude and tyrannical union government, of the harsh rules which oppress the industrious and capable workman. This seems to be a more grievous error, one that surely is more dangerous to organized labor, than is its frequent insistence on the right to invade the jurisdiction of the employer. The oppression of intelligent labor by unions, general and local, by the rules which deny to the best men the opportunity of continuous employment, has, it is obvious, been most conducive to the maintenance of non-union mills. Those who undertake to interfere with human interests often wound their cause to the death. The idea of organized labor is not repugnant to the intelligent mind, but when organized labor embodies that peculiar evil of democracy which Tocqueville called the "tyranny of the majority," it necessitates evasion and antagonism and leads to defeat.

In the view of the company the non-union works of the United States Steel Corporation stand for the victories of intelligent labor over attempted oppression; and necessarily it is true that no non-union mill can exist without the consent of labor itself. In the iron and steel business, the success of non-unionism, the failure of union strikes, the hundreds of instances in which union works have remained in operation apparently despite the rules of the union, are all due to agreements and understandings between wise managers and intelligent operatives. Union tyranny stimulates devices for escape from it. The highest intelligences are not to be defeated or hampered by the power of those who are on the lower ranges. Human rules have never succeeded in perpetually damming human enterprise. Industry and business will always break their shackles, whether the chains be forged by unions or by legislatures.

Time after time judicious managers, in consultation with their best men, have found ways to defeat rules that would have closed mills and deprived those working in them of proper opportunities to earn wages. There has been loss by the owners due to the necessity of a change in the character of work; there has been temporary loss by the men due to a necessary increase in the number of shifts; mills that might have prospered on domestic work

have been turned to the making of goods for export; or mills fitted for the manufacture of a single standard article have been set to the making of specialties, where the rules of the union have prevented the profitable use of the mill on the work abandoned, and have failed to include the new work.

The rates of wages and the daily earnings of the men apparently are not reduced or lowered in non-union iron and steel works. In the United States Steel Corporation common labor receives \$1.80 a day; ore-carriers in the blast-furnaces earn from \$2 to \$2.50 a day; ore-shovelers from \$4 to \$5. In the Bessemer works blowers earn from \$6 to \$8 a day; cupola-melters from \$3 to \$6; and others from \$4 to \$6. In the rolling-mills the rollers earn from \$7 to \$25 a day; the heaters from \$5 to \$7. These earnings are based upon a tonnage rate, and the day is of twelve hours. The officers of the corporation have also found it easy to establish a community of interest in the work of the factories, and in other businesses where all the men are at liberty to contract freely in their own behalf, to do the utmost for their own advancement, and to consult with no one who has not a common interest with them in the subject of consultation.

It is the theory that this freedom of the employers and the employed from foreign dictation makes it possible for the corporation to do its best, to produce to its utmost capacity, to carry out its policy of expansion of business by increasing supply, and by tempting constantly to larger consumption through lowering prices. Naturally, prices are not likely permanently to be lower than they need be, taking into consideration the state of the market and the artificial advantages bestowed by the protective tariff law. They are what the community will bear, but the purpose is that care shall be taken to stimulate or encourage demand by large production and by prices that will tempt to purchasing.

Among the leading causes of low prices is low cost of production, and this is obtained by the economies which the combination has rendered possible. The fact that economies are possible is clear. In the first place, not one of the subsidiary companies possessing ore owned every kind of ore which it needed in its work. The Illinois Steel Company and the Carnegie

Company, for example, were obliged to purchase ores for mixing with their own. The United States Steel Corporation buys no ore. In the second place, there is an enormous saving in the item of transportation. The great fleet of the corporation sails about the lakes, stopping at the mines for loading, departing at once on receiving the cargo, notified then or on its passage at what wharf and for what furnace the ore is to be delivered. There is no loss of time, as there used to be when the boats, belonging to different and competing companies, were obliged to wait their turn at the loading-wharf, while there was further delay at the destination, either by reason of failure of land transportation, or because the furnace was not ready for the ore. Now the ore is carried directly to the furnace at which it is needed, and the former waste is saved.

Another economy is the consequence of the possession by the company of virtually a complete equipment for the iron and steel business. Orders that once were taken by one mill can be distributed among the several mills which formerly were competitors. This not only secures promptness in executing the orders, but where once the mill machinery was changed as it passed from the making of one size to the making of another of pipes or rods or other forms, there is now no such loss of time, for sizes, like forms, can be distributed to the proper number of mills. There is also economy in administration; there is no waste of effort and of men in competition for orders; and the product once sold through scores of agents is now disposed of by a few. But the chief advantage of this combination is expected to be gained through economy of production, not in the number of salaries saved, and not merely in the utilization of existing methods and means of manufacture.

No one can question the fact that in competition there is great waste; the question is whether the consumer gains or loses by the struggle which results in this waste. It is true, however, that those who now are interested in the United States Steel Corporation have been saved enormous expenditures of material, and have also been saved losses which might have brought serious disaster to all directly or indirectly dependent on the iron and steel business. There is no reason now why the group of

men who carry on from seventy to seventy-five per cent. of this business should build a single mill more than the demands of the business warrant, and if we recall the war which was in progress at the time of the formation of this corporation, the importance of this will be manifest. The manner in which the corporation is administered, however, is of the first importance. The question here is whether the men who have combined are taking every advantage of the opportunities for effecting the purpose which they profess to have in mind.

The United States Steel Corporation is not a huge aggregate of capital and industrial properties managed by a single head. In putting an end to the competition which naturally existed between the subsidiary companies, beneficent rivalry has not been destroyed. The proprietor corporation does not operate the mines or the factories or run the vessels and railroads. The Carnegie Company, the Illinois Steel Company, the National Tube Company—these and the other constituent companies are the operating companies. Each has its president, its other officers, and its board of directors. The task of the United States Steel Corporation is advisory. It indicates the work which each of the subsidiary companies should do; it counsels the operating officers; it watches the course of the markets; it looks after the maintenance and the perfection of the plants; it buys and installs new machinery; it studies the processes employed in the different works; it compares conditions and results, and thereby it discovers which mill, which forge, which president or superintendent or mine boss, and which machine is doing his or its task at the lowest cost and with the best results.

The corporation is officered by men who have been trained in its business. Of these officers, the president, the three vice-presidents, and the two assistants to the president, meet daily for the purpose of conference. Here are a president and his cabinet officers, who discuss at their meetings the reports which they receive from the operating companies. They have before them, in their discussions, the exact state of the business of the whole corporation. Each vice-president and each assistant to the president has his own department. The special province of the first vice-president is with raw material and transportation.

He keeps himself informed as to all the details of the work of digging ore and coal, as to the vessels and railroads, the docks, the quarries, and the natural-gas wells. The second vice-president is charged with the supervision of the production of the subsidiary companies, with their distribution, and with their purchases of metal products. He studies the methods and results of these companies, with the object of securing the greatest economy in manufacture and delivery. The third vice-president concerns himself specially with markets. He must know where the corporation's products are going, what are the conditions of the markets of the world; and he is to keep the various companies informed as to his discoveries and conclusions, in order that they may distribute their products to the best advantage.

One assistant to the president investigates and compares the cost of manufacture in the works of the various subsidiary companies; and, to aid him in this task, he forms committees of skilled operatives whose duty it is to study and recommend uniform methods with a view especially to effecting economies in the cost of production. The other assistant looks after the mechanical efficiency of the various works, and considers and reports upon any recommendations which may be made for the improvement of machinery or tools.

The committee of skilled operatives is a most important feature of this organization. In considering it, it should be understood that the Carnegie Company's principle of a division of profits gives to the leading men in all its works a personal interest in the prosperity of the business. This is not a general profit-sharing plan; but the men who are at the head of a mill, or of a furnace, or of a department, receive a percentage of profits based on their salaries. Occasionally a workman who is not included among these partners in the business receives an addition to his pay for an unusual piece of work of value to the corporation. So far as it extended at the time of the consolidation, this plan has been retained. Its further extension will require careful thought and much time. The committees of operatives also serve to awaken and maintain the interest of the chief and responsible employees in aiding the achievement of the desire of the corporation for success, while they work at the



very root of the problem. They constitute an important element of the methods pursued for keeping up the rivalry between the subsidiary companies. The president and his cabinet affect the presidents and officers of the operating companies; the committees work upon the professional pride of the technical and practical men who actually carry on the work of production or transportation. The central authorities know from their daily, weekly, and monthly reports which companies are the most successful and which are less successful. They also know whether conditions, favorable or unfavorable, account for the different results. In a large way they realize in advance some conditions that make it wiser to fill this order in Chicago and that in Pittsburgh. For example, by reason of the corporation's scattered properties, they are able to save cost of transportation by making rails in Chicago for the West, and in Pittsburgh for the East. Through their constant reports and comparisons, they are able to effect other economies of a similar nature. They learn whether the success of one factory, comparing with results at another, is due to the superior mechanical equipment of the first. They also discover whether one mill produces the more material at the lower cost because of devices and methods invented or adopted by its manager. These skilful devices and better methods naturally would constitute a secret of the individual mill if it were in competition with the other works of the corporation; now they are utilized for all the works, to the end that, other things being equal, production shall be as cheap in one mill as in another which makes the same or similar articles.

Finally, it may be ascertained that production is falling off or is costing more than it should through the incapacity or negligence of the responsible men, of the master workmen, of the superintendent of a mill, or of a department. Here it is that the committees of skilled operatives become of use. These committees represent every branch of the business. They are composed of the theoretical men, like chemists, for example, and the practical men who actually work the machinery in the furnaces, the mills, and the other properties of the corporation. They visit the works, examine the machinery, study the methods employed, watch the operations of

the establishment, and inevitably ascertain what is wrong and upon whom the responsibility rests. A backward boss or superintendent dreads the visit of the committee of his own branch of the business. It is composed of his fellow-workmen, who are also his rivals, who are not only straining every effort to surpass him, but who are determined to discover his weaknesses, and to bring every factory of the corporation up to the standard.

These visitations of committees are said to be among the most picturesque human incidents of the business. The criticism of a dull man who has not kept up with the march of improvement is generally in the language of the steel-mill, of the river, or of the railroad.

"Is that the way you do it? No wonder you're out of it. You're a back number; see?"

This criticism is good for the delinquent, and the knowledge gained by the visit, on which the criticism rests, is good for the corporation. It stimulates the man to better work, or it replaces him with a better man; at all events, the work goes on better, the product is larger or less costly, the company gains, and, if it carries out its professions, the consumer also profits. The manner in which a committee works is as varied as human nature itself, but the practical boss in an investigated factory is dealt with by a group of men who understand his work. He knows this, and he knows also that they are ambitious to secure large results. He cannot deceive them, as he might deceive an owner who has never operated a machine, or produced a pig of iron or a bar of steel. Before them he cannot defend antiquated processes, bad workmanship, or his own slothfulness. He cannot successfully lay the blame on untoward conditions if such conditions do not exist. He must face the music. He must take the truth without resentment. If he can do better, he must; if he cannot, he must go.

Sometimes it is only a friendly hint that is needed. "Jim," said one of a visiting committee to his friend the foreman, who was under investigation—"Jim, these fellows are after you. I know it, for I'm one of 'em. Now you get busy. If you want me to, I'll tell you how, but I don't think you need to be told; you'd better get busy."

This excitement of rivalry between the

officers and skilled operatives of the subsidiary companies is expected to preserve the virtues of competition, so far as production and transportation and the cost of both are concerned, while the combination itself is expected to save its waste and losses. The savings already by what is called the "standardizing of the work" have been enormous. In one process alone they amount to about \$3,000,000 a year.

I have endeavored to explain the United States Steel Corporation as it is, physically and theoretically. I assume that it is not true that any aggregation of properties,

capital, or functions has yet been effected which is too vast or too varied for human control, because organization and facilities for control have improved step by step with the increase of combinations. And it may also be stated with assuredness, without venturing into the field of prophecy, that if the theory of the United States Steel Corporation is vindicated by the test of time, a great advance will have been made by it in the industrial world, which will inure to the welfare of labor and to the benefit of the consumer, as well as to the profit of those who have made the venture.



## CHRISTMAS CAROL

BY JAMES S. PARK

SO crowded was the little town  
 On the first Christmas day,  
 Tired Mary Mother laid her down  
 To rest upon the hay.  
 (Ah, would my door might have been thrown  
 Wide open on her way!)

But when the Holy Babe was born  
 In the deep hush of night,  
 It seemed as if a Sabbath morn  
 Had come with sacred light.  
 Child Jesus made the place forlorn  
 With his own beauty bright.

The manger rough was all his rest;  
 The cattle, having fed,  
 Stood silent by, or closer pressed,  
 And gravely wondered.  
 (Ah, Lord, if only that my breast  
 Had cradled thee instead!)

# TOPICS OF THE TIME

## A Lay Sermon for Christmas

THE pulpit is the proper place for those Christmas suggestions which touch the intimate and secret religious life. But there is plenty of scope, in the idea of Christmas, for lay sermons having to do with conduct. Christianity is a force not only in the journey of the soul, but in statesmanship, in commerce, in the industrial world—or it should be. Where its precepts are lost sight of in these relations, nations and individuals suffer. This suffering may take the shape of physical loss, or it may be felt in loss of good repute, or in the demoralization that comes with loss of self-respect.

It is dangerous for the nation, or the corporation, or the association, or the man, to say that Christian precepts cannot be applied in affairs of state and of business—that this would be a counsel of softness, and an invitation to defeat. Christianity is not all softness: one has to remember the scourge in the hand of the cleanser of the temple as well as the cheek turned to the smiter. It is not necessary to translate the spirit of Christianity into a system of ineffectual non-resistance: one has to remember, also, that success won through unchristian methods may be the most dismal failure of all—that, in the familiar and telling phrase, one may gain the whole world and lose his own soul. The man of affairs who deliberately sets aside the Christian precepts in his daily doings is generally watched with suspicion by his fellows. No one has the right to say that such precepts are altogether impracticable unless he has made an honest and, mind you! a sensible attempt to apply them. When we speak of Christian precepts, in a lay sermon like this, we refer especially to those ethics of Christianity which are theoretically accepted even by the followers of other religions.

Surely history shows what the Christian spirit has done in the past. It is Lecky the historian who says that the "three short

years" of the active life of Christ have "done more to rejuvenate and soften mankind than all the disquisitions of philosophers." The reverend author of the recent work "The Fact of Christ" says that Jesus who lived in Palestine is more distinctly and critically known to our age than he has been known to any age since his own. It is certainly true that the philanthropic, the altruistic, what we may call the Christian idea, is practically at work in this our age as never before, through agencies innumerable.

But some of the greatest questions with which humanity has ever had to deal are still to be settled—are, indeed, pressing down upon our own time and day with startling actuality. Now, indeed, is the time for the Christian ideals and precepts of purity, of brotherhood, of kindness, of truthfulness, of fair dealing, of charity, to be kept in sight and mind, in international relations, in the relations of races, in the relations between employers and employed—in a word, throughout the entire world of affairs. It is a practical man, a student of economics,—the Hon. Carroll D. Wright,—who makes the following remarkable statement: "I believe that in the adoption of the philosophy of the religion of Jesus Christ as a practical creed for the conduct of business lies the easiest and speediest solution of those industrial difficulties which are exciting the minds of men to-day and leading many to think that the crisis of government is at hand."

## The Workingman's Right

WHEN we read in the papers that wage-earners are killed because, not being in accord with certain organizations, they nevertheless seek to obtain work to support themselves and their families, Americans are fired with indignation and ask whether such things can be in a country that prides itself on exhibiting the best so-

cial result of the centuries. Murder is a startling object-lesson as an accompaniment to any given labor disturbance; but its deepest significance lies in the fact that it is merely an extreme development of a system which is at work constantly in our American communities.

Let us hope that recent events will awaken the public mind to the injustice and danger of this system—we refer to the growing disposition and practice of certain branches of organized labor to deny the very right of existence to workers not enrolled in their ranks. Where one murder stands out as a lurid example, a thousand cruelties go unrecorded—cruelties and injustices perpetrated without individual or corporate responsibility, and by methods which often the law has no means of reaching and no power to correct. This amounts to the establishment of a government unknown to law or equity or to the social compact comprising the whole community; a government in the avowed interests of a class; a government which interferes with liberty, and inflicts punishment in a way that frequently makes it impossible for the aggrieved to obtain redress in the courts which the people have set up for the protection of all.

These murders are, of course, against the policy and the interests of organized labor; its leaders deprecate them and are embarrassed by them. The thoughtful laboring-man must, indeed, see that if violence in connection with labor disputes shall not be firmly suppressed by the arm of the law, as well as frowned upon by public opinion, instances of personal brutality and of the destruction of property will inevitably increase under the sure workings of the psychological law of imitation. We are to-day learning in America, to our everlasting disgrace, how one crime begets another in the case of the negro-burnings, which have grown in frequency and in shamelessness as the public mind has become more and more accustomed to them. The thoughtful laboring-man must see, also, that if the theory should be more and more acted upon, and more and more admitted, that a laborer can be deprived of his right to sell his labor, we would not only witness an enormous increase of crime in this connection, but we would have allowed the establishment in our republic of a tyranny that would ultimately destroy the rightful government. Civil liberty would no longer exist.

As it now is, there is a quiet persecution going on in different parts of the country, not only of men who desire to work outside of the ranks of organization, but also of persons who employ such men, or who treat such men and their families as persons fit to live at all. Intimidation, persecution, the boycott, and the strike, direct or sympathetic, are the first weapons used—these passing uniformly, in times of great stress, to personal violence and open crime.

There are principles which are eternal, and no immediate and apparent benefit, no so-called "victories," can atone for the loss of a principle. Deprive the poor man of his right of contract for the one valuable thing which he has to sell,—namely, his power to work,—and you endanger his permanent well-being. And, above all, you endanger his well-being when you let him think that in the supposed interest of an organization apart from the State, and not yet amenable to its laws, or to the principles of equity which must govern communities, he may do acts of gross unfriendliness and actual cruelty toward his fellow-workers and fellow-citizens. Such courses, unchecked, would tend to the destruction of American industry; and thus react, disastrously and pitifully, upon the laboring-man himself. Checked they must be, preferably by the right feeling of laboring-men themselves, or, if necessary, by enactments drawn to meet the case, and put fearlessly into operation.

Those most interested in the laboring-man should be the most anxious concerning the tendencies to which attention is called. We speak out of the most profound sympathy with the laborer, and in the earnest desire to see him wisely led, to the end that everywhere his physical and spiritual condition may be improved. There are great questions to settle in the economical world. Capitalists have their sins to answer for, as well as employees. Every right-thinking man hopes to see the laborer more largely share, as time goes on, in the pecuniary profits of enterprises in which his strength and skill are such mighty factors. Meantime let the public peace be kept, and let justice and not compulsion and tyranny control the relations between all who labor, and between the laborer and the employer! Labor organization, rightly conceived and managed, as it sometimes is, can be nothing but a benefit to all concerned. Here and

there leaders of labor are learning by experience a wiser leadership; and employers and employed are finding out that frank conference and mutual understanding are better than distrust and wasting warfare. There can be no true advance when—as, alas! too often—principles are lost sight of, when good citizenship and the American idea of equal rights are disregarded, and when hardness of heart and personal injustice systematically take the place of fair and manly dealing.

### A New Program for the Temperance Propaganda

THE members of a "Men's Assembly" of a Methodist Episcopal church in Middletown, Connecticut, have been debating the temperance question for some time past, and have summed up their conclusions in a series of resolutions that are well stocked with common sense. In the first place, while nearly all the members consider abstinence for themselves a personal duty, they refuse to condemn all use of alcoholic drinks as necessarily sinful, and they declare that "union of the friends of temperance reform, whether total abstainers or not, is both desirable and possible." Second, they believe in "more rational and useful" teaching of temperance in the public schools, approving the new Connecticut law. Third, they favor all "proper substitutes" for the saloon,—but most of all the home,—with "proper diet" and improved sanitary conditions. Fourth, they favor, as at present advised, local option rather than State prohibition. Fifth, they incline to the promotion of further experiments in the conduct of the liquor business by philanthropic companies, or by the State or local community. Sixth, they believe "that an organization is now needed which, recognizing the increasing prevalence of the spirit of conciliation, the search for truth, and the desire to render useful service, will seek to unite all temperance workers to

secure thorough study of the subject, education of public sentiment, rational legislation, and proper substitutes for the saloon."

These resolutions are indorsed by Professor Atwater, who occupies the chair of chemistry in Wesleyan University at Middletown, and declares that these resolutions call for a platform and a program. The platform he finds in the resolutions, and as to a program he suggests that this might include:

1. Study of the various phases of the liquor problem in different parts of the United States and in other countries, and publication of the results.

2. The securing of State legislation to permit local experiments with systems of public and company control of the liquor traffic, and the instituting of such experiments.

3. The establishment of substitutes for the saloon in different places and fitted to local customs.

Professor Atwater furthermore suggests an organization "to prosecute inquiries, promote proper public education, and advise and assist in securing legislation, in planning and carrying out experiments, and in the establishment of substitutes for the saloon and agencies for the control of the liquor traffic."

All this strikes us as extremely sensible and exceedingly promising of good results. There is a small and foolish section of American society "scare-headed" into noxious prominence largely by those who pander to vulgar curiosity and baser envy; in this section of society it may be that temperance is not a virtue of increasing vogue. But in the historical perspective there is ground for encouragement, for in the community at large there is much less drinking than formerly—a fact attested by the confessed alarm of the purveyors of liquor. Now is the time to push the propaganda of temperance with liberality of association, with intelligence, with tact, with conviction, and without exaggeration.



## OPEN LETTERS

Luis de Morales<sup>1</sup>

(COLL'S ENGRAVINGS OF SPANISH OLD MASTERS)

AMONG the few of Spain's greatest artists Morales is reckoned first in chronological order. In point of merit he occupies a position analogous, perhaps, to that of Perugino among the Italians. He is called by his countrymen "the Divine," not only from his having painted none other than sacred subjects, but from the exquisite feeling with which he imbued them, and also because of their wonderful grace and delicacy of finish. And in this respect they are remarkable.

His subjects were always devotional, sad, and sublime in conception and expression. He lingered lovingly and long over each with the fond and fastidious care of the early Flemings, working them up to a very high degree of finish, which fact may account for the scarcity of his works. His hair, for instance, is elaborated so that each separate ringlet, curling like the little rings of the vine, is visible, and yet it is evident he was careful that the whole as a mass should not suffer. His coloring, likewise, though in many of his works it is sober and often cold and grayish, in his best and well-preserved examples is wonderful for brilliancy, warmth, and richness. He painted always upon panels, laid with a *gesso* ground in the manner that was general with the early Florentines and Flemings, whom he resembles not only in his coloring but in the cleanness and decision of his drawing. It is not known that he had any teacher, it being believed that his knowledge of art was entirely self-acquired, though there were many Flemish and Italian artists in Spain in his day, and the fact of his painting upon panels prepared in the same way as was customary with these artists points strongly to the assumption that his knowledge of other matters of art came from the same source. He benefited doubtless in his youth by the instructions of traveled artists, and may have numbered among the scholars of Beruguete, the foremost artist of that time in Spain, who studied in Italy under Michelangelo, and to whom all that was good in painting and sculpture between 1500 and 1560 was attributed. In confirmation of this last supposition there exists in a convent of nuns at Évora, in Portugal, a copy from a picture by Michelangelo, made by Morales, of Christ

on the cross, with the Virgin and St. John at the foot, which for a long time used to be thought an original work by the great Florentine. Nothing is certain, however, except that Morales far excelled any painter who could possibly have been his instructor.

The records of his life are meager, since he lived and labored in obscurity. He was born about 1509, at Badajoz, a town of Estremadura, in Spain, not far from the border-line of Portugal, where also he died in 1586. It appears that when between his fiftieth and sixtieth year fortune shed on him a sudden ray of prosperity, for the reigning king, Philip II, hearing doubtless of the beauty of his works, sent for the painter, to have him do something for the Escorial, then newly founded by that monarch. As an instance of the painter's simplicity, it is related of him that he attired himself in most gorgeous apparel to present himself before Philip. The king, however, being a man of austere plainness of dress and delighting to see it in others, was disgusted on beholding the ostentatious attire of the painter, and forthwith ordered his dismissal with a sum of money. Poor Morales declared he had beggared himself in order to appear in a manner befitting the dignity of his Majesty, which consideration mollified the king's displeasure, and he gave him a commission. But it seems that he executed only one picture for the king, and returned to his native place to labor as formerly for the little churches and convents round about; there he declined, as age progressed, into still greater poverty. When Morales was very old, infirm, and dim of sight, the king happened to pass through Badajoz on some state business, and was reminded of the painter, whom he once more summoned to his presence. To quote from Sir William Stirling-Maxwell's "Annals of the Artists of Spain": "The poor disabled artist appeared before the royal presence in a garb very different from that in which he had flourished at the Escorial. 'You are very old, Morales,' said he. 'Yes, Sire, and very poor,' replied the artist. Turning to his treasurer, the king immediately ordered the old man a pension of two hundred ducats, out of the crown rents of the city, 'for his dinner,' when Morales interposed with the question, 'And for supper, Sire?' A stroke of dexterous begging which Philip, being in a humor to

<sup>1</sup> See "Madonna and Child," page 239.

be pleased, rewarded with another hundred ducats."

But speaking of the Madonnas by Morales, Sir William is not sufficiently informed when he tells us that "the Virgin whom he offers to the contemplation of the pious is never the fair young mother gazing on the beauty of her Babe Divine, but the drooping Mater Dolorosa, wan and weary with unutterable anguish." There are several examples of the fair young mother sweetly gazing on the babe at her bosom—here in the Madrid museum, and one in the Lisbon gallery. But undoubtedly the most beautiful example of this kind, and one which is a masterpiece in every respect, by the artist, is the one in the collection of Señor Pablo Bosch of Madrid. This, besides being well preserved, has all the finest qualities of Morales—his marvelous brilliancy of coloring, exquisite finish, and cleanness and decision of drawing. I had been working for more than a fortnight on a somewhat similar subject, then lately acquired by the Madrid gallery, when, by good fortune, I suddenly encountered this beautiful panel in the house of its owner, and it seemed to me then that the veil had been lifted and I beheld Morales in all his splendor. As Señor Bosch generously offered to let me engrave it, I forthwith set about it, giving no more thought to the previous subject. Señor Bosch tells me that he obtained it from the heirs of a certain old deacon who lived at Ávila, in Estremadura, who, during his life, kept it in his bedroom and would not part with it for any consideration.

*Timothy Cole.*

#### The Development of Northern Wisconsin

WE have received the following letter from a correspondent who thinks Mr. Baker's references to northern Wisconsin in the June number fail to do justice to the recent development of that region. He says that the time of reckless lumbering is past, and adds:

"In the days of old the lumbermen cut the pine in winter and never went near the land when the snow was off, and simply let it go for taxes. To-day these same lumbermen are employing agents to pay years of back taxes and buy back the certificates. They have found that the land is valuable.

"The pine choppings and burnings of Wisconsin are now a fine farming country devoted

largely to stock-raising and dairying. Settlers are going in rapidly. Ashland, Vilas, Bayfield, Burnett, Polk, Barron, Marathon, Clarke, Gates, Chippewa, Oneida, Price, Lincoln, and other counties have reported upward of two hundred new farms each that have been opened this season. Values have advanced from one hundred to eight hundred per cent. within three years. In St. Croix County there is one stock-farm of sixteen hundred acres; in Price County there is one of eighteen hundred acres; in Ashland County ten thousand acres were purchased this spring for a similar purpose, and only in August a company located in Milwaukee took over eighty thousand acres in Gates and Chippewa counties, and will stock it with fifty thousand beef cattle. These are a few samples, and every county has its tale to tell of acres from eighty to eight thousand being bought at ever-advancing prices.

"So great is the influx into this country that a few years ago two new counties, Iron and Vilas, were set off, and two years ago Gates was created, and the legislature next winter will be asked to make at least one more. This influx is so great that the politicians frankly admit that they are at sea on the situation in the north. The people who are flocking to this country are not foreigners, but Americans from the Ohio valley, Illinois, Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, the Southwest, Minnesota, and the Dakotas, practical men who are making a success of it. As the lumber goes, other industries come, and paper-mills, canneries, tanneries, woolen-mills, and other factories are springing up about the abundant water-powers, and there are more miles of railroad in the burned country than in the southern part of the State, and fully one half of it has been built since the fires. In fact, this summer there were over five thousand men at work constructing new railroads in northern Wisconsin."

*Charles W. Lamb.*

#### Father Chiniquy not a Jesuit

MR. AMSBARY, whose "Foot-ball at Chebanse" was printed in the November number, desires to correct an error in the introductory note to the first of his Illinois *habitant* ballads, in the March CENTURY, in which it was stated that the head of the Kankakee County colony, Father Chiniquy, was a Jesuit. On this point the author was misinformed.—THE EDITOR.





## IN LIGHTER VEIN

### Phillis Tells about her Visit to Michigan

"HOW are you, Phillis?"  
 "I feels heap better sence m' res', thank yer, Mis' Sallie."

"Come in and close the door. I have n't seen you since your return from Michigan. I hope your trip in a private car has n't turned your head."

"No. But, Mis' Sallie, is you ever rid in one of dem private cars? 'Ca'se ef yer ain't, you sho is got somethin' ter do 'fo' you dies. Hit 's jes gran'! En de servan's is gran' too. En dat nigger man whut cooks—"

"What about Michigan, Phillis?"

"Lawd, Mis' Sallie, hit 's de col'st country on earth. I hears folks talkin' 'bout de north pole, en I sho b'lieve dat Michigan is close on ter hit. En, chile, dem Yankee niggers ain't like our niggers. I tells you whut dey puts me in mine of—dem nigger chillun what 's gittin' edgercation. Dey ain't wuth er cent; no, 'm, dey ain't."

"Well, Phillis, your son is at Booker Washington's school now."

"Yessum, I knows hit; but yer see, honey, ef ev'ybody 's gwine ter edgercate deir chillun, co'se I don' want son ter be de onliest nigger whut can't read en speak."

"But tell me about Michigan."

"Lawd, I did cl'ar fergit; but you see dis heah nigger queshun is er stumpin' one, I tells you; hit sho stumps you. De folks yonder in de North sinds money down heah ter edgercate de niggers; well, we wants ter got de 'vantage of all we kin get, en we sinds de chillun ter school. 'Stid of lettin' whut dey learns do 'em good, hit seems like hit puts de Ole Scratch in 'em. 'Stid of stickin' ter stealin' jes whut dey kin eat, edgercation done stop all dat—dey gone ter stealin' big, like white folks. Now, dis heah Booker T. Washington, whar son goes, tries ter learn de niggers not ter turn fool wid whut dey knows, but ter make de bes' honess' men of deyselves dey kin. But I dunno, chile, whut he 'll do wid 'em."

"But, Phillis, what about Michigan?"

"You never is ter let me git 'way from heah till you hears 'bout Michigan. Well, I 'll tell you, hit 's er mighty nice place; dey got fine houses en all up dere. But, chile, I 'mos' froze ter death. Mis' Smith say she gwine tell you 'bout me puttin' on m' hat en cloak en gloves

ter go git de mawnin' paper; but I tole her I don' thank her ter tell you nothin' 't all on me. But, honey, de fun'ral's up dar! Dey is de mos' unfair fun'ral's I ever is ter see."

"How 's that?"

"Hit was jes dis way: one of de bankers up dar died, en I took de chillun en wint up ter de cornder ter see hit all; en 'stid of de ker-ridge drivin' up ter de gate, en de widder er-marchin' out, hit driv up in de yard ter de side do', en de widder got in, en nobody seed her, nur her veil, nur her dress, nur nothin' 't all of her. Hit sho was er shame ter ruin sich er beautiful fun'ral. Oh, it was de wuss manage' fun'ral I ever did 'tend; yessum, hit was. De widder's sister en 'er man come marchin' out ter 'nother kerridge, en, Mis' Sallie, dey wa'n't even locked!"

"What, Phillis?"

"Was n't locked; dat is, dey arms was n't enjoined tergether; no, 'm, dey was n't. En dem chillun did n't know whut de insco't was."

"The what?"

"De insco't, Mis' Sallie."

"Why, no. I don't know what it is, either."

"Pshaw! Why, de insco't is de frien's whut wears white gloves, en striches deir han's out like dis, en—en insco'ts de body ter de grave."

"Oh, yes. The escort."

"Well, if you 's er mine ter call hit dat, hit don' hurt me. But I was invited ter go ter er big nigger fun'ral up dar, en I never wint."

"Why, Phillis?"

"'Ca'se I never hed no 'quaintance wid de co'pse, en I was feared dey might ha'nt me; but I was 'mos' dead ter go."

"Do you really like to go to funerals?"

"Yessum; co'se I does. I think 'mos' ev'y-body likes ter go ter fun'ral's of deir frien's, don' you? But dat nigger Marcus ax me ter go ter de theater wid him, en I tole him my par ain't been dead long, en I was n't in no 'ciety. Den he ax me ter go ter church; but I tole him hit was too cole, en, ergin, I never had no chiffonnier ter go 'long wid me."

"For pity's sake, Phillis, what do you mean by a chiffonnier?"

"Go off, chile! You knows what er chiffon-nier is jes es good es I does."

"No, I don't. Tell me what you mean."

"Fer gracious sake! Es many chiffonniers es you is hed, fer you ter set dar en ax whut dey is!"

"I 've never had but one."

"Go off, Mis' Sallie. You knows Mis' Mary never w'u'd let you go off wid no young man lessen you hed er chiffonnier ter go 'long wid you."

"Oh! A chaperon!"

"Now listen ter dat—you got somethin' else on me, ain't you? En I ain't gwine tell you ernother thing, I 'clar' I ain't."

"Oh, please, Phillis! I won't laugh again."

"Hit tain't yo' laughin' I 'm min'in'; hit 's yo' tellin'—dat whut 's gittin' 'way wid me."

"Well, did n't you go anywhere?"

"No, 'm, I did n't; dat 's de trufe, I did n't! You see, I knowed dem Yankee niggers want ter git me out jes ter laugh et me, en I jes says ter m'se'f, 'Whin fus-class Southun darkies don' know how ter do, dey jes stays in till dey learns,' en dat 's how come me ter stick close ter de white folks. Dey got folks up yander whut 'longs ter dat same 'ciety yer started heah et home—'Daughters of de Revelation.' I tole Mis' Smith me en Kitty hed done begged you ter change yourn ter de 'Daughters of Zi-in,' en she laugh right in m' face, Mis' Sallie; yessum, she did. En de onliest way I kin make out why she done hit is dat white folks don' keer nothin' 't all 'bout 'ligion ef dey kin git big names; no, 'm, dey don't. Well, I 'm gwine take back some dat, 'ca'se dey is er few dat serves de Lawd in deir hearts."

"Phillis, do you mean to say that you were gone two weeks and did n't go to church? Preacher Jones will certainly have you up before the deacons."

"Well, Mis' Sallie, I 'm gwine ter give you 'nother 'cuse I hed. I jes can't stay 'wake in church. Whin I fus gits in, I says ter m'se'f, 'I ain't gwine ter sleep in meetin' ter-day'; but whin I 'gins ter git good en warm, en de preacher he 'gins ter het up good on de tex', fus thing you knows I don' know nothin', en, whut 's mo', I don' know nothin' till de niggers 'gin ter walk up en drap deir money in de basket."

"How do you mean? Don't they hand the basket around?"

"No, 'm; too many niggers slips outen payin' dat way, en gets de same credit wid dem dat does; so dey jes makes ev'y one march up ter de pulpit en drap de money in, so es ter embarrassment dem dat don' give nothin', en keep 'em from shoutin' so loud—'ca'se, you knows, dem dat don' pay ain't got de face ter shout ef he knows all de darkies know he don' give nothin'."

"No, 'm, I never heard no preachin' in Michigan, but I sho heard some fus-class prayin'. A gent'mun—he was some kin ter de white folks up dere—he come ter pay 'em

er visit, en 'fo' he lef' he said he 'd read er little en den pray. Co'se I was n't er-listenin' ter de white folks' talk, but I jes happen ter hear dat, en I stood in de hall ter hear de gospel. Chile, I wush you could er heard dat man prayin'. I don' keer ef he was white, he sho c'u'd pray. I tell you de trufe, dat man pray mo' like er nigger den any white man I ever did see; yessum, he did. En, Mis' Sallie, I 'm gwine ter tell you de trufe: es sho es I 'm standin' heah, dat man pray jes *like* er nigger; yessum, he did—I 'm 'bleeged ter tell de trufe. Hit 's de fus white man wid good nigger 'ligion I ever seed; yessum, hit is. I hear 'em talkin' 'bout black hearts, but you kin say whut you please, dat man's heart is black, don' keer how white his face is."

"Lawd! Listen er dat clock strikin' twelve, en Mis' Lucy sent me heah ter ax you fer dat hat you borrid las' week, 'ca'se she say she like ter git one mo' wearin' outen hit 'fo' de winter was over."

*Sarah Johnson Hagan.*

#### The Clipper Sled

OH for the winters that used to be!  
The winters that only a boy may see!  
Rich with the snowflakes' rush and swirl;  
Keen as a diamond; pure as a pearl;  
Brimming with healthful, rollicking fun;  
Sweet with their rest when the play was done;  
With kingly revels each day decreed,  
And a clipper sled for the royal steed.

A wonderful steed was this, in truth,  
Fit for the galloping pulse of youth;  
Little and pointed, squat and low—  
But, bless my heart, how that sled could go!  
Winning its owner loud acclaim,  
Gemming his deeds with joy and fame;  
Never an arrow swifter sped  
Than on to its goal the clipper sled.

The Jenkinson hill stretched smooth and free  
(In those glorious winters that used to be),  
A speedway polished and steep and white,  
Rife with turbulent, rapt delight;  
Ringing with laughter, jest, and shout;  
Gay with frolicking romp and rout;  
Where many a courser bold was led,  
But fleetest of all was the clipper sled.

Down from the crest with a shrill hurray  
(Clear the track, there! Out of the way!);  
Scarcely touching the path beneath;  
Scarce admitting of breath to breathe;  
Dashing along, with leap and swerve,  
Over the crossing, round the curve.  
Talk of your flying-machines! Instead,  
Give *me* the swoop of the clipper sled.

*Edwin L. Sabin.*



Drawn by E. Warde Blaisdell

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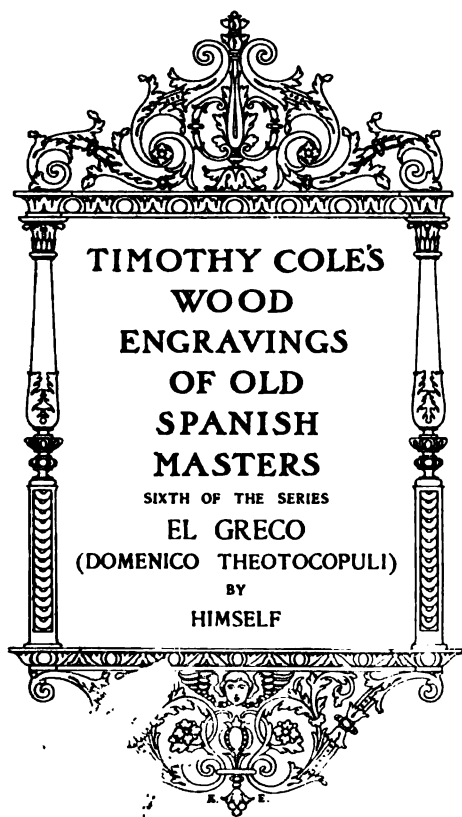
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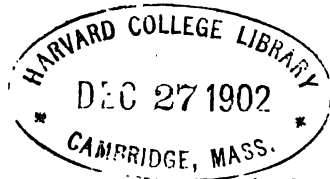
**TIMOTHY COLE'S  
WOOD  
ENGRAVINGS  
OF OLD  
SPANISH  
MASTERS**  
SIXTH OF THE SERIES  
**EL GRECO**  
**(DOMENICO THEOTOCOPULI)**  
BY  
**HIMSELF**



From the original painting in the Museum, Seville

EL GRECO (DOMENICO THEOTOCOPULI). BY HIMSELF

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF  
OLD SPANISH MASTERS: SIXTH OF THE SERIES)



# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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No. 3

## PARIS PAWNSHOPS

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT

WITH PICTURES BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

When you turn up from the river into the heart of Paris and make your way down the Rue des Archives past the Rue de la Harpe, the Rue de la Harpe Armée (now closed), you will come to the Rue des Blancs-Manteaux, an ancient church of the same name. Beside this church stands the largest pawnshop in the world, the great French *de-piété*, as they call it by a pretty name, with so many shelf-ranged things in its vaults and store-rooms that they cover a weary five miles and a half when you explore them all. In its outer aspect the *de-piété* is solidly, rather gloomily handsome, its dingy gray pile suggesting a warehouse or a hospital, and all day long a stream of people flows through its wide courts and arched archways, making them public places. Not one in four stops for pawnshop business, but all grow accustomed to the place, and, architecture helping them to think of it, no doubt, with the respect that they feel for the venerable National Archives just across the way. Some who do stop—seven thousand a day in Paris—pass through the big doors with almost none of the shamefaced hesitation that Anglo-Saxons feel. In their minds this is no stronghold of the enemy,

no plunderer's den, but a friendly place created for the people, with profits going to the people and nowhere else—so reads the law of France.

Over these portals is no sinister emblem, but the flag of the land (in Paris it is the hair-dressers who hang out golden balls), and yonder stands a sentinel, servant of the people, a big fellow from the Republican Guard, resplendent in white gloves and shining helmet. There is no anxious turning of heads to see who may be looking, no whispering in cautious closets to bediamonded gentlemen of doubtful mien; there is neither concealment nor embarrassment. These people want a little money, as may happen to anybody, and they come here to get it in a legitimate way. Long gone by are the days when needy Paris cringed to Lombard extortioners. Now needy Paris pays its seven per cent. for loans as cheerfully as it pays for postage-stamps.

This, then, is a noteworthy result of French government control over pawnshops—a result that is none the less important for being purely moral. We see a one-time disreputable industry cleansed of its usurer crew and made honorable, whereupon all having to do with this industry are

lifted in their own esteem, so that citizens of Paris to-day deal with the *mont-de-piété* in full self-respect, very much as they deal with the savings-bank.

Let us enter some morning with the crowd and observe what happens. Crossing a courtyard where stone lines show the run of the old city wall, we come to a wide, high hall, a rather bare place, yet clean, where applicants for loans are waiting on rows of benches. All sorts of people are here: small tradesmen, innkeepers, laborers, stranded tourists, fewer men than women, and many of the latter bare-headed, though a good number seem in easy circumstances. Any who ask for it may make their demands in private rooms, but nearly all are content to be seen of all the world, and sit about complacently, only apprehensive lest the loan offered be less than they hope for. That, as we shall see, is one weak point in the French system—a tendency to make loans smaller than might fairly be expected.

The operations of a *mont-de-piété* are carried on in two departments, one for jewelry and one for packages, the latter including clothing, furniture, clocks, bedding, bicycles, etc. It is significant of changes in our modern life that every year shows smaller dealings in objects of the second class, so that, while in 1882 there

were more loans made on packages than on jewelry, in 1898 the contrary was true by an excess of more than fifty per cent. in favor of jewelry, and the value of these jewelry loans was nine times in excess of

those on packages. One reason for this striking change lies in the fact that people have almost ceased to buy second-hand clothing, being able to get new garments now at the great cheap shops for what they formerly spent on old ones. And these cheap new garments are usually of such indifferent quality that when worn a short time they fall literally into rags, leaving nothing to pawn.

So much one of the assistant chiefs explained to me as we stood near the application window ready to follow through its various steps the next loan offered. Presently a man came forward and with businesslike air laid down a folded paper. Inside the paper were eight small diamonds, unset. The man was a dealer in precious stones who needed a small sum, perhaps for his business.

"Come through here," the official said to me, "and we

shall see what becomes of these diamonds." Behind the railing we watched an appraiser examine the stones with a glass, then put them on the scales and note the weight, one and three-quarter carats.

"One hundred and fifty francs," he



Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

A "SHABBY GENTLE" ON HIS WAY TO  
PAWN A CLOCK

said, and this was promptly called out by a clerk in front, along with the merchant's number. It was now for the merchant to accept or refuse this offer, as there is never any haggling at a *mont-de-piété*, the appraiser's judgment always being final, and a dissatisfied client having only to withdraw with his property.

In this case the merchant accepted, and we saw the diamonds placed in a wooden box and slid along a runway to a caged inclosure where a man of trust is busy all day long packing away jewelry in neatly tied little boxes and sealing the cords at their crossing. On crush days this man will seal up two or three million francs' worth of gold and precious stones, while a comrade in another caged inclosure does as much more.

Of watches alone there are received here and at the twenty-two branch offices from a thousand to twelve hundred a day, about three hundred and fifty thousand in a year, the average loan on a watch being thirty or forty francs. The official assured me that in this great number of watches scarcely one in a thousand has been stolen, the fact being that people who have come dishonestly by watches or other property fight shy of the *mont-de-piété*. The reason of this was presently made plain as we watched the formalities of record, and I realized how difficult it would be for any one to do business here under a concealed identity. Every client receiving a loan greater than fifteen francs must produce some official document—an insurance policy, a citizen's voting-card, a permit to carry arms, or a rent receipt bearing his signature and throwing light upon his station in life. For loans under fifteen francs the client is simply required to show an envelop sent through the mails to his address. All these facts, with various others, are duly inscribed upon huge record-sheets, so that whoever deals with the *mont-de-piété* exposes himself to a scrutiny that must be ungrateful to folks of shady antecedents. Indeed, certain persons make this a grievance against the *mont-de-piété*, and declare the Paris system an impertinent intrusion upon a client's privacy, which would seem a point badly taken if the client is an honest man.

Having seen the diamond-dealer safely through his ordeal and off with ticket and money, we followed the little sealed box

to its destination in the subterranean fire-proof region where are the treasure-vaults, streets and passages and shelves and pigeonholes all stored with gold and gems, a dismal Aladdin's cave of iron and stone. There are whole galleries here ranged with wedding-rings, and there are precious stones representing loans of twenty-nine million francs and worth, at an ordinary valuation, a hundred and fifty millions, so the official assured me.

"What is the largest loan you have ever made?" I inquired.

"The largest single loan is four hundred and fifty thousand francs. It was on a pearl necklace and other jewelry. But we have one client who has received a number of loans aggregating about three millions."

From the vaults we made our way to the storehouse for general articles, and I walked up and down, back and forth, through a mile or two of its corridors and passages. I saw whole streets of clocks tiered up from floor to ceiling—bronze clocks from pretentious salons, nickel-plated clocks from servants' bedrooms, cuckoo-clocks, all kinds known to man, once noisy and important, silent now and useless, bound with cords and ticketed, never wound, never looked at, a sad wilderness of clocks!

I saw streets of bronzes, streets of bed-covers, streets of bicycles (some twenty-two hundred), streets of musical instruments, with violins and guitars festooned along the ceiling, and—fancy this!—a whole row of silver-mounted batons left by conductors of orchestras who, let us hope, got at least one good dinner from the sacrifice.

"How long do these things stay here?" I inquired.

"Some stay a few months, some many years. Only one fourth of them are withdrawn in the first twelve months; on three fourths the pledges are renewed for a second year; on one half for a third year; and on one sixth for longer periods up to forty years or more. Yes, we have in the vaults now some silver that was pawned over fifty years ago, and during all that time interest has been paid on it regularly."

"At seven per cent.?"

"At seven per cent. since 1887, but before that the interest rate was nine or ten per cent., and before 1830 it was twelve per cent. At the opening of the century it was thirty per cent."





Designed by August Courtyouge. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill.

SELLING UNREDEEMED ARTICLES AT AUCTION

He pointed out that as the rate has fallen the tendency of people to continue paying interest over a long period has increased. There were still in their care, for instance, some hundreds of objects that had been there for more than twenty years, and thousands that had been there for more than ten years. The apparent hopelessness of these struggles to keep some cherished possession had prompted directors, he said, at various times to make free return of long-held objects; but even so, it happened frequently enough, alas! that family heirlooms were finally sold at auction,—the father's watch or the mother's diamond ring,—after twenty-five or thirty years of faithful interest-paying and an expenditure of money sufficient to have bought the things two or three times over.

All this is sufficiently sad, and brings us to the part of this great mont-de-piété that we shall certainly like the least—the auction-room, a round gray hall beneath a yellowish dome, where every day a greedy company gather to clamor and scramble for the unredeemed articles that pass here in endless series under the hammer. About one sixth, my friend says, of the two million objects pawned every year in Paris finally come to this graveyard of defeated hopes. What faces are here in the triple line that presses in alert semicircle about the central counter! What keen eyes and hard mouths! They all look poor, and some of them, dozing against the wall, are certainly the drift of Paris streets, huddled here for warmth; but there are others who have grown rich in this traffic, and can produce from their shabby garments a surprising number of thousand-franc notes. I suppose that is one reason why they are rich, because they live as if they had nothing.

Business moves on briskly, with quick words from several criers and a steady song of invitation from a jovial, bald-headed man who keeps the center of the stage and announces unexpected merits in sewing-machines, clocks, silver spoons, even in a huge brass horn that nobody wants. He has a tough tenor voice like a singer at the Scala, and great good humor. Hear him now,—“Quatre! Cinquante! Cinq! Cinquante! Six! Cinquante!”—as monotonously as a monk intoning some strange liturgy. Only he wags his head and grins the while, and finds matter

for chuckling mirth even in the sale of a worn wedding-ring which he has knocked down for six francs fifty.

It might be supposed that this auction-room would be a capital place, though not a pleasant one, to pick up bargains; but such is not the case—at least not for the general public. The law calls this an open sale, but usage has long since made it a close-bound affair among dealers, who deliberately bid up prices against an outsider, even if they have to divide a loss among themselves. It must be made clear that this culture feast is strictly reserved for vultures!

No doubt there are fine opportunities here for dealers, growing out of the tendency, already mentioned, of appraisers to make loans smaller than the article's real value. Their excess of caution is due to the fact that they are responsible to the mont-de-piété for any deficit from sales, and so, while they nominally loan four fifths of the value on jewelry and two thirds on other articles, it appears that in practice they often loan very much less. Thus, recently a bronze was sold for seven hundred francs on which only one hundred francs had been loaned, a violin for eighty francs on which four francs had been loaned, and a translation of Æschylus for one hundred and sixty-five francs on which three francs had been loaned. Statistics of 1897 show that of articles sold at auction during that year more than fourteen thousand realized prices several times greater than the original loans, over two thousand being three times greater, over five hundred being four times greater, seventy-seven being six times greater, sixteen being nine times greater, and two being twenty-three times greater, one of these an exquisite bonbonnière and miniature that must have been appraised very carelessly. And these prices were paid not by amateurs, but by close-fisted dealers buying to sell again at a still further advance. We may hear later on from the amateurs what they paid for the bronze and the violin and the Æschylus.

It is this constant watching for objects worth more than appears that gives the keen, hard look to these faces. They are like gamblers, always dissembling. “You want this piece of lace? Take it; it's poor machine stuff, anyway. Five francs more? I'll make it ten, but—” Then a sly whis-





Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by J. W. Evans.

RECEIVING ARTICLES IN PAWN

per to the woman beside him that it is real, and worth its measure in hundred-franc notes.

Now a watch is going, passed about from hand to hand, and the bored auctioneer is just swinging his hammer when the real owner hurries in, coming at the eleventh hour and fifty-ninth minute to claim his property, pay for it with loan and interest, and take it away. That is the client's privilege up to the very last.

Now they start something better—a diamond ring on which the loan was one hundred and eighty francs. A fairly good diamond it must be, for see the eager group about it, and the reaching hands! Out come little magnifying-glasses, and each rival dealer has his squint at the stone. This one bites the gold with yellow teeth, that one rubs it on his sleeve. And they all clamor their bids, while the clerk sings out the changing totals up to three hundred francs, and a bearded little man gets it for three hundred and one. Years ago this diamond, let us fancy, flashed its fire from some fair hand, and may again. Meanwhile it lies in the little man's greasy pocket.

The annual profit from these auction sales is considerable (in 1893 it amounted to over a million francs), and at first thought this would seem an excellent thing for the poor, since to them, as holders of tickets on articles sold, must go by law the surplus, after deducting the original loan with interest at seven per cent. Unfortunately, more careful investigation reveals a less satisfactory condition and brings us to a serious evil in the practical operations of the *mont-de-piété*, one that results directly from the undervaluation of objects by the appraisers. In theory the man who pawns for thirty francs a watch worth one hundred and fifty receives the extra sum realized by the sale of his watch; or, if he does not receive it, the fault is his own for not presenting himself to claim it. At any rate, the sum is held for him during three years, and after that is given to the hospitals of Paris, so that, unwittingly, the improvident poor every year bring succor to the suffering poor, their annual gift of forgetfulness now amounting to one hundred thousand francs, although formerly it was much larger. And the reason for this falling off lies not in any greater thriftiness of ticket-holders, but in their growing disposition to

sell their pawn-tickets to speculators, who willingly pay an advance of twenty per cent. on marked appraisals, and even so realize handsome profits from the surplus of sales which now comes to them.

A single fact shows the proportions that have been reached in Paris by this traffic. In 1897 nearly two thirds of all pawn-tickets presented in claim of the surplus from auction sales were in the hands of speculators, and statistics show that every year speculators make a gain in these wretched transactions of from one hundred thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand francs, a sum of money that by every right belongs to the poor. Indeed, they do worse than this, for they make loans to holders of pawn-tickets at ten per cent. a month, taking the tickets as security, and confiscating them, by a cruel agreement, if after three months the loan with this enormous interest (one hundred and twenty per cent. a year) has not been repaid them. Of course such traffic is called illegal, and occasionally one of these extortioners is punished; but the evil seems to increase, nevertheless, and points unmistakably to one much-needed change in the Paris system, and that is, that loans *must* be made larger, and the appraisers *must* be relieved of their present responsibility for deficits. No one understands this better than M. Edmond Duval, director of the Paris *mont-de-piété*, who for years has been striving for this very reform. By his plan all loans would be increased to nine tenths of the value of the objects in a fair appraisal, and all pawn-tickets would become non-transferable.

A chance conversation prompted me to make a personal test in this matter of undervaluation. A lady connected with the stage was telling how she had at various times raised money on furs and jewels, and she declared that on the same articles she had invariably received larger sums from private pawnbrokers in London than from the *mont-de-piété* in Paris. Indeed, she said that the loans offered in Paris were often ridiculously small, and gave a case where sixty francs had been offered on furs that had cost eight thousand and were in good condition.

Thinking that she might be mistaken in her recollection, I set forth myself the next day to verify the thing practically, and offered at the *mont-de-piété* three objects

the value of which I knew precisely: a pearl necklace recently appraised at 7500 francs, a boa of Russian sables purchased for 1400 francs a few weeks before at a reliable Paris house, and a handsome sword-cane finished in tortoise-shell and silver and valued by an expert at 150

the blade is a good piece of tempered steel. Yes; it 's worth a hundred and fifty francs."

"One of your appraisers offered me five on it," I remarked, with a smile; and then I told him the whole story. But M. Duval was not a whit taken aback. On the con-



Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

#### WHERE THE JEWELRY IS PAWNED

francs. The loans offered were 2000 francs on the pearls, thirty francs on the sables, and five francs on the cane.

I happened to call on M. Duval that afternoon, and carried with me the cane in question.

"What do you think of this?" said I, handing it to him.

"Very handsome," said he. "I've been trying to get a cane like it."

"Is it worth a hundred and fifty francs?"

"Yes; the malacca alone is worth fifty francs, and here is the mark of Verdier, a famous cane-maker under the Empire, and

trary, he insisted that my experience was quite to be expected.

"If you bought a suit of clothes to-day for one hundred and twenty francs and pawned it to-morrow, how much do you suppose you would get on it?"

"How much?"

"Perhaps five francs, because that is all it would certainly bring at a forced sale. The suit would be worth more to you, just as that cane would be worth more to me, but the mont-de-piété can take no account of individual tastes or of an accidental suitability; it must sell its unredeemed



Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

#### AN ANXIOUS MOMENT

stock in the main to second-hand dealers who are indifferent to everything in an article but its most elementary usefulness, and value it chiefly as raw materials, so much silk at so much a yard, so much gold at so much a gram, etc. Your cane stands for a few francs' worth of silver and a piece of tortoise-shell—nothing else."

"But the sables?"

"We loan very little on furs, because they are so easily destroyed or damaged, and they go out of fashion. It's like Cashmere shawls. A few years ago everybody wanted them, and a single one would bring fifteen or twenty thousand francs. If we had made loans on that basis how could we cover them to-day, when you can buy the same Cashmere shawl for a few hun-



Drawn by André Castaigne

SCENE IN FRONT OF THE CENTRAL OFFICE ON THE EVE OF RENT-DAY



dred francs? You must remember there is no time limit to our loans. How much would your sabres bring after twenty years in our store-room?"

All this I granted, but kept to my conviction that a pawnbroker in New York or London would have offered considerably more on my three particular articles. M. Duval agreed with me here, and also in the main point that pawnbrokers very generally give somewhat larger loans than the *mont-de-piété*, the reason being that they receive three, four, or five times more interest,—twenty-four per cent. or thirty-six per cent., for example, in New York, instead of seven,—and consequently have every motive to lend their clients as large a sum as possible, up to the utmost value of the object (and often beyond it), knowing that they will thus realize a larger return when the pledges are redeemed. And they are ready, often eager, to take risks of failure to redeem, confident that their handsome interest profits in transactions where pledges *are* redeemed will more than compensate for contrary cases. In other words, on their comfortable basis of twenty-four or thirty-six per cent. they face with equanimity a percentage of failures to redeem that might ruin a conservative *mont-de-piété* on a seven per cent. basis.

"Suppose," I suggested, "that the French law were changed so as to allow pawnbrokers charging twenty-four or thirty-six per cent. to open shops in Paris side by side with the *mont-de-piété* charging only seven per cent. Do you think they would do any business?"

M. Duval smiled. "I am sure they would, even if they charged forty per cent. or fifty per cent., for there are always people in a great city willing to make *any* sacrifice in the future for the sake of an immediate money advantage. That is what our laws are for—to protect such people against themselves."

"Would not that end be furthered," I suggested, "by making larger loans?"

"Of course," he admitted, "the ideal pawnshop would be one able to assure its clients a maximum loan at a minimum rate of interest; but we can do only so much, and people forget our heavy financial burden as a philanthropic institution. Every year we give away in unproductive operations tens of thousands of francs that private pawnbrokers would use in larger

loans." And he proceeded to dwell on this manifest superiority of the *mont-de-piété* over any other pawnshop system, that it is really a great *people's enterprise*, where the profits on transactions with the rich pay for the losses on transactions with the poor.

"Then some of your transactions are at a loss?"

"Most of them are at a loss." And he spread before me one of their admirable statistical charts, wherein it was set forth in tinted diagrams that for the year 1899 the *mont-de-piété* of Paris made something over 1,900,000 loans on pawned articles, of which more than 1,200,000 were effected at a loss, this being more than offset, however, by returns from some 617,000 loans on which there was a profit.

"You may say in general," he added, "that we lose money on all loans under twenty francs, and these form two thirds of our operations, about four thousand a day in Paris alone. In other words, we advance money every year to a million and a quarter people who would be sent away without money if we were unwilling to make loans at a loss."

"Why is there so much loss?" I asked.

"Because these small loans yield too little at seven per cent. to pay for what they cost. In 1897 we made 143,940 loans that paid us five centimes [one cent] each. See, there are the figures. We made 84,280 loans that paid us ten centimes, and 106,541 loans that paid us fifteen centimes. And so on. Now it is plain that the actual expense of handling any article, whether it is a ring or a mattress, packing it, storing it, and recording the facts about it, must be more than a few centimes. In practice we find it to be about a franc and a quarter [twenty-five cents], so that any article which does not yield that amount in interest must be handled at a loss. It is evident that if we were private pawnbrokers, thinking only of our own gain, we should raise our interest rate on such articles. As it is, we have been constantly lowering it. And we charge *no* interest on loans of three, four, or five francs when the articles are withdrawn within sixty days."

Here was a contrast indeed to the state of things in New York or London, where a woman who pawns her shawl or a workman his box of tools over Sunday, let us say, for seventy-five cents (three shillings), would be charged an interest rate varying



Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

#### COMING FROM THE PAWNSHOP

from twenty-five to one hundred per cent., and often much more, with the famous ten cents added for "hanging it up," as they say on the Bowery, or the nameless impositions of the Whitechapel gentry. Indeed, the poor of London are often called upon to pay interest on petty short-time loans at the rate of five hundred, six hundred, even one thousand per cent. The thing seems incredible, but statistics prove it.

In Paris, however, for the same loan, the woman with her shawl or the workman with his box of tools would pay no interest whatever, but merely a nominal

charge of five centimes, not one twentieth of what the operation actually costs the *mont-de-piété*.

Not only in this indirect way do the rich in Paris pay for the poor, but many times since the founding of the present system (in 1777) people of wealth and station have been stirred, especially in periods of great cold and general distress, to give back to the poor of Paris certain articles from the vast *mont-de-piété* store that might be regarded as of the first necessity: shoes, clothing, bed-coverings, mattresses, etc. Thus, in 1789 Louis XVI gave 300,000 francs, in 1795 the National Conven-



tion gave nearly 800,000 francs, in 1870 the Commune gave 700,000 francs, and so on through a long list aggregating over three and a half million francs. The most recent gift of this sort was 50,000 francs offered by M. Santos-Dumont from his balloon prize-money, and set apart for the redeeming of necessary objects pawned in the first week of November, 1901. The result furnished a striking illustration of the improvidence of the needy; for although this bounty was widely announced, scarcely one third of it was claimed by those entitled to it, and a sum of 35,000 francs had to be employed in redeeming objects pawned over a longer period.

I asked M. Duval's opinion as to the philanthropic effort of certain large-minded New-Yorkers in the Provident Loan Society of that city, and he expressed the fullest approval of this enterprise, and the conviction that, with its twelve per cent. interest rate (or less) and no charge for "hanging up" or the like, it must accomplish great things against the horde of pawnbrokers doing business at twenty-four and thirty-six per cent. or more. And, looking over the reports of its seven years' working, he pointed out that in New York this people's system, for such it is, has developed quite as rapidly, even against

legalized opposition, as did the *mont-de-piété* in its earlier period without opposition. Thus, in 1832, after more than fifty years of existence, the Paris *mont-de-piété* made loans aggregating about ten million francs, which is virtually what the Provident Loan Society did in 1900, its seventh year.

"This New York enterprise," said M. Duval, "must command the support of all your citizens who have at heart the welfare of the poor. Already, they tell me, it has done much good, directly and indirectly; it has forced several of the licensed pawnbrokers to lower their rate, and it will surely drive many of those who do not from the field. Of course you will always have human folly to deal with, just as we have, and the desperate improvidence of people who *must* have money immediately, no matter what the cost. And you will probably have to fight the traffic in pawn-tickets just as we do,"—he frowned in perplexity at this old, hard problem,—“but it is worth the trouble, for you will release tens of thousands from the cruel clutches of usurers, and you will do much to increase the people's self-respect. And—and remember this,” he added, “that it is no small thing to increase the self-respect of millions of men and women.”



## ON READING THE "INFERNO"

BY ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

WHO art thou that convincest me of sin!  
Trembling, I thread the circles winding down  
To the dread heart of ice, and hear within  
My soul the echo of each sinner's wail,  
Borne through the night of God's eternal frown,  
And look for mine own face among the spirits pale.



Drawn by Fernand Ljungren. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

VILLAGE WATER-CARRIERS



## BEING PRELIMINARY TO A RETURN JOURNEY IN AN ADIRONDACK CANOE

BY WILLIAM GAGE ERVING

WITH PICTURES BY FERNAND LUNGREN

**F**OR many years I had gazed in imagination longingly toward the Nile, that stream unique among the rivers of the world, the life of a country which even now, after centuries of oppression at the hands of foreign masters, contains nearly ten millions of people. For me it had ever exercised a powerful fascination. I longed to live by it, on it, with it, to be borne upon its waters, to rest upon its banks, to know for myself, if only in an insignificant degree, this stream before which man has stood and wondered for thousands of years.

In Egypt itself, however, one sees but a single phase of this mighty river, a broad, resolute flood sweeping majestically along the bed it has worn for itself in the course of ages. At Khartum, where unite the Blue Nile, with its summer floods laden with the rich and inexhaustible soil from Abyssinia's mountain slopes, and the White Nile, with its never-failing waters drawn from the Nyanzas, there is again the broad, majestic stream, but between these stretches all is vastly different.

Here for hundreds of miles the river rends its way through one opposing mountain ridge after another, its waters hemmed in by black crags and precipices, and obstructed by innumerable rocky barriers, over which it hurls itself with a sullen roar in many a foaming cataract. But this is only in the flood season, in late summer; during the winter the Nile, exchanging its brownish-yellow hue for one of green, becomes a lazy stream, almost hidden by

lofty banks,—of mud in Egypt, of rocks in the cataract country,—between which it winds its way among sandy shoals or rocky ridges. Then it is but a shadow of its former greatness, navigable only for boats of lightest draft, and even easily fordable at places.

However, to visit the lower portions of the Nile is no easy matter during the summer, since only slow-moving native sail-boats ply thereon at this time, while through the cataract country a journey by water is well-nigh impossible at any season. Here for a hundred miles at a stretch not a sail is to be seen. During the month of highest flood a stray native raft of timbers from the Sudan may attempt these dangerous reaches. In the recent military expeditions many a boat was dragged with hawsers up through the rapids by the sheer strength of hundreds of men; but nowadays rarely does an intruding native nug-gar invade these solitary wastes.

Yet all the features of natural grandeur and interest which Father Nile presents are to be found in this same cataract country, and the monuments of antiquity, although comparatively few in number, are of extreme interest. Here, too, is to be met the native, his primitive traits not yet obliterated by contact with European civilization; and, above all, it is in this the Egyptian Sudan that one can observe, as perhaps in no other region, the admirable results which a few years of Great Britain's just and beneficent rule have brought about.

Such were the attractions which persuaded me to extend my Nile visit beyond the confines of Egypt, and the absolute lack of river transportation made me de-

came necessary to take one with me from home. That selected was of the Adirondack pattern, of cedar, thirteen feet in length, with an eighteen-inch deck at stern



Drawn by Fernand Lungren

A RIVER SCENE BETWEEN CAIRO AND ASSUAN

termine to furnish my own boat, which must be light enough to be easily carried, and yet of sufficient strength to resist rough usage. Nothing seemed to meet these requirements but an American canoe, and such boats being unknown in Egypt, it be-

came necessary to take one with me from home. That selected was of the Adirondack pattern, of cedar, thirteen feet in length, with an eighteen-inch deck at stern

These were firmly lashed inside the canoe, which was then carefully sheathed in many layers of cotton-wadding and burlap and started upon its journey of over seven thousand miles by water and rail to Khartum.

So it came about that the early morning of the 12th of July found me on board one of the government steamers which ply between the First and Second Nile cataracts, just entering the territory of the Sudan. The river itself offers the only means of communication between Egypt and the Sudan on this so-called "Halfa reach," where has been established a service of steamers since pre-British days. Though neither beautiful nor picturesque, these boats answer the purpose for which they were built,—to carry troops and supplies to the Sudan,—and now throughout the year maintain a semi-weekly service over two hundred and twenty-five miles, running aground frequently at low Nile, in spite of their light draft of thirty inches, but planning to accomplish the up trip in from fifty to eighty hours, while at high Nile the return is made at express speed in from fifteen to twenty. No attempt has ever been made to construct a railway beside the river from the First to the Second Cataract and so make all-rail communication with Khartum. The mountainous nature of the country renders such an undertaking far too costly, and if the connection is ever made, it will probably be by means of a line running inland from Assuan to meet the Sudan Railway in the middle of the Nubian Desert.

On this trip the steamer was handicapped in her passage against the current by two double-decked barges, one on each side, loaded down with natives and freight. Her progress consequently often scarcely exceeded that of the clumsy native gyassas which we frequently encountered, forcing their way upstream, their huge triangular sails bellying before the stiff north breeze. Her pilots, however, were natives, who not only know the main channels in the shifting river, but are able to estimate the depth from the appearance of the water,—a very necessary accomplishment when sand-bars form in a single night,—and by 10 A.M., sixty-one hours from Shellal, they had brought the boat to Halfa, her destination.

Soon after, at the post headquarters, I

was enjoying the hospitality of a British officer, on his way up the river to Dongola, and was being made more than comfortable pending the departure of the Khartum express, scheduled for 9 P.M.

Halfa, or more properly Wady Halfa, though still a village of considerable size, bears few vestiges of its importance in the days of the dervish campaigns, when thousands of troops were quartered in the great camp to the south of the present town, and tons of supplies and munitions lay heaped up on the river-bank. Now it is a quiet, sleepy place, and the army of invasion has given way to a few companies of native troops whose duties are to police the town and guard the body of criminals which is segregated here. With the departure of the troops went also the officers, and now at the mess there were fewer than half a dozen, who govern the province and administer the railway, which has its northern terminus and its principal car-shops at this point.

The construction of this railway will always be ranked one of the greatest of Kitchener's achievements in the Sudan. Obligated by limited appropriations to conduct all his operations at the least possible expense, he made use of every remnant of the equipment of Ismail Pasha's unfinished railway, rescuing dismantled engines from ditches, and collecting missing parts from the contents of scrap-heaps. Near the Atbara his rails gave out, leaving a break of some distance to a necessary terminus. Every siding which could be spared was taken up, and then, the results being insufficient, the village of Wady Halfa was laid under requisition. Here many of the houses had straw roofs supported by rails taken from the old line. These were summarily appropriated, and after their removal Halfa presented the spectacle of a mushroom Western town after a cyclone. But the line was completed.

The greatest obstacle was the all-important stretch of two hundred and thirty miles from Halfa to Abu Hamed, across the neck of the great bend of the Nile, an unbroken expanse of barren desert. The leading engineers of Europe declared it impossible to construct a railway across this tract, arguing that the entire carrying capacity of a train would be taken up by the water-supply necessary for the locomotive. Nevertheless, assuming the responsibility, the Sirdar ordered the work begun,

relying on the indomitable pluck and skill of his subordinates in charge and his own habit of success. Near the middle of the course, at points some fifty miles apart, wells were sunk, an operation ridiculed by the natives, and with true Kitchener luck water was struck in both instances, so that the train now accomplishes the distance with only two extra water-tanks. But all succeeding attempts to find water along the line—and they have been many—have proved fruitless.

It was by means of this railway that the Sudan was conquered. By its construction the long route of nearly seven hundred miles by way of a river for long stretches absolutely unnavigable for ten or eleven months in the year, and even at flood impracticable save for small whale-boats hauled through rapids at enormous toil and expense, was exchanged for a short, direct, unobstructed highway, its carrying capacity limited only by the shortcomings of a single pair of rails.

A march of a couple of months along a rough river-bank, through a country absolutely unable to support a passing army, was exchanged for a train journey of as many days. The size and operations of an invading force were no longer limited by unavoidable commissariat deficiencies, and when the time arrived for the decisive blow, one short summer campaign accomplished a work which had been dragging on for years. The long years spent in the remodeling and training of a defeated army were all-important, and established for the Sirdar the reputation of being the greatest military organizer of the day; but it was the Sudan Railway which made the termination of the great work possible so suddenly, so surely, and at so small a sacrifice of life.

To-day the railway, extended to Khartum, five hundred and seventy-seven miles from Halfa, is being used in the development of the country; but still it is largely military in its value, and wholly so in its management. Every day a train leaves Halfa for the south, reaching its destination in two or three days, while twice a week only, in connection with the river steamers, the mail express goes through in thirty hours. No sane man would think of traveling by any other than the express, drawn by Baldwin locomotives, for, given the road-bed and track, they reach their destination somewhere nearly on time,

while the European locomotives may spend a day or two by the wayside undergoing repairs. Passengers rejoice in the "Americans," their drivers delight in the ease of cleaning and oiling them, they pull very much heavier loads than their European rivals, and the only complaint I heard was that for this extra efficiency they required more coal—a very important item in the Sudan—and more oil.

The express, as run in the summer, was a heterogeneous affair. On this occasion, besides the locomotive, tender, and water-tanks, there were three trucks loaded with coal, two others with natives, and two box-cars carrying the handful of first-class passengers and the mail. My night ride across the desert was not pleasant. Besides myself, there were in the car three other passengers,—Greeks and Syrians,—who brought cart-loads of baggage and merchandise of all sorts with them, in addition to their supplies, cooking-utensils, and beds, these last comprising one double four-poster and two native angares.

The Sudanese angareb consists simply of a low couch-frame with a woven fabric of palm rope stretched over the top, and through the kindness of my Halfa friends I was supplied with one for this trip. Thus the "first-class coach" was, in point of fact, a sleeper and a baggage-car combined. It was furnished with a galvanized-iron roof, under which for a space of three feet or more the sides were entirely open, and my blankets being still stowed away in my canoe, by morning I was thoroughly chilled by the night wind of the desert, and covered from head to foot with a thick layer of the finest sand.

The early morning on the desert was delightfully cool and fresh, but as the sun leaped up, all was changed. At intervals, as the train moved along, there would appear ahead a broad, marshy lake glistening in the sunlight, its surface partly hidden by clumps of reeds and marsh plants, which, as we approached, gradually receded and then in a flash was gone, leaving in its stead the endless desert, already beginning to scorch in the sunshine. The gray expanse, ridged and hollowed by the storms of the past, stretched unbroken away to the horizon, save where, like an island rising above the surrounding billows, rose a bold, rocky height of deepest blue. At one point, on the summit of a knoll beside

the line, silhouetted against the sky and as motionless and silent as the rocks and sand about them, appeared a party of mounted Arabs, regarding impassively this latest triumph of civilization over the desert. Save for these, no vestige of life appeared in that boundless abode of death.

At nine o'clock we again reached the Nile, and stopped at the straggling village of Abu Hamed, from which, half an hour later, in charge of a fresh Baldwin, we started on the second section of the railway, extending to Shendi, some two hundred and thirty-five miles beyond. The line followed the course of the river, and its palm-lined bank was often visible, while the stream itself appeared now and again, disclosing a mass of whirling waters broken by rocks and islands. Occasionally a wretched hut in ruins, and clearings in the thorn-bushes, together with numerous skeletons of horses and camels, indicated an old camp site, for three years ago the army of invasion crept slowly along this way, the head of the advancing railway close upon its heels.

Some twenty miles above Berber we crossed the Atbara by the new steel bridge built by an American firm. This, the only branch of the Nile below Khartum, is throughout the dry season only a succession of stagnant pools. Then come the rains, and in early July in a single night it thunders down in flood, whirling on its muddy waters trees and animals caught by its unexpected onrush.

Thirty miles up this stream, at an early morning hour in April, 1898, Kitchener unexpectedly fell upon the fortified camp of the Khalifa's lieutenant, Mahmud. The carnage was fearful, numbers were captured, and the pitiless desert took care of most of the fugitives. Mahmud's army of sixteen thousand men was no more, and he himself, a prisoner in chains, returned with the conqueror to Berber.

As the day wore on, the heat beneath that iron roof became almost intolerable, the thermometer registering 110° and the contents of the water-jugs growing lukewarm, while clouds of sand continually drove into the car, filling eyes, ears, and hair, and sifting through every article of clothing. So the long hours of that frightful day dragged on. Nothing varied the monotony save an occasional glimpse of a group of gazelles wildly staring at the train

and then suddenly scudding into the mimosa. Once, too, the brakes were jammed down, amid shrieks of the whistle, to avoid colliding with a camel, who lumbered off the track and stood regarding us with snarls of defiance. The engine was not slowed up for any love of the camel—whom no man loves—or through fear of a lawsuit, for the owner is held for damages if caught; but the American cow-catcher is evidently not designed for the removal of camels, and woe to the engineer if they mix up with the running gear of his locomotive! For him it means a day's work in making his engine again presentable.

At nine in the evening, with a third Baldwin, we left Shendi for Khartum, across a desert stretch of one hundred and five miles, where eighty new culverts and bridges in course of construction give an idea of the disastrous importance of a haboob (tropical downpour) on these waterless wastes. As this last section of the railway lies well within the limits of the rain belt, washouts, which wreck the line for miles and stop all transport for days, have not been infrequent. For this reason I had been strongly advised while at Halfa to carry six days' provisions for the thirty-hour journey; but fortunately on this occasion we found the line open, the night remained clear, and at three the next morning we reached the railway terminus, Halfiyeh. The brick station at Halfiyeh lay a little back from the bank of the Blue Nile. Beyond the broad expanse of swiftly flowing waters, changing from black to brown, and then to dirty yellow as night became day, appeared Khartum, the white palace of the Sirdar rising conspicuous above the green palms. On the river itself an occasional native craft came floating down with the current, now bow first, now stern, its master indifferent. Near the farther shore a river steamer was slowly churning its way against the stream, while beside the bank lay strings of small boats loading and unloading, one of which, after long importuning, was obtained to carry me and my possessions to their destination.

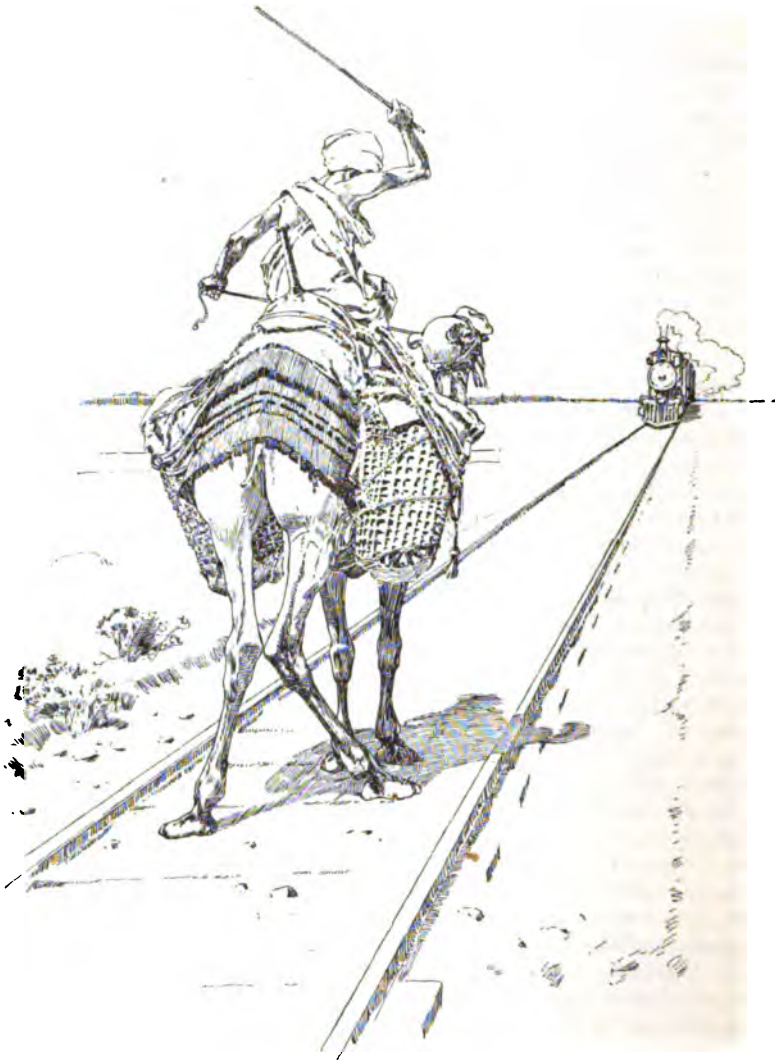
The native nuggar, built of rough-hewn planks laid edge on edge one above another and fastened together with spikes, has a round bottom and blunt ends. The space within is obstructed by rude thwarts which, in place of ribs, serve to stiffen the structure; behind trails an enormous



rudder, while amidships on occasion can be erected a short mast carrying a huge square or three-cornered sail. At other times it is propelled by the current, or by wooden sticks cut some four inches square

journey to Khartum and landed me near a large clump of date-palms, in the shade of which, scanty at the best, I pitched my tent.

Two Syrians in government service soon



Drawn by Fernand Lungren

#### THE OLD AND THE NEW

and lashed end to end, making a primitive sweep twenty-five feet in length—the Sudanese substitute for an oar. Thanks to rather primitive calking, the boat is fairly water-tight, and, given sufficient time, usually reaches its destination without upsetting. Such was the clumsy craft which bore me over the final stage of the

appeared from their adjacent mud house, inviting me to share their breakfast and offering the use of their one-roomed mansion. On my declining the latter, they sent an angareb to my tent, and so I took up my quarters in Khartum, where I rested for several days.

Khartum! Through what strange vicis-

situdes it has passed, this city with its thousands of inhabitants, for years the capital of the great Sudan, the residence of Egypt's governor-general, the center of the trade of the great expanse stretching from the Sahara to Equatoria, which fifty years ago had its corps of foreign consuls and its hundreds of foreign traders. Then came the Mahdi with his invincible host of fanatical followers, burying Gordon beneath a shower of spears, uprooting and destroying every vestige of civilization in the sack which followed, and then departing, leaving Khartum a waste. For thirteen years the site of the city lay desolate, a few wretched huts alone remaining to perpetuate the name, while across the White Nile, extending for miles along its banks, rose the new capital of the kingdom of the all-powerful Khalifa Abdullah, a city boasting a population of over four hundred thousand souls—that former ferry-station, Omdurman.

For thirteen years barbaric, fanatical cruelty continued unbridled; then came the avenging army, for which, through all those years of ceaseless preparation, "Khartum and Gordon" had been the watchword. Below the blue hill of Kerreri, rising from the plain a few miles away, Abdullah met it. That night his invincible host was crushed and scattered, twenty-seven thousand of his men lay dead or wounded on the field, and he himself was a hopeless fugitive, flying from relentless enemies who knew no rest; until, a year later, surrounded by his faithful body-guard, he too fell, fighting to the last, like the brave man he was. And Omdurman? It melted away. The Mahdi's tomb, that Kaaba of the Sudan, has been razed to the ground; the suk (bazaar), where were once to be seen all the peoples and products of central Africa, is fast disappearing, for the great city is being abandoned by its merchants as well as by the new rulers of the land. To-day scarcely fifty thousand of its people remain, and a few years hence it will be a thing of the past, as is the empire whose capital it was.

Khartum is of greater interest from its historical associations than from its present appearance. The town of to-day, occupying but a small portion of the former city, consists largely of native huts of mud and straw, and a market-place of most primitive nature. Straight, broad streets, however, are being run through this section,

trees are being planted on each side of them, and here and there are springing up the more or less ornamental brick buildings of the foreign traders. Already the National Egyptian Bank has erected a new building, while along the water-front are the palace, the government buildings, and the club and mess buildings of the British officers, for the most part built of brick mixed and baked on the spot.

Still farther up the bank of the Blue Nile are the unfinished barracks for the proposed British garrison—at the time of my visit there was not a British Tommy south of Cairo—and the half-completed Gordon College, which does not seem greatly to excite the interest or meet the approbation of those on the spot. It is generally considered to be ahead of the times, for in the depopulated Sudan there are no students to be found; every hand is needed to bring back the mimosa-overgrown grain-land to its former fruitful condition, and an industrial school for such an end would perhaps be at present more advantageous than a college for the higher education of natives who can neither read nor write. Add to this the naturally suspicious nature of the native, who, in spite of all assurances, fears that attempts will be made to draw away his children from the faith of Islam, and consequently holds himself aloof, and the prospects of the institution do not appear of a roseate hue.

The Sudanese are a restless people, easily roused to a state of fanaticism in religious matters. This the late restless uprising under the preaching and leadership of the Mahdi, who proclaimed himself Mohammed's successor and the regenerator of Islam, has conclusively shown. With nothing as a basis for his claims but the ascetic life of a dervish zealot, he gathered a small body of followers who, making up for their poverty of weapons by their reckless bravery, cut to pieces the detachments of government troops sent to capture him.

These miracles, as they were considered, becoming noised abroad, brought thousands to his standard; in a few months, with equal ease, he had annihilated a well-armed force of ten thousand men under European officers, and when he died, a few months after the fall of Khartum, he was the all-powerful ruler of millions, from whom he received honors almost divine. The merciless rule of his successor, the

Khalifa Abdullah, who strengthened his grasp by the slaughter of thousands and depopulated whole districts, taught the survivors too late their error, which, however, would not in the least prevent its repetition should occasion again arise. Hence the action of the government in forbidding all attempts at proselyting among the Moslem tribes in the present unsettled state of the country seems well grounded.

A new mosque and a capacious bazaar will soon be among the attractions of the city, and in time will come the railway-bridge over the Blue Nile, another step in the realization of the Cape to Cairo Railway. Even now Khartum is rapidly re-assuming the old importance which her location at the junction of the two Niles will always naturally confer upon her.

Sennaar, well up the Blue Nile, is already in direct water communication with the city, and a regular line of river steamers has been established, running to Gondokoro, the head of navigation on the White Nile, eleven hundred miles above Khartum and only a few hundred from Victoria Nyanza, to which a railway from the east African coast is in course of construction. Projected railways to Kasala, on the Abyssinian frontier, and to Suakim, on the Red Sea coast, are only further proofs of the opening up of the Sudan and its products to the outside world.

On the afternoon of my arrival the mercury in my tent crept slowly to 117°. Then came heavy clouds out of the east; a hurricane bent the tree-tops, strewing the ground with half-ripe dates, covering the river with threatening waves, and filling the air with blinding, stinging sand. After fifteen minutes of this, amid thunder and lightning and the roaring of the wind, the rain descended in floods. For thirty minutes the downpour continued, the mercury falling forty degrees, and then suddenly the storm ceased, the clouds disappeared, the sunset faded into a rich afterglow, and a deliciously fresh evening was upon us. With the deepening dusk all signs of life along the river-front disappeared. A lazy nuggar, crawling along below the lofty sun-baked bank in search of an anchorage for the night, or a group of belated water-carriers, descending to the water's edge to fill their heavy jars once more, alone broke in upon the prevailing quiet.

For a mile or more I wandered aim-

lessly along the rough path high above the stream without encountering man or beast, until in the neighborhood of the palace my reverie was suddenly interrupted by the sharp rattle of arms, and two sentries with rifles at "present" confronted me. Challenged? Certainly not, for who could I be, a white man in riding-togs, but a British officer off duty, before whom no native soldier wishes to be caught napping.

It is to the courtesy of G—, the post chaplain, that I owe most of the pleasant hours I passed in Khartum. It was he who escorted me through the palace, the furnishings of which seemed hopelessly at variance with their desert surroundings, and where, in the Sirdar's office, an enormous pair of elephant's tusks, the gift of some native chief, was leaning against the London roll-top desk. Descending the great stairway to the corridor before the guard-room, we paused a moment before the simple slab marking the spot where Gordon fell, and later, mounted on beautiful Arab ponies, galloped out to the cemetery in the desert where lie those few who have found Christian burial in Khartum.

It was in the house of this gentleman that I was made to feel at home even in far-away Khartum. At dinner, behind his master's chair and on the lookout for his slightest wish, stood a little Baggara boy who in his short life had passed through strange vicissitudes of fortune. Probably he himself remembers but little of his years of service under the Khalifa, but enough that, when his mighty master was slain, he was bearer of the Khalifa's water-bottle, and it was with this still grasped in his hand, lying upon Abdullah's body, that he was found by the victors.

At this time there were in Khartum no more than forty "Britishers," commanding officers of the Sudanese battalions in garrison there, or officials in the new civil government. Such members of their families as brave the frontier life at all are invariably sent out of the country at the beginning of the hot season, and every officer looks forward to the leave of absence which will enable him to do likewise, for the heat in June and July is nothing to make light of.

On account of another violent haboob the evening preceding my departure, I was unable to accept a kind invitation to dine at the officers' mess, which at the time I



Drawn by Fernand Lungren. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

# DAWN IN THE DESERT

much regretted, for no more genial or hospitable gentleman exists than the British frontier officer. However, in this instance my disappointment may have been fortunate. Indeed, G—— had intimated that my proposed journey would be considered a reckless undertaking and would therefore not be regarded with special favor at headquarters, and government disapprobation would have been fatal to all my plans.

Heretofore a canoe had never been seen in the Sudan; all who had noticed this one regarded it as a mere toy, and the descent of the cataracts in so frail a craft was considered not only impossible

but suicidal. As an American, I was received at all points with open-handed friendship by these British officers, and only their feelings of personal and national responsibility for my well-being would have induced them to interfere. Had I been a Continental or a Levantine, my proceedings, so long as they did not interfere with the welfare of the state, would have been regarded with utter indifference or summarily prohibited.

Thus it happened that at dawn of the 17th of July, without let or hindrance by the Khartum authorities, I started on my canoe journey to Cairo.

(To be continued.)



Drawn by Fernand Lungren

GYASSA

NUGGAR WITH MATTING SAIL

NUGGAR WITH SQUARE SAIL

## BY THE WAY

BY CHRISTIAN GAUSS

I GROPED among the hills, and heard  
 One singing by the way;  
 Lo, turning toward the east, my road  
 Stretched out to meet the day!

This man had taken joy to wife,—  
 No other charm he had,  
 A stranger singing into life,—  
 And all the hills were glad.





From a miniature painted in 1830, lent  
by Charles H. Ward

COLONEL SAMUEL WARD

From the print published in 1776  
by Thomas Hart

COLONEL BENEDICT ARNOLD

From the portrait in the Jordan collection  
of the Hist. Soc'y of Pa.

JOHN JOSEPH HENRY

## THE PROLOGUE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

BY JUSTIN H. SMITH

Professor of Modern History in Dartmouth College, Author of "The Troubadours at Home"

### II. ARNOLD'S BATTLE WITH THE WILDERNESS

#### CAMBRIDGE TO DEAD RIVER

WHILE General Schuyler was preparing for the invasion of Canada in the summer of 1775, Washington found that a portion of the forces besieging Boston could be spared. In order to block Schuyler's approach by Lake Champlain, Carleton, the governor of Canada, had left Quebec almost wholly ungarrisoned, and a sudden attack upon that city might either capture it or compel Carleton to return. For these reasons Washington resolved to despatch a small but superior force against Quebec through the forests of Maine and eastern Canada, and selected Colonel Benedict Arnold as its commander.

Benedict Arnold was not another Hannibal, the wilds through which he passed can hardly be called new Alps, and the Quebec of 1775 was not quite a second Rome; nevertheless, this expedition against

the British capital may fairly stand in the same class with the Carthaginian's great exploit.

In this case distance was a mightier enemy than courage, an unbroken forest invented abler strategy than Fabius, a flood was more terrible than a battle, a swamp counted as a defeat, a day meant safety or annihilation. It was not simply a march, then, but a campaign, that lay before this brave leader and his men—a campaign against nature, a campaign against the earth and the heavens. On both sides the moves were bold and pitiless, and the issue was doubtful to the last.

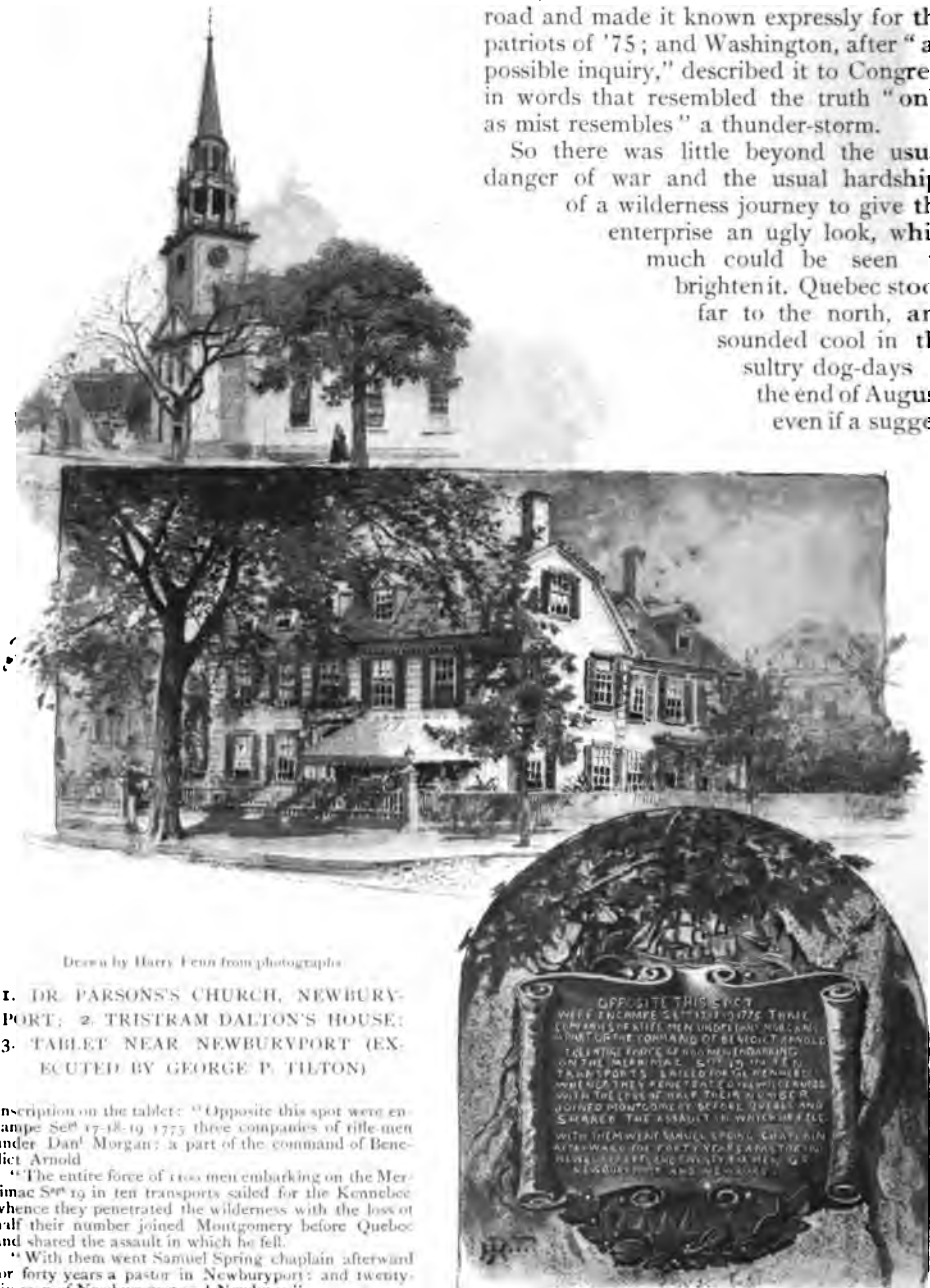
#### THE OUTLOOK

No such battle with the wilderness was looked for, however, when the expedition

set out. Ever since the earth wrinkled into valleys and mountains, the route that Arnold purposed to follow had connected Boston and Quebec. Across a bit of the ocean, up the Kennebec and its western branch, Dead River, over a dividing ridge four or five miles wide, down a river, a lake, and a river—and there stood Quebec

on its rock. Indian-hunters and Catholic fishers of men had passed back and forth. Several times it had been proposed to send a military expedition south or north. Explorers and surveyors had examined the ground in a hasty fashion, and for about a century published maps had cheerfully blundered more or less at the region. In short, it seemed as if nature had cut this road and made it known expressly for the patriots of '75; and Washington, after "all possible inquiry," described it to Congress in words that resembled the truth "only as mist resembles" a thunder-storm.

So there was little beyond the usual danger of war and the usual hardships of a wilderness journey to give the enterprise an ugly look, while much could be seen to brighten it. Quebec stood far to the north, and sounded cool in the sultry dog-days at the end of August, even if a sugges-



Drawn by Harry Fenn from photographs

1. DR. PARSON'S CHURCH, NEWBURYPORT; 2. TRISTRAM DALTON'S HOUSE;
3. TABLET NEAR NEWBURYPORT (EXECUTED BY GEORGE P. TILTON)

Inscription on the tablet: "Opposite this spot were encamped Sept. 17-18-19, 1775, three companies of rifle-men under Dan<sup>l</sup> Morgan; a part of the command of Benedict Arnold.

"The entire force of 1100 men embarking on the *Merimac* Sept. 19 in ten transports sailed for the Kennebec whence they penetrated the wilderness with the loss of half their number joined Montgomery before Quebec and shared the assault in which he fell.

"With them went Samuel Spring, chaplain afterward for forty years a pastor in Newburyport; and twenty-six men of Newburyport and Newbury."





Drawn by Sydney Adamson. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

#### TOASTING ARNOLD AND HIS OFFICERS IN NEWBURYPORT

tion of hot work lay in the idea of attacking such a fortress. The expedition was called a secret one, though almost everybody knew or guessed the secret. The very boldness of the plan—a lunge straight at the enemy's heart—was a challenge and a charm to brave men, while the ennui of camp life and the weariness of looking for enemies that did not come had prepared many an eager soul for anything in the guise of activity.

#### LEADER AND MEN

THE name of the leader, too, excited enthusiasm. Dorothy Dudley and the rest of

the ladies in Cambridge loved to gossip about a man whom they described as "daringly and desperately brave, sanguinely hopeful, of restless activity, intelligent and enterprising," gay and gallant; and the soldier lads told one another admiringly how he marched through the wicket-gate at old Ticonderoga shoulder to shoulder with Ethan Allen; how he threatened to break into the magazine at New Haven unless the selectmen would hand over the keys within five minutes, when his company heard the news of Lexington and wanted to set out for Cambridge; and even how he used to astonish the other boys,

years before, by seizing the great water-wheel and going around with it through water and through sky.

The men who volunteered to go with such a leader on such a quest were the ones most suitable: it was a case of natural selection, as when the magnet picks out the iron filings from a heap of dust.

lisle and another from Lancaster in the far-off colony of Pennsylvania, refreshing themselves twice on the way by arranging tar and feathers on an offensive loyalist; and still another had been led by Daniel Morgan from the yet more distant confines of the Old Dominion. In all, the detachment numbered about eleven hundred.



Drawn by Sydney Adamson. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

#### THE DEPARTURE FROM NEWBURYPORT

Hardy, brave, and vigorous men they were, full of the gaiety, enthusiasm, and good-fellowship of a strong humanity, and not wholly without its recklessness and its turbulence. Most of them represented the fruit of American soil, but a considerable number were of foreign, and particularly of Irish, birth. Few were more than twenty-four or less than eighteen years old, and only one officer had passed forty. Many had come from Rhode Island and Connecticut homes at the call of Lexington. Many had gathered from the farms and shops of Massachusetts Bay. New Hampshire and what we now call Maine had sent representatives.

All these were musketmen; but a company of "riflers" had marched from Car-

#### OFF FOR QUEBEC

WEDNESDAY, September 13, the counter-sign in the camp at Cambridge was "Quebec." Several delays had been unavoidable; but now, in a sultry heat that made the North seem more attractive than ever, most of the little army set out. By different routes they journeyed toward the northwest, and before Saturday was over, all were near the point of embarkation, the convenient harbor of Newburyport, on the Merrimac River, three miles from the sea.

But the sea—that was the enemy's country. British frigates had a way of turning up where they were least expected. Besides, who knew that the secret of the expedition had not leaked into Boston?



From a photograph by the author

#### THE BARRACKS OF FORT WESTERN IN 1901

Perhaps a man-of-war was lying in wait just around the corner; and it would make a fine tale for London if some lucky captain should bag the whole Kennebec detachment between harbors. So by Washington's orders three scouting-vessels were anxiously despatched in as many directions to see if the coast was clear, and we can imagine how eagerly Arnold and the officers awaited their report. This meant no loss of time, however. The winds needed to be coaxed around, and many final preparations had to be made.

Meanwhile the army gathered in a harvest of grand anticipations and hearty good will. The chiefs of the expedition were entertained royally by Nathaniel Tracy, Tristram Dalton, and other local grandees. The soldiers found a host of friends, and

every door stood open to them. Sunday a part of the troops listened to their chaplain, Mr. Spring, while others attended under arms at Dr. Parsons's church, and heard him pronounce a martial discourse on a martial text, his grave, slow voice lighted up by flashing blue eyes and by a fervor that reminded men of his friend, the famous Whitefield, buried beneath his pulpit. Even the least religious felt that somehow they were enlisted for the Lord, and the Almighty was to go up in the midst of them. And when the review took place that day, the manual of arms was gone through with an unwonted spirit, while everybody looked on in admiration.



From a photograph taken about 1865

#### ONE OF THE BLOCKHOUSES OF FORT HALIFAX

#### A TASTE OF SALT WATER

MONDAY the troops embarked on a fleet of



MOUTH OF THE KENNEBEC



MERRYMEETING BAY



SKOWHEGAN FALLS



BOMBAZEE RAPIDS



NORRIDGEWOCK FALLS



CARRITUNK FALLS



THE KENNEBEC WHERE ARNOLD LEFT IT



MOUNT BIGELOW FROM BOG BROOK

eleven vessels,—sloops and schooners,—and the next morning, as the coast was reported clear, anchors were raised. All the town gathered at the docks to say goodbye. Colors were flying, drums beating, and the fife all screaming their very best; and in this fashion, as their sails caught the wind, the vessels, one after another, stood away for the Kennebec. Arnold, on the top-sail-schooner *Broad Bay*, leading the van, and the rest of the squadron turning crisp white furrows after him across the blue glebe.

Quick and safe was the voyage. About midnight the vessels hove to off the rocky shore of Phippsburg, and the next morning they went on, passing humpbacked Seguin Island, with its noisy cliffs and brood of flat-faced islets, just visible in the tawny-orange dawn, on through a guard of high and ledgy islands, each crested with its grove of hemlocks, then on with the morning tide past the spot where Sir John Popham built a fort thirteen years before our Pilgrim fathers landed at Plymouth, and still on through the narrow, whale-like mouth of the Kennebec, plentifully garnished with rocky teeth, until they reached Parker's Flats, a famous anchorage two miles beyond.

Here Arnold paused, and probably most of his flotilla did the same; for the voyage, though quick, had been rough. There was a storm-tossed and unhappy freight of patriots aboard the fleet; and, as we find,

it seemed best to send ashore for "refreshments."

The refreshments arrived, and with them came, according to a well-supported tradition, Parson Emerson and Deacon Parker. For an hour and a half the minister prayed

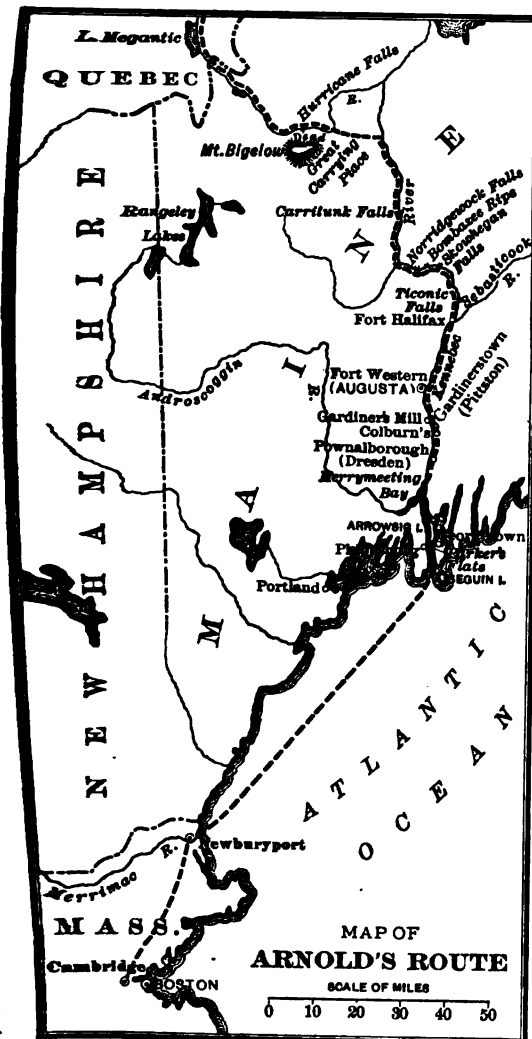
for the expedition, we are told, and then probably he too partook of refreshments; for his parishioners believed there was a tumbler in his pulpit, and that when his head was bowed quite out of sight at times, it was not so much to implore a blessing as to enjoy one.

#### UP THE KENNEBEC

GUIDED by a pilot found at the mouth of the river, the vessels worked their way upstream. Past Squirrel Point, Green Point, and Bluff Head, past Weasel Point, Lee Island, and Indian Point, they came finally to Georgetown, about a dozen miles from the mouth, very thankful to get there, too, beyond so many perils of enemy, sea, and rocks.

Next, Arnold found the Kennebec twisting sharply to the west at

Fiddler's Reach, and then settling down for four good miles of wide, straight water—the Long Reach so welcome to skippers. Here two missing vessels of his fleet rejoined him, well punished for choosing the broad way of Sheepscot River by having to worry a passage through Lower and Upper Hellgate. Then another left-handed twist at Telegraph Point, with handfuls of islands on each side, another sharp swing



to the west through the Chops, and the murmuring prows entered Merrymeeting Bay.

Now came a scene to gladden the heart and make all storm-tossed landsmen forget both past and future. For the bay was a lake about six miles long, where sturgeon and salmon kept the water boiling, and fishing-schooners had been whitening the blue waters for more than half a century; while at least four namable rivers joined their tides to the Kennebec.

#### A GLIMPSE OF AARON BURR

THEN passing Abagadasset Point, the ships went on a couple of miles to Swan Island, at present the township of Perkins. This was an excellent opportunity to run aground, and it was not neglected. But in time all the vessels managed to push up the channel on the eastern side of the island, and pass Little Swan Island, where a powerful sachem formerly met his dusky warriors, and where now young Aaron Burr, whom his mother had once called "a little, dirty, noisy boy, . . . very sly and mischievous," persuaded a French-Indian maiden to accompany him to Quebec. A hard bit of navigation at Lovejoy's Narrows, and soon Swan Island lay astern. On the left could be seen remains of Fort Richmond, merely a protected house; to and fro plied Parker's Ferry; and on the right lay Pownalborough, the Dresden of to-day, with its decaying Fort Shirley, its big square court-house that never will decay, its comfortable string of dwellings, and its Tory parson, Jacob Bailey, preaching to a congregation that was too much—or else not enough—of the same opinion.

Beyond Pownalborough lay on the two sides of the river a wide tract that was rightfully called Gardinerstown, after Dr. Sylvester Gardiner of Boston, the proprietor, but was usually known, in 1775, as Pittston, because the stiff old doctor would not crook his knees to the new doctrines. Just below a little turn in the river, at what is now Green's Ledges Point, could be found a narrow strip of meadow where the oaks loved to grow, as great willows love to grow there now. High above, at the verge of a terraced bluff, stood the house of Major Reuben Colburn, and at the edge of the river was a shipyard belonging to the same proprietor.

#### THE PIVOT OF THE ENTERPRISE

It was early in the afternoon of Thursday, September 21, the weather fair, a good breeze blowing from somewhere near the north, and the tide ebbing. Everything looked a-bustle in the shipyard. Colburn himself was on hand, strong and hearty, a shrewd, enterprising Yankee. On hand was Thomas Agry, too, a shipwright who had settled at the point a year before. A squad of workmen were whacking away at their smartest, while not far off on the shore lay the fruit of their toil, nearly two hundred pine bateaux, flat-bottomed boats with high, flaring sides and a long, sharp end at stem and stern. The rest of the two hundred were nearing completion.

At this moment a boat was seen approaching from below, and everybody stopped his work to watch it. The helmsman was evidently making straight for the shipyard. "From the fleet," some one suggested. "Tide and wind are against them, so they have taken to the boat."

Soon the visitors were alongside, and an officer stepped quickly ashore, without waiting to be quite clear of the water. He wore, if I mistake not, the uniform adopted in February by the second company of the Governor's Foot Guards of New Haven: a cocked hat with a plume; a scarlet coat with cuffs, collar, and lapels of buff, and plain silver-washed buttons; waistcoat, breeches, and stockings of white linen; black half-leggings, and "a small, fashionable, and narrow-ruffled shirt." Rather a short man he seemed, but stout and athletic, and very quick in his movements. A florid complexion, a haughty nose, a domineering chin, persuasive, smiling lips, and the boldest blue eyes man ever saw, completed him. Major Colburn had met this officer in Cambridge. "Good day, Colonel Arnold," he said, and saluted.

There was a reason why Arnold left the transports in the river and hurried on to Colburn's: this was the real pivot of the enterprise.

It was to Colburn that Arnold wrote a letter, still unpublished, the very day after Washington sent word of the proposed expedition to Schuyler, and in it he asked the initial questions about conveying troops up the Kennebec. Colburn entered heartily into the scheme, and visited Cambridge three times; and to him Washington gave

*Orders for Mr. Reuben Colburn of his mustering  
upon the River Hannabush in The Province of  
Massachusetts Bay*

*Given at His Quarters Cambridge  
this 3<sup>d</sup> day of September 1775*

*By The General Command  
Horatio Gates Major Gen<sup>l</sup>*

*G. Washington*

FACSIMILE OF A PORTION OF WASHINGTON'S ORDERS TO REUBEN COLBURN

In possession of the United States government, Washington, D. C.

the definite orders for boats and provisions on September 3. Success or failure depended vastly upon his exertions, and Arnold looked eagerly about the shipyard. he could only accept the situation, urge the utmost despatch, and order twenty more boats, besides the two hundred, to be made in the next three days.

*Received Homebush Sep<sup>r</sup> 1775 of Mr Reuben  
Colburn. Two hundred & Twenty Batts for  
the Publick Service*

*B. Arnold Coll<sup>l</sup>*

FACSIMILE OF ARNOLD'S RECEIPT FOR THE BATEAUX

In possession of the United States government, Washington, D. C.

Then his countenance fell. "Bad, bad!" he said to himself. The boats would be larger and stronger, he supposed, and all of them ready. It was unfortunate, very; but

INFORMATION WANTED

INFORMATION was another need that Colburn had undertaken to supply, and he

*we have done the utmost in our  
Power to complete the intended Tower & are  
with Esteem your most Obedt<sup>s</sup>.  
Denes Getchel  
Samuel Berry*

FACSIMILE OF A PORTION OF GETCHEL AND BERRY'S REPORT

In possession of the United States government, Washington, D. C.



presented the report of a reconnaissance made by Denis Getchel, Samuel Berry, and four companions. This also was disappointing, for the scouts had gone only a part of the way through the wilderness. On Dead River they met an Indian, Natanis, who declared that he was employed by General Carleton to look out for an army or a party of scouts expected any day from New England, that other guards were alert farther on, and that he should feel bound to report the scouting party if they went farther. Their Indian guide at once called a halt, and the rest, after advancing another day, concluded to return. This looked very menacing, but Arnold snapped his fingers at the whole of it. Natanis, he wrote Washington, was "a noted villain," and "very little credit" was to be given to his tales.

From another source, however, information was on hand—information about the route. Arnold already had something besides hearsay and the general maps. Fourteen years before, an able engineer, John Montresor, had been sent by General Murray to explore the route along which these invading troops were to march. A map and a journal grew out of his trip, and both of these were in Arnold's possession. But still more details were needed, and three weeks before this Colburn had applied to Major Goodwin, a surveyor at Pownalborough, for copies of his maps and minutes. Goodwin was a loyalist, or at least a trimmer, and perhaps would have preferred to refuse them; but the tradition is that Sam, a son of his, insisted he should not. "Damned Tory," Sam called his father, they said. Anyhow, the data were in readiness, and, according to Goodwin, Arnold was now posted about the quick water, carrying-places, and passes all the way to Quebec.

#### OLD FORT WESTERN

MEANWHILE the transports had come up. It seems to have been the intention to sail the vessels to Fort Western, some nine miles above, row the bateaux to the same point, and there transfer the cargoes; but the water was low, and few if any of the transports could ascend the river more than four or five miles above Colburn's. A part of them unloaded their burden of military stores, provisions, and men at the shipyard, prob-

ably; and in one way and another the whole army passed Gardiner's mills, where the city of Gardiner now stands, and arrived at Fort Western before Sunday, the 24th, with the exception of only a few belated men. Here ended one scene of labors and perils, and here another and greater was to open.

Fort Western was "a strong, defensible magazine," as Governor Shirley called it. For central feature it had a barrack or storehouse a hundred feet long, built of squared pine timbers a foot thick, laid close together, that still bear witness—near the eastern end of the carriage-bridge in Augusta—to the solidity of its constitution. Around that and a sizable court ran a palisade, fortified at opposite corners with two pine blockhouses crowned with hard-wood sentry-boxes, and protected also by an outer palisade extending from the river quite around everything to the river again.

Only twenty-one years before, such a fortification had seemed necessary. The governor of Massachusetts came down with eight hundred soldiers to defend the carpenters; yet even then the ravine close by was so full of redskins—or at least so full of bad dreams—that all the work of cutting and fitting the timber had to be done at Pownalborough, where the carpenters could sleep in Fort Shirley. Wolfe's victory on the Plains of Abraham had changed all this. Deprived of French backing, the savages were no longer so fond of ravines, and the garrison left Fort Western.

For the next few days, however, the old fort was a busy spot once more. Some rustic festivities honored the coming of the troops, very likely—tradition speaks, indeed, of a barbecue. But Arnold could not be called a dallier; time was unspeakably precious, mountains of work stood there to be cleared away, and we have better evidence than tradition as to what occurred.

There were no cameras in this army, unfortunately; but there were pens. Arnold himself kept a journal, and what we have of it begins at Fort Western. Captain Oswald, his secretary, wrote one for a month less a day from the time of leaving Cambridge. John Joseph Henry, afterward a judge in Pennsylvania, prepared an interesting though very faulty narrative many years later, which has enjoyed more fame

than any of the rest. Thirteen other accounts have come down from officers or privates, so that with a knowledge of the ground, a sufficient stock of patience, and the aid of other documents of the time, one may finally spin from these often confused and often inconsistent stories a fairly sound thread.

#### FORWARD AGAIN

As for this particular time and place, the reports prove, as I have said, that many things had to be done. Arnold himself arrived Saturday evening (September 23), and the very next day, while Allen and Brown were concocting their unlucky plan to surprise Montreal, he ordered two advance parties up the Kennebec. One of them, under Lieutenant Church, was to note "the exact courses and distances to Dead River," and had a surveyor with it for that purpose. The other, led by the brave and active Lieutenant Steele, received a more arduous commission: it was to ascend the Kennebec and Dead River, cross the Height of Land into Canada, and keep on to Lake Megantic, reconnoitering, and, if necessary, marking the route, and securing all possible information from the Indians.

Monday the advance against the wilderness began in earnest. From Cambridge to Newburyport the army had marched in three divisions, but Arnold decided to proceed now in four. First he sent forward the three companies of riflemen under Morgan; they were the barb of his arrow. The next day three companies of musketeers set out with Lieutenant-Colonel Greene and Major Bigelow as their chiefs. Wednesday Major Meigs and four more companies of musketeers began their advance. The last three companies, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Enos, should have marched on Thursday, but that proved impossible, as there were many loose ends for the rear to gather up; but on Friday a part, if not the whole, of this division moved. Guides, helpers of various kinds, and a gang of twenty "artificers," accompanied by Major Colburn, had gone forward; and about noon on Friday Arnold threw himself into a pirogue and struck out for the head of the line. In twenty days they would probably see Quebec, he wrote Washington, reckoning the distance one hundred and eighty miles. So far every

step had taken longer than had been hoped, but now the army was off, and he looked for better speed.

Fort Western, a little more than forty miles from the sea, was the head of navigation on the Kennebec, for here began a half-mile of rapids. First, then, all the belongings of the army had to be transported one hundred and sixty rods by land. Above the rapids the boats were launched, all the freight, including provisions for a month and a half, was carefully loaded in, about four men stepped into each as crew, and then, one by one, the bateaux turned their sharp noses toward Fort Halifax, eighteen miles above, pursued with cheers, adieus, and soldiers' rough pleasantries, while the rest of the troops made their way by an overgrown military road in the same direction.

#### A TIDY PARCEL FOR WEARY BACKS

FORT HALIFAX had to suffer like its neighbor from the victory of Wolfe. It had no intention of dying easily, and while the railway-trains now dash across the old parade-ground at the northern end of the bridge over the Sebec River, one of the blockhouses maintains its ground right stubbornly still; but Montresor found the post rapidly decaying in 1761, and in 1775 it was able to play no part worth mention in sheltering Arnold's troops.

Just above the fort began Ticonic Falls, another long rapid in the Kennebec, and here the soldiers learned what a carrying-place was like. One after another, all the bateaux were rowed to a landing. Usually the freight was taken out; then four men sprang into the water, passed a couple of handspikes under the bottom of the craft near the ends, raised it by main force, and staggered up the bank. Next, with the aid of the shore party, bateaux and lading were carried beyond the rapids, and finally the boats, reloaded, began their journey again. The bateaux themselves, as the surgeon guessed, weighed the trifle of four hundred pounds apiece. Guns, ammunition, provisions, tents, baggage, axes and shovels, utensils of every kind, supplies of all sorts,—including, no doubt, some good New England rum,—made up the total to more than one hundred tons, we may fairly estimate. It might have been still more, of course; but certainly this was a tidy parcel for weary backs, and the task of transport-

ing it was a labor "little to be envied by any short of galley-slaves," as the surgeon remarked.

#### LEARNING THE A-B-C'S

ABOVE Ticonic Falls the shore party found a sort of road on the western bank of the river, and were comfortable enough, marching in loose order through the forest, and catching glimpses now and then between the almost leafless trees of a dark-blue river dotted with a fleet of boats.

Not so fared the bateauxmen. Here came the Five Mile Falls, where the Kennebec descends thirty-four feet in a long series of rapids. Arnold hired Crosier to take his party around, and Dr. Senter, also, got past by land; but no such escape was contrivable for the army. To force the laden bateaux through such water looked impossible, but it had to be done. A hundred islets beat the tumult of streams to a fury, and a thousand rocks lashed them into frenzy. Jagged ledges sawed the bottoms of the bateaux. Fierce billows pounded them against the cliffs. Sunken logs, greasy with ooze; green islets, treacherous with moss; hidden stones, polished and slippery, lay in wait for the boatmen as they waded in the stream, now up to the waist, now up to the chin—charged by the current, smitten by the waves, clutching at this and that along the shore, and still tugging as they could at the painters of the bateaux, or pushing at their sterns. Trees thrust out their crooked roots to trip them into the river, when they hauled by ropes from the shore; cliffs barred their way, and banks fell beneath them.

Through all this passed the expedition to Quebec—every gun, every flint, every ounce of flour, every grain of powder. "Now we are learning to be soldiers," wrote Haskell. These were indeed the a-b-c's of their battle with the wilderness. But it was a long way still to the Z!

#### ANOTHER COMBAT

TWENTY miles or a little more above Fort Halifax came Skowhegan Falls and another combat.

Some distance below, the river turned a full quarter of a circle, and just at the turn two ledges on the opposite shores of the stream formed a gateway of rock some twenty-five feet wide, guarded below by a

whirlpool on each side. Here every bateau crew had to force their perilous way. Full in the face, then, the river struck them, rushing, gray with foam, down a gorge like the bore of a cannon, and for nearly half a mile the boatmen, trained only by their rude experience at the Five Mile Falls, had to drive their unwilling craft against the current.

To attempt the cataracts was beyond the strength of Argonauts even, and they could only try to carry the bateaux up a slight break in the towering wall of the island. This was what the Indians did with their canoes, and they found it hard enough; but a birch cockleshell was very different from a bateau of green pine. It was a cruel task, but as inevitable as fate. Now and then an unlucky step would trip a soldier; his fellows would lose their ticklish balance; to save themselves from grinding to pieces down the face of the cliff, they would let the bateau go; with a rush it would fall and smash into splinters at the bottom; and fortunate indeed were the next crew if they escaped unhurt.

But at last this, too, was accomplished, and the toilers fell panting on the greensward above, where tradition says that Indian fishermen used to make their camp. Over them towered ancient pines, the crisp autumnal air fanned their cheeks, and the deep voices of the cataracts drowned their care. Amid such surroundings youth, energy, and enthusiasm could survive even hardships like these—aye, and more; for when some of the men passed these falls and lay down to sleep in their dripping clothes, they found themselves, on awakening, cased in armor: their clothes had frozen.

#### A TRIPLE BARRIER

"GREAT part of the way small falls and quick water," was Arnold's description of the next five miles. Then came Bombazee Rapids, where, as tradition says, a fatal bullet struck the great orator of the Kennebaëgs, and he plunged like lead from a high rock into the river. And then, a little more than fifty miles from Fort Western, the boatmen found themselves face to face with the roar and foam of Norridgewock Falls.

Three pitches nearly half a mile apart made up this tremendous barrier, a triple wall. All were loud and furious, but the

second was perhaps the wildest. One may cling now to the jagged rocks of the shore, and watch with delight the plunge of giant logs, follow them as they toss about like straws in the seething caldron of white water, and listen to the dull boom that accents the profound roar of the cataract as one of them strikes, end-on, the rock floor of the abyss; but plainly no boat could

ably, in the scanty time allowed him; but the green pine of the bottoms quickly wore through, and the seams, wrenched apart in the waves, let in so much water that one could hardly tell which was river and which was boat. The heart of the army almost burst with rage and bitterness, as they saw success and even life imperiled by these crazy constructions—"many of them little



From an old print

pass the falls, and for our bateamen there was nothing to do but carry everything a mile or so around the barrier.

Arnold reached the place on the 2d of October, and found that the first division had just got their baggage across the portage. The second division had begun to arrive, the third appeared two days later, and Enos came up when another two days had passed; but Arnold was not able to move again until the 9th. How he chafed! Two sleds were kept going constantly with oxen to help transport the baggage, and of course the men served as packhorses; but the distance was long, the road bad, the hill steep, and the task almost endless.

#### MISFORTUNES

THERE was something worse than all this: the bateaux were already giving out. Colburn had done as well as he could, prob-

better than common rafts," they said. Loud was the outcry against the builders. "Did they not know that their doings were crimes?" cried Morison; "that they were cheating their country and exposing its defenders to additional sufferings?" But wrath and bitterness did not prevent work. Colburn and his "artificers" were soon on the ground, the seams were calked again, and the bottoms were repaired as well as possible.

But even this was not the worst of it. Water had entered by the top as well as by the bottom—a great deal of it. Strength is needed to handle a boat in quick water, but skill is more essential still, and that was lacking, for there were few experienced bateamen in the army. The salt had been washed out of the dried fish loaded in bulk, and all of it spoiled. The casks of dry peas and biscuit burst and were lost. Even the salt pork, the staple of army

provender, was injured, and much of it had to be repacked; while the salt beef, cured in hot weather, was found unfit for use. Up to this point some provisions had been obtained from people along the way, —smoked salmon and moose-meat, for example, and no doubt occasionally a mouthful of fresh beef and vegetables,—but for the future there were to be no such delicacies. A few oxen might be driven along for a time; the forward companies would be able to bring down a little game before the deer and moose were frightened away: but evidently flour and pork were to be the two crutches of existence now, and who could say whether they would not break down?

#### INTO THE FOREST

AT Norridgewock began the wilderness, the "forest primeval." About a mile below the falls Sebastian Rale, a French Jesuit from Canada, had lived in the midst of his converts, and at the head of an avenue of wigwams two hundred feet wide, his church, where forty young Indians in cassocks attended about the altar, had been as well filled with painted worshippers as the chapel of Louis XIV himself; but politics, mingling with his theology, intoxicated him, and a detachment of Massachusetts troops had extinguished both priest and village half a century before. Now civilization was approaching from the other direction, and two or three families had settled here.

There were a few houses at Fort Western and at Getchel's Corner, eight miles beyond; a few at Pishon's Ferry, above the Five Mile Falls; a very few in Skowhegan, or Canaan, as it was then called ("What a Canaan!" exclaimed Captain Thayer); and now a very few about Norridgewock—all told they were not much, though their owners "breathed nothing but liberty" and willingly sold their spare provisions to fellow-patriots for a high price. But little as they were, they seemed vastly better than a boundless void. Sobered by this adieu to mankind, the army pressed on more thoughtfully. Yet, after all, the real wilderness had not been reached. Naturally this was an Eden. Here was land that never lied. Blue joint-grass four or five feet high waved luxuriantly. It was a vacant yet inviting spot.

But at the next barrier, Carritunk Falls,

thirteen miles above, genuine wilderness began to be felt. This was the Ultima Thule of the salmon and of everything else. Below had been lowlands; above were only highlands. Off toward the left appeared the mountains that must be traversed, and they seemed very dismal to the troops, cold-looking as they were, and already topped with snow.

Still the army pressed on. The Kennebec, stripped of large confluents, became a mountain stream, swift and shallow. On the high ground a little above the river on the eastern shore, moose tracks, crossed every few rods, attested the savageness of the country. The weather grew cold. A chilly rain set in. The last rags of autumnal brightness were beaten from the trees. Closer and still closer grew the valley, until at last a "sugar-loaf" mountain stood up out of the river straight ahead, and the noisy clamor of a brook emptying into the Kennebec from the west made itself heard. The troops halted. This was the Great Carrying-place, and now the Kennebec was to be left behind. The one last link between them and civilization must be broken.

#### THE GREAT CARRYING-PLACE

DEAD RIVER, draining a series of ponds near what is now the Canadian boundary, flows in a southeasterly direction toward the valley of the Kennebec, but, just before arriving there, finds itself driven to the north and east in a great bow, and empties a considerable distance above. Along the bow the river is not easily navigable, even for canoes; but nature has atoned in part for establishing this barrier by planting three ponds between the Kennebec and the turn of Dead River. Here the troops had before them eight miles of land-carriage divided into four portages, and about four miles of boating across the lakes. They would finally arrive at a small stream, called Bog Brook at present, and after paddling down its winding channel about a mile would enter Dead River.

To the sportsman or tourist of to-day a trip across the Great Carrying-place is arduous but enjoyable. A passable road leads him up a moderate ascent for nearly three miles and a half through pleasant woods, with a sociable brook chattering agreeably for a while in the deep gorge on his right hand, and he then finds himself



Drawn by Sydney Adamson. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

CARRYING THE BATEAUX AT SKOWHEGAN FALLS



gazing at a broad expanse of dark water, surrounded by tier on tier of low, densely wooded hills, and enlivened now and then, in the depths of its green shadows along the shore, by the spring of a trout.

A comfortable trail over firm ground brings one from this to the second pond, a muddy sheet in the form of an hour-glass, yet interesting from its very desolateness, thickly decorated here and there as it is with oily pads of the cow-lily, dear to the moose, and encompassed by dead junipers a century old at least, with long gray moss floating languidly from their skeleton arms. Beyond this comes a trail very far indeed from comfortable, taking one for many rods together up and down over the slippery boles of trees prostrated long ago by some tornado, and piled high above the ground.

The third lake, a true gem of the forest, sparkling its clear waters beneath a radiant sky, rewards the visitor for his trials. It is the largest as well as the loveliest of the three; and, as Arnold wrote, "the prospect is very beautiful and noble." All around the horizon undulates a line of wooded hills, rising here and there into the climax of a modest peak. On the southwest is planted the broad cone of Carrying-place Mountain, swelling upward from the lake. Remoter, but not distant, Burnt Jacket, Bald Mountain, and Mount Stewart continue the circuit, until, straight before one, the cloven summit of Mount Bigelow is barely seen. Beyond the lake, a sharpish climb, a long, easy descent, and about a mile of low, soft ground bring one to the brook.

#### A LABOR FOR HERCULES

To Arnold's men, unhappily, the Great Carrying-place presented a rougher side. The path was only an Indian trail, discernible even had it not been marked by Steele's party, but in no sense a road or even a path. Morgan's division left Fort Western with orders to make a road; but the rest of the army came close upon their heels, and road-building of the rudest possible sort had to be done as it could. A furious rain on October 8—a day or two after the van arrived—suspended all such work, and soaked the ground so badly that no place to lie down could be found, and the men sat up all night around their fires. Then a gale set in that lashed the

ponds into a fury and forbade the boats to cross; a tree was blown down, and one man fatally injured. The water of the second pond, dyed saffron-color by decaying vegetation, sickened the troops with complaints that were distressing, if not fatal. Exposure and excessive labor began to bear fruit in breakdowns, and "Arnold's Hospital" had to be thrown together on the second portage.

Every superfluity was cast aside now. Pork was unbarreled and slung on poles. But there was no way to lighten much the frightful task. Seven or eight journeys had to be made, back and forth, to move everything across each portage. On the first carry the men sank almost knee-deep a large part of the way. The trail across the third lay through a bog "choaked up with roots," as Arnold wrote. As for the last portage, Squier described the beginning of it as "a very bad way," and the final mile as "a hundred times worse."

Indeed, it was enough to break a poor fellow's heart, this last mile. Fair and firm the ground looked from a distance, fair and even, laid with a carpet of gray-green moss, with a grove in the middle and patches of half-withered bushes here and there; but at every step one sank half-way to the knee, and had for footing the sharp, broken limbs of spruces and cedars that had fallen into the morass and sunk there. Over this penitential route had to be carried the bateaux, the boat furniture, the barrels of flour, the long poles of pork, guns, kegs of powder, tents, and utensils. Sliding about in the mire, one of the four men carrying a boat on their shoulders would go down. Down would go the boat, and every now and then one of the rickety things would smash. Sometimes a barrel of flour rolled from the stumbling porters into a bog-hole, and the porters had to go there for it. A thousand miserable accidents trod on one another's heels; and then, when the day's work was over, the soldiers had to camp as they could, sometimes after nightfall, sometimes in the rain and without shelter.

#### NOBLE MEN, NOBLE OFFICERS

YET the men, with few exceptions, kept their spirits through it all. No complaining, no shirking. Comradeship was better than comfort, and rough pleasantries atoned for hardships.





Drawn by Herman Fink. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson.  
ON THE LAST PORTAGE OF THE GREAT CARRYING-PLACE

The leaders proved worthy of the rank and file. Though always officers, they were always men. Ever at their posts, assuming no airs, ordering nobody about, leading and cheering, they shared every labor and every hardship. There were Captain Thayer, afterward the hero of Fort Mifflin, and his worthy comrade, Captain Topham. There was Captain Oswald, who was to fight for France as Lafayette fought for America. Major Bigelow and Captain Hubbard were there, gallant soldiers and ideal patriots both. Lieutenant-Colonel Greene, who preferred these perils to a favored place under his kinsman and intimate friend, General Nathanael Greene, toiled on with his radiant face and shining eyes. There were seen Major Meigs, destined to receive the thanks of Congress and be named the "White Path" by his charges, the Indians of Ohio; Captain Ward, son of a noble governor of Rhode Island, whose patriotic fire was to blaze forth again in the "Battle-hymn of the Republic"; and Captain Dearborn, on the way to be commander-in-chief of the American armies.

And there, too, was Daniel Morgan. He no longer wore the costume of the rifle corps, nor the cocked hat that was on his big head at Parker's Flats, with its bit of paper and the words "Liberty or Death." Stripped to the dress of the woods,—the costume of the Indians,—he braved the cold and the thickets with only a cloth around his loins, and ruddy marks told where the briars had struck their claws into his flesh.

#### THE ANXIOUS LEADER

FOR his own part, Arnold was not idle. Arriving at the Great Carrying-place on October 11, five days later than his van, he left it October 16, four days earlier than his rear, and his time was fully occupied. Steele, leaving a part of his famishing company on Dead River to await relief, hurried back and reported that he had seen Lake Megantic, and the path was open. Church also reported; and then both were despatched on similar missions farther ahead. A full account of everything was forwarded to Washington: nine hundred and fifty effectives now, provisions for twenty-five days, and the worst of the difficulties past. Not everything was bored into by the commander's eyes, as we shall

see; but many things were, and many prudent measures were taken.

Yet Arnold's labors were less than his anxieties. Would it be possible to get through to Quebec? What obstacles, what dangers, might not confront him in the enemy's country when his own proved so hostile? And he owed to Washington that until Lake Megantic was reached, and reports from his front came in, he could not positively know whether to advance or retreat.

Enos—could it be that he wavered? Arnold seems to have mistrusted it; at least he felt it necessary to lure him on to Dead River with a letter that he himself did not believe. What if there should be a defection?

Schuyler and Montgomery—let them fall back after the army of the Kennebec had reached Quebec and its ruin was a certainty. Wheat between the millstones could not be ground finer. How it would have cheered Arnold to know that Chambly was just ready to fall! But he knew nothing of that. Not a syllable had come from the west, though flying rumors of his being at Quebec reached Montgomery a week before. He must send word that he was advancing and expected to carry out the plan. But how? Indians were the only available messengers. Could they be trusted? Would they betray the secret of the expedition, and make a surprise impossible? The risk must be run, and Arnold despatched a letter by two Indians, sending a white man with them to sound the French peasants of the Chaudière valley.

And Quebec—what was going on there? What forces were awaiting him? Was the city on its guard? Would the gates be open? Only a week after the detachment set out it was rumored in Cambridge that Quebec had been seized by Canadians friendly to the Provincials. Was the truth like that? He must find out; and the same Indians bore a letter to John Dyer Mercier, a friend of his in Quebec.

#### A CHALLENGE FROM THE WILDERNESS

"THE greatest difficulties being, I hope, already past," wrote Arnold. How ignorance and optimism help us to meet blithely what otherwise we could not meet at all!

Just as the pioneers began work on the

morass at the end of the fourth portage, a little party of men staggered over to them from the other side, bent, gaunt, unkempt, sallow, ghastly, scarce able to trail one foot after the other. These were the rest of Steele's reconnoitering company. The relief sent them failed somehow to arrive; the army, delayed by obstacles and misfortunes, appeared to have retreated; and

they, with what strength remained, undertook to find their comrades. At Fort Western they had been the picked men of an army of picked men. One of them was John Joseph Henry, young, powerful, untamably vital; and the others were like him.

The greatest difficulties already past? This reeling squad was the answer—the challenge of the wilderness.

(To be continued.)

# THE WIFE OF CHINO

BY FRANK NORRIS

Author of "The Octopus"

WITH PICTURES BY J. N. MARCHAND

## I

### CHINO'S WIFE



ON the back porch of the "office," young Lockwood—his boots, stained with the mud of the mines and with candle-drippings, on the rail—sat smoking his pipe and looking off down the cañon.

It was early in the evening. Lockwood, because he had heard the laughter and horse-play of the men of the night shift as they went down the cañon from the bunk-house to the tunnel-mouth, knew that it was a little after seven. It would not be necessary to go indoors and begin work on the columns of figures of his pay-roll for another hour yet. He knocked the ashes out of his pipe, refilled and lighted it,—stoppering with his match-box,—and shot a wavering blue wreath out over the porch railing. Then he resettled himself in his tilted chair, hooked his thumbs into his belt, and fetched a long breath.

For the last few moments he had been considering, in that comfortable spirit of relaxed attention that comes with the after-dinner tobacco, two subjects: first, the beauty of the evening; second, the temperament, character, and appearance of Felice Zavalla.

As for the evening, there could be no two opinions about that. It was charming. The Hand-over-fist Gravel Mine, though not in the higher Sierras, was sufficiently above the level of the mere foot-hills to be in the sphere of influence of the greater mountains. Also, it was remote, difficult of access. Iowa Hill, the nearest post-office, was a good eight miles distant, by trail, across the Indian River. It was sixteen miles by stage from Iowa Hill to Colfax, on the line of the Overland Railroad, and all of a hundred miles from Colfax to San Francisco.

To Lockwood's mind this isolation was in itself an attraction. Tucked away in this fold of the Sierras, forgotten, remote, the little community of a hundred souls that comprised the personnel of the Hand-over-fist lived out its life with the completeness of an independent State, having its own government, its own institutions and customs. Besides all this, it had its own dramas as well—little complications that developed with the swiftness of whirlpools, and that trended toward culmination with true Western directness. Lockwood, college-bred,—he was a graduate of the Columbia School of Mines,—found the life interesting.

On this particular evening he sat over



Drawn by J. N. Marchand. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"LOCKWOOD DISMOUNTED AND WALKED BY HER SIDE"

his pipe rather longer than usual, seduced by the beauty of the scene and the moment. It was very quiet. The prolonged rumble of the mine's stamp-mill came to his ears in a ceaseless diapason, but the sound was so much a matter of course that Lockwood no longer heard it. The millions of pines and redwoods that covered the flanks of the mountains were absolutely still. No wind was stirring in their needles. But the chorus of tree-toads, dry, staccato, was as incessant as the pounding of the mill. Far off—thousands of miles, it seemed—an owl was hooting, three velvet-soft notes at exact intervals. A cow in the stable near at hand lay down with a long breath, while from the back veranda of Chino Zavalla's cabin came the clear voice of Felice singing "The Spanish Cavalier" while she washed the dishes.

The twilight was fading; the glory that had blazed in cloudless vermilion and gold over the divide was dying down like receding music. The mountains were purple-black. From the cañon rose the night mist, pale blue, while above it stood the smoke from the mill, a motionless plume of sable, shot through by the last ruddiness of the afterglow.

The air was full of pleasant odors,—the smell of wood fires from the cabins of the married men and from the ovens of the cook-house, the ammoniacal whiffs from the stables, the smell of ripening apples from "Bobson's" orchard,—while over all and through all came the perfume of the witch-hazel and tar-weed from the forests and mountain-sides, as pungent as myrrh, as aromatic as aloes.

And if I should fall,  
In vain I would call,

sang Felice.

Lockwood took his pipe from his teeth and put back his head to listen. Felice had as good a voice as so pretty a young woman should have had. She was twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, and was incontestably the beauty of the camp. She was Mexican-Spanish, tall and very slender, black-haired, as lithe as a cat, with a cat's green eyes, and with all of a cat's purring, ingratiating insinuation.

Lockwood could not have told exactly just how the first familiarity between him and Felice had arisen. It had grown by almost imperceptible degrees up to a cer-

tain point; now it was a chance meeting on the trail between the office and the mill, now a fragment of conversation apropos of a letter to be mailed, now a question as to some regulation of the camp, now a detail of repairs done to the cabin wherein Felice lived. As said above, up to a certain point the process of "getting acquainted" had been gradual, and, on Lockwood's part, unconscious; but beyond that point affairs had progressed rapidly.

At first Felice had been, for Lockwood, a pretty woman, neither more nor less; but by degrees she emerged from this vague classification: she became a very pretty woman. Then she became a personality; she occupied a place within the circle which Lockwood called his world, his life. For the past months this place had, perforce, to be enlarged. Lockwood allowed it to expand—encouraged it to expand. To make room for Felice, he thrust aside, or allowed the idea of Felice to thrust aside, other objects which long had sat secure. The invasion of the woman into the sphere of his existence developed at the end into a thing veritably headlong. Deep-seated convictions, old-established beliefs and ideals, even the two landmarks right and wrong, were hustled and shouldered about as the invasion widened and penetrated. This state of affairs was further complicated by the fact that Felice was the wife of Chino Zavalla, shift-boss of No. 4 gang in the new workings.

## II

### MADNESS

It was quite possible that though Lockwood could not have told when and how the acquaintance between him and Felice began and progressed, the young woman herself could. But this is guesswork. Felice being a woman, and part Spanish at that, was vastly more self-conscious, more disingenuous, than the man, the Anglo-Saxon. Also she had that fearlessness that very pretty women have. In her more refined and city-bred sisters this fearlessness would be called poise, or, at the most, self-assurance. In Felice it was audacity, or, at the most, "cheek." And she was quite capable of making young Lockwood, the superintendent, her employer, and nominally the ruler of her little world, fall in

love with her. It is only fair to Felice to say that she would not do this deliberately. She would be more conscious of the business than the man, than Lockwood; but in affairs such as this involving women like

lege education, his white hands and dominating position: over each and all who came within the range of her influence Felice, with her black hair and green eyes, her slim figure and her certain indefinite



Drawn by J. N. Marchand. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"CHINO FOUND LOCKWOOD LYING UPON THE OLD LOUNGE"

Felice, there is a distinction between deliberately doing a thing and consciously doing it. Admittedly this is complicated, but it must be understood that Felice herself was complex, and she could no more help attracting men to her than the magnet the steel filings. It made no difference whether the man was the "breed" boy who split logging down by the engine-house or the young superintendent with his col-

"cheek,"—which must not by any manner of means be considered as "boldness,"—cast the weird of her kind.

If one understood her kind, knew how to make allowances, knew just how seriously to take her eyes and her "cheek," no great harm was done. Otherwise, consequences were very apt to follow.

Hicks was one of those who from the very first had understood. Hicks was the



manager of the mine, and Lockwood's chief—in a word, *the boss*. He was younger even than Lockwood, a boy virtually, but a wonderful boy—a boy such as only America, western America at that, could produce, masterful, self-controlled, incredibly capable, as taciturn as a sphinx, strong of mind and of muscle, and possessed of a cold gray eye that was as penetrating as chilled steel.

To this person, impersonal as force itself, Felice had once, by some mysterious feminine art, addressed, in all innocence, her little maneuver of fascination. One lift of the steady eyelid, one quiet glint of that terrible cold gray eye, that poniarded her every tissue of complexity, inconsistency, and coquetry, had been enough. Felice had fled the field from this young fellow, so much her junior, and then afterward, in a tremor of discomfiture and distress, had kept her distance.

Hicks understood Felice. Also the great majority of the miners—shift-bosses, chuck-tenders, bed-rock cleaners, and the like—understood. Lockwood did not.

It may appear difficult of belief that the men, the crude, simple workmen, knew how to take Felice Zavalla, while Lockwood, with all his education and superior intelligence, failed in his estimate of her. The explanation lies no doubt in the fact that in these man-and-woman affairs instinct is a surer guide than education and intelligence, unless, indeed, the intelligence is preternaturally keen. Lockwood's student life had benumbed the elemental instinct, which in the miners, the "men," yet remained vigorous and unblunted, and by means of which they assessed Felice and her harmless blandishments at their true worth. For all Lockwood's culture, his own chuck-tenders, unlettered fellows, cumbersome, slow-witted, "knew women"—at least women of their own world, like Felice—better than he. On the other hand, his intelligence was no such perfected instrument as Hicks's, as exact as logarithms, as penetrating as a scalpel, as uncolored by emotion as a steel trap.

Lockwood's life had been a narrow one. He had studied too hard at Columbia to see much of the outside world, and he had come straight from his graduation to take his first position. Since then his life had been spent virtually in the wilderness, now in Utah, now in Arizona, now in British

Columbia, and now, at last, in Placer County, California. His lot was the common lot of young mining engineers. It might lead one day to great wealth, but meanwhile it was terribly isolated.

Living thus apart from the world, Lockwood very easily allowed his judgment to get, as it were, out of perspective. Class distinctions lost their sharpness, and one woman, as, for instance, Felice, was very like another, as, for instance, the girls his sisters knew "back home" in New York.

As a last result, the passions were strong. Things were done "for all they were worth" in Placer County, California. When a man worked, he worked hard; when he slept, he slept soundly; when he hated, he hated with primeval intensity; and when he loved he grew reckless.

It was all one that Felice was Chino's wife. Lockwood swore between his teeth that she should be *his* wife. He had arrived at this conclusion on the night that he sat on the back porch of the office and watched the moon coming up over the Hog Back. He stood up at length and thrust his pipe into his pocket, and putting an arm across the porch pillar, leaned his forehead against it and looked out far in the purple shadows.

"It's madness," he muttered; "yes, I know it—sheer madness; but, by the Lord! I *am* mad—and I don't care."

### III

#### CHINO GOES TO TOWN

As time went on, the matter became more involved. Hicks was away. Chino Zavalla, stolid, easy-going, came and went about his work on the night shift, always touching his cap to Lockwood when the two crossed each other's paths, always good-natured, always respectful, seeing nothing but his work.

Every evening, when not otherwise engaged, Lockwood threw a saddle over one of the horses and rode in to Iowa Hill for the mail, returning to the mine between ten and eleven. On one of these occasions, as he drew near to Chino's cabin, a slim figure came toward him down the road, and paused at his horse's head. Then he was surprised to hear Felice's voice asking:

"Ave you a letter for me, then, Meester Lockwude?"

Felice made an excuse of asking thus



for her mail each night that Lockwood came from town, and for a month they kept up appearances; but after that they dropped even that pretense, and as often as he met her Lockwood dismounted and walked by her side till the light in the cabin came into view through the chaparral.

At length Lockwood made a mighty effort. He knew how very far he had gone beyond the point where between the two landmarks called right and wrong a line is drawn. He contrived to keep away from Felice. He sent one of the men into town for the mail, and he found reasons to be in the mine itself whole half-days at a time. Whenever a moment's leisure impended, he took his shot-gun and tramped the mine ditch for leagues, looking for quail and gray squirrels. For three weeks he so managed that he never once caught sight of Felice's black hair and green eyes, never once heard the sound of her singing.

But the madness was upon him none the less, and it rode and roweled him like a hag from dawn to dark and from dark to dawn again, till in his complete loneliness, in the isolation of that simple, primitive life, where no congenial mind relieved the monotony by so much as a word, morbid, hounded, tortured, the man grew desperate — was ready for anything that would solve the situation.

Once every two weeks Lockwood "cleaned up and amalgamated," that is to say, the mill was stopped and the "ripples" where the gold was caught were scraped clean. Then the ore was sifted out, melted down, and poured into the mold, whence it emerged as the "brick," a dun-colored rectangle, rough-edged, immensely heavy, which represented anywhere from two to six thousand dollars. This was sent down by express to the smelting-house.

But it was necessary to take the brick from the mine to the express office at Iowa Hill.

This duty devolved upon Lockwood and Chino Zavalla. Hicks had from the very first ordered that the Spaniard should accompany the superintendent upon this mission. Zavalla was absolutely trustworthy, as honest as the daylight, strong physically, cool-headed, discreet, and — to Hicks's mind a crowning recommendation — close-mouthed. For about the mine it was never known when the brick went to town or who took it. Hicks had impressed this fact upon Zavalla. He was

to tell nobody that he was delegated to this duty. "Not even" — Hicks had leveled a forefinger at Chino, and the cold eyes drove home the injunction as the steam-hammer drives the rivet — "not even your wife." And Zavalla had promised. He would have trifled with dynamite sooner than with one of Hicks's orders.

So the fortnightly trips to town in company with Lockwood were explained in various fashions to Felice. She never knew that the mail-bag strapped to her husband's shoulders on those occasions carried some five thousand dollars' worth of bullion.

On a certain Friday in early June Lockwood had amalgamated, and the brick, duly stamped, lay in the safe in the office. The following night he and Chino, who was relieved from mine duty on these occasions, were to take it in to Iowa Hill.

Late Saturday afternoon, however, the engineer's boy brought word to Chino that the superintendent wanted him at once. Chino found Lockwood lying upon the old lounge in the middle room of the office, his foot in bandages.

"Here 's luck, Chino," he exclaimed, as the Mexican paused on the threshold. "Come in and — shut the door," he added in a lower voice.

"*Dios!*" murmured Chino. "An accident?"

"Rather," growled Lockwood, "That fool boy, Davis's kid, — the car boy, you know, — ran me down in the mine. I yelled at him. Somehow he could n't stop. Two wheels went over my foot — and the car loaded, too."

Chino shuddered politely.

"Now here 's the point," continued Lockwood. "Um — there 's nobody round outside there? Take a look, Chino, by the window there. All clear, eh? Well, here 's the point. That brick ought to go in to-night just the same, hey?"

"Oh — of a surety, of a surety." Chino spoke in Spanish.

"Now I don't want to let any one else take my place — you never can tell — the beggars will talk. Not all like you, Chino."

"*Gracias, signor.* It is an honor."

"Do you think you can manage alone? I guess you can, hey? No reason why you could n't."

Chino shut his eyes tight and put up a palm. "Rest assured of that, Signor Lockwude. Rest assured of that."

"Well, get around here about nine."

"It is understood, signor."

Lockwood, who had a passable knowledge of telegraphy, had wired to the Hill for the doctor. About supper-time one appeared, and Lockwood bore the pain of the setting with such fortitude as he could command. He had his supper served in the office. The doctor shared it with him and kept him company.

During the early hours of the evening Lockwood lay on the sofa trying to forget the pain. There was no easier way of doing this than by thinking of Felice. Inevitably his thoughts reverted to her. Now that he was helpless, he could secure no diversion by plunging into the tunnel, giving up his mind to his work. He could not now take down his gun and tramp the ditch. Now he was supine, and the longing to break through the mesh, wrestle free from the complication, gripped him and racked him with all its old-time force.

Promptly at nine o'clock the faithful Chino presented himself at the office. He had one of the two horses that were used by Lockwood as saddle-animals, and as he entered he opened his coat and tapped the hilt of a pistol showing from his trousers pocket, with a wink and a grin. Lockwood took the brick from the safe, strapped it into the mail-bag, and Chino, swinging it across his shoulders, was gone, leaving Lockwood to hop back to the sofa, there to throw himself down and face once more his trouble.

#### IV

##### A DESPATCH FROM THE EXPRESS MESSENGER

WHAT made it harder for Lockwood just now was that even on that very day, in spite of all precaution, in spite of all good resolutions, he had at last seen Felice. Doubtless the young woman herself had contrived it; but, be that as it may, Lockwood, returning from a tour of inspection along the ditch, came upon her not far from camp, but in a remote corner, and she had of course demanded why he kept away from her. What Lockwood said in response he could not now remember; nor, for that matter, was any part of the conversation very clear to his memory. The reason for this was that, just as he was leaving her, something of more importance than conversation had happened. Felice had looked at him.

And she had so timed her look, had so insinuated it into the little, brief, significant silences between their words, that its meaning had been very clear. Lockwood had left her with his brain dizzy, his teeth set, his feet stumbling and fumbling down the trail, for now he knew that Felice wanted him to know that she regretted the circumstance of her marriage to Chino Zavalla; he knew that she wanted him to know that the situation was as intolerable for her as for him.

All the rest of the day, even at this moment, in fact, this new phase of the affair intruded its pregnant suggestions upon his mind, to the exclusion of everything else. He felt the drift strong around him; he knew that in the end he would resign himself to it. At the same time he sensed the abyss, felt the nearness of some dreadful, nameless cataclysm, a thing of black shadow, bottomless, terrifying.

"Lord!" he murmured, as he drew his hand across his forehead, "Lord! I wonder where this thing is going to fetch up." As he spoke, the telegraph key on his desk, near at hand, began all at once to click off his call. Groaning and grumbling, Lockwood heaved himself up, and, with his right leg bent, hobbled from chair-back to chair-back over to the desk. He rested his right knee on his desk chair, reached for his key, opened the circuit, and answered. There was an instant's pause, then the instrument began to click again. The message was from the express messenger at Iowa Hill. Word by word Lockwood took it off as follows:

*reno—kid—will—attempt—hold-up—of—  
brick—on—trail—to-night—do—not—send—  
till—advised—at—this—end.*

Lockwood let go the key and jumped back from the desk, lips compressed, eyes alight, his fists clenched till the knuckles grew white. The whole figure of him stiffened as tense as drawn wire, braced rigid like a finely bred hound "making game."

Chino was already half an hour gone by the trail, and the Reno Kid was a desperado of the deadliest breed known to the West. How he came to turn up here there was no time to inquire. He was on hand, that was the point; and Reno Kid always "shot to kill." This would be no mere hold-up; it would be murder.

Just then, as Lockwood snatched open a certain drawer of his desk where he kept

his revolver, he heard from down the road, in the direction of Chino's cabin, Felice's voice singing:

To the war I must go,  
To fight for my country and you, dear.

Lockwood stopped short, his arm at full stretch, still gripping tight the revolver that he had half pulled from the drawer—stopped short and listened.

The solution of everything had come.

He saw it in a flash. The knife hung poised over the knot, even at that moment was falling. Nothing was asked of him—nothing but inertia.

For an instant, alone there in that isolated mining-camp, high above the world, lost and forgotten in the gloom of the cañons and redwoods, Lockwood heard the crisis of his life come crashing through the air upon him like the onslaught of a whirlwind. For an instant, and no more, he considered. Then he cried aloud:

"No, no; I can't, I *can't*—not this way!" And with the words he threw the belt of the revolver about his hips and limped and scrambled from the room, drawing the buckle close.

How he gained the stable he never knew, nor how he backed the horse from the building, nor how, hopping on one leg, he got the head-stall on and drew the cinches tight.

But the wrench of pain in his foot as, swinging up at last, he tried to catch his off stirrup was reality enough to clear any confusion of spirit. Hanging on as best he might with his knees and one foot, Lockwood, threshing the horse's flanks with the stinging quirt that tapered from the reins of the bridle, shot from the camp in a swirl of clattering hoofs, flying pebbles, and blinding clouds of dust.

## V

### THE TRAIL

THE night was black dark under the redwoods, so impenetrable that he could not see his horse's head, and braced even as he was for greater perils, it required all his courage to ride top-speed at this vast slab of black that like a wall he seemed to charge head down with every leap of his bronco's hoofs.

For the first half-hour the trail mounted steadily, then, by the old gravel-pits, it topped the divide and swung down over more open slopes, covered only with chap-

arral and second growths. Here it was lighter, and Lockwood uttered a fervent "Thank God!" when, a few moments later, the moon shouldered over the mountain crests ahead of him and melted the black shadows to silver-gray. Beyond the gravel-pits the trail turned and followed the flank of the slope, level here for nearly a mile. Lockwood set his teeth against the agony of his foot and gave the bronco the quirt with all his strength.

In another half-hour he had passed Cold Cañon, and twenty minutes after that had begun the descent into Indian River. He forded the river at a gallop, and, with the water dripping from his very hatbrim, drove laboring up the farther slope.

Then he drew rein with a cry of bewilderment and apprehension. The lights of Iowa Hill were not two hundred yards distant. He had covered the whole distance from the mine, and where was Chino?

There was but one answer: back there along the trail somewhere, at some point by which Lockwood had galloped headlong and unheeding, lying up there in the chaparral with Reno's bullets in his body.

There was no time now to go on to the Hill. Chino, if he was not past help, needed it without an instant's loss of time. Lockwood spun the horse about. Once more the ford, once more the cañon slopes, once more the sharp turn by Cold Cañon, once more the thick darkness under the redwoods. Steadily he galloped on, searching the roadside.

Then all at once he reined in sharply, bringing the horse to a standstill, one ear turned down the wind. The night's silence was broken by a multitude of sounds—the labored breathing of the spent bronco, the saddle creaking as the dripping flanks rose and fell, the touch of wind in the tree-tops, and the chorusing of the myriad tree-toads. But through all these, distinct, as precise as a clock-tick, Lockwood had heard, and yet distinguished, the click of a horse's hoof drawing near, and the horse was at a gallop: Reno at last.

Lockwood drew his pistol. He stood in thick shadow. Only some twenty yards in front of him was there any faintest break in the darkness; but at that point the blurred moonlight made a grayness across the trail, just a tone less deep than the redwoods' shadows.

With his revolver cocked and trained

upon this patch of grayness, Lockwood waited, holding his breath.

The gallop came blundering on, sounding in the night's silence as loud as the passage of an express-train; and the echo of it, flung back from the cañon-side, confused it and distorted it till, to Lockwood's morbid alertness, it seemed fraught with all the madness of flight, all the hurry of desperation.

Then the hoof-beats rose to a roar, and a shadow just darker than the darkness heaved against the grayness that Lockwood held covered with his pistol. Instantly he shouted aloud:

"Halt! Throw up your hands!"

His answer was a pistol-shot.

He dug his heel to his horse, firing as the animal leaped forward. The horses crashed together, rearing, plunging, and Lockwood, as he felt the body of a man crush by him on the trail, clutched into the clothes of him, and, with the pistol pressed against the very flesh, fired again, crying out as he did so:

"Drop your gun, Reno! I know you. I'll kill you if you move again."

And then it was that a wail rose into the night, a wail of agony and mortal apprehension:

"Signor Lockwude, Signor Lockwude, for the love of God, don't shoot! 'Tis I—Chino Zavalla."

VI

#### THE DISCOVERY OF FELICE

AN hour later, Felice, roused from her sleep by loud knocking upon her door, threw a blanket about her slim body, serape fashion, and opened the cabin to two gaunt scarecrows, who, the one half supported by the other, himself far spent and all but swooning, lurched by her across the threshold and brought up wavering and bloody in the midst of the cabin floor.

"*Por Dios! Por Dios!*" cried Felice. "Ah, love of God! what misfortune has befallen Chino!" Then in English, and with a swift leap of surprise and dismay: "Ah, Meester Lockwude, air you hurt? Eh, tell me-a! Ah, it is too draidful!"

"No, no," gasped Lockwood as he dragged Chino's unconscious body to the bed Felice had just left. "No; I—I've shot him. We met—there on the trail." Then the nerves that had stood strain already surprisingly long snapped and crisped

back upon themselves like broken harp-strings.

"*I've shot him! I've shot him!*" he cried. "Shot him, do you understand? Killed him, it may be. Get the doctor, quick! He's at the office. I passed Chino on the trail over to the Hill. He'd hid in the bushes as he heard me coming from behind, then when I came back I took him—oh, I'll explain later. Get the doctor, quick."

Felice threw on such clothes as came to her hand, and ran over to the office, returning with the doctor, half dressed and blinking in the lantern-light. He went in to the wounded man at once, and Lockwood, at the end of all strength, dropped into the hammock on the porch, stretching out his leg to ease the anguish of his broken foot. He leaned back and closed his eyes wearily, aware only of a hideous swirl of pain, of intolerable anxiety as to Chino's wound, and, most of all, of a mere blur of confusion wherein the sights and sounds of the last few hours tore through his brain with the plunge of a wild galloping such as seemed to have been in his ears for years and years.

But as he lay thus, he heard a step at his side. Then came the touch of Felice's long brown hand upon his face. He sat up, opening his eyes.

"You ask me-a," she said, "eef I do onderstaind, eh? Yais, I onderstaind. You—" her voice was a whisper—"you shoot Chino, eh? I know. You do those thing' for me-a. I am note angri, no-a. You ver' sharp man, eh? All for love oaf Felice, eh? Now we be happi, maybe; now we git married soam day byne-by, eh? Ah, you one brave man, Signor Lockwude!"

She would have taken his hand, but Lockwood, the pain all forgot, the confusion all vanishing, was on his feet. It was as though a curtain that for months had hung between him and the blessed light of clear understanding had suddenly been rent in twain by her words. The woman stood revealed. All the baseness of her tribe, all the degraded savagery of a degenerate race, all the capabilities for wrong, for sordid treachery, that lay dormant in her, leaped to life at this unguarded moment, and in that new light, that now at last she had herself let in, stood pitilessly revealed, a loathsome thing, hateful as malevolence itself.

"What," shouted Lockwood, "you think—think that I—that I *could*—oh-h, it 's monstrous—you—" He could find no words to voice his loathing. Swiftly he turned away from her, the last spark of an evil love dying down forever in his breast.

It was a transformation, a thing as sudden as a miracle, as conclusive as a miracle, and with all a miracle's sense of uplift and power. In a second of time the scales seemed to fall from the man's

eyes, fetters from his limbs; he saw, and he was free.

At the door Lockwood met the doctor: "Well?"


"He 's all right; only a superficial wound. He 'll recover. But you—how about you? All right? Well, that 's a good hearing. You 've had a lucky escape, my boy."

"I *have* had a lucky escape," shouted Lockwood. "You don't know just how lucky it was."



## QUALITIES OF WARNER'S HUMOR

BY JOSEPH H. TWICHELL

HE winter before the sad October that parted him from us, Mr. Warner, not yet fully recovered from one almost fatal attack of pneumonia, was completely prostrated by a second, which for several days it was thought scarcely possible for him to survive. While he lay at that time in an extremity of weakness, hovering between life and death, upon his perceiving, or being told, that the nourishment given him was raw egg, he faintly whispered, with the shadow of a smile flitting over his face: "There you get the real flavor of the hen." It sounded exactly like him, that comment, which, indeed, tasted the flavor of his own quiet humor.

It was a humor in all circumstances unforced, seeming to be unintended—the simply natural expression of the man. In the main it was of a playful quality. Yet it could, too, on occasion, take on edge. When the late war with Spain was declared,—which he held to have been avoidable and earnestly deprecated,—coming one Sunday out of church, after hearing a sermon in which the preacher—who, it may as well be owned, was the present writer—had discoursed on war in

the light of its incidental benefits, he said that he had felt like rising in his place in the congregation and offering the motion, "That, in consonance with the views just presented, we postpone the Christian religion to a more convenient season."

But as a rule, to which the exceptions were exceedingly few, his humor was inspired by his sympathies rather than by his antipathies. His broad culture, as well as his kindly heart, disposed him to generous observation of his fellow-men. He knew how to make allowance for them. Their infirmities interested more than they offended him. He had hardly any contempts. The crude and narrow views of ignorance he judged with charity. Being with him a few years since in the Bermudas, as we were one day out for pleasure in a small boat on Hamilton Harbor, we overheard our crew, consisting of two negroes, in earnest discussion of the point as to whether it was the duty of a certain person known to them to seek confirmation at the hands of the Bishop of Halifax, who was soon to arrive at the islands, which are in his diocese, on an episcopal visitation. One of the disputants maintained that it would be improper for the

person in question to apply for confirmation, for the reason that he was living an irreligious and immoral life. The other maintained that, notwithstanding this objection, it was obligatory upon that person to be confirmed, and his argument was that, having been baptized, as matters stood, his sponsors still remained responsible for him; that as such was the fact, it was only fair that, by obtaining confirmation, he relieve his sponsors of the burden of that responsibility and take it upon himself. Disputant number one conceded the force of that reasoning, yet could not agree that it was of decisive weight in the case. Mr. Warner's countenance while the debate went on—it was repetitious and prolonged—was a study. He was tickled by it all through. Any one who knew him can see his lifted eyebrows, his glances of silent mirth. But though he felt the comedy of it to the full, neither then nor afterward did he "make fun" of it. "Poor fellows," he said, "that's all they know; but they seem to be all right themselves."

When he first came to the notice of the general public as a writer and a humorist, he was often spoken of as a new Charles Lamb. This he laughed at. I recall his remarking on a very admiring review of one of his early books, in which his literary likeness to Elia was made a good deal of: "That's well enough meant, but it is pure nonsense. I am not a novice. I've been reviewing books myself a long time, and I know just about the mark my work is entitled to. There's no use in telling me that it is what this youngster gives it." Yet, notwithstanding his disclaimer, and competent a judge of himself as unquestionably he was fitted to be, in the genial, gentle feeling for humanity characteristic of his humor, Charles Warner was certainly a spiritual brother of Charles Lamb.

As he said, he was, at the period of his public recognition as an author, no novice. Having been in his youth an acceptable contributor to periodical literature, and later an editor, both political and literary, of acknowledged eminent rank in his profession, he was forty years old when, in 1870, "My Summer in a Garden," his first book, was published. The warm welcome and appreciation it met pleased him, of course; but, at the same time, it surprised and, indeed, somewhat puzzled him. "It is n't any better," he insisted, "than I have

been in the habit of writing." It may be that that was not quite so; that he had reached a stage of ripening, discernible by his readers, of which he was himself unaware. Still, it was true that for years before his thoughtful, graceful pen had been fertile of a product that very many had taken an uncommon delight in. His access of reputation, now so notable, was but the extension of what he already enjoyed in the esteem of a public by no means small. His occasional Thanksgiving and Christmas stories, for example, printed in his newspaper, were widely copied by the press, and were apt to go into scrap-books for preservation. The chapters of "My Summer in a Garden" were written for the Hartford "Courant," in which they appeared from week to week. Mr. Warner, as has been stated, thought nothing in particular of them; but somehow, by the time the series was completed, there arose from many quarters, near and far, a call for their publication in a volume, Henry Ward Beecher offering to furnish the introduction to it, which showed that other people thought of them what Mr. Warner did not.

But so it was that, *volens volens*, as it were, he was advanced to the formal rank of author. While not too old to be deeply gratified with his promotion and what came of it,—above all, the multitude of choice new friends at home and abroad,—he was old enough, and modest enough, and philosopher enough, to take it with perfect equanimity. He kept on his even way, looking out through his eye-glasses on life and men with his wonted serenity, as if nothing had happened.

Presumably it was because his literary gift had been long taken the measure of by those acquainted with it that the event of its larger public discovery—rather by accident, as it seemed—was little impressed on his friends as marking anything in the nature of a turning-point in his career. To them he was nothing new, nothing different from what he had been. The humor which to the world of book-readers was now a fresh delicacy was to their taste familiar. Hardly ever had there been an editorial of his, and never a letter, without some delectable touch or tincture of it. But it was always, from first to last, a more observable feature of his speech than of his writing. Nowhere else did it come so fully out as in his common talk.

To such a degree, as there expressed, was its savor contributed by look, air, tone, that not much of an idea of it can be given in words. One can think, but cannot tell, how it sounded. Thus the force and flavor of what I once heard him reply to an outburst against a spell of bad weather—"Respecting weather, I have always noted that there is nothing besides about which so much is said, and so little done"—mostly fails to be reproduced in the verbal report of it. And this was true of a thousand pithy, shrewd, happy sayings of his.

This, of course, is nothing unusual. It is one of the pathetic facts of experience that, in the case of those who pass from us, much that was our delight and solace in them has no earthly survival, except for a little while in memory.

In a more than ordinary measure, though, I think this is true of Mr. Warner, and truest of all as regards his humor. It was a humor that played over his face as well as through his fireside and wayside talk, the brightness of it coming and going like the flicker of sunlight. It was exquisitely light of touch, and in general sportive, yet was ever the humor of a thoughtful man, to whom life and the world were full of serious meaning. It never violated reverence or any other propriety, and it never gave a wound.

It was a humor that in one form of its exercise was, so to speak, indirectly or derivatively his, as being, by his means and to his keen enjoyment, evoked from others, though quite unconsciously to them. I can hardly explain what I mean; but to illustrate. While on the visit to the Bermudas to which reference has been made, as in our rambles up and down we passed the little single-room school-houses that are frequent in those islands, Mr. Warner, who was ever on the sociological quest, was quite apt to step in, and, with apologies for the interruption, interview the teacher, man or woman, black or white, and, after introductory statistical inquiries, draw out the teacher's opinions on educational and other matters. On various such occasions, at his suggestion, classes were called up to recite before him, and to them he propounded questions, sometimes outside the province of the subject of their recitation, obtaining, in instances, answers remarkable and exceedingly entertaining. It was all done in

a manner of interest and friendliness—which was, indeed, unfeigned—and with an entire gravity of demeanor, which the bystander found it extremely difficult to preserve.

In pedestrian excursions through the sparsely inhabited regions of New England, by similar ingenious interrogations of people that he casually encountered, Mr. Warner was much accustomed to win them to confidential communication, and so to get at their views and notions of things, to his intense amusement, but without the least sign on his part to cause the amusement to be suspected. For a specimen of the spoils so gathered, I remember his delighted report of the saying of a farmer in sarcastic comment on a neighbor's self-importance: "Oh, he's a great fellow, he is! He can chew gum and look off!"


But that fashion of gleaning was one of his ways, and reveals a source of the material of humor with which he was supplied; it hints the secret, too, of the human sympathy with which his humor was pervaded.

I have heard of an Irishman who, being asked to give his recollections of one with whom he had long been intimate, declined to do so, for the reason, he said, that the best of them he had forgotten. I can, at this moment, well understand what he meant. For more than thirty years Charles Dudley Warner was my neighbor and friend. The humor, softly radiant, refined, winsome, dewy, mixed with wisdom, that was so distinct a feature of his mind and utterance, was memorably to me one of the refreshments that went with his dear company for all that time. But though the impression of it vividly remains, and cannot but be abiding, in trying to convey that impression, far fewer things to the purpose than I should have expected return to me in shape to tell. This is, doubtless, in great measure due to the fact I have already noted, that the stamp of humor peculiar to him was eminently such as to elude description. His beloved shade haunts the places long gladdened by his presence, the echo of his voice seems there to linger in kindly benediction, the unfailing delight yielded by the affluent felicities of his discourse comes fondly back to memory; but the words in which they were clothed are mostly escaped, and gone.



# THE PRESIDENT AND THE TRUSTS

BY ALBERT SHAW

N American politics, leadership never shapes the issues; it vindicates itself by the strength it shows in meeting them as they arise. Thus, Mr. Cleveland was not known to have given any study to the tariff question before he was elected President of the United States. He entered the White House, indeed, with a distinct theory that the President should leave matters of policy and legislation chiefly to Congress, and should himself be absorbed in the enforcement of the laws and the efficient transaction of the vast business that belongs to the executive office. Yet circumstances in due time placed him in the position—which he assumed without misgivings or apology—of a leader successively in the struggle for tariff reform and the struggle for sound money. President McKinley, identified as he had been chiefly with the championship of protectionism and an exclusive American economic policy, made his administration historic by his assumption of leadership in a policy of expansion and of enlarged foreign relationships. Mr. Bryan began his political career in Congress as a powerful opponent of the protective tariff. Under stress of altered circumstances he emerged as the chosen leader of a coalition of parties in a contest for free-silver coinage, and he was set on a pinnacle by his followers as the highest living authority on questions of coinage and currency. Subsequently he was made the chosen leader of the so-called anti-imperialists, while also leading the extreme anti-trust coalition of Populists and Democrats.

During the last half-year President Roosevelt has been heralded—not merely by the press of the United States, but by that of the whole world—as the leader in a new American political movement of paramount importance against the arro-

gance and oppression of vast combinations in the industrial world known as trusts. Hardly anything could have been farther from Mr. Roosevelt's mind, in the long years of attention to public affairs through which he was undergoing his training for the Presidency, than that he should some day be regarded as leader of a crusade against the money power. Not merely by training and association, but by natural bent of mind, his opposition to all the so-called vagaries of Populists and anti-monopolists was unsparing. His speeches in the campaign of 1896, in their aggressive replies to the Populistic leaders, were more scathing, if possible, than those of any other participant in the contest.

The President's earlier public work had supplied unusual knowledge of State politics and of municipal affairs. His experience successively as president of the National Civil Service board, New York Police Commissioner, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and colonel in the Spanish-American War had given him practical knowledge of various kinds; but none of this led very far in the direction of industrial economics. As governor of the State of New York, however, his mind was directed to economic questions by reason of the colossal dimensions which, just at that time, the movement for combining industries and forming great corporations had suddenly assumed. What was unquestionably the most remarkable revolution in practical economics and industry that had been known since the application of steam and the development of the factory system had burst upon the world. There was grave apprehension in conservative financial circles, and every degree of alarm and hostility was expressed in other quarters. The States, from ocean to ocean and from lakes to gulf, were passing anti-trust

laws, and these were no less remarkable for the ignorance of facts that they disclosed than for the intensity of the sentiment which evidently lay behind such legislation. The topic, in short, was one that the governor of the greatest State in the Union was bound to discuss in his message to the legislature. It would have been wholly unlike Mr. Roosevelt to evade it, or to discuss it either timidly or uncandidly. He devoted to it about two thousand words of his message of January 3, 1900. He had studied the subject as well as he could in the time at his disposal, and had shown wisdom in availing himself of the views of the best students who were anywhere at hand. The discussion was characterized by his usual clearness and terseness of diction, and by a philosophical tone and spirit that entitle it to a permanent place in a collection of Mr. Roosevelt's literary work.

"Much of the legislation not only proposed but enacted against trusts," he says in this message, "is not one whit more intelligent than the medieval bull against the comet, and has not been one particle more effective. Yet there can and must be courageous and effective remedial legislation. To say that the present system, of haphazard license and lack of supervision and regulation, is the best possible, is absurd. The men who endeavor to prevent the remedying of real abuses not only show callous disregard for the suffering of others, but also weaken those who are anxious to prevent the adoption of indiscriminate would-be remedies which would subvert our whole industrial fabric."

Always and everywhere in his discussion of industrial and economic conditions Mr. Roosevelt has conceded the legitimacy of the general growth and development of modern business methods. He has favored no measures that would strike at honest enterprise or that would injure meritorious industry. He has recognized the fact that the tares grow with the wheat in such a way that it is difficult to uproot the one without destroying the other. Of two things he has at the very outset of the discussion of these subjects been firmly convinced: first, that the trusts and great corporations should be made to do business in an open, public way, for the protection not only of the people at large, but of their own stockholders as well; and,

second, that these corporations should be kept in clear subjection to the laws of the land and to the sovereignty of the State.

In this message of 1900, the only remedy Governor Roosevelt had to suggest was the adoption of a system of supervision somewhat analogous to that exercised over banks and insurance companies. Nothing could have been more foreign, at that time, to the proposals of the anti-trust people under such leaders as Mr. Bryan than these ideas of Governor Roosevelt. Their view was not that the trusts should be made to do business openly, or even subject to rules and regulations, but that they should be destroyed.

A few months before this message was sent to the legislature, there was held in Chicago (September, 1899), under the auspices of the Civic Federation, a great conference on the subject of trusts, with a view to some better defining of the issues involved, and with the commendable object also of mitigating the intensity of the anti-trust issue in the forthcoming Presidential campaign of the summer and fall of the year 1900. It was greatly feared that the campaign might take the form of a crusade against capital and business enterprise, and prove harmful to all interests. The governors of many States appointed delegates to this conference, and thus men from the industrial and commercial centers of the East found themselves in association with political leaders of the anti-trust movement, not only from the Mississippi valley, but from Texas and the Southwest.

It was conspicuously true at this Chicago meeting that Governor Roosevelt's New York delegation was regarded as in the main representing the cause of the trusts. At least, the New York delegates were supposed to go as far as any reasonable or honest men could be expected to go in defending them and apologizing for them. All attempt to bring the gentlemen who represented Mr. Roosevelt's views into agreement with those who represented Mr. Bryan's views, for the purpose of finding a minimum basis of agreement, absolutely failed. The Bryan men could not recognize the trend of modern business away from competitive toward non-competitive conditions. They would not admit that trusts ought to be subjected to governmental regulation. Their reasoning was

akin to that of the Prohibitionists in their consistent refusal to concur in measures for the regulation and control of the liquor traffic. To regulate trusts, and to subject their methods to scrutiny and their condition to the test of periodic reports, would be to legitimize them, whereas, according to the anti-trust men, they should be outlawed.

At this stage of the discussion, the gentlemen engaged in the promotion and exploitation of trusts seemed not so very hostile to the Roosevelt line of argument. As a matter of fact, they were dealing with one thing at a time. In that regard their conduct has also been analogous to that always pursued by the liquor interests. In those States where at times the prohibition movement has gained strength enough to be formidable, the liquor interests have always fought the Prohibitionists by seeming to favor the views of the high-license men. But wherever the Prohibitionists have been feeble, the liquor interests have joined issue with those who proposed to subject them to strict regulation as pursuing an extra-hazardous kind of business.

Later on in his term as governor, Mr. Roosevelt had some practical experience in dealing with some of the men who represent trusts and monopolies. In the State of New York no form of the monopoly or trust movement has assumed a more domineering attitude than those companies which by one means or another have secured franchises for the supply of cities with street railways, gas and electric lights, and kindred services. The smaller corporations which were formerly engaged in these businesses have for the most part become amalgamated into large monopolies, enormously overcapitalized, and perniciously active in the use of their great power and influence for the control of politics for their own commercial ends. A measure was pending in the legislature to subject these corporations to an ordinary, regular tax, such as the farmer, or the small merchant, or the workingman who owns his little home must pay. Governor Roosevelt openly favored the passage of this bill. The great corporations opposed it strenuously. They used cajolery and they used threats. Governor Roosevelt stood firm, the legislature for once shook off outside dictation; and so this just, conservative measure became a law.

There had been no other idea except to give Governor Roosevelt a second term, but these aggrieved corporations now united in a supreme effort to prevent his re-nomination. They were successful in bringing about a situation in the Republican national convention at Philadelphia which resulted in Mr. Roosevelt's nomination for the Vice-Presidency—a position in which, they boastingly declared, he could do no harm, and from which they believed it would be possible to retire him permanently from political activity. He recognized all these facts to the fullest extent, yet felt in duty bound, by reason of many other facts in a complicated situation, to obey the mandate of his party, help elect the national ticket, and sink completely his own personal preferences and ambitions. The tragic death of Mr. McKinley fully justified the Philadelphia convention in having attached so great importance to the nomination for the second place on the ticket. These corporations had wanted Mr. Roosevelt as Vice-President for one reason, and the people had wanted him for a wholly different one. The people had wanted to express their confidence in him as a present and prospective leader of known honesty, fearlessness, and impartiality.

Mr. Roosevelt's first message as President of the United States, transmitted to Congress in December, 1901, was an elaborate state paper upon which great thought had been expended. As a matter of fact, upon no part of it had so much effort been bestowed as upon that which related to the question of trusts. Far from assuming the pose of a crusader against combinations of capital, the President more strongly than ever expressed his belief in the modern ways of doing business. He listened with all due attention to the views of men thoroughly representative of the great industrial combinations. These men affected, at least, to accept without disfavor all that he said in that message. As at Albany, his plea again was for publicity, and for the better distinguishing of the legitimate and well-managed trusts or combinations from those which were either oppressive in their monopolistic methods or else were mere stock-jobbing and swindling schemes.

Especially, he pointed out the fact that many of these vast organizations were doing business in every part of the country, and that they were in no proper sense busi-

ness concerns of the States in which they were incorporated. He held that under these circumstances it was proper that such businesses of national scope and concern should be chartered under authority of the national government, subjected to federal regulation and control, and made to feel the sovereignty of the United States.

From this view there was at that time little disposition in any quarter to make dissent, for it seemed obviously true that the federal government alone was competent to deal with such conditions. It was proposed by the President that there should be a new executive department headed by an officer of cabinet rank, to be known as Secretary of Commerce and Industries, whose portfolio should include cognizance of industrial matters. In this suggestion the so-called "captains of industry" and the leaders in the capitalistic movement were understood to concur.

It was further proposed by the President that Congress should enact legislation to provide for the granting of national charters, and should provide for the bringing under federal regulation of other companies doing interstate business as well as railroads. And in order to give more practical point to these general suggestions it was proposed—also with the knowledge and concurrence, it is understood, of some of the foremost financiers and leaders in the trust movement—that if proper legislation could not otherwise be had there should be an amendment to the Constitution of the United States giving Congress jurisdiction over interstate commerce in the fullest sense.

In view of the avowed or tacit acquiescence of great financial and industrial interests in the position taken by President Roosevelt in his first message to Congress, there was no little curiosity aroused on the part of intelligent citizens everywhere in the country by what seemed the beginning of a new phase in the political history of the trust question when the President made several addresses on that subject in the course of his speaking-tours in New England, the South, and the West in August and September, 1902. Through newspaper organs that they were said to control, as well as through their personal and political representatives, the trusts had made it evident enough that they were now in a position of concerted hostility toward President

Roosevelt. His speeches were attacked by them, and particularly the suggestion of a constitutional amendment, which they themselves had either proposed or approved only a few months before, was assailed as if it had now been thought of for the first time as a great novelty, whereas, in fact, one house in Congress had actually adopted such an amendment before Mr. Roosevelt came to the Presidency at all. The more sensational newspapers, on the other hand, and especially those which had always favored the anti-trust position, by the ingenious use of strong head-lines conveyed the impression that Mr. Roosevelt was leading a new crusade against the trusts. But to read his speeches was to discover that he was, in the most conservative and good-tempered way, merely presenting the views which he had formulated in his message, and which reasonable men had so generally accepted as sensible and sound.

What did all this change of attitude toward the President on the part of the trusts indicate? To answer that question it is necessary to revert to a matter or two that had to do with action rather than with discussion. It is not with theories that the trusts quarrel, but rather with facts that disturb them in the course of their practical affairs. Thus, the New York franchise monopolies had no objection to Mr. Roosevelt's message as governor, but they were up in arms when the Ford franchise tax appeared as a practical measure. In like manner, the great corporations had no objection to President Roosevelt's message to Congress, which they regarded as somewhat "academic," nor yet to projects for amending the Constitution, which they looked upon as in the nature of an indefinite postponement of concrete action. But when Attorney-General Knox, by direction of the President, took up the so-called Sherman Anti-Trust Law,—which had come to be thought rather a discredited piece of legislation scarcely applicable to actual conditions, and non-enforceable,—and made a swift and sudden application of it in a concrete case in such a manner as to disturb several pending transactions of vast magnitude, while also depressing the stock market and checking speculation, a new situation had been created and President Roosevelt was distinctly out of favor.

The case may be stated in outline in a

very few words. In the course of the rapid and sensational amalgamation of Western and transcontinental railroad lines into great systems, there had come about conditions which led to a struggle between rival syndicates to get control of the Northern Pacific system. This struggle was finally terminated by victory on the part of interests which owned the Great Northern system and which had really dominated also the Northern Pacific for some time. The Chicago, Burlington and Quincy lines had been acquired jointly by the Northern Pacific and Great Northern, resulting in a total rearrangement of securities. As a final step in the financial processes involved in all this great transfer of interests, there was formed a corporation known as the Northern Securities Company, which issued its own stock in exchange for a controlling interest in the stocks of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern companies. Thus it came about that the Great Northern, the Northern Pacific, and the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, which were continuing to be operated as individual railway systems, were brought into something like a practical harmony of management through the fact that a controlling financial interest in them all was held by the Northern Securities Company, which could thus prevail in the election of their boards of directors.

The position was at once taken by the authorities of the State of Minnesota, and by some of the other Northwestern and Pacific States traversed by the Northern Pacific and Great Northern lines, that this amalgamation was in fact a merging of the railroad systems contrary to the laws of more than one of these States. Actions were brought in the courts, particularly in the State of Minnesota, to thwart the plans of the Northern Securities Company, and President Roosevelt was officially asked by the legal authorities of Minnesota to set in motion the machinery of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law to prevent the carrying out of this project.

The President could have done nothing less under such circumstances than to refer the question as a purely legal one to the government's chief law officer; which he accordingly did, with the further understanding that his subsequent action should be in accordance with the Attorney-General's advice. After investigation Mr.

Knox, the Attorney-General, reported to the President that in his judgment there had been a violation of the law, and, further, that it was in his opinion the President's duty to authorize the Attorney-General to begin an action in the federal courts. President Roosevelt at once instructed Mr. Knox to proceed, in order that the matter might be legally adjudicated.

Undoubtedly the bringing of this suit was not only a shock and a surprise to those concerned as defendants, but a serious detriment to the carrying out of business undertakings which were regarded by those engaged in them as honorable in a commercial sense, and in no manner harmful to the people served by the railroad lines which were involved. The President, on the other hand, took a strictly impersonal view of his duty in the whole matter. He was not responsible for the Sherman law, nor yet for those previous interpretations of it by the Supreme Court, on the strength of which Mr. Knox felt it incumbent to bring this action.

Most people did not then know that various other questions affecting the Sherman Anti-Trust Law had been brought to the President and had been similarly submitted by him to the Attorney-General. Thus, the President had been asked to bring the law to bear against the United States Steel Corporation. Mr. Knox had reported that under the law, as interpreted by the courts, he would not be able to bring a successful action against this so-called "Steel Trust." Again, the President had been asked to attack the Pennsylvania anthracite monopoly as in violation of the law, and here again Attorney-General Knox had reported that there seemed to be conclusive legal reasons why he could not make a winning case against the "Coal Trust." This, be it remembered, was months before the great coal strike, as a result of which the question of the illegality of the so-called "anthracite agreement" of the coal-carrying railroads was again in October brought to the attention of the government.

Some months later than the beginning of the action against the Northern Securities Company there arose a great clamor against the methods of the so-called "Beef Trust," this being an alleged combination of the principal packers of dressed beef to control the market in such a way as to en-

hance prices. In this instance Attorney-General Knox found grounds upon which he felt it to be the duty of the United States government to act as prosecutor.

The President in these cases—and in others brought to his attention, and promptly submitted by him to the Attorney-General—was acting upon what he regarded as the one simple and safe principle. It was the same principle that lay behind the policy he had pursued when president of the Police Board in New York city. There were laws on the statute-books requiring the closing of drinking-places on Sunday, and other statutes of a like rigid nature, which had generally been regarded as non-enforceable on account of the manners and customs of a metropolitan population. Mr. Roosevelt had held, however, that under his oath of office the only course to pursue was the plain and unsophisticated one of trying his best to enforce all the laws, whether he liked them or not, throwing the responsibility back upon the legislature, which had the power to change the laws if it thought best so to do. As President Mr. Roosevelt has proposed to enforce the laws always and everywhere exactly as he finds them, without fear and without favor, believing that this is the supreme duty of the executive head of the nation, and in the long run the best and kindest attitude toward all legitimate interests that are in any manner concerned.

Unfortunately, the trusts are in the hands of men whose huge projects have developed a little too rapidly, and who have become wholly impatient of any sort of check or restraint. Some of them, perchance, have been intoxicated by the extraordinary access of power that has come to them, and others have built up a false pride that makes them forgetful of their places as individual citizens in a democracy. Still others, of a baser type, have become hardened through long years of deliberate practice of corrupt methods in politics, employed by them with a view to making public authority subservient to private interest. President Roosevelt stands for the sovereignty of the government. He will have the Attorney-General enforce the laws against trusts as he finds those laws, with no more flinching than he would have the agents of the Postal Department show in pursuit of the people who rob the mails, although the President does not for a moment class all offenders together.

To the minds of some people this may be wholly quixotic, but to President Roosevelt's mind there is no other safe course to be pursued. It is not at all to be assumed that if Mr. Roosevelt were a member of Congress he would uphold the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. He would, in fact, probably favor the substitution of some measure very different in many respects. Mr. Roosevelt is the very farthest removed from those men who hold novel views which might be regarded as detrimental to the rights and interests of private property. He has always been a strenuous defender of those rights.

Legitimate business interests need in high public positions a man of Mr. Roosevelt's firmness, courage, and promptness. The Ford franchise tax, which proposed nothing at all but a perfectly equitable way of assessing the property of certain classes of corporations in New York, ought to have been accepted by the heads of those corporations as highly in their interest, and as adding safety to their securities and permanence and prestige to their position. Their determination to oppose paying fair taxes, and their further invasion of the field of politics with the relentless purpose of undermining and punishing every public man who favored taxing them, could only result in exposing them to some future form of extreme attack.

In like manner, President Roosevelt's position on the question of trusts and combinations of capital should be reassuring to all men engaged in lawful business enterprise, and they should gladly give his views and policies their hearty support, knowing that what may be called the Roosevelt position is the one safeguard against indiscriminating attacks upon the part of sincere though unwise masses of men, led either by demagogues or by honest fanatics and agitators. If, indeed, there should soon become prominent in our politics a stormy and extreme form of anti-trust agitation, it might be due to nothing else half so much as to the conduct of the trusts themselves in making war upon President Roosevelt and his patriotic efforts to do his obvious duty as Chief Magistrate of this great country. It is they, and nobody else, who of late have been forcing upon the people the question whether or not our center of government is to be in Washington or in Wall street.

It was the general opinion of all thoughtful observers that nothing but President Roosevelt's personal attitude toward this problem of the relations of the great corporations to the public could have saved the Republican party from defeat in the congressional elections of November. He had ended the great coal strike in October by proposing arbitration and by bringing public opinion to bear with irresistible force upon corporations which had at first absolutely refused to make any concessions. He had stood out unflinchingly for a just and honorable policy toward Cuba as

against the mysterious influences of several great trusts and combinations of capital. He had shown himself prompt to entertain and to act upon all important evidence from whatever source showing violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law or the Interstate Commerce Law, whether to monopolize the trade in anthracite coal or to restrain commerce and injure the public in other directions. In short, the elections of the autumn of 1902 demonstrated that if, indeed, the trusts were hostile to President Roosevelt, the people "love him for the enemies he has made."



## CORALIE

BY FRANCIS STERNE PALMER

(Morning in a hunter's camp on the Ottawa. Antoine Trudeau, lying awake:)

"STREAMS to the north are freezing fast,  
S For see the wild ducks flying past;  
Sign that hunter must southward too,  
Or ice will bar a birch canoe.

"Drake, that leads yon wild-duck string,  
Fly to my love, O swift of wing;  
Bear a message south for me—  
Say that I come to Coralie!

"She 's easy to find, this girl of mine:  
When you see one as straight as a pine,  
White and slim as a white-birch tree—  
You 'll know that girl is Coralie!

"If her eyes be dark as doe's dark eyes,  
Her laugh like bird-song in the skies,  
Her hair as black as blackbirds be—  
You 'll know that girl is Coralie!

"If oft her eyes turn north to where  
Antoine hunts the moose and bear,  
And if a secret tear you see—  
You 'll know that girl is Coralie!"

Over her home the wild ducks fly,  
And Coralie saw them speeding by,  
And grew light-hearted, for now she knew  
Her lover was coming southward too!



# SIXTY JANE

BY JOHN LUTHER LONG,

WITH PICTURES BY ALBERT STERNER

## I

WHEN JANE WENT SHOPPING—LONG AGO



DID not know then, and I do not know now, why they called her "Sixty Jane." Perhaps because she was always dressed in the things of the period of 1860. At all events, you did not know her, and I saw her only twice. The first was on one of those holiday occasions when she would issue from some unknown habitat in the slums to "go shopping." She did this in the biggest of the big stores, and with quite an empress air—ordering everything, buying nothing. Salespeople found it easier to "sell" her everything she wanted, and then return her purchases to the shelves.

On these occasions she was sure to be "dressed up." And her toilets were always, as I have said, of the style and pattern of 1860. If her shopping excursions were festival occasions to her, I should have added that they were even more so to the boys who had the felicity to encounter her then. The temptation to make brilliant epigrams concerning the handbox she invariably carried was not to be resisted.

Her head-gear also lent itself to the encouragement of juvenile humor. It was a turban of apple-green velvet, adorned with flowers and feathers in a profusion out of all proportion to the object they were set to embellish. And it had the look of distress which might have come from having been rained upon, and having been inadvertently sat upon, and of having been lovingly restored. There would be a Zouave jacket of blue with faded gold braid, and a flounced frock, which she invariably

carried so as to exhibit the skirt of white beneath. A generous collar with thin ruffles at the edge completed this part of her costume.

All this was supported by a hoop-skirt which gave the boys more pleasure than any other article of her attire. For they would run back and forth to tilt this, with elaborate evidence of accident. Then would be disclosed to the inactive participants a pair of Congress gaiters, out of the relaxed, calyx-like tops of which started a pair of ghostly ankles.

So it was that on these holiday occasions the boys would pelt her handbox, tilt her hoop-skirt, make humorous remarks about her turban, and "worry" her in the way boys know so well, until she turned and—smiled!

Then, somehow, they would slink away and be sorry—only, I dare say, to do it again. But one of them at least did not for days forget the great brown eyes he had seen, and the something in them which he knows now was hunger—weariness; nor the huge mass of copperish hair which glorified the silly apple-green turban and its feathers and flowers; nor the vast sweetness he felt. For Sixty Jane was young then, and had not been Sixty Jane long.

And I—for you perceive that I was one of the boys who tilted the hoop-skirt, and that I have made you my confessor—did not know then (no one did) that the handbox held some article of a trousseau which through forty tired years she was never to complete and never to wear, and that when she looked into the faces of men she was mistily seeking a lover who never came, and who never would come, because he was dead; because the lips and the hands

and the eyes with which he had told her he adored her—as all men do—were dust.

Do you care for the story of Sixty Jane? It is a very humble one. And if you do not fancy that sort of thing,—the

that. I still took pride in the fit of my clerical coat and the way my waistcoat buttoned up; and I remember the satisfaction I had in the plain cross of Roman gold which I was permitted to wear.



Drawn by Albert Sterner

### SIXTY JANE

pity, the sorrow, the joy, of the humble,—stop where you are. There is nothing else.

II

#### WHEN JANE WAS ILL IN SIXTY-ONE

THE second time I saw her was not long after my ordination. It was my "turn" in the Alaska-street "Settlement." I fear I was not sufficiently lowly then for exactly

At dusk on the first Saturday of my service, the maid, answering the door, informed me that I was to go to Alaska street. Some one was ill there. The call was urgent. The man was at the door and would conduct me. I looked ruefully at my freshly varnished shoes, and was about to change them, when I heard the voice of the messenger. He had been left at the open door.

" 'For inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' "

Not to me. He was repeating it to himself. But it accused me weirdly.

I put on my hat and followed him.

He was an elderly man, stooped and whiskered, and ill clad.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"The doctor's driver," he answered.

"What doctor?" I asked again.

"*What* doctor?" he said, and turned to look at me accusingly. He spoke no more until he had brought me to a decrepit tenement—decrepit even for Alaska street. An old horse and buggy were standing there. He pointed up the stairway which opened like a foul mouth from the outside.

"Up top," he said. Then, as if I had not understood, "Garret," he added. "The doctor 's there."

I had never been in a place quite so bare and squalid. It chilled and depressed me. I think I shivered. Perhaps it was more disgust than cold. The doctor noticed this. He was just going—a stoop-shouldered, pale-eyed, silent old man. He looked at me, from my varnished shoes upward, a little doubtfully, and continued to wrap his hypodermic instruments in a piece of cotton flannel. I saw that it was worn with much using, and at one place torn.

When this was done he stood up—not straight; he could not have done that—and looked at me again, my face now, more carefully. He was a little kinder then.

"When she wakes," he said gently, "she will remember. Be good to her. It will be the last time she will need us."

He went so softly that I scarce knew he had left me alone. But then, in the little moment of reflection which came, I understood why he was simply "the doctor." I remembered all I had heard of him, and saw that he was threadbare and poor and tired himself—quite like those he served. And then, also, I understood how he comforted the poor as I could not—not unless they should learn to call me "the minister" as they called him "the doctor."

I turned to the sick woman. Recollection knocked at my brain, and knocked again, and presently I knew that it was Sixty Jane.

She slept lightly; she smiled. There was

a coal-oil lamp on a little wooden bracket. By that I stood at the foot of the thing she would have called her bed, and studied her sleeping face. It was Jane. But I was a little boy when I had seen her before, and now I was a man. I could not see the great eyes I remembered, but the smile on her shrunken features seemed quite the same. And the hair which had been sunny then was gray now—at the temples two great waves of white. And yet, somehow, it was very beautiful that way—even as a pair of dove's wings. One could see that it had been cared for lovingly. My mood was become very gentle, and perhaps I saw her in a fashion quite unreal. I do not know. Certainly she did not now seem anything like the invertebrate subject of our boyish jokes. And those two rich white wings I fancied, in my mood of gentleness, finally, to be more beautiful than the radiant locks I remembered. Just above the bed was a head of Jane done in water-colors,—and she was not at all Sixty Jane then,—and with it, on the same medallion, was another one—a dark young man with a smooth face and somber, serious eyes. The shoulders of a clerical coat of the fashion of many years before showed, and a cross of plain gold something like mine. The hair of the portrait was so long as to curl a little at the ends, and there was a rich dark lock combed before each ear.

I am looking at the portraits as I write. And the one with the brilliant hair seems smiling at me. I am glad even to fancy that.

For you are to know that I lied for her—I, a minister. Yet I am not sorry; there is nothing to repent, for I am sure that God understands.

### III

#### WHEN DAWN BEGAN TO COME TO JANE

WE were quite alone, the crazy woman and I, in the cold and grime of the garret of a tenement. But there was an unnamable sweetness in it—I could not quite tell why. Perhaps God had given me a little intelligence of what was to come.

She did not wake till the dawn began to come; not in the windows,—no dawn ever shone there,—but in a faint flush far away. Perhaps I had slept a little myself.

If it were so, then I must first have

heard her voice in my sleep. It seemed so marvelous for melody that I did not at once credit it to her. I had not heard it on the other occasion when I had seen her. It said softly, yet with pulsing emotion:

"Arthur!"

But as I looked at her the voice no longer seemed strange. For the waking had wrought a transformation in her features which was wondrous. They were brilliant now, and sparkled with a certain glow of immortal youth. Her face smiled upon me, and her hands were out-held. Her eyes had been opened, but now they closed. She spoke with them thus—with softness, and tenderness, and wonder, and joy immeasurable:

"Arthur!"

Then slowly, very slowly, the great eyes opened, and they were as I had seen them long ago. I knew later that she did this to assure herself that she was not dreaming. Only now they were full of strange violet lights, and something with which the violet lights seemed to have to do—sanity, intelligence. And the rosy flush of the dawn reflected from somewhere fixed itself in her face, and she was young again, like the picture, when she had not at all been Sixty Jane.

Then she saw me. I had again moved to the foot of her bed. I saw recollection knock at her misty brain-doors; I saw them open; I saw intelligence, remembrance, flash into the eyes that had so long been vacant. Then she said again:

"Arthur!"

Now it was a breathless interpretation of yearning—when one's soul yearns. Her arms strained to their utmost toward me.

"Why do you not come to me? Do you not know that I have been ill—dying? Have they not told you? Have they deceived me? Why do you not come to me, Arthur my love?"

At the last she was whispering so wondrously that I could not have stayed if I would. I moved slowly, uncertainly, to her side.

"Yes," she whispered; "yes—yes—yes. At first I thought it might still be a part of the dream, but I feel your hand. I never could do that in the dream. And you—will you not take mine? Have you forgotten how?"

She laughed a little, and thrust her hands into mine.

Thus I stood an awkward moment. Then she said with archness and reproach:

"Arthur!"

I was about to tell her that I was not Arthur. But the words of the doctor flashed into my head. "Be good to her," he had said.

"Yes," I said to the doctor. To her: "What is it you wish?"

"What is it—I wish? Do you not know?"

"I do not think I do—quite," I said.

"So soon—have you forgotten so soon? Do you not wish to kiss—my hands?"

Again an awkward silence. And then, with a caress of the melodious voice:

"Dearest!"

At the instant I happened to glance at the picture over the bed. Then I quite understood. The young priest of the medallion looked very like me. In a moment of uncontrollable revulsion I tried to withdraw my hands; but she gripped them, and a little terror sped across her face.

"No! You shall not!" she cried. "Oh,



Drawn by Albert Sterner

THE DOCTOR

you must—*must* kiss my hands, as you used to do before I was ill. You cannot have forgotten—so soon—so very soon! Oh, kiss my hands! Then I shall know best of all that you are not the dream. Arthur—kiss—my—hands!”

At the end it was a mad, ineffable plea. I put my lips upon them, wrinkled and withered and calloused as they were; and I was glad then, and I am glad now, that

through me, and then”—she stopped to laugh—“and then it turned back and ran straight through me again—and again—and again! That is the way with terror, is n't it? And then they told me that I was going to be ill, too, and that I might die. That was when I sent for you.” She laughed again. “I told them I *would n't* die till you came—and then you would n't let me die. That 's what you said, don't



Drawn by Albert Sterner

“‘OH, IT WAS NEARLY A QUARREL!’”

I could bring a smile of such wondrous glory to a human face.

“Ah, you are not the dream! And my lips, too—kiss my lips, Arthur!”

And I kissed her lips.

I half sat on the bed, and she kept me at her side, with an arm about me.

“Oh, it seems like years and years instead of only a few days, or at most a few weeks. It can't have been more than a few weeks since they told me that you were ill with the fever and would die. Oh, sweetheart, I feel yet the terror; it ran straight

you know? That you would snatch me back from death to make me your—yes—your bride, sir! But I suppose you were too ill to come at once. At least, I don't remember seeing you until to-day. Oh, perhaps, sweetheart, you have been by my side through it all, and I only knew you to-day? For my head has been wrong. Oh, I know that! That is what I mean by the dream. One's head is always wrong when one has the fever. Yes, I know that you have been here all the weeks—oh, maybe months—of my illness. Because

*you* are quite well. Oh, it was sweet for you to give me your own dear face to rest my eyes upon first. But you were always sweet, always! Oh, there is no one in all the world like you!"

The emotion, the joy, exhausted her. She stopped to rest. Then she saw me more critically.

"I do not like it that you have so outstripped me in getting well. Why, you look as if you had not been ill at all! It must have been *months* instead of weeks. Come closer. My eyes seem dim—like those of a very old person. But that is the way when one has been ill. The eyes are weak. I must take care of them. Some moments your face seems quite vague. Has n't it been months since I sent for you, dearest?"

"It has been months," I said.

"Yes. But what does that matter? We are together again—never, never to part. And it is sweet—sweeter than you, a man, can understand—to be together again, never to part. For, Arthur, I am not going to be nasty any longer. We shall be married whenever you like. And please like soon—soon! Only you know I *did* want the trousseau so much! But now"—she became girlishly arch—"when shall it be, sir?"

"As soon as you wish," I said.

"Oh, very well, if *you* have no wishes about the matter! *Once* you had—very decided wishes."

She laughed surely, and I said "Yes," trying to echo the laugh. This comforted her.

"Oh, I *know* your wishes! How could I not know them? Did I not hear them day by day? And now, just at this one moment, I am sorry that I did not heed them. If I had I would now be your wife. And that would be sweeter than even this. Your wife!"

She looked away toward the hidden sunrise. The glory of the Sabbath which was rising came into her face.

"Oh, it is so splendid—your wife! There is nothing so splendid in all the world! Your *wife*!"

After a moment she resumed the other thought.

#### IV

#### WHEN JANE WAS TO HAVE BEEN A BRIDE

"ONE day—you must remember *that*—you *commanded* me to marry you! Don't you

remember how I told you it was not quite time to begin to *obey*? That, anyhow, I would not be married in your slums, but in my own home. And so there! Oh, it was nearly a quarrel! But then you said you were sorry, and I was much more sorry; for, you see, I had to be sorry for two. Always a woman must. Because I had been so nasty myself—to you—you!—and because *you* were sorry. And then I told you what the true, the real reason was. How a bride *must* have a trousseau, and that you would never respect me if I married you without one. And I would have one that was glorious, splendid. Oh, there are a thousand things a bride must think of which a bridegroom has no conception of—none at all! The tailor makes him a bridegroom, but a bride makes herself. And, darling, you must let a bride have her way; for she is a bride only once. Yes, sir; only once. Oh, yes; I know there are women who marry two, three, *four* times. But even they are *brides* but once. The rest? Well, I shall be married but *once*. But that first bridehood! Think! To see every little piece of the trousseau grow into marvels of lace and silk! To do all the thousands of little things one will never, never do again—never! The things which one has lived for and dreamed of from childhood! And to do them all with love infinite—oh, infinite! To cement each stitch with kisses; to say to every little flimsy thing: 'Be beautiful; be the most beautiful and dainty in the world! You are to adorn *his* bride—*him*, the king, the emperor, the god, the all in all!' And then, when each little thing is done, to hold it up to the light; to put it on and off, oh, a hundred times; to stand this way and that before the mirror—to make it more perfect after it is perfect. And then, at the very last, to put each piece away in rose-leaves or violets, with guilty kisses and caresses, with rapture a man can never know, with tears—both of joy and of sorrow; to watch them as a miser does his treasure; to get up early in the morning for a look; to take alone late at night—after one has prayed God to keep him for whom they all are; to wait for the *one* day in all the life of a woman—her splendid, glorious, delirious wedding-day!"

She paused again, perhaps from exhaustion; but the rapture which had come with the sun remained.



Drawn by Albert Sterner. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

“‘AND THEN, AT THE VERY LAST, TO PUT EACH PIECE AWAY IN ROSE-LEAVES OR VIOLETS’”



"You will tire yourself, I fear," I said gently.

"Tire myself talking about my wedding? When did ever a girl tire of talking of her wedding? And to him she is to wed? Oh, let her talk! Never, never again can she, will she, be so eloquent! Does it bore you—perhaps just a little?"

I said that it did not.

"Oh, dearest, a man does not understand because—just because he is a man."

She laughed lowly. But I could see that the strength with which she supported this emotion was artificial.

"You don't mind me saying that? I like you to be a man. And you are—you always were—more of a man than any one I knew. Yet you were sweet. Oh, I think the bigger and greater and braver and stronger a man is, the more manly he is, the sweeter, the more like a woman, he is inside at the heart, soul. So you were always sweet to me. And you would let me talk, talk, talk; and I remember how sometimes the tears came when you did not even know it—for me! You see, I *must* tell you! You *must* understand. There is no one for me else. We are orphans, outcasts. Other girls have their sisters or intimate friends to tell it to. I have not—only you—only you in all the whole world now. I chose it to be so. I wanted no one but you. For in you I found everything I wished. You could understand better than most girls could. That is why I talk to you of it. Why, don't you know that girls laugh and cry over everything, and for the same reason? When they are going to be married they grow possessed. They tear up all the old letters, and weep over them. They put away the dolls they have treasured from infancy—and first kiss them, sobbing. They put away the books they have kept from their school-days, reading first the inscriptions in them. They put away all childish things to begin another and infinitely sweeter life—the life of a *woman*! Oh, yes; it is as completely another life for a girl as if she were born anew. Yes; to begin another and sweeter life. To take leave, joyous, eager, hopeful leave, of the old life; to reach out madly, tempestuously, for the new one; to dream, both waking and sleeping, of *him*; to plan for all the future, for all eternity!"

For a moment she stopped, and I forgot, in the sweetness of her passion, who and

what she was, and fancied her a girl on the verge of the bridehood she was telling me of so thrillingly. At the end she just whispered. She sobbed a little.

"And, at the last, to come to—you—into your arms! To cease to be—except as you are. To be one with you! To be lost, absorbed, in you! All this have I felt and been, except this last—except to come to you. Ah, sweetheart, is it not true that a woman is a bride but once?"

"Yes," I said.

"The trousseau is ready—almost ready. And every piece has been made and gathered with smiles and tears, just as I have told you. Go, look! But do not touch. There—in the closet!"

I went, compelled, driven, to the place she pointed out. The shelves of the closet were loaded with parcels. I could tell which were those of the earlier years by their greater care and daintiness. These were in white papers. Later they were in manila paper. Those of the last of her years were ill made and were in newspapers. Some were unkempt and soiled with much carrying. One had the mud of the street upon it—where it had perhaps fallen at the assault of some boy, such as I was once. What the parcels contained I know not. I obeyed her, and touched none of them. But the old and grimy closet breathed an odor of rose-leaves as I opened it, and again as I closed it—that odor which always seems to me as dim and misty and evanescent as the past. And as I stood there, in that rose-laden atmosphere, I knew once more why I had not married, why I cared for no one more than another, why I had lived my life with no comrade, no other soul, and why I meant to live it that way. There in that rose-odor of the ineffable past I stopped, with my face to the closed door, and saw the flower-faced girl who had died. It had been very long ago, but I saw her there. There had never been another like her; there never could be.

v

WHEN JANE SANG SOFTLY "FADING,  
STILL FADING"

WHEN I came again to Jane she had rested, and her eyes glowed upon me. She must have seen the tenderness in my own, for she put her hands within mine and said archly:

"You did not touch?"

"I did not touch," I answered.

"It shall be," she went on, "as soon as the doctor says I am well enough. And he shall say that very soon. For you will tell him, and I will tell him, and he will not be able to resist. And you will help with kisses and caresses. Ah, it has been very sweet, has it not, dear? The long walks in the dirty streets—the sunny and the rainy ones. Oh, sweetheart, of all the days, I prefer the sunny ones, of course, because the sun and your love seem to belong together. But if not those, then the rainy ones. For then we can be very close, even in the open streets, under the umbrella!"

She laughed roguishly.

"And the smell of the garlic—how I hated that at first! Don't you remember how you said that my nose was too insignificant to take offense at it? And that I said that it was n't half as big as yours? And how you answered that for that reason you ought not to hate it half as much as I did, whereas you hated it twice as much, which was absurd? And how you funnily prophesied that I would learn to like the smell of garlic, as you had learned to like it? Well, darling, I *did*! Did I ever before confess that? No; I don't think I did. I do so now, father—father confessor! I confess that I love the smell of the garlic—and you. I confess that without you it is still garlic—and that I hate it! There, Arthur! Was n't it all strange and beautiful? No one has ever been like that or done like that before! We two orphans all alone down here! Don't you remember how I tried to persuade you not to come? You looked so dainty in your clericals and your serious patrician face! I was afraid it would have to be always dirty, like theirs, poor things! And I was absolutely certain you would always have muddy shoes!"

Again she laughed joyously.

I kept silence.

"And I told you the thieves would be sure to snatch your cross! And, when you lost it, the greatest of the thieves brought it back to you! Then I said—do you remember?—that if you *would* do it, I would come too, and keep your house for you, and keep you clean and dainty, and go about with you, to protect you! Oh, sweetheart, protect *you*, whom the great God protects! But I did not understand

then, dearest. I did *not*! How could I know that you meant not to be like them, but to make them like you! But, anyhow, I did all that, did n't I, sweetheart? And, even though I did not understand, I *did* keep your house, and your clothes, and—your—*heart*! Oh, yes; you thought I would n't—that I would not hold out. But you did not know that a woman can do *anything, anywhere*, if the man she loves is there—if it is for him. And soon I *liked* it. Because it was so very sweet to go about with you—only you—to the sick, the poor, the hungry, the dying, every day, every day! Oh, I remember that people said mean and nasty things about us—that is, the people in the world we had come from. But what did that matter? We were in another world, and in that world every soul who knew us loved us, yes, every soul. Why, don't you remember the day you could n't find me until you came to that den of thieves at Front and Lombard streets, and found me with all the thieves in the half-darkness, singing to Billy Briggs, who had been shot and was dying? I did n't know you were there till your voice joined mine. Do you remember what it was we sang?

"Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining;  
Father in heaven, the day is declining;  
Safety and innocence fly with the light—"

She sang it with a sweetness which was wondrous. And, as I happened to know the old tune, I sang it with her, taking the tenor.

"Yes," she cried, clapping her hands, "that way. Oh, yes; you soon found out, little preacher of the poor, that I was doing as much as you, and doing it as well, and that the people liked me even more than they liked you. And were you not just a little jealous? Ah, they liked me because I am a woman, that is all. And you were a little angry when they called me the Goddess of Thieves. Of course it would n't have sounded well to have to announce from the pulpit of Grande Square that the Goddess of Thieves would visit in Alaska street on such-and-such days! You remember how that came about? I had always such an extraordinary affection for the thief on the cross, and I told them about that so often—and it was so hard, so very hard, for them to believe that Christ had said, 'This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.'"

Her speech had become slower and more difficult. Now for a moment she lay quite still. Her eyes closed wearily, but the happy smile never left her face. When she went on again it was a mere murmur at first; but presently her voice grew a little stronger. Yet always it was soft.

"Oh, Arthur, do you remember how we used to get into corners—to—well, so that you might hold my hands a little? We knew where all the places were where it was safe to do that. I liked that place on Catharine street where the stairway was so dark. You could kiss me there. Do you remember how, when I said we must spend our honeymoon in Italy, you said: 'Yes, Little Italy!' Well, so it shall be—right here—in Little Italy!"

## VI

## WHEN THE SUN MADE TERROR PLAIN

THE sun was rising and making objects in the garret plainer. She had not yet seen anything but my face. Now, as I inadvertently turned it to the light, she examined it a little more anxiously.

"Arthur dear," she said then, "there is something wrong. You do not look quite yourself. I don't know what it is, either. Are your clothes different, or are you thinner, or both? Your hair has been cut; and I am not quite sure I like it that way. It is like Jim Griggs's. And you look older. Ah, I understand. You have been so troubled about me. Darling, stop! Worry makes wrinkles. But there is no more need. I shall be quite well now—and soon."

She stooped and kissed my hands. Something in myself, perhaps, renewed her little doubts, and again she looked up at me:

"Perhaps it is my eyes. They are always weak after the fever. Were n't yours?"

I said they were.

She laughed and said:

"I feel old, old, old, and I shall not be twenty till January! Arthur, get down the picture and hold it up by your face."

I did so. At first I was afraid of this test; but instantly I was reassured: she was quite satisfied.

"Yes, there is some change; I can't quite make out what it is, and I shall not

try. I know that you are my Arthur—mine! And that is all I care to know."

I went to hang the picture up again.

"No, take it with you—to your own room. I promised it to you when it was made. Take it. When you go, take it."

The light was coming more and more. Suddenly she stopped and stared about. I saw the gray shadows of terror touch her happy face.

"When you go!" she repeated in vague fear. "Suddenly I am afraid to let you go. I don't—quite know why. Do you?"

"There is no reason for fear," said I. "If I go for a little while, it will be but to come again."

"Yes; your room is still just over mine?"

"Yes," I answered.

But yet her eyes roved the bare garret. More and more the sun lighted it up for her. Never before had I wished the sun to be hidden away. She slowly shuddered back upon me.

"Arthur," she shivered, "I do not—understand!"

Her eyes were riveted upon the bare and grimy shingles.

"What is it you do not understand?" I asked, though I knew.

"All this." She waved her hand outward. "How did I come here?"

I knew nothing to say.

"Arthur, this is not your house—our home? How did I come here? Where am I?"

Then I thought of what she had said.

"I think you are still dreaming," I said gently.

"Oh!" It was a vast sigh of relief. "I thought I had come out of that. You remember I told you when I first saw you. And nothing is real?"

"Nothing," I said.

"Nothing?" she begged wistfully. "Oh, I wish *you* were real. It has been so sweet. Darling, are not *you* real? Oh, please be real!"

"Yes," I said; "I am real."

She tried to be joyous, but distress came down upon her in a moment again.

"Ah, but how can I know? Oh, yes! The scar on the palm of your hand! Let me see! You used to say that I might always know you by that, for it could never change."

## VII

## "ONLY WAITING TILL THE SHADOWS"

BEFORE I could prevent her, she had seized my hand and put it close to her eyes. With a moan she let it go and covered her face.

"There *is* no scar," she whispered.

I took her hands from her eyes and said gently, piteously:

"Your eyes *are* very bad."

Something like trust came back to her face; but the change in it had been vast and shocking.

"And these are not shingles, and this is not a foul floor, a garret?"

"Poor eyes!" said I.

Her face lighted up.

"Why, of course it is the eyes!" she said. "How could it be otherwise? You would not let it be otherwise. You—would—tell me!" And she laughed again. "But it is hard to understand. Be patient with me, dear. The covers of my bed were dainty. These—"

She touched with loathing the rag which covered her. As she did so she caught sight of her hands for the first time. Her face flushed burningly, then became in an instant pinched and leaden. I understood, but I had no words to dam up those which rushed from her soul:

"Arthur—are you—*sure*—sure—it is a—dream? My God, what is it? This—this—seems more real than anything!"

She held up her hands to me.

"These are the hands of an—old—old—woman! And poor! One who works! See, they are stained, calloused, wrinkled, bloodless! The nails are unclean."

She examined them, analyzed them, as if they were not her own; then she put them up to me.

"And that is what I dreamed," she whispered on: "that it all happened long, long ago—years and years ago. They told me that you were dead, and then—very suddenly—something happened to my head, and I lived to be an old, old woman, and wore other people's clothes, but always the kind in which you had seen me last, so that you would know me when you came. For I seemed to know that you were *not* dead—but gone, perhaps, to Italy for your health, and that you would come back. Always I was a little uncertain whether you were dead or whether you were in Italy and would come back

to me. And that made my hair gray. But I preferred to believe that you would come back, so I wore always the clothes you knew,—the clothes of the pictures,—so that you would not pass me by. But I was very, very old; and all that happiness I had thought was but yesterday, and would be again to-morrow, was long, long ago and could never be again. That there had been no happiness for years and years and years—only waiting, waiting, waiting—"

Then, suddenly, as if for other proof, she reached up and brought around to her eyes a handful of hair. And, as if for confirmation, she took another from the other side.

She shuddered back upon the pillow, and pulled the hair over her face.

There was a shutter to the window. I softly closed it and shut out the sun. Then I slowly took her hands from her face.

"Such a dreadful dream!" I said. "Look!"

I put the picture before the dim eyes.

"Yes," she wondered; and then, "Yes—yes—yes."

"And has it not always hung on the wall of your own room?" I begged.

"Why, yes," she said gropingly; then gladly, "Yes—yes—yes!"

"And do you not see and touch *me*?"

"Yes," she said still more happily. She looked about the now shadowed room. "And the room is not the same now. Yes, it must have been the dream; for now I am very tired, and the doctor has always said that the dream comes when one is tired. Only I seem to have been tired for years and years. No; I cannot see the shingles. Arthur—"

She turned, and for a long minute looked into my very soul. Then she whispered—she could scarce do more:

"Arthur—you have never deceived me. You have never spoken an untruth, even in kindness. Do not now. I could—endure it if it were—from you!"

"Thank God! you need not endure it," I answered. "He doeth all things well!"

"And my hair is not—white?"

Just then, as if God were helping me again, a reflected beam fell upon it. "The sun is in it," I answered.

"Yes; it used to be red, yellow, all sorts of colors! Don't you know you used to say the sun was in it? And my hands—"

Suddenly she thrust them out to me.

"Kiss them!"

I did it, one after the other.

She laughed joyously. The pink came back to her face.

"Now I *know* that it is true. You would not kiss them if they were as I thought them—old and bloodless, wrinkled, unclean. You could not. You used to call them exquisite, immaculate."

She put them to her dimming eyes.

"Now they do not look as they did. How strange! And how I was frightened! But, Arthur, you—kissed them!"

She said it with a mighty triumph, and was at peace.

"Arthur," she whispered happily, "bliss has come."

"Yes," I whispered back.

"Only waiting till the shadows  
Are a little longer grown,  
Only waiting till the reapers  
Their last sheaf have gathered home."

She laughed a little. I sang it for her murmuringly.

"It is like that—evening, rest, peace, sleep, dreams!"

"Only waiting?"

"Yes," I said.

### VIII

WHEN DO YOU THINK SHE WILL WAKE?

A LONG time she looked at the hands, smiling. But presently I knew that she did not see them, and that it was something else her mind was engaged upon. At last she looked slowly up at me once more. The glory, the immortal youth, had come back to her face. She smiled with great surety. Then she laughed, the low, full laugh of matchless joy. She was looking deeply into my eyes.

"How foolish I have been! If I had only stopped to—think. *You* are young and splendid, just as you were a little while ago. Therefore *I* cannot be *very* old, for you are seven years older than I am! But it seems so dreadful to go to sleep at twenty and wake to find one's self—oh, eighty!—and to know that there had been no happiness, only terror, and insanity, and waiting, and hunger, and weak-

ness! But the hair and the hands,"—she once more looked about the room,—“and the other things, frightened me, terrified me. But now—forgive—O my beloved, forgive your doubting—sweetheart—forgive—”

She was at the end of the resources the doctor had given her. She sank exhausted into the pillow. For a long time neither of us spoke. I had her hand. With that she seemed quite satisfied. She smiled on.

"Arthur," she said presently, in a far voice, "when—do you think—I shall—wake? The dream, you know. I want—to wake—from it—sometime. Arthur—when—shall I—wake to—my—happiness?"

I could not at once answer. The tears were in my eyes. I hoped I should not need to. But after another silence she whispered from very far:

"Arthur—dearest—you never deceived me. Tell me! When—shall I—wake?"

A moment I meditated my answer.

But she pressed for it, softly, gently, as if it might not come before she slept—as if she must have it before she slept.

"Arthur—my love—when shall I wake—to joy—joy—joy?"

She began to drowse. Once more God seemed to help me to my answer.

"Very—soon!" I said.

"Arthur—let it be—in your—arms."

"Yes."

"Now I shall sleep. I am very—very tired. I suppose I have talked too much. The doctor told me—not to—talk so—much. But—it was too—sweet to resist—opening my eyes—and seeing—you—you—*you*. That is always the way when one is getting well—to be tired—by every—little—thing."

"Yes," I said.

"It was so—with you; was n't it?"

"Yes."

This was now my one word.

"Tired—tired—tired!" she murmured from out the shadows, happily. "And if I should—sleep—just a minute—you will—not go away? I want you here—when I wake—to see you first, as the other time. And will you hold my hand—that way—till I wake? I will not sleep long. Will you—hold my hand—till—I wake?"

"Yes," I said.





Drawn by Granville Smith

## MY OLD MAID'S CORNER

### I. SOME VERY PARTICULAR OLD MAIDS

BY LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH



HE sun has never deserted my corner to-day. Early this morning it came in through my eastern windows, and then before I had time to miss its warmth in that direction it was a blaze of glory through my southern panes. It has kept my brasses agleam and set my birds singing. As it stole a way around my room and reached a favorite shelf, I saw it linger for an hour or more over the titles of certain volumes, as it always does when a morning is fine, like a real book-lover, to whom even titles mean something.

On days like this, when the sun never fails me and I catch the blue of a cloudless sky through the plants that fill my sashes, I become convinced that no other place in the world can be quite so delightful as the particular corner in town which I occupy. I forget then that several stories below me to the left a noisy traffic in truck and trolley goes ceaselessly on above the cobbles, and that over the asphalt to the right

coupés and carriages are incessantly rolling, or that the wind has but to blow to defile the air with clouds of dust, assailing every passer-by and the very topmost of my neighbors' windows. I forget each and every one of these unpleasant things below me. The sky in its beauty seems so much nearer than the street.

Of course it is only an old maid's corner, this of mine. And there are those among the unfriendly who may say it is as well that I find it so charming, since it is all which, as a spinster, I am likely to possess. For every one knows that somehow or other, and in the very nature of things, old maids and corners belong to each other, and who is there to deny it?

These corners may take on different guises, be found here, then there, sometimes as places to which we are invited on occasion by a friend, sometimes as places specially reserved for us in the heart of another. Sometimes, again, there will be a corner, like this sunny one of mine, which

we make for ourselves, to which on occasion we invite our sisters in the bond, or to which they will come of their own accord for a breath of what they call freedom—a freedom for which each one of them sighs (so each one of them says), but for which, as we old maids know as we listen, few of them would exchange the privileges and perquisites of their own more protected and prosperous estates. But whatever these places, and wherever, are they ever anything else but corners, after all? Are they ever the centers of anything?

I have to confess, I am sorry to say, to a time when such facts were wont to fill me with dismay; when the mere suggestion of any place occupied by an old maid conveyed to me only an idea of hopeless forlornity; when the habit was mine of comparing the nature of every corner occupied by a spinster, whoever she might be and wherever, with the charms of firesides belonging to the very humblest of the married ones, and invariably, as was inevitable, to the detriment of everything belonging to the spinsters. Even the little corner in life allotted to me, small as it was, seemed by comparison so empty that I thought only the help of some philosophy or religion would ever enable me to fill it. But then, in those days (the more folly mine) I was always looking into every corner. Suddenly, however, I discovered that corners worth anything were places to look out of, not into. Every aspect altered. I found that I could command an undreamed-of radius of vision, that I always had two sides to choose from, that two ways of viewing the world were open to me. The wonder and importance and even the charm of corners grew upon me, and again (this time with a sense of satisfaction) I compared the nature of mine with the firesides of the most exalted of the married ones, only to learn that few of my sisters who were in the bond could boast so wide an outlook, even when these sisters occupied great centers of their own.

It took me some time to understand the reason for this, since I had always supposed the center of a place insured for those who stood in it a position from which they could command wider views than the rest of us, see farther, get the whole sweep of life spread out before them. But I had to learn that most of those who occupied centers, especially great centers of affec-

tion, concerned themselves but little with general views, being for the most part on the lookout only for the things that they felt ought to come to them; and they felt that everything ought to come—love, deference, devotion, all the tributes of the home and heart. To me as a spinster it had seemed, on the other hand, that those who occupied centers of affection should be less concerned with what came to them as their due than with what went out from them as their obligation; that, like the sun itself, they should be centers of centrifugal forces, radiating, through the very fullness of their joy, light and gladness into other lives. To be, as they insist on being, at the centers of centripetal forces is like being at the centers of whirlwinds and whirlpools and eddies. But my sisters in the bond can hardly understand this. If they did, would there be so many cyclones and tornadoes in the home, so many clearings of overcharged atmospheres?

Whenever I think about corners and those which so many old maids have filled as a blessing, I am always led to wonder why it is that history and tradition have done so little for the spinster except to make her absurd. Why has literature never enshrined her, I ask myself often—set her apart in a corner by herself, as poets and philanthropists and great world-saviors are set, where she can rest honored and revered, not as some special and unselfish sister, nor yet as a certain unmarried and devoted cousin, but simply and without equivocation as an old maid, an individual as necessary to the world and its progress as even the married ones? For think of all the other people's children old maids have loved and reared; of all the homes in which they have been benedictions; of all the marriages they have helped to bring about, and the husbands and wives their counsels have kept together. Think of these things, and then of how, when no longer needed, these old maids have slipped away and been forgotten, like the ashes of last year's fires.

Gibbon, to be sure, speaks in affectionate terms of an aunt who brought him up. But did her virtues ever inspire him to do justice to the class? And Mr. James Whitcomb Riley has written a poem about old Aunt Mary, verses that I never read without "a choke here in the throat." I have liked at times to fancy Aunt Mary an old maid, but



I do not believe that she could have been, and, what is worse, I have a suspicion that half of the charm of his lines would be lost had he told that she was. Yet sometime, if we ever meet, I mean to ask him.

On the other hand, from time immemorial, teachers and preachers, philosophers and prophets, besides a whole army of lesser people, hordes of little men and women, old and young, in Christian tongues and heathen, have gone on writing about parents and their offspring, until now at the present day a special order of sentiments has been established, which envelops as with a halo every subject bearing in the remotest degree upon the maternal or paternal relation. The veriest platitude addressed to an imaginary mother or child will bring down the galleries at any time because of this, and a "my father" has only to be uttered in a certain tone to make every hearer catch his breath. Centuries of cultivation have bred these responsive emotions in the bone. But what has any poet except Mr. Riley done for the aunt? And where is the philosopher who has even attempted to reconcile us to spinsters? Has a single sentiment ever been cultivated for their benefit? Fancy indeed the most sublime of apostrophes addressed to old maids! The gravest and sedatest of assemblies who listened would be dissolved on the instant into convulsions of laughter.

I have only to think of the adjectives and similes which have been contributed to the language on our account to grow sad and dejected. How wretched and mean and little they are, as if everything that was queer and unpleasant and narrow-minded and fussy and dreadful was embodied in the spinster alone, and as if some grandmothers whom we know were not the most dreadful of old maids themselves!

"Every right-minded person," as my old aunt used to say, "should resent this injustice." I once knew a New England woman who did, and very nobly too, since she herself was married. But she had three sisters who were not—such dear, lovable, sweet-smiling, plain old maids of sisters, each one plainer than the other, if that were possible, yet each one lovelier, if anything, in character, and all three of them like gentle satellites revolving in tireless ministrations round the one man of the house—he whom the other sister had brought home to them as her husband.

No one had ever asked the hands of the three old-maid sisters in marriage, because when they grew up there were never any young men in their neighborhood who could ask. The War for the Union had robbed New England of all her marriageable sons. But nothing had ever embittered the natures of these three spinsters; not even the fact of a certain physical unloveliness, which advancing years only served to accentuate: their narrow shoulders, their faded eyebrows, and their abnormal shortness of vision—an unloveliness which you forgot, however, within half an hour after knowing them, each one had so great "an inner beauty shining in her face," a beauty of goodness that would have been breadth and valor and great large-mindedness if it had ever had a chance. As it was, it was the goodness of gentleness only, as strength held consciously in control is always gentle. And neither did these gentle old maids resent the ridicule with which spinsters were regarded in their day and in their particular neighborhood. The married sister alone resented it for them.

Once in her presence I called myself laughingly an old maid. I was twenty-five at the time, older, of course, by certainly half a century or more, than I am at present. For not even at eighty-nine, if you please, is an unmarried woman ever so old again as she was at twenty-five, nor so wise, nor so weary, nor so blasé. Youth comes to her again with age—youth which, alas! no one is likely to recognize in its coming but herself.

I remember how this married sister took both my hands in hers and how she looked into my face, begging me, with a seriousness which at the time I found more bewildering than impressive, never again to let such an "opprobrious epithet" fall from my lips—never, if I loved or revered women! And when I asked her why, repeating, with the thoughtless arrogance of youth, that I was an old maid myself, and I did not mind—when I asked her why, her face grew red with indignation as she told me how old maids were ridiculed by the men and women in her New England village, and how it hurt her when she thought of her three single sisters, those gentle souls, and all, she added, "because they still bore their own instead of a man's name."

A man's name! I know now that that was the trouble, the reason for her speak-

ing with such scorn, for she realized what a "man's name" had done for her, and that without it she too would have been even as her gentle and husbandless sisters whose champion she so wanted to be. And with this realization there came over her for a moment a fierce and sudden sensation of antagonism to the very idea of that power which her husband represented in her life, one of those sensations to which all of us are subject who recognize in crises the potency of some influence which we cannot resist even while we resent it, and which, as we have to confess, *does* bring into our lives certain elements of well-being, without which, for all our vain-glory, we should have been as nothing. To this woman at such moments merely the idea of man as a stubborn and incontrovertible—though often, to the rest of us, it must be acknowledged, very pleasant and useful—fact in the order of creation became a grievous offense.

"Do you know any man living," she went on with strained emphasis of tone, "who could have made my dear sisters sweeter and more precious than they are?" And again as she spoke the thought came to her of what she would have been without a husband, and again that sensation of antagonism swept over her, so strengthened that she forgot to make her usual distinctions between the gentle Theodore whom she had wedded and a—*man*.

It was easy to see this, for when he came into the room a moment later, followed by the three old-maid sisters, who, smiling in welcome, had waited for him at the front door, she, his wife, did not rise to kiss him as was her wont. From the chair in which she sat with folded arms, she asked him coldly but politely if his morning had been pleasant. He never noticed the absence of her kiss, however, having other things on his mind, for his morning had been pleasant, full of flattering tributes to himself, of which he was eager to tell us. How he beamed as he talked to us—four spinsters and a wife all grouped about him! *He* had no theories about old maids. They helped to swell his audience at home.

And where in the world, by the way, will any man find more devout and attentive listeners than among the old maids?—the old maids I mean, of course, who are not opulent or distinguished on their own account. Opulent and distinguished old

maids, as we all know, never listen. They expect to be listened to. And what a difference the expectation makes! I can now tell on the instant, and even when for the first time I hear a strange spinster speak, whether the habit of her life has been to command attention or neglect. Her opening syllables betray her, her tones, her gestures, the very expression of her middle-aged eyelids. It is like watching a workman handling his tools or a juggler his balls. When he is a master his very preparations convince you, and you make yourself ready to receive impressions. When he bungles, you doubt.

Up my street—my street with the asphalt, it should go without saying, not that with the cobbles—there lives an old maid who dresses in sables and who drives every day in her brougham. I see her go by sometimes when I look out of my southern windows. She occupies the corner just above mine—the corner which is not a corner at all, to my way of thinking, since both sides of it are alike, and both look out on fashion till she might as well be hemmed in and surrounded by a Chinese wall. I much prefer my own, therefore, to hers, since each side of mine means at least a way of escape from the other side. But though I prefer my own corner, I lose myself in envy and in admiration whenever this old maid in her sables begins to talk. There is such a sense of surety about her, of certainty, of an indefinable, indescribable, undeniable air of knowing that not a word that falls from her lips will be permitted to escape the approving deference of her friends. There is never the slightest hesitation for a word or a phrase, nor yet for the material out of which one of her simply high-sounding phrases may be coined. Why should there be, in fact? She is always sure of a mark somewhere, never having missed one yet. No wonder that I envy her at times, realizing as I do what a weapon of defense her manner would be to any of us: what a sword to carve a fortune by it would prove in the hands of many a poor neglected old spinster whom I know, to whose earnest speech nobody in the world now pays the slightest attention.

Sometimes there comes on a visit to the corner of this old maid in her sables another old spinster who writes. Then I am invited in for a cup of tea on some windy afternoon when neither of them wants to

drive. The old maid in her sables always introduces the spinster who writes as if she were introducing one to a piece of new furniture sent home on approval.

I find it very restful to be there, for I am never expected to say a word. Indeed, the distinguished spinster who writes looks so bored when I speak that quite involuntarily I have learned to take the attitude of that part of an audience which is always waiting to applaud. Certainly I am entertained. This distinguished spinster who writes spares no effort in my presence. As she feels my attention increasing, it is most gratifying to watch her sitting before me with blinking eyes, turning her sentences over and over so as to bring them out in still more enchanting form, and all for my benefit. I feel so sure of that.

No consciousness of other *bons mots* having gone hopelessly astray or of having been taken without credit ever hampers the speech of this distinguished spinster who writes. She makes the very least of her sallies with the serenity of the successful actor whose most trivial asides are rapturously received, and for whom the rest of the company gives way when he speaks. And how full of the modulations of a gratified sense the tones of her voice become when the words have been arranged at last to her liking! There is just the merest suggestion in her manner of an almost infantile surprise, as if it had been quite by accident, after all. Without waiting for me to ask her, she will be at pains to repeat her words so as to give me again the delight of them, her face glowing with the pleasure of my homage. Yet she never looks at me except to bring my wandering gaze back to her. The mystery is to know how she has caught the feeling of my close attention.

I used to wonder why she took such pains for me, and then I discovered that it must be worth while, since she knew that what she was saying to-day would be remembered to-morrow and quoted next day and then laid aside among the annals of the household, to be brought out again with other family treasures and exhibited on the arrival of strangers and visitors of note.

When I turn away from that corner and come back to my own, I say to myself that I do not believe that these two women are old maids at all—they seem so wedded to a sense of their own importance.

The good listeners, on the other hand, are the old maids to whose speech nobody pays any attention, yet to whom everybody talks. And I wonder, considering how many confidences men have poured into their ears, and how many other things men have found to say about them, that not a gentleman has yet been found good and generous enough to pay tribute to this surpassing excellence in spinsters—an excellence so dear to the masculine mind. How many old-maid aunts, indeed, have nephews not beguiled? How many old-maid sisters have not opened their ears to the self-praise of their unsuccessful brothers who have missed a hearing at the bar, or in the pulpit, or wherever there was competition among men?

Patient souls, these old maids, listening to each of us as a mother only listens to her own, and who have listened so long that at last they have the air of never expecting any one to pay attention to them. They venture into speech on their own account, as timid mice into parlors, ready on the instant to whisk about and seek cover again. These, though, are the old maids for whom corners are never lacking, so eager are the very least among men to assure themselves of a hearing somewhere.

I am so sorry for the old maids who have never yet found their proper corners, and I know so many. They belong nowhere, are no man's possession, like fruit dropped over a sunny garden wall and on to the highway beyond. Every passer-by has a right to them, and may devour them as he travels; but they are never reckoned again among the proprietor's belongings, nor taken to adorn a table round which his guests are gathered. I never look at a family tree without thinking of just such old maids, wondering who nipped the bud that I see on the end of some ancestral branch bearing no divergent twigs, and with which a hereditary line is ended.

These old maids are to be found everywhere. They come to sew for you, to make over pillows, to read to you, to teach you a language, or to instruct you on the piano-forte. Or they make lamp-shades, which you buy out of charity, or children's games, for which you purchase the materials. But you never go into their houses nor ask them especially into yours, pathetic figures that they are, whose only joy seems to be the remembrance of a brightness that had been when their fathers were alive. And how daz-

zling the brightness grows as it recedes, until at the last it includes their whole horizon!

But then, no old maid can have a corner who sighs for the things that are gone. A corner, it seems to me, must be a present brightness, not a glory that has been. The sun should shine into it by day and the stars by night. Friends should come and go,—rich and poor, old and young, the miserable and the happy,—else there is no corner at all, only a nook in which one is sheltered without sheltering. And if fashion can travel on one side of this corner and industry on the other, so much the better, for then the old maid gets the graces and the virtues combined, and there is no better combination, nor one more helpful.

Of course our married brothers, being men, will all look at our corners from different points of view, but we old maids need never be disturbed if we remember that a man's point of view has really almost nothing to do with the thing at which he is looking, especially when that thing has anything to do with a woman. See how long they have been regarding us, and is there one who understands us yet—one who does not picture us as a blessing or a temptation, and all according to what he has in himself, not what he finds in us? That which a man will see in our corners will, therefore, never depend upon the side he takes, but upon another and altogether different side of which he is thinking, or was thinking yesterday, or of which he means to think to-morrow. I know this, because sometimes one of these men will come to my corner parlor, and after glancing about he will tell me how delightful it is to find life so simplified. Simplified! As if he and every other married man I know were not reveling in complexities! And sometimes a married brother, who has been very comfortable for half an hour in the only large chair that I possess, will look across at me where I sit on a stool much too small for me, and he will tell me that, after all, I seem to have everything that I could possibly want in this world.

Once, before I had even that stool, and when my corner was new, he came to inspect. Married brothers, as I say, will always do that. I had taken a cushion and seated myself on the floor, my back to the chimney, and because I was cheerful about it, trying not to spoil his visit,—not to make

him too conscious of his occupying my only chair,—he said, "I don't know but that you are the kind of woman, after all, who would be just as well off without chairs!" And this is the brother who is always tucking cushions into his wife's back, and wheeling comfortable seats for her.

Marriage, indeed, does make a difference to women, and we who are the old maids might just as well learn. My own first awakening came when I saw my married sisters calling to their stalwart young husbands to help them overcome puddles in the road. And what a fuss they made! When they had been helped over, they went on and left me, the youngest, behind. I called for assistance too, it seemed so agreeable to command it. One of my sisters, her hand still in that of her husband, looked back and said: "It's easy. Step on a stone and jump." Then cuddling closer to her husband, she walked on, not turning again.

I can remember, too, the wife of some college professor who had been asked to meet me when I was perhaps twenty-eight. "Why, I thought you were married," she said to me as we shook hands. "If I had known you were single, I never would have worn a long dress." It was her only long dress, I learned afterward,—that was why she said "a" and not "my,"—a black silk dress, by the way, which she had worn for years, and which she made "low neck" for dinner-parties by unfastening the few top buttons. These early experiences, and my having married sisters, taught me much. Probably every other old maid has learned, too, that timidity and helplessness, for instance, so engaging in wives, are considered ridiculous in spinsters. Is not a timid old maid laughed at the world over, and is not a timid wife cherished?

I compared notes on the subject of our condition only the other day with another old maid of my acquaintance (not of the opulent or distinguished kind), who comes here for the purpose. I dwelt upon the distinctions made against us, especially upon the fact that in the great processions we had no appointed places: that we were always left out of things.

"Oh, but we do have our places," she said. "We always come in with the buggies at the end of country funerals."

We both laughed.

But then, each of us had a corner.

(To be continued.)

# A RUSSIAN CLIMAX

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

I



**A** SHARP tap from the baton checked the C— Orchestra in mid-career. It was the day before the season's first concert, and all the musicians were in high fettle; for Wolfgang, the conductor, was jocular, and the rehearsal had fairly seethed, thus far, with Frankish and Teutonic

patriotism. So it was small wonder that more than one performer upon the violin or some other instrument of less than ten strings rose, when the music ceased, and playfully hit his neighbor with his bow by way of relaxation. Even Ballschütz, the piccolo specialist, used his instrument as a blowpipe, directing putty pellets at the sedate contrabassists.

The high priest of American music dismounted stiffly from his altar, which was at the apex of a miscellaneous

property pyramid. He wore a quizzical expression as he advanced through his disordered forces toward the great bass tuba, the largest and most powerful horn in the orchestra. All ears were craned for the expected sally.

"Meester Revensky," piped the veteran conductor, "an horse-fly, *nichtwahr*, vass sitting upon your part ven you blew such a great B flat?" His voice had a curious treble quality, acquired doubtless by overmuch singing of refractory violin parts.

The dark, sullen face of Revensky grew darker as he muttered something unintelligible and glared about at the open levity of his fellows. He was the only Russian

in the orchestra, and the national character of that morning's music had been to him as turpentine to a wound. So it was small wonder that his oppressed Slavic spirit should have burst forth with volcanic force when Russia was reached at last in the morning's musical jaunt across Europe. For this piece, the last on the program, was no other than the "1812" overture of Tschai-



Drawn by Frederic Dorr Steele

"STOLID AND LOWERING SAT REVENSKY"



Drawn by Frederic Dorr Steele

"HE GAVE VENT TO MUCH LURID RUSSIAN"

kowsky, which that fiery composer once wrote, in a fever of patriotism, to commemorate the expulsion of Napoleon from Moscow by fire and sword.

"Von Anfang," quoth Wolfgang, laconically remounting the altar upon which, during his high-priesthood, he had sacrificed many professional victims. Everything was going well, and the stern old conductor, who had already forgotten the tuba episode, was almost beaming upon his *Herrschaften*. It was time for the French to become active, and the general signaled the brass battery to open fire. The trumpets and trombones responded with martial precision in a fragment of the *Marseillaise*. But the heavy artillery—where was the sixteen-pounder, the great

bass tuba? Stolid and lowering sat Revensky, his horn on his lap; but not one note would he contribute to swell the French battle-song, although Wolfgang nearly put his left shoulder out of joint with his signals. That veteran regarded the man with sinister aspect, for this was rank mutiny; but he did not, as all expected, stop the overture. More and more furious grew the pace, and to the sound of cheering multitudes, ingeniously concealed somewhere in the second violins, and much banging of cannon in the courtyard, the tide of battle turned, and a pæan of victory, the Russian national hymn, was intoned by all the mightiest ones of the orchestra, blended with a shrill chant of the church of Russia.

But what were those ear-destroying blasts which shook the building like a small earthquake? Astonished eyes were turned upon Revensky. He had risen to the full height of his huge frame as the tide of battle turned; and standing at the highest part of the bleacher-like concert-platform, his face distorted with rage and purple with his noisy efforts, the bulk of his person augmented by that of his instrument, he seemed like some malignant Cyclops prematurely blowing into the trump of doom.

The surprise of Wolfgang was such that for one moment his usual power of forcible and adequate expression quite deserted him, and, while the musicians gaped in utter astonishment, he could merely manage to murmur:

"Meester Reven-sky, I tank you blay a leetle too soft in dat glimax."

Then all his pristine powers returned upon him, and with two bounds he seized the unfortunate Slav by the scruff of his mighty neck and pitched him off the back of the stage. Then with remarkable agility the veteran hustled the mutineer to the stage-door, and propelled both man and tuba northward with some appropriate language which may not be here recorded.

Revensky painfully disentangled his bruised person from one of the cannons which was indulging just then in a quiet smoke outside the stage-door, and as he did so he gave vent to much lurid Russian, the purport of which was that he, Revensky, and all his family and friends, would endeavor to provide the many-adjectived Wolfgang with an adequate climax for the "1812" overture at the morrow's concert.

II

At the hour of half-past one that night, a huge black-bearded, dark-skinned man might have been seen entering the alley behind the C—— Auditorium. An inquisitive passer might have seen this person producing a key and entering at the stage-door. An eye at the keyhole might have detected the flashing of a bull's-eye lantern, and an ear judiciously applied to that orifice might have caught the faint, monotonous hissing of a saw coming from the direction of the concert-stage.

In about half an hour the man emerged with the ghost of a satisfied grin lurking in the shadows of his beard.

III

It was an extremely foreign program that was offered to lovers of the C—— Orchestra at the first matinee in the year of 189—.

There are those who suppose that the orchestral conductor selects his program, as some ministers select their texts, at random;

but the program of the conscientious conductor, like the text of the right sort of minister, is the product of thought and calculation. This was the program:

|                                         |                   |
|-----------------------------------------|-------------------|
| Overture, "Patrie" . . . . .            | <i>Bizet</i>      |
| Symphonic Poem, "Joan of Arc" . . . . . | <i>Moszkowski</i> |
| Overture, "Robespierre" . . . . .       | <i>Litolff</i>    |

#### INTERMISSION

|                                           |                     |
|-------------------------------------------|---------------------|
| Symphony, "Wallenstein Trilogy" . . . . . | <i>D'Indy</i>       |
| "Kaisermarsch" . . . . .                  | <i>Wagner</i>       |
| Overture, "1812" . . . . .                | <i>Tschaikowsky</i> |



Drawn by Frederic Dorr Steele



Now no essay could have been compounded with more care than this first program; for it was intended to smooth the patriotic fur of each of the nationalities most largely represented among the orchestral musicians, and so to put the men in tune for the season's work. The Frank took pride in his priority of place; the Teuton, after the intermission, had a chance to efface all recollections of his trans-Rhenish foe; while Teuton and Slav enjoyed with Russia the discomfiture of France in the last melodramatic act.

As the program advanced, the musicians, who alone could see the top balcony, called one another's attention to its peculiar appearance. It was not filled, as top balconies are supposed to be, with ecstatic Ethiopians, but with a great crowd of dark, Russian-looking folk. They seemed excited and expectant. During the intermission they buzzed in their sibilant language like a large hive of very angry bees. More than one musician recognized among them the lowering features of his late brother Revensky. He was sitting in a front seat near the center, and, although nearly a block away from the stage, a bulky object could be detected between his knees.

"Dis blattform iss to-day very shaky," murmured the first trombonist to the kettle-drummer. "I subbose vee shall not shake—yes? no?—in '1812' ven dat organ shall sound de key-note of dis stage und dose drum-traps begin!" He drew his chair farther from the edge.

At length Frank and Teuton had had their say and the hour of Russia's triumph was at hand. The rich chords of the old Greek Church chant arose from the violas and cellos as from some de-mechanized pipe-organ of the immortal gods. Starting far down on the scale, ever aspiring upward with a sullen fire, ever smothered back, it is a symbol of the religious fervor of Russia, flaring and flickering, glowing and guttering under the dead ashes of an outworn creed. Now the fire broke forth again, and one was transported to the very streets of old Moscow. Lift high the chant

and drown that hated Marseillaise! And see, the Bonaparte shall know yet fiercer flames than those of song! The cathedral was ablaze, and the glare of the burning streets was on every face. But the Marseillaise fiend howled yet louder. Were those French cries of victory? Ah, only the lunatics who had broken from the madhouse and danced, laughing, in the square! A distant rumbling, and with the turn of the battle-tide the hymn of Russia echoed from thousands of deep throats. The bear was driving before him the scorched and broken-winged eagle through the blazing streets toward the land of the setting sun. Cannon roared; the earth tottered—crash! Was all Moscow reeling to the ground on our heads?

At that instant the fashionable *matinée* audience witnessed a strange sight. Just when the cannon began to speak, the organ to thunder, and when those rearward musicians who operate on the drums, the cymbals, and the big gong began to do their utmost, a surprising crash was heard, and those gentlemen suddenly disappeared from view, greatly increasing thereby the general volume of tone. The three trombones wildly threw up their brazen arms and disappeared from sight to a horn, while the battalion of double-basses toppled over upon the substitute tuba and the prostrate kettledrums with the sound of colliding express-trains. The entire rear section of the platform disappeared as if by magic, bearing with it Wolfgang's cunning performers upon the noisier instruments, and petrifying that gentleman's wildly uplifted arms, while the cannon banged intermittently in the courtyard.

Just as the uproar began to subside, a fresh wave of sound seemed to descend from the very roof upon the electrified audience. The Russian national hymn, taken up just where the orchestra had left it, was being roared from hundreds of deep throats in the top balcony. Leading the chorus could be detected the voice of a great bass horn.



# LOVEY MARY

BY ALICE CALDWELL HEGAN

Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"

WITH PICTURES BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN

## IV

### AN ACCIDENT AND AN INCIDENT

"Our deeds still travel with us from afar,  
And what we have been makes us what  
we are."



THROUGH the assistance of Asia Wiggs, Lovey Mary secured pleasant and profitable work at the factory; but her mind was not at peace. Of course it was a joy to wear the red dress and arrange her hair a different way each morning, but there was a queer, restless little feeling in her heart that spoiled even the satisfaction of looking like other girls and earning three dollars a week. The very fact that nobody took her to task, that nobody scolded or blamed her, caused her to ask herself disturbing questions. Secret perplexity had the same effect upon her that it has upon many who are older and wiser: it made her cross.

Two days after she started to work, Asia, coming down from the decorating-room for lunch, found her in fiery dispute with a red-haired girl. There had been an accident in front of the factory, and the details were under discussion.

"Well, I know all about it," declared the red-haired girl, excitedly, "'cause my sister was the first one that got to her."

"Is your sister a nigger named Jim Brown?" asked Lovey Mary, derisively. "Ever'budy says he was the first one got there."

"Was there blood on her head?" asked Asia, trying to stem the tide of argument.

"Yes, indeed," said the first speaker; "on her head an' on her hands, too. I

hanged on the steps when they was puttin' her in the ambalance-wagon, an' she never knowed a bloomin' thing!"

"Why did n't you go on with them to the hospital?" asked Lovey Mary. "I don't see how the doctors could get along without you."

"Oh, you 're just mad 'cause you did n't see her. She was awful pretty! Had on a black hat with a white feather in it, but it got in the mud. They say she had a letter in her pocket with her name on it."

"I thought maybe she come to long enough to tell you her name," teased her tormentor.

"Well, I do know it, Smarty," retorted the other, sharply: "it's Miss Kate Rider."

Meanwhile in the Cabbage Patch Miss Hazy and Mrs. Wiggs were holding a consultation over the fence.

"She come over to my house first," Mrs. Wiggs was saying, dramatically illustrating her remarks with two tin cans. "This is me here, an' I looks up an' seen the old lady standin' over there. She put me in mind of a graven image. She had on a sorter gray mournin', did n't she, Miss Hazy?"

"Yes, 'm; that was the way it struck me. Bein' gray, I 'lowed it was fer some one she did n't keer fer pertickler."

"An' gent's cuffs," continued Mrs. Wiggs; "I noticed them right off. 'Scuse me,' says she, snappin' her mouth open an' shut like a trap—'scuse me, but have you seen anything of two strange childern in this neighborhood?' I th'owed my apron over Lovey Mary's hat, that I was trimmin'. I was n't goin' to tell till I found out what that widdy woman was after. But before

I was called upon to answer, Tommy come tearin' round the house chasin' Cusmoodle."

"Who?"

"Cusmoodle, the duck. I named it this mornin'. Well, when the lady seen Tommy she started up, then she set down ag'in, holdin' her skirts up all the time to keep 'em from techin' the floor. 'How'd they git here?' she ast, so relieved-like that I thought she must be kin to 'em. So I up an' told her all I knew. I told her if she wanted to find out anything about us she could ast Mrs. Reddin' over at Terrace Park. 'Mrs. Robert Reddin'?' says she, lookin' dumfounded. 'Yes,' says I, 'the finest lady, rich or poor, in Kentucky, unless it's her husband.' Then she went on an' ast me goin' on a hundred questions 'bout all of us an' all of you all, an' 'bout the factory. She even ast me where we got our water at, an' if you kept yer house healthy. I told her Lovey

Mary had made Chris carry out more 'n a wheelbarrow full of dirt ever' night since she had been here, an' I guess it would be healthy by the time she got through."

Miss Hazy moved uneasily. "I told her I could n't clean up much 'count of the rheumatism, an' phthisic, an' these here dizzy spells—"

"I bet she did n't git a chance to talk

much if you got started on your symptoms," interrupted Mrs. Wiggs.

"Did n't you think she was a' awful haughty talker?"

"No, indeed. She took on mighty few airs fer a person in mournin'. When she riz to go, she says, real kind fer such a stern-faced woman, 'Do the childern seem well

an' happy?'

'Yes, 'm; they

're well, all

right,' says I.

'Tommy he

's like a colt

what 's been

stabled up all

winter an' is

let out fer the

first time. As

fer Mary,' I

says, 'she

seems kinder

low in her

mind, looks

awful pestered

most of the

time.' 'It won't

hurt her,' says

the lady.

'Keep a' eye

on 'em,' says

she, puttin'

some money in

my hand, 'an'

if you need

any more, I'll

leave it with

Mrs. Reddin'.

Then she cau-

tioned me per-

tickler not to

say nothin'

'bout her hav-

in' been here."

"She told

me not to tell,

too," said Miss

Hazy; "but I

don't know what we 're goin' to say to Mrs. Schultz. She 'most sprained her back tryin' to see who it was, an' Mrs. Eichorn come over twicet pertendin' like she wanted to borrow a corkscrew driver."

"Tell 'em she was a newfangled agent," said Mrs. Wiggs, with unblushing mendacity—"a' agent fer shoe-strings."



Drawn by Florence Scovel Shinn

"SHE TOOK ON MIGHTY FEW AIRS FER A PERSON IN MOURNIN'"

v

## THE DAWN OF A ROMANCE

"There is in the worst of fortunes  
The best of chances for a happy change."

"GOOD land! you all 're so clean in here I 'm feared of ketchin' the pneumony." Mrs. Wiggs stood in Miss Hazy's kitchen and smiled approval at the marvelous transformation.

"Well, now, I don't think it 's right healthy," complained Miss Hazy, who was sitting at the machine, with her feet on a soap-box; "so much water sloppin' round is mighty apt to give a person a cold. But Lovey Mary says she can't stand it no other way. She 's mighty set, Mis' Wiggs."

"Yes, an' that 's jes what you need, Miss Hazy. You never was set 'bout nothin' in yer life. Lovey Mary 's jes took you an' the house an' ever'thing in hand, an' in four weeks got you all to livin' like white folks. I ain't claimin' she ain't sharp-tongued; I 'low she 's sassed 'bout ever'-body in the Patch but me by now. But she 's good, an' she 's smart, an' some of her sharp corners 'll git pecked off afore her hair grows much longer."

"Oh, mercy me! here she comes now to git her lunch," said Miss Hazy, with chagrin. "I ain't got a thing fixed."

"You go on an' sew; I 'll mess up a little somethin' fer her. She 'll stop, anyway, to talk to Tommy. Did you ever see anything to equal the way she takes on 'bout that child? She jes natchally analyzes him."

Lovey Mary, however, did not stop as usual to play with Tommy. She came straight to the kitchen and sat down on the door-step, looking worried and preoccupied.

"How comes it you ain't singin'?" asked Mrs. Wiggs. "If I had a voice like yourn, folks would have to stop up their years with cotton. I jes find myself watchin' fer you to come home, so 's I can hear you singin' them pretty duets round the house."

Lovey Mary smiled faintly; for a month past she had been unconsciously striving to live up to Mrs. Wiggs's opinion of her, and the constant praise and commendation of that "courageous captain of compliment" had moved her to herculean effort.

But a sudden catastrophe threatened her. She sat on the door-step, white and miserable. Held tight in the hand that

was thrust in her pocket was a letter; it was a blue letter addressed to Miss Hazy in large, dashing characters. Lovey Mary had got it from the postman as she went out in the morning; for five hours she had been racked with doubt concerning it. She felt that it could refer but to one subject, and that was herself. Perhaps Miss Bell had discovered her hiding-place, or, worse still, perhaps Kate Rider had seen her at the factory and was writing for Tommy. Lovey Mary crushed the letter in her hand; she would not give it to Miss Hazy. She would outwit Kate again.

"All right, honey," called Mrs. Wiggs; "here you are. 'T ain't much of a lunch, but it 'll fill up the gaps. Me an' Miss Hazy jes been talkin' 'bout you."

Lovey Mary glanced up furtively. Could they have suspected anything?

"Did n't yer years sorter burn? We was speakin' of the way you 'd slicked things up round here. I was a-sayin' even if you was a sorter repeatin'-rifle when it come to answerin' back, you was a good, nice girl."

Lovey Mary smoothed out the crumpled letter in her pocket. "I 'm 'fraid I ain't as good as you make me out," she said despondently.

"Oh, yes, she is," said Miss Hazy, with unusual animation; "she 's a rale good girl, when she ain't sassy."

This unexpected praise was too much for Lovey Mary. She snatched the letter from her pocket and threw it on the table, not daring to trust her good impulse to last beyond the minute.

"Miss Marietta Hazy, South Avenue and Railroad Crossing," read Mrs. Wiggs, in amazement.

"Oh, surely it ain't got me on the back of it!" cried Miss Hazy, rising hurriedly from the machine and peering over her glasses. "You open it, Mis' Wiggs; I ain't got the nerve to."

With chattering teeth and trembling hands Lovey Mary sat before her untasted food. She could hear Tommy's laughter through the open window, and the sound brought tears to her eyes. But Mrs. Wiggs's voice recalled her, and she nerved herself for the worst.

"Miss Hazy.

"DEAR MISS [Mrs. Wiggs read from the large type-written sheet before her]: Why not

study the planets and the heavens therein? In casting your future, I find that thou wilt have an active and succesful year for business, but beware of the law. You are prudent and amiable and have a lively emagination. You will have many ennemies; but fear not, for in love you will be faithful and sincer, and are fitted well fer married life."

twenty-five cents with the enclosed card, which you will fill out, we will put you in direct correspondance with the gentleman, and the degree ordained by the planets will thus be fulfilled. Please show this circular to your friends, and oblige  
*Astrologer."*

As the reading proceeded, Lovey Mary's fears gradually diminished, and with a sigh of relief she applied herself to her lunch. But if the letter had proved of no consequence to her, such was not the case with the two women standing at the window. Miss Hazy was re-reading the letter, vainly trying to master the contents.

"Mary," she said, "git up an' see if you can find my other pair of lookin'-glasses. Seems like I can't git the sense of it."

Mrs. Wiggs meanwhile was excitedly commenting on the charms of the "spirit picture":

"My, but he 's stylish! Looks fer all the world like a' insurance agent. Looks like he might be a little tall to his size, but I like statute men better 'n dumpy ones. I bet he 's got a lot of nice manners. Ain't his smile pleasant?"

Miss Hazy seized the small picture with trembling fingers. "I don't seem to git on to what it 's all about, Mis' Wiggs. Ain't they made a mistake or somethin'?"

"No, indeed; there 's no mistake at all," declared Mrs. Wiggs. "Yer name 's on the back, an' it 's meant fer you. Someway yer name 's got

out as bein' single an' needin' takin' keer of, an' I reckon this here 'strologer, or conjurer, or whatever he is, seen yer good fortune in the stars an' jes wanted to let you know 'bout it."

"Does he want to get married with her?" asked Lovey Mary, beginning to realize the grave importance of the subject under discussion.

"Well, it may lead to that," answered Mrs. Wiggs, hopefully. Surely only a beneficent Providence could have offered such



Drawn by Florence Scovel Shinn

"SHE SAT ON THE DOOR-STEP, WHITE AND MISERABLE"

"They surely ain't meanin' me?" asked Miss Hazy, in great perturbation.

"Yes, ma'am," said Mrs. Wiggs, emphatically; "it 's you, plain as day. Let 's go on:

"Your star fortells you a great many lucky events. You are destined to a brilliant succes, but you will have to earn it by good conduct. Let wise men lead you. Your mildness against the wretched will bring you the friendship of everybody. Enclosed you will find a spirit picture of your future pardner. If you will send

an unexpected solution to the problem of Miss Hazy's future.

Miss Hazy herself uttered faint protests and expostulations, but in spite of herself she was becoming influenced by Mrs. Wiggs's enthusiasm.

"Oh, shoo!" she repeated again and again. "I ain't never had no thought of marryin'."

"Course you ain't," said Mrs. Wiggs. "Good enough reason: you ain't had a show before. Seems to me you 'd be flyin' straight in the face of Providence to refuse a stylish, sweet-smilin' man like that."

"He is fine-lookin'," acknowledged Miss Hazy, trying not to appear too pleased; "only I wisht his years did n't stick out so much."

Mrs. Wiggs was exasperated.

"Lawsee! Miss Hazy, what do you think he 'll think of yer figger? Have you got so much to brag on, that you kin go to pickin' him to pieces? Do you suppose I 'd 'a' dared to judge Mr. Wiggs that away? Why, Mr. Wiggs's nose was as long as a clothes-pin; but I would no more 'a' thought of his nose without him than I would 'a' thought of him without the nose."

"Well, what do you think I 'd orter do 'bout it?" asked Miss Hazy.

"I ain't quite made up my mind," said her mentor. "I 'll talk it over with the neighbors. But I 'spect, if we kin skeer up a quarter, that you 'll answer by the mornin's mail."

That night Lovey Mary sat in her little attic room and held Tommy close to her hungry heart. All day she worked with the thought of coming back to him at night; but with night came the dustman, and in spite of her games and stories Tommy's blue eyes would get full of the sleep-dust. To-night, however, he was awake and talkative.

"Ain't I dot no muvver?" he asked.

"No," said Lovey Mary, after a pause.

"Did n't I never had no muvver?"

Lovey Mary set him up in her lap and looked into his round, inquiring eyes. Her very love for him hardened her heart against the one who had wronged him.

"Yes, darling, you had a mother once, but she was a bad mother, a mean, bad, wicked mother. I hate her—hate her!" Lovey Mary's voice broke in a sob.

"Ma—ry; aw, Ma—ry!" called Miss

Hazy up the stairs. "You 'll have to come down here to Chris. He 's went to sleep with all his clothes on 'crost my bed, an' I can't git him up."

Lovey Mary tucked Tommy under the cover and went to Miss Hazy's assistance.

"One night I had to set up all night 'cause he would n't git up," complained Miss Hazy, in hopelessly injured tones.

Lovey Mary wasted no time in idle coaxing. She seized a broom and rapped the sleeper sharply on the legs. His peg-stick was insensible to this insult, but one leg kicked a feeble protest. In vain Lovey Mary tried violent measures; Chris simply shifted his position and slumbered on. Finally she resorted to strategy:

"Listen, Miss Hazy! Ain't that the fire-engine?"

In a moment Chris was hanging half out of the window, demanding, "Where at?"

"You great big lazy boy!" scolded Lovey Mary, as she put Miss Hazy's bed in order. "I 'll get you to behaving mighty different if I stay here long enough. What 's this?" she added, pulling something from under Miss Hazy's pillow.

"Oh, it ain't nothin'," cried Miss Hazy, reaching for it eagerly. But Lovey Mary had recognized the "spirit picture."

## VI

### THE LOSING OF MR. STUBBINS

"Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove."

If the Cabbage Patch had pinned its faith upon the efficiency of the matrimonial agency in regard to the disposal of Miss Hazy, it was doomed to disappointment. The events that led up to the final catastrophe were unique in that they cast no shadows before.

Miss Hazy's letters, dictated by Mrs. Wiggs and penned by Lovey Mary, were promptly and satisfactorily answered. The original of the spirit picture proved to be one Mr. Stubbins, "a prominent citizen of Bagdad Junction who desired to marry some one in the city. The lady must be of good character and without incumbrances." "That 's all right," Mrs. Wiggs had declared; "you need n't have no incumbrances. If he 'll take keer of you, we 'll all look after Chris."



The wooing had been ideally simple. Mr. Stubbins, with the impetuosity of a new lover, demanded an early meeting. It was a critical time, and the Cabbage Patch realized the necessity of making the first impression a favorable one. Mrs. Wiggs took pictures from her walls and chairs from her parlor to beautify the house of Hazy. Old Mrs. Schultz, who was confined to her bed, sent over her black silk dress for Miss Hazy to wear. Mrs. Eichorn, with deep insight into the nature of man, gave a pound-cake and a pumpkin-pie. Lovey Mary scrubbed, and dusted, and cleaned, and superintended the toilet of the bride elect.

The important day had arrived, and with it Mr. Stubbins. To the many eyes that surveyed him from behind shutters and half-open doors he was something of a disappointment. Mrs. Wiggs's rosy anticipations had invested him with the charms of an Apollo, while Mr. Stubbins, in reality, was far from godlike. "My land! he's lanker 'n a bean-pole," exclaimed Mrs. Eichorn, in disgust. But then Mrs. Eichorn

weighed two hundred, and her judgment was warped. Taking everything into consideration, the prospects had been most flattering. Mr. Stubbins, sitting in Mrs. Wiggs's most comfortable chair, with a large slice of pumpkin-pie in his hand, and with Miss Hazy opposite arrayed in Mrs. Schultz's black silk, had declared himself ready to marry at once. And Mrs. Wiggs, believing that a groom in the hand is worth two in the bush, promptly precipitated the courtship into a wedding.

The affair proved the sensation of the hour, and "Miss Hazy's husband" was the

cynosure of all eyes. For one brief week the honeymoon shed its beguiling light on the neighborhood, then it suffered a sudden and ignominious eclipse.

The groom got drunk.

Mary was clearing away the supper-dishes when she was startled by a cry from Miss Hazy:

"My sakes! Lovey Mary! Look at Mr. Stubbins a-comin' up the street! Do you s'pose he's had a stroke?"

Lovey Mary ran to the window and beheld the "prominent citizen of Bagdad Junction" in a state of unmistakable intoxication. He was bareheaded and hilarious, and used the fence as a life-preserver. Miss Hazy wrung her hands and wept.

"Oh, what 'll I do?" she wailed. "I do b'lieve he's had somethin' to drink. I ain't goin' to stay an' meet him, Mary; I'm goin' to hide. I always was skeered of drunken men."

"I'm not," said Mary, stoutly. "You go on up in my room and lock the door; I'm going to stay here and keep him from messing up this kitchen. I want

to tell him what I think of him, anyhow. I just hate that man! I believe you do, too, Miss Hazy."

Miss Hazy wept afresh. "Well, he ain't my kind, Mary. I know I'd had n't orter marry him, but it 'pears like ever' woman sorter wants to try gittin' married onct anyways. I never would 'a' done it, though, if Mrs. Wiggs had n't 'a' sicked me on."

By this time Mr. Stubbins had reached the yard, and Miss Hazy fled. Lovey Mary barricaded Tommy in a corner with his playthings and met the delinquent at the door. Her eyes blazed and her cheeks



Drawn by Florence Scovel Shinn

"MRS. WIGGS TOOK PICTURES FROM HER WALLS AND CHAIRS FROM HER PARLOR TO BEAUTIFY THE HOUSE OF HAZY"





Drawn by Florence Scovel Shinn

"MR. STUBBINS, SITTING IN MRS. WIGGS'S MOST COMFORTABLE CHAIR, WITH A LARGE SLICE OF PUMPKIN-PIE IN HIS HAND"

were aflame. This modern David had no stones and sling to slay her Goliath; she had only a vocabulary full of stinging words which she hurled forth with indignation and scorn. Mr. Stubbins had evidently been abused before, for he paid no attention to the girl's wrath. He passed jauntily to the stove and tried to pour a cup of coffee; the hot liquid missed the cup and streamed over his wrist and hand. Howling with pain and swearing vociferously, he flung the coffee-pot out of the window, kicked a chair across the room, then turned upon Tommy, who was adding shrieks of terror to the general uproar. "Stop that infernal yelling!" he cried savagely, as he struck the child full in the face with his heavy hand.

Lovey Mary sprang forward and seized the poker. All the passion of her wild little nature was roused. She stole up behind him as he knelt before Tommy, and lifted the poker to strike. A pair of terrified blue eyes arrested her. Tommy forgot to cry, in sheer amazement at what she was about to do. Ashamed of herself, she threw the poker aside, and taking advantage of Mr. Stubbins's crouching position, she thrust him suddenly backward into the closet. The

manœuver was a brilliant one, for while Mr. Stubbins was unsteadily separating himself from the debris into which he had been cast, Lovey Mary slammed the door and locked it. Then she picked up Tommy and fled out of the house and across the yard.

Mrs. Wiggs was sitting on her back porch pretending to knit, but in truth absorbed in a wild game of tag which the children were having on the commons. "That 's right," she was calling excitedly — "that 's right, Chris Hazy! You kin ketch as good as any of 'em, even if you have got a peg-stick." But when she caught sight of Mary's white, distressed face and Tommy's streaming eyes, she dropped her work and held out her arms. When Mary had finished her story Mrs. Wiggs's serenity had given way to real distress.

"An' to think I run her up ag'in' this! Ain't men deceivin'? Now I 'd 'a' risked Mr. Stubbins myself fer the askin'. It 's true he was a widower, an' ma uster allays say, 'Don't fool with widowers, grass nor sod.' But Mr. Stubbins was so slick-tongued! He told me yesterday he had to take liquor sometime fer his war enjury."

"But, Mrs. Wiggs, what must we do?" asked Lovey Mary, too absorbed in the present to be interested in the past.

"Do? Why, we got to git Miss Hazy out of this here hole. It ain't no use consultin' her; I allays have said talkin' to Miss Hazy was like pullin' out bastin'-threads: you jes take out what you put in. Me an' you has got to think out a plan right here an' now, then go to work an' carry it out."

"Could n't we get the agency to take him back?" suggested Mary.

"No, indeed; they could n't afford to do that. Lemme see, lemme see—" For five minutes Mrs. Wiggs rocked meditatively, soothing Tommy to sleep as she rocked. When she again spoke it was with inspiration:

"I've got it! It looks sometime, Lovey Mary, 's if I'd sorter caught some of Mr. Wiggs's brains in thinkin' things out. They ain't but one thing to do with Miss Hazy's husband, an' we'll do it this very night."

"What, Mrs. Wiggs? What is it?" asked Lovey Mary, eagerly.

"Why, to lose him, of course! We'll wait till Mr. Stubbins is dead asleep; you know men allays have to sleep off a jag like this. I've seen Mr. Wiggs—I mean I've heard 'em say so many a time. Well, when Mr. Stubbins is sound asleep, you an' me an' Billy will drag him out to the railroad."

Mrs. Wiggs's voice had sunk to a hoarse whisper, and her eyes looked fierce in the twilight.

Lovey Mary shuddered.

"You ain't going to let the train run over him, are you?" she asked.

"Lor', child, I ain't a 'sassinator! No; we'll wait till the midnight freight comes along, an' when it stops fer water, we'll h'ist Mr. Stubbins into one of them empty cars. The train goes 'way out West somewheres, an' by the time Mr. Stubbins wakes up, he'll be so far away from home he won't have no money to git back."

"What'll Miss Hazy say?" asked Mary, giggling in nervous excitement.

"Miss Hazy ain't got a thing to do with it," replied Mrs. Wiggs, conclusively.

At midnight, by the dark of the moon, the unconscious groom was borne out of the Hazy cottage. Mrs. Wiggs carried his head, while Billy Wiggs and Mary and Asia and Chris officiated at his arms and

legs. The bride surveyed the scene from the chinks of the up-stairs shutters.

Silently the little group waited until the lumbering freight-train slowed up to take water, then with a concerted effort they lifted the heavy burden into an empty car. As they shrank back into the shadow, Billy whispered to Lovey Mary:

"Say, what was that you put 'longside of him?"

Mary looked shamefaced.

"It was just a little lunch-dinner," she said apologetically; "it seemed sorter mean to send him off without anything to eat."

"Gee!" said Billy. "You're a cur'us girl!"

The engine whistled, and the train moved thunderously away, bearing an unconscious passenger, who, as far as the Cabbage Patch was concerned, was henceforth submerged in the darkness of oblivion.

## VII

### NEIGHBORLY ADVICE

"It's a poor business looking at the sun with a cloudy face."

THE long, hot summer days that followed were full of trials for Lovey Mary. Day after day the great unwinking sun glared savagely down upon the Cabbage Patch, upon the stagnant pond, upon the gleaming rails, upon the puffing trains that pounded by hour after hour. Each morning found Lovey Mary trudging away to the factory, where she stood all day counting and sorting and packing tiles. At night she climbed wearily to her little room under the roof, and tried to sleep with a wet cloth over her face to keep her from smelling the stifling car smoke.

But it was not the heat and discomfort alone that made her cheeks thin and her eyes sad and listless: it was the burden on her conscience, which seemed to be growing heavier all the time. One morning Mrs. Wiggs took her to task for her gloomy countenance. They met at the pump, and, while the former's bucket was being filled, Lovey Mary leaned against a lamp-post and waited in a dejected attitude.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Mrs. Wiggs. "What you lookin' so wilted about?"

Lovey Mary dug her shoe into the ground and said nothing. Many a time

had she been tempted to pour forth her story to this friendly mentor, but the fear of discovery and her hatred of Kate deterred her.

Mrs. Wiggs eyed her keenly. "Pesterin' about somethin'?" she asked.

"Yes, 'm," said Lovey Mary, in a low tone.

"Somethin' that 's already did?"

did what you thought was best; now you want to stop thinkin' 'bout it. You don't want to go round turnin' folks' thoughts sour jes to look at you. Most girls that had white teeth like you would be smilin' to show 'em, if fer nothin' else."

"I wisht I was like you," said Lovey Mary.

"Don't take it out in wishin'. If you want to be cheerful, jes set yer mind on it an' do it. Can't none of us help what traits we start out in life with, but we kin help what we end up with. When things first got to goin' wrong with me, I says: 'O Lord, whatever comes, keep me from gittin' sour!' It was n't fer my own sake I ast it,—some people 'pears to enjoy bein' low-sperited,—it was fer the childern an' Mr. Wiggs. Since then I 've made it a practice to put all my worries down in the bottom of my heart, then set on the lid an' smile."

"But you think ever'body 's nice and good," complained Lovey Mary. "You never see all the meanness I do."

"Don't I? I been watchin' old man Rothchild fer goin' on eleven year, tryin' to see some good in him, an' I never found it till the other day when I seen him puttin' a splint on Cusmoodle's broken leg. He 's the savagest man I know, yit he keered fer that duck as tender as a woman. But it ain't jes seein' the good in folks an' sayin' nice things when you 're feelin' good. The way to git cheerful is to smile when you feel bad, to think about somebody else's headache when yer own is 'most bustin', to keep

on believin' the sun is a-shinin' when the clouds is thick enough to cut. Nothin' helps you to it like thinkin' more 'bout other folks than about yerself."

"I think 'bout Tommy first," said Lovey Mary.

"Yes, you certainly do yer part by him. If my childern wore stockin's an' got as many holes in 'em as he does, I 'd work buttonholes in 'em at the start fer the toes to come through. But even Tommy wants



Drawn by Florence Scovel Shinn

"THEY MET AT THE PUMP"

"Yes, 'm"—still lower.

"Did you think you was actin' fer the best?"

The girl lifted a pair of gray eyes shining with honesty. "Yes, ma'am, I did," she said earnestly.

"I bet you did!" said Mrs. Wiggs, heartily. "You ain't got a deceivin' bone in yer body. Now what you want to do is to brace up yer sperrits. The decidin'-time was the time fer worryin'. You 've

somethin' besides darns. Why don't you let him go barefoot on Sundays, too, an' take the time you been mendin' fer him to play with him? I want to see them pretty smiles come back in yer face ag'in."

In a subsequent conversation with Miss Hazy, Mrs. Wiggs took a more serious view of Lovey Mary's depression:

"She jes makes me wanter cry, she's so subdued-like. I never see anybody change so in my life. It 'u'd jes be a relief to hear her sass some of us like she uster. She told me she never had nobody make over her like we all did, an' it sorter made her 'shamed. Lawsee! if kindness is goin' to kill her, I think we 'd better fuss at her some."

"'Pears to me like she's got nervous sensations," said Miss Hazy; "she jumps up in her sleep, an' talks 'bout folks an' things I never heard tell of."

"That's exactly what ails her," agreed Mrs. Wiggs: "it's nerves, Miss Hazy. To my way of thinkin', nerves is worser than tumors an' cancers. Look at old Mrs. Schultz. She's got the dropsy so bad you can't tell whether she's settin' down or standin' up, yet she ain't got a nerve in her body, an' has 'most as good a time as other folks. We can't let Lovey Mary go on with these here nerves; no tellin' where

they'll land her at. If it was jes spring-time, I'd give her sulphur an' molasses an' jes a leetle cream of tartar; that, used along with egg-shell tea, is the outbeatenest tonic I ever seen. But I never would run ag'in' the seasons. Seems to me I've heared yaller-root spoke of fer killin' nerves."

"I don't 'spect we could git no yaller-root round here."

"What's the matter with Miss Viny? I bet it grows in her garden thick as hairs on a dog's back. Let's send Lovey Mary out there to git some, an' we'll jes repeat the dose on her till it takes some hold."

"I ain't puttin' much stock in Miss Viny," demurred Miss Hazy. "I've heared she was a novelist reader, an' she ain't even a church-member."

"An' do you set up to jedge her?" asked Mrs. Wiggs, in fine scorn. "Miss Viny's got more sense in her little finger than me an' you has got in our whole heads. She can doctor better with them yarbs of hers than any physiannner I know. As to her not bein' a member, she lives right an' helps other folks, an' that's more than lots of members does. Besides," she added conclusively, "Mr. Wiggs himself was n't no church-member."

(To be continued.)

## LONELINESS

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

REMOTE and solemn, with enduring snow  
Forever hooded, yonder mountain-peak  
Climbs to the shining stars, alone and bleak.

And here forever sighs, with ebb and flow,  
The moving ocean, to whose depths no glow  
Of summer sunshine may an entrance seek.  
And in their isolation lie and reek

The deserts alkaline where no foot can go.  
Lonely are these! But lonelier still than they,—  
Summing their loneliness into one whole

Inviolable and terrible as fire,—  
There passes, on its solitary way,  
Untouched, unheard, unknown, each human soul—  
Alone, for all its loving and desire.

# LOOKING INTO THE CARIBBEAN CRATERS

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF ASCENTS TO THE ACTIVE  
CRATERS OF LA SOUFRIÈRE AND PELÉE

BY GEORGE CARROLL CURTIS

WITH DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

THE notable narrative and illustrations of this article are a product of the unique experiences in St. Vincent and Martinique which, in company with Dr. E. O. Hovey, the writer underwent in a careful and leisurely exploration of the craters of La Soufrière and Pelée. Mr. Curtis went to the West Indies on the *Dixie* as a special correspondent for THE CENTURY. He is a geographical sculptor and a member of the United States Geological Survey, and is the only scientific draftsman who has ascended these mountains. He has the distinction of having been the first person to set foot upon the crater of La Soufrière, and the first to reach the very summit of Pelée. Another party were the first to reach the crater of Pelée itself, but they were not so fortunate in the weather they encountered as were Mr. Curtis and Dr. Hovey in the four ascents of that mountain made by them. Mr. Curtis's photographs are of great interest, and his text and drawings have been prepared with deliberation and care from notes and observations made at the time. The recurrences of the eruptions were not necessary to give popular interest to such a record of remarkable experiences. THE EDITOR.

## THE FIRST ASCENT TO THE SOUFRIÈRE CRATER

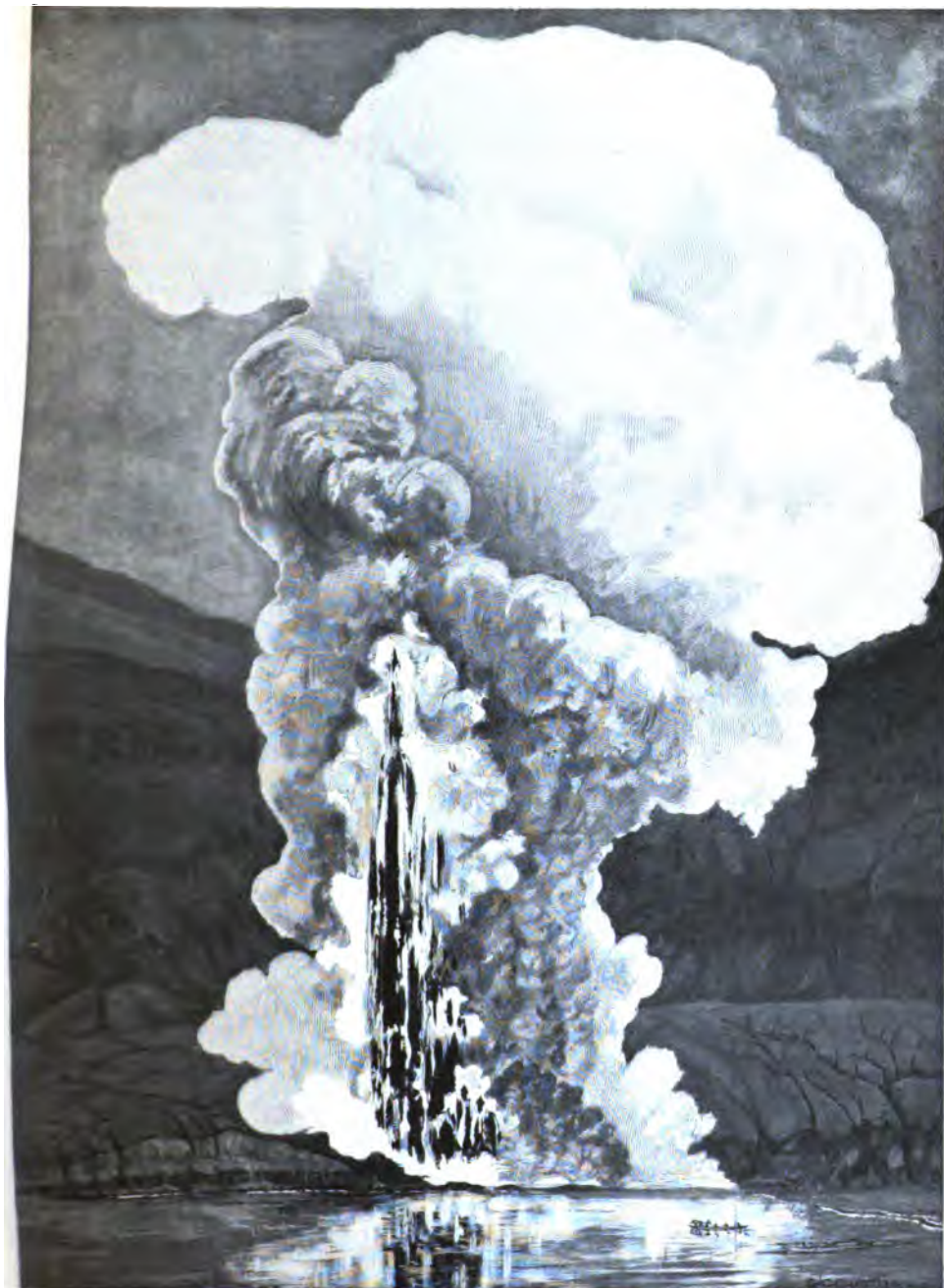
ON the 29th of May, 1902, the U. S. S. *Dixie*, which had been sent with supplies to the relief of Martinique and St. Vincent, having accomplished its mission, sailed for New York from Kingstown, leaving behind three members of the expedition, Dr. E. O. Hovey of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, Dr. T. A. Jaggar of Harvard University, and the writer, a member of the United States Geological Survey. Our object was a more thorough study of the volcanoes, and, if possible, of the craters themselves.

On the 29th of May, by dugout canoe

from Kingstown, we reached the border of devastation. We spent the first day on the lower blasted, desert-like slopes of the Soufrière volcano, witnessing at close hand the novel sights of mud-flows, black waterfalls, and ash-geyser eruptions.

At daybreak on the 30th we reached the village of Châteaubelair, where we were joined by Mr. McGregor McDonald, a resident plantation-owner, who had witnessed and taken the most complete notes of the eruption of the 7th.<sup>1</sup> Mr. McDonald brought with him five black porters, and, surrounded by a silent and observant crowd of natives, we all embarked in a dugout on the first attempt to reach the Soufrière crater since the eruptions.

<sup>1</sup> See these notes in THE CENTURY for August, 1902, in which other interesting material concerning the eruptions will be found. The observations of Professors Russell and Hill, who returned on the *Dixie*, were printed in the September number. — THE EDITOR.



From a sketch by George Carroll Curtis

# OUTBURST OF DUST-LADEN STEAM AT THE MOUTH OF THE WALLIBOU RIVER, ST. VINCENT

These outbursts were the result of the mingling of the waters of the river, swollen by tropical downpours, with the hot ash-beds of the May eruptions. This particular outburst took place about 5 P.M., May 30.

Mr. McDonald said that our proposed ascent had been heralded throughout the island. Unwilling to believe that the crater could be reached, the people would have

it that we were tempting Providence. "They have the hearts of lions," we overheard them say. All were glad, however, that the dreadful crater was to be ex-



From a photograph by George Carroll Curtis

PANORAMIC VIEW, SOUTHWARD, FROM THE CRATER RIM OF LA SOUFRIÈRE

Members of the party are seen on the rim of the crater, which lies to the left of the picture. In the middle ground a lower elevation marks the route by which the ascent was made. Across the valley is seen the Richmond peak of the Morne Garou, along the base of which is the Wallibou River, which empties into the sea at the right of the picture. Châteaubelair Island lies a mile south of the mouth of the river.

amined, and watchers sat down to observe and report our success or failure to plant a signal upon the crater's rim.

The black boatmen rowed us rapidly out of Châteaubelair Bay, around the ridge which rises in a 500-foot barrier on the northern side. Here the luxuriant greens of the tropical vegetation merged into the rusty grays, and they, as we passed down the coast, faded to somber charcoal tints. We came to land on the new delta of the Wallibou River. Passing over a dome-like elevation of desert ash which here buried the village of Wallibou, we saw, with its top clear and sharp against the sky, the jagged crest of the Soufrière.

The black guides led us down into the rough and deep-cut river-bed and up the opposite side to a faint trace of the old Soufrière road. All the track not broken away by land-slide lay covered with ash like a snow-drift after a blizzard. When the road disappeared entirely, our black guides became confused, and hesitated, so that we were obliged to lead. We took to the crest of the



dominant ridge, ash-drifted and of ridge-pole sharpness. The slippery mud-like covering, more than the grade, hindered progress, threw us back, and threatened a slide into the steep cañons. The ash-heaps upon the ridge, gullied to the charred and matted vegetation of the old surface, made a crumbling knife-edge on which we crept with caution.

As we climbed higher, a wide view opened, showing the utter destruction over the great surface. The blasted bark-shorn stumps of a few trees, once giants on heavily timbered slopes, were all that remained of the rich luxuriance of tropic verdure. Deep, dark cañons, with hollowed, tottering sides, scarred with naked basalt cliffs, the bottoms choked with heaps of ashy refuse, from which rose the horrid smell of smoldering wood and flesh, cut the somber slope of this gray, gaunt, giant graveyard.

Should the usual daily rain begin and convert the footing into an avalanche of liquid mud, we felt that our chance to reach the top would be spoiled. Several times we waited for the last of the trailing blacks to reach us; then, fearing to tempt a longer delay, each man took his own pace for the hidden crater. Being in the lead, I looked back after a while. A strange scene was below. The next man was some two hundred yards behind, and ascending from the bed of the cañon on his right was a tall column of white vapor. It rose in bold cumulus masses, which rolled and tumbled over one another in a hurried upward rush. A jet of black shot itself into the cottony mass, and fell back into its folds; then the upper portion turned a golden brown, which deepened into dark amber about its writhing, convoluting base. This mass swept down upon those toiling up the ridge below. I saw an umbrella raised, and then the entire party, to the trailing black man with the water-jug on his head, was blotted out in a black fog. Gradually the cloud drove downward, the party one by one emerged from the atmosphere of ashes, and again at the base of the desert mountain gleamed the pale-blue water of the Caribbean.

As the old crater's rim grew nearer, the grade steepened, the mud reached half-way to the knee, and it was only by wedging the foot into the rain-gullied crevices that one forced himself ahead. Up to this part

of the ascent my attention had been largely demanded by the mere task of climbing and picking out a way, or keeping out of cañons. Now, however, with the unknown crater but three hundred feet above, the thought of the hidden mystery, the lesson it might have in store in unraveling the workings of the earth's subterranean forces, came to me, and with it for the first time the possibility of some surprise in the form of noxious gas, a burst of steam, showers of burning rock or suffocating ash. Mingled with these thoughts came the desire to be the first to stand upon the crater's rim and to see what no eye had viewed before. Below I made out the party, and it was not without some satisfaction that I saw the foremost to be at least a quarter of a mile away, and that, barring some accident, the first look into the crater since the eruption of May 7 would be mine. At 9:49 by Dr. Hovey's watch I stood upon the crater's rim. Dr. Jaggar reached it at 9:58, and Dr. Hovey at 10 A.M.

By good fortune the sky was clear to brilliancy. At my feet lay an opening into the earth's crust half a mile deep and one generous mile across. Etna itself can hardly boast of such a crater. Eight hundred feet below any level before seen by man was a lake, fiercely boiling, and down to its steaming surface fell sheer precipices of fresh-broken rock, sweeping around in a mighty circle of at least three miles. Except for a shallow notch in the northwest side, the crater was a giant cylinder with rounded top of boulder-strewn ash, and its bottom beveled by a narrow slope of avalanche debris. Billions of cubic feet of water had emptied from this place over the mountain-side. On the southeast side of the great caldron there rose from a fissure in the talus at the crater's edge a chimney of roaring steam, which spread out into a funnel-top as it gained the rim and floated over its mushy covering.

Over all the tossing surface of the lake sprang eddying whiffs of steam, which were driven violently across and drawn up into the vapor column on the southern side. Avalanches with sullen roar plunged down into the chasm, but so great was the scale, that even when they were discovered by the eye, crawling down the precipices, it was difficult to appreciate their speed.

Remnants of ancient eruption upon erup-



From a photograph by George Carroll Curtis

#### NORTHERN SIDE OF THE CRATER OF LA SOUFRIÈRE—I

This photograph was taken from near the position occupied

tion, in the form of basaltic lava-flows and volcanic agglomerate rock, stood on the face of the precipitous sides. The outline of an old lava chimney or a filled-up crater appeared in the eastern face, and a few dikes of volcanic rock cutting through these beds indicated the earlier presence of molten lava. These old beds of volcanic ejecta prove that the eruption of 1902 was insignificant compared with those which have built the island in the past, and that, though no lava has yet flowed in the late outbreak, molten rock in large quantities has poured from the Soufrière volcano in the past.

Before we descended, a cairn of stones was built on the crater's rim, at the altitude of 2900 feet.

On June 4, having proceeded around St. Vincent by the southern coast, we three attempted, with a large party, to reach the Soufrière crater from the leeward (east). The ascent from this side is by far the most difficult. We gained nearly the top, but were driven back to Georgetown by a black fog-storm. On the 7th of June, Dr. Jaggar having been obliged to leave St. Vincent for Barbados to recuperate, Dr. Hovey and I, with Samuel Brown, a black survivor of the Lot 14 Estate, made another ascent, reaching the windward side of the Soufrière crater, and traced its rim until it coalesced with that of the leeward, or 1812, crater. Current rumor has it that this

smaller vent, known as the New Crater, had been broken away; but it was found that, though very narrow, the wall between the craters was still standing, and that the leeward crater had probably played no active part in the eruptions of 1902.

#### FOUR ASCENTS TO THE CRATER OF PELÉE

ON the 10th of June Dr. Hovey and I left St. Vincent for Martinique by way of St. Lucia, where we chartered the small cargo-sloop *Minerva*, on which we lived for four weeks, mostly in the roadstead of St. Pierre.

Our first ascent to the crater, on June 18, was made from Morne Rouge, since destroyed. Our next, on the 20th, took us to the new summit of the mountain. The third and fourth ascents were on June 24 and 26 respectively, along the smooth ridge over which swept the blast which destroyed St. Pierre, and following the divide between the Rivières Blanche and Sèche. We then circumnavigated the island in the sloop, visiting the flood-devastated towns on the eastern side, some of which, owing to the dangerous surf landing, had not previously been examined.

#### OUR FIRST ASCENT

AT seven in the morning of the 18th we were out in the rain again to prove for



Continuation of the photograph on page 424

#### NORTHERN SIDE OF THE CRATER OF LA SOUFRIÈRE—II

by members of the party in the picture on page 422.

ourselves the "impossibility" of the ascent to the crater. With two of our sailors (the others had deserted), and with a bright-eyed young native of Morne Rouge, named Maxime Colat, as guide, we wound up through the ash-covered street between the deserted little houses, by the candle-lighted shrine on the hill, and, leaving the smooth highway to Vivé on the right, plunged into the bare-limbed vegetation, now choked by fog. But a mile above the village the rough, flood-gullied slopes were strewn with large and small rock fragments, and pitted with basins and troughs like miniature craters, marking the landing-place of huge ejected blocks.

We felt our way in the mist along the edge of a steep cañon, the porters hanging behind, and even the guide needing to be urged on. Here, at an altitude of 2500 feet, as shown by the aneroid barometer, all vegetation had been destroyed; the flood-washed slope was treacherous with loose volcanic fragments and sliding ash. At 3100 feet we came to a dark rock precipice, based by a narrow slope of huge broken boulders. A heavy, drenching rain smote us so fiercely here that with a common impulse we all retreated, and lost 700 feet before the rout was checked. With a courage born below the cloud belt, deserted by all except the Morne Rouge guide, Dr. Hovey and I clambered back over our tracks, and gained again the base

of the basalt cliffs. Among the tumbled fragments at their base we picked our way carefully to a spot where we scrambled up the precipitous face and rested on the narrow crest of an ash-covered ridge, at an altitude of 3500 feet. Through a sudden break in the clouds came a streak of the blue Caribbean and a glimpse of St. Pierre. A hundred feet above this resting-place the narrow ridge on which we ventured merged into the massif of the mountain. Here for broad spaces the old surface was washed of its three-foot covering of ash to the bare pumice breccia bed-rock, to which there still clung grass-roots. Above this change of grade, into the cloud-covered region above, Colat refused to venture. Hovey and I dug hobnails into the rock, and hurried up the steepest slope. At 3900 feet we stopped to breathe.

The recent covering was here three feet over the old rock. Numerous ejected blocks lay bedded in the dark, wet, sand-like surface. Up we dashed for fifty feet more, and there, on a narrow flat, found ourselves upon the brink of Pelée's crater.

#### THE CRATER

It was a rounded ridge of ash over which we could see down a sharp descent from some thirty to fifty feet into a mass of vapors. The inner slope, covered with a light, powdery, sulphurous grist, descended steeply.

Choking sulphur came into the throat, and we were obliged to close our eyes against the smarting acid. The gale at our backs, however, though it made us dig hard into the ash for a foothold, brought a constant fresh-air antidote to the exhalations. Tumultuous whitish rolls of convoluting vapor rose continuously from the pit as in a belching chimney. In the lee of a big ejected fragment on the rim we lay and shivered in the drenching rain.

With a fragment some six cubic feet as a foundation, we built a pile of rocks on the crater's edge, determining the altitude to be 3950 feet; then, placing within the cairn a penciled statement, we scrambled back down the rain-soaked slopes. At the top of the ridge we were surprised to find the guide where we had left him. At first he doubted that we had reached the crater, and with chattering teeth questioned us sharply about it. "You have the brave



From a sketch by George Carroll Curtis

SOURCE OF THE PRÊCHEUR RIVER ON THE NORTHERN RIM OF  
THE CRATER OF MONT PELÉE

Steam from the active crater is seen rising on the left of the picture. On the right towers the present summit of the mountain, the former highest peak, Morne Lacroix, having been partly destroyed by the May and June eruptions.

Suddenly there came from beneath a mighty reverberating roar, a rumble as from a huge, rushing locomotive; the writhing vapors opened, and darker masses grew among them. Then crashes came like the striking of great rocks, and sounds like masses blasted down a quarry-pit. Then a clinking, like the breaking of china plates or the shattering of distant granite blocks, continued for three minutes, growing fainter and more muffled, and then ceasing. Dust was falling about us, and sulphurous clouds darted out and were then blown away.

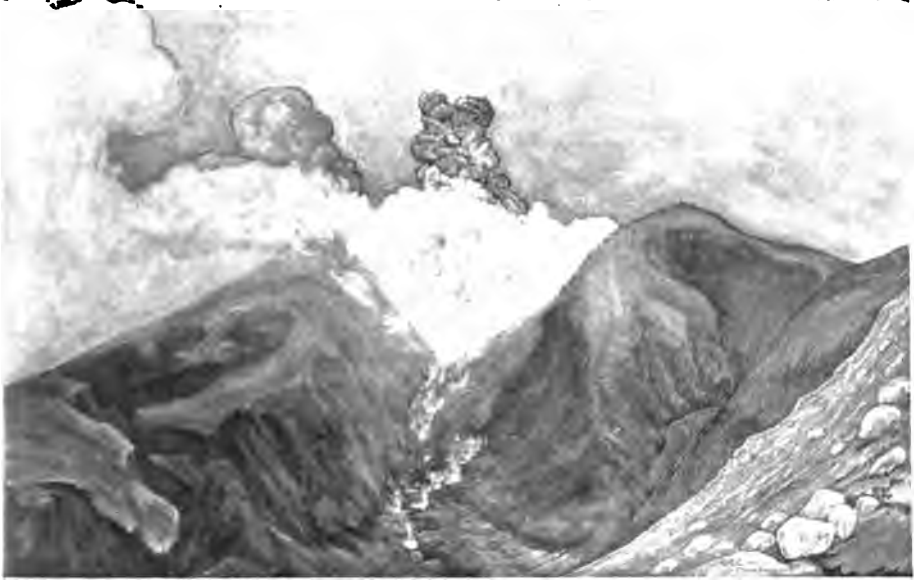
We remained two hours on this grim firing-line, listening to the cannonading in the mysterious pit. At times patches of blue sky appeared over us in clouds blown from the east, and then we looked along the crater's rim, catching glimpses of a huge light-brown mass with large white angular blocks like scales upon its surface.

heart," he said, and followed us down to Morne Rouge. "Vous êtes terribles," was the comment as the inhabitants crowded about us in the narrow street. Just before reaching the presbytery we stopped at a little hut of a house where an old woman was nursing the famous prisoner of St. Pierre, Cil-Barice. We wearily set ourselves down upon the floor, since there were no chairs, and listened to his wonderful story.

The next day we spent on the river Falaise, going down to the bottom of the deep ash-filled cañon.

THE FIRST ASCENT TO THE NEW  
SUMMIT OF PELÉE

ON the following morning, with Maxime Colat and M. Nestoret Tranquellin, municipal councilor in Morne Rouge, a tall



From a sketch by George Carroll Curtis

#### VIEW INTO THE CRATER OF MONT PELÉE FROM THE SOUTHWEST

The cañon in the foreground is the upper bed of the Rivière Blanche, the notch in the middle of the picture being the Terre Fendue, or cleft. The dust-laden steam is ascending from the new inner cone of the great crater.

and dignified man with a deep, musical voice, and withal very black, and with Joseph, our remaining sailor-boy, we started for another try at the crater.

In the highway were scores of people with household goods upon their heads, setting out for Trinité and other places on the eastern side of the island, leaving the town, with its handful of souls, more desolate than ever.

We followed the deep footprints of our first ascent, stopping but a few times to let the black men catch up, for our iron-shod shoes gave us a decided advantage over their bare feet.

By continually urging on our men, we reached the crater's rim at 10:40. Our cairn was standing intact, and the trace of our wallowed footprints of the day before gave our followers some assurance. There was little rain, and the fog was thin. Now and again it would lighten to windward, and the whole land of living color to the ocean would appear—barren slopes about the cone, then leafless, blasted stumps; but far below the deep-green forests of fern and palm, and painted up to its dark border, the light emerald of sugar-cane fields gently dipping to the surf-lined coral reefs.

Over the flat, gray, soggy surface about the crater these clearings would shift, to

be swallowed by the ever-rising vapor within the caldron; then long stretches of the rim would open out. Within the steaming pit appeared darker spots, and portions of the great new fragmental cone itself, hot-looking rock faces, tints of delicate reds and yellows on which the tremendous white blocks rested. This growing pile of steaming earth fragments had the look of the smoldering ash of a burned-out bonfire. The scale-like fragments lying on the cone were huge portions of the earth's crust, too large to have been thrown beyond the crater's rim. They appeared incandescent, yet their angularity showed that they had not been hot enough to melt. We saw a white cloud of dust and steam trail behind them as these fragments were hurled down the sides of the inner cone of Pelée.

The volcano was in constant eruption, a continuous deadened underground roar being at irregular intervals punctuated by outbreaks of greater force. Some of these sounded like terrific explosions, during which we held our breaths, waiting for something to fall, and each man afterward rejoicing in his escape.

Turning to the northward, we traced the crater's rim, walking at times on the very edge itself, where the inner slope averaged



From a sketch by George Carroll Curtis

THE CRATER OF PELEE AS SEEN FROM THE SOUTHEAST, THE COAST NEAR ST. PIERRE BEING SEEN IN THE LEFT DISTANCE

from sixty to eighty degrees and the outer from twenty-five to thirty. This inner surface, as far down as we could see, was covered with a fine, damp, powdery sulphurous deposit up to within about a foot of the top of the crater, where it had a distinct limit like a tide-line.

#### THE ROCK WALL OF THE CRATER

As we pushed on into the unexplored, we came to a break where an erosion gully had cut back the rim some sixty-five feet. Going around this fifteen-foot trench, we discovered, one hundred yards farther north, a wall of solid rock along the crater's edge, an old lava-flow of andesite, which curved some hundred yards to the northwest, merging again into the common ash. We found a place where one might climb to the top of the cliff (4175 feet), whence we looked down the steep 85-degree slope into the crater. The drafts in this huge chimney had sculptured the powder clinging to the inner walls into linear patterns. We scraped our pockets full of this lining dust, snapped our cameras, chipped some hand-specimens, and then, with strong sulphur fumes in our noses and the roaring and crashing of the crater in our ears, slid down the steep, boulder-spattered slope. At the foot of the cone lay a flattish head-water divide, which on the leeward side drained through a narrow gorge. (See the sketch on page 426.) Across this divide, and very dim and dark, to the north of us there seemed to be a high ridge. We decided to attempt to climb this, first, however, sitting down in the shallow cirque on the side of a gully and eating our bread, sardines, and chocolate, the black men fortifying themselves with rum, the geologists with canteen water. Then we were ready to seek what might prove the highest point of Pelée.

#### THE NEW SUMMIT OF PELÉE

UP the steep, ragged boulder-and-ash-covered breccia rock slope I scrambled, the rest following as they chose. From the crest of the ridge there opened the most dreary sight in all the mountain. Descending steeply on the north and into the dark valley toward the crater in jagged precipices, with a few inches of ash alone on its knife-edge crest, the ridge ran in a

northwest direction. The barren slope on the right hand was mantled deep with ash, and peppered with rocks from those of the size of a barrel down. The flank open to the crater, too steep to hold this deadly blanket, made a bold show of fern-tree stumps standing bolt upright, overshot by the blasts which throughout all the way to St. Pierre had thrown their fellows prone.

A desolate knob at 4275 feet at first appeared to be the highest point, until the dim outline of another opened up ahead twenty-five degrees west of north, which the hand-level proved to be higher still. The way was now along a mere ridge-pole crest, and the grayness, blackness, and bleakness of the shattered mountain-top were intense.

A great bare wall now fenced the ridge across; it rose sheer to sixty feet, but there was a climbing chance on its roughened surface. I sprang against the cliff, digging fingers into offering crevices, and drew quickly to its top.

Below, on the crater side, dropped the greatest precipice in Martinique—a sheer bare wall of nearly four hundred feet, hideous in its nakedness. Again the ridge descended to a roof of ash, then rose to a debris-covered knoll wide enough to stand upon. From this spot I looked down upon the sea. Prêcheur was to the west; on every side all the land lay below. From my hasty calculation I decided that this point was one hundred and fifty feet below Morne Lacroix, the old highest peak of the mountain, now destroyed. I had reached a new summit of Pelée, and the proudest moment of my life.

Digging the ash away from a tree-root left on the topmost point, I piled upon it about a broken fern-trunk the rocks which after an exciting struggle, I managed to collect on this balancing-place, penciled our names and record on a scrap of notebook paper, and, depositing it within the cairn, completed my notes and hurried back. Dr. Hovey was at the base of the cliff on the ridge, calling to know if I could get down. I told him that the point was over fifty feet higher than the one we had previously measured, slid down the cliff "back to," and in the gathering darkness we continued down to Morne Rouge.

Next day we walked back to St. Pierre. Among the swarms of carrion-flies, the only life to be seen, we located the prison





From a photograph by George Carroll Curtis

#### DR. HOVEY AND THREE PORTERS ON THE EASTERN RIM OF THE PELÉE CRATER

dungeon, then hauled up anchor, and coasted completely around the volcano to Trinité, returning on the following day to our buoy in the roadstead.

For fourteen days and nights we had been continuously within Pelée's fire-line, witnessing eruption after eruption. Our plan was to watch the mountain, learn its habits, and thus determine the feasibility of attack from various quarters; and Dr. Hovey and I decided that the day had now come to attempt to reach the crater from the leeward side.

#### ASCENT TO THE CRATER FROM THE ST. PIERRE SIDE

AFTER coffee on the morning of June 24, with the two black sailor-boys, Thompson the pilot, and Captain Bill as porters,—leaving the cook and cabin-boy aboard,—we landed at the Rivière des Pères delta, at the northern end of St. Pierre, where we had to extricate the frightened pilot from quicksand. By leisurely crossing the low-rolling piedmont surface, we began to climb. The annihilation here was even more complete than in the city proper.

To cross the Rivière Sèche we coaxed

the blacks down into a dry cañon fifty or sixty feet deep and from six to eight feet wide, with loose boulders in its sides, and from this it was a relief to come out into the wider channel of the Sèche, the middle of which afforded better protection from avalanche. An inch of blood-warm water trickled through the Sèche, and steam-vents, like bobbing clam-holes on a flat, filled its bed. A little vapor was lazily oozing from these openings, just as it was, though on a larger scale, in the Dry River at St. Vincent. This harmless volcanic manifestation proved, however, an impassable barrier to our men, as it had proved a stumbling-block to some of the early observers. The pilot, on whom we most relied, complained that it was too hot for his feet. Captain Bill refused to go farther, and the crew balked with him. Joseph, the butt of the crew, who had gone to the crater from Morne Rouge, alone stood by us.

Cutting down the burdens, we divided them into three packs, and tendering a "Scotch blessing" to our black friends, crossed our Rubicon, the Sèche, at about 500 feet above the sea. At 600 feet were great lava-shaped beds of sand boulders



From a photograph by George Carroll Curtis

**PORTION OF THE ROCK RIM OF THE NORTHEASTERN SIDE OF THE PELÉE CRATER**

On the right Dr. Hovey is seen, with his back to the crater, taking a photograph of the new summit.

and general volcanic detritus, which crowded the valley with huge finger-like lobes, exhibiting the radial structure-curves seen in moving valley glaciers and in narrow lava-flows. But for their dryness, they had a fresh surface that might have just been made. Blow-holes, some of which sent out a little vapor, bore evidence of the heated nature of the covered material which, so long as there was water present, had relieved itself through these vents.

From 800 to 900 feet on the Blanche-Sèche divide we found bared in broad strips the bed-rock, a yellowish breccia of pumice the constituent pebbles of which have been planed to a surface like that left by a grinding glacier. Between 900 and 1000 feet in the valley of the Sèche lay a deposit of great hot boulders, some three hundred feet long, one hundred wide, and fifty deep. It was full of steaming vents, and the included heat-cracked rocks were stained with yellow fumarole deposits. At 1100 feet the ash grew shallower. We had now gained the long, smooth ridge prominent from St. Pierre, and could see some distance into the great V-shaped gorge, the lip outlet to the crater, the old Terre Fendue (cleft), the

"mouth of hell." The bottom of this dark, unknown, sharp-sided gorge was steaming, and evidently an eruption was going on within the crater.

It had now been raining hard for an hour, and rills were pouring into the burdened streams, hurrying sand and pebbles on their way to the sea. At 2350 feet there was a dense mat of charred vegetation under but two feet of ash, both of which bore evidence of the overshooting eruptions. At 2400 feet above the sea we came to the thousand-foot deep cirque frequently noticed from St. Pierre, and a favorite subject for speculation. Dr. Hovey called this "Russell Cirque," after Professor Russell, who was the first to direct attention to it. It is a huge gouge in the ridge due to land-slides caused by rapid undercutting in the Terre Fendue. At an altitude of 2500 feet we caught glimpses of the cone within the crater, and heard the falling of rocks. Working toward the north, we passed at 3350 feet altitude, in a heavy rain and wind, around the head of Russell Cirque. Sulphurous fumes met us, growing stronger as we stumbled on over loose chaotic ash filled with boulders. Now we

were descending and moving toward the vent. The slope dipped to the northwest. We were

looming, it seemed, almost over our heads, we saw great faces of the gleaming inner cone.

#### WITHIN THE CRATER OF PELÉE

IN this untried ground, with the confusion of mist, rain, steam, and dust, and the booming of the crater at our very feet, there was no temptation for writing any but the most appealing facts. These in their roughness may possibly give to others the impression of Pelée's crater with something of the freshness of the field itself. From my rain-soaked field-book, therefore, I tear these notes direct:

Three thousand four hundred and fifty feet. Sulphurous fumes. Block-strewn surface. Dust in the air. Roaring of erupting rocks. Breaking of rocks. Fine pulverized sulphurous deposit, as on eastern side of crater.

2:38 P.M. Great roaring outbreak; gradually subsides. Hovey says, "Hear that, old man!" Continued rain; blows heavily. Sulphurous fumes. Rocks tumbling.

2:50. Still heavy cloud. Bursting and falling of rocks continue. Remain on inner side of crater. Heaviest sounds come from N. 60° W. by comparison of observations. Brown dust mingles with steam of crater-cloud. Hovey thinks we are nearer the cone than before. Constant eruption, which varies in strength.

3:38. A crash. Feel the heat from it.

3:52. Increase in explosions.

In this connection it should be noted that at about four o'clock Thompson, the pilot, from the sloop in St. Pierre roadstead saw a "great smoke" shoot up from the crater. A French gunboat taking soundings in the harbor blew her whistle (which we, within the crater, heard), and put to sea. The tug *Ruby*, which had brought six priests to search the St. Pierre ruins, hurried them aboard and left.

From the altitude of 3600 feet on the crater's rim, which here is a continuation of the St. Pierre ridge, we built from the ample field about us a cairn which, when the mountain is clear, should be visible from the coast. Then we went down the inner slope, here little steeper than the outside of the cone, to a solid basaltic cliff which lies like a shelf at 3300 feet within the Terre Fendue.

From this point we walked as far into the crater as the sulphurous, dusty air would permit good breathing; there was one continuous roar of explosions. At times

#### A NARROW ESCAPE FROM A MUD-FLOW

As we were passing on our return over the ragged, lava-like mud-flows just above where we had forded the Sèche in the morning, three sharp peals like thunder rang through the valley. We called them thunder, but there was a quality in them which I have never heard in the tempest. They were not muffled sounds, but loud and clear; yet there was an unusual character in them which seemed of terrestrial origin. I advised hastening. We were now on the brink of the river Sèche, which had swollen from the trickling brook of the morning to a shin-deep rapid.

Dropping down over the loose bank, I waded quickly through, with pebbles the size of one's fist striking hard against my ankles. The turbid water was blood-warm. Joseph carried the cameras across, while Dr. Hovey brought up the rear, and I was some forty feet above on the steep river-terrace slope when I looked back at them. Rolling up over the mountain-top was a great brown, convoluting cloud. It ascended in dark, rounded masses, stately yet with great speed, thousands and thousands of twisting, worming globules, brain-shaped, cauliflower-topped, dark almost to blackness. As it shot direct from the crater, this menacing shape spread out and charged toward us down the mountain-side. As the mass rose, the middle became dark brown, passed into a lighter tint, and mingled with the whitish vapor.

Running would, I realized, be useless. The eruption and its nearness held me in wonder and dread, so that I did not call to my companions below, but waited until they had slowly labored half-way up the slope; then I shouted down, "Look at the mountain!" and scrambled to the highest point on the flat above. As I gained it in hard breath and looked back, a *black thing jumped from behind a bend in the cañon.*

With a heavy, earthy roar, a plunging wall of blackish stuff hurled itself with fearful speed against the side of the ravine, bounded to the opposite slope, and tore it down. It rocked from side to side as a heavy freight-train; it jumped and staggered; it lashed, struck down, and tore away the earth like paper. With boulders

borne high in its seething mass, this cata-ract of earth and water battered and stormed the valley. The ground shook hard; there was a solid, deafening roar; and the earthquake about us was continual.

We saw the banks melt away as in a nightmare; sand, pebbles, and masses of rock flew into the air before the resistless onslaught, and fell into the raging flood, and were borne away like chaff. The stream, which had been but ankle-deep when we crossed two minutes before, was now a black mob of struggling, fighting waters, with a charging front of mud and rocks from ten to fifteen feet high. It came in mighty cataclysmic impulses, and leaped upon the cañon-banks, dashing in waves twenty feet above the flowing surface. We could feel the shock of the ponderous mass plowing through the ground, as when a train at heavy speed grinds the rails. Looking down in wonder, awe, perhaps fright, not one of us had spoken a word.

Steam-vents over which we had passed in the stream-bed that morning now began to assert themselves. Great white puffs of vapor rose from all along the courses of the Sèche and Blanche, and jets of mud, straight, black, finger-like columns, shot up and inked the cotton clouds which in writhing, cumulus masses, with soft, bulging, cauliflower-like tops, rose high above.

Some hundred feet below us one specially vigorous vent was sending up a column more than half a mile high, blowing away the banks as in hydraulic mining, adding the waste to the swiftly passing mass of liquid earth, and its roar of steam to the general din.

In twenty minutes the sixty-foot channel of the main stream was dug four feet below the mouth of a tributary, which, oozing in silent, molasses-like surges, dropped in a mud-fall into the Sèche like some huge, crawling caterpillar.

We watched for half an hour, by which time the stream had decreased a third, and the erosion of its banks was nearly ended. Already, however, the catastrophe had dredged the channel to a depth of ten feet, and had carried off this vast load into the sea! And when in the gathering darkness we reached the coalesced mouths of the Sèche and Blanche, the hot ash-beds there, lying over the dead of the Guérinsugar-works, were sending out such heavy volumes of steam that our sloop had left her mooring and was standing well offshore.

#### SECOND ASCENT FROM LEEWARD

ON the 26th of June we made a second attempt to reach the crater from the west, Dr. Hovey with the cabin-boy taking the previous route, and I branching off on the spur which trends across the Terre Fendue. The

crater was in almost continuous eruption, but during a partial clearing I saw a line of vapor flowing down from it into the gorge, the waters of which visibly increased. This I interpreted as erupted water, and this process is the most satisfactory explanation I have yet found for the great mud-flows which have deluged the lower slope of Pelée.

At the 3600-foot cairn I met Dr. Hovey and the boy, who, poor little chap, made no attempt to hide his tears. Though in continuous eruption, we caught again and



From a photograph

#### "BREAD-CRUST" VOLCANIC BOMB

This was collected, June 27, near the site of the Guérin factory, three miles from the crater, by George Carroll Curtis, and is now in the geological museum, Harvard University. (Dr. Hovey collected near the same place a similar bomb, slightly smaller,—232 pounds,—now in the American Museum of Natural History, New York city.)

again sights of the huge fragmental cone, which disclosed itself as it had perhaps never before. We walked along the edge of the crater until we had connected our traverse with the first Morne Rouge cairn.

#### A "FIND" OF VOLCANIC BOMBS

At the altitude of 3850 feet, on the very rim of the crater, we found a fine specimen of the true volcanic bomb,  $3 \times 2\frac{1}{2}$  feet. Later we had the good luck to pick up, and, by the combined help of our crew, to carry aboard our sloop, the two finest specimens of bombs that we saw in the West Indies. Any one is welcome to the bomb on the crater's rim, but it will be less exertion to view the two equally good specimens, one of which (the larger) is at Harvard University, the other at the American Museum of Natural History in New York.

These bombs are of lava rock ejected in a semi-fluid or pasty state, which tends to take on a spherical form. The outer portion, cooling more rapidly, shrinks into a glassy crust, bursting into detached plates resembling alligator-skin, while the inner mass appears spongy, like bread. This is known as bread-crust structure. These bombs are rare occurrences in nature, though I have found equally well-developed and larger specimens on the island of Vulcano of the Lipari group.

#### THE SAFETY OF MORNE ROUGE

WE were told by the people in Morne Rouge that the government commission

had informed them that there was nothing to fear from the volcano. Both Dr. Hovey and I were convinced, after covering the surrounding region to the crater, that Morne Rouge lay within the danger zone, and that, as it needed but a comparatively little greater eruption or a change in the wind to bring destruction over the town, it was unsafe for people to remain in the commune. Fort-de-France is outside the area of probable danger from any eruption such as recent geological history has recorded in Pelée, but Morne Rouge is not. This we stated to the people, and to the governor himself. Morne Rouge is over a mile nearer the crater of Pelée than St. Pierre, and is situated about 1500 feet above the sea, along the flat top of the great backbone ridge which descends from the crater southward, forming the main divide of Martinique drainage. Nothing stands between the town and the crater to shelter it from eruptions, though its location would save it from any probable mud-flow.

On St. Vincent the watershed between the Soufrière and the Garou mountains is located in quite the same relative position to the crater as the Morne Rouge ridge to Pelée's vent, and the St. Vincent ridge did not escape the life-destroying effects from eruption. The area of destruction in St. Vincent is a protest against allowing population to remain on the northern part of Martinique beyond the Carbet peaks.





From a photograph of an old portrait

DR. THOMAS H. CHIVERS OF OAKY GROVE, GEORGIA

## THE POE-CHIVERS PAPERS

THE FIRST AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF ONE OF POE'S  
MOST INTERESTING FRIENDSHIPS

EDITED BY GEORGE E. WOODBERRY

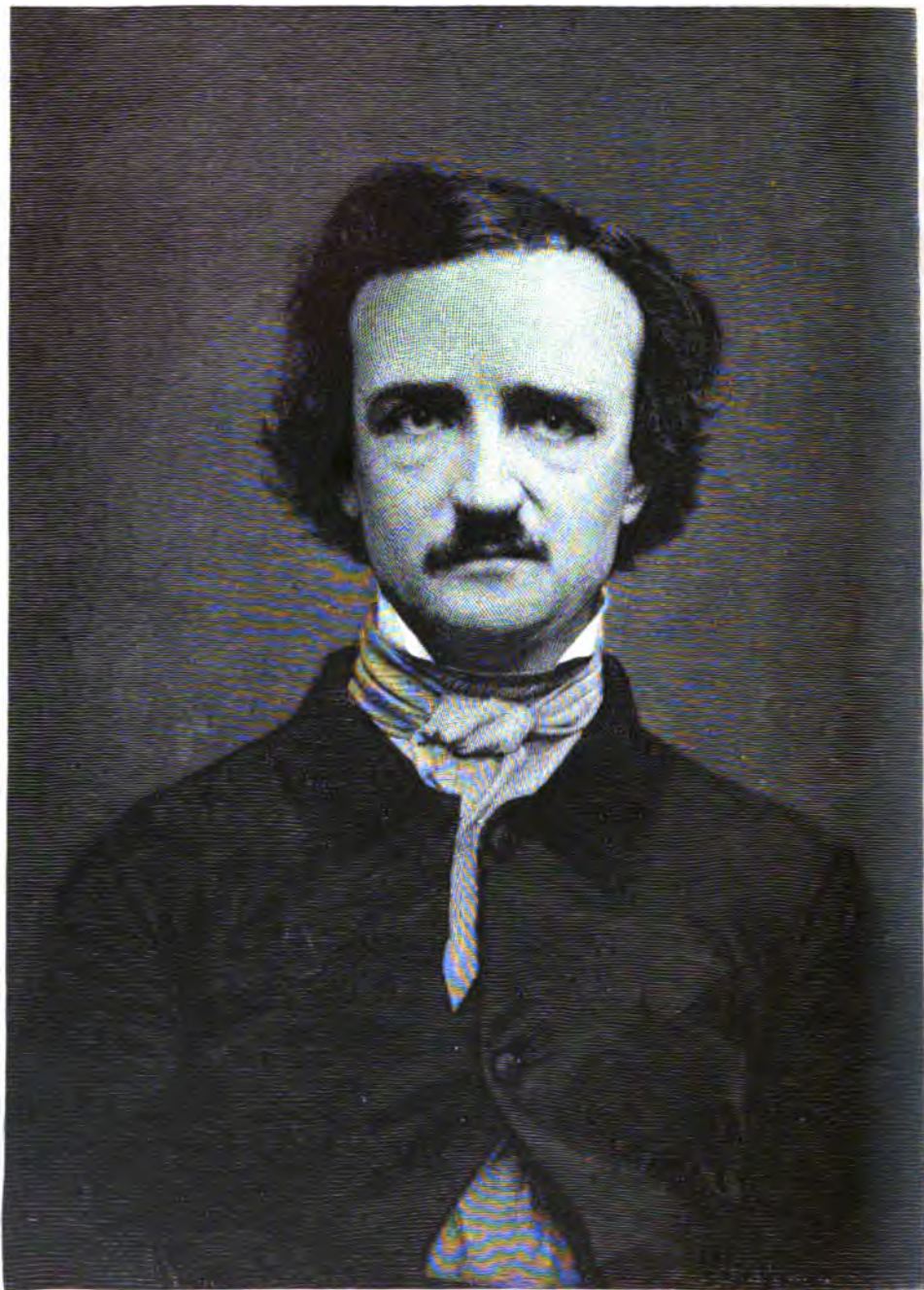
**T**HE renaissance of Chivers is one of the latest incidents of the Poe legend, which puts forth such curious growths from decade to decade. His fame still lingered here in the seventies, but only as a burlesque survival. At that time Bayard Taylor diverted himself with it in the "Echo Club," recalling what is likely to prove his most immortal stanza:

Many mellow Cydonian suckets,  
Sweet apples, anthosmal, divine,  
From the ruby-rimmed beryline buckets  
Star-gemmed, lily-shaped, hyaline;

Like the sweet golden goblet found growing  
On the wild emerald cucumber-tree,  
Rich, brilliant, like chrysoprase glowing  
Was my beautiful Rosalie Lee.

Swinburne was known, among American friends, to exercise the divine right of inextinguishable laughter over such verses, scores of which he would repeat. The British Museum was fabled to have a complete set of Chivers, which seemed to clench the singularity of the poet, inasmuch as hardly any of his countrymen possessed even a single volume of his works. Col-





From a daguerreotype. Engraved on wood by T. Cole. Reprinted from "The Century" for May, 1880

EDGAR ALLAN POE



lectors found them impossible to buy. Their titles were the most preservative part of them. "Eonchs of Ruby," in particular, was itself antiseptic against time. It fascinated the mind it alarmed, and was eagerly but vainly sought. A few stanzas and lines might be heard quoted in literary small talk; and persons of long memory or deep delvers in our Lilliputian history recalled the fact that Chivers and the friends of Chivers stoutly asserted that he was the original owner from whom Poe stole "The Raven"; but the thief, if theft there were, seemed in this case to have got safe off with the spoil. Mr. Benton, however, strikes beside the mark in saying, "The breadth of his territory of renown among scholars is indicated by the fact that Professor Gierlow, a Danish author, wrote a beautiful poem" on his death. Gierlow was a teacher of language in a school at Macon, Georgia.

Things stood at this pass, with Chivers in the British Museum, at the last bubble of Lethe, when there came a change, and his name began to brighten and grow frequent again. The fame of Poe had magnetized it, and it gave out new radiant energy. Fresh editions of his rare volumes were now fairly be expected. The late Mr. L. Griswold, in his edition of his father's Works, in his preface, drew Chivers back from oblivion with a brief account, a letter to oblivion with a kindly word for his character. Poe, and on followed with a little sheaf of Joel Benton, the "Poe Circle," and resuscitated articles. In the controversy as to who originated the "Raven," incidentally he reprinted Chivers's more extraordinary poems, and gave some from his manuscript that had never seen light before.

Professor Harrison, in his new edition of Poe, comes last. He publishes from the Griswold papers nearly all Chivers's letters to Poe, and in an appendix examines Chivers's claims to be the precursor of Poe and decides with much absoluteness that Poe was the precursor of Chivers. These letters were in the hands of the

present writer when he edited the Griswold papers for this magazine, but in the absence of Poe's answers it seemed needless to give them at that time. The latter have now come to light, together with companion papers, having survived Sherman's march to the sea and other vicissitudes of the last half-century in their nook in Georgia; they afford further illustration of Poe's character and career, and they also allow us to reconstruct somewhat more vividly the interesting figure of Chivers himself.

Dr. Thomas Holley Chivers was born in Wilkes County, Georgia, at Digby Manor, near Washington, in 1807,<sup>1</sup> the eldest of seven children. His father, Robert Chivers, was a cotton-planter, rich in lands and slaves. His grandfather, Thomas H. Chivers, had emigrated from England in the middle of the seventeenth century and settled in Virginia, but afterward removed to Georgia. His mother, whose name was Digby, was of similar emigrant stock, her father having come from England and settled in Pennsylvania before finally transferring the family to Georgia, where she married the poet's father in 1806. He was religiously brought up, all the family being Baptists; and, as appears from his verses, his childhood was happy, his domestic affections were warm and tender, and his love for his mother was devotional. He began to write verse early, and with some mastery of metrical form, to judge by the stanzas entitled "Faith," which belong to his twentieth year, and which he afterward described as "showing that the two angels, Love and Adoration, were the twin Sisters who went hand in hand with him through the Eden of his youth, gathering the purple Violets of Heaven." He adopted medicine as a profession and studied at the Transylvania University, where he took the doctor's degree. He was, however, by his father's kindness, independent of the necessity to practise, and he gave himself up to literary and especially poetical pursuits; for his life was offered a chair of phys-

<sup>1</sup> Professor Harrison corrects this date as follows:

"On page 90 of this volume (1837) he addresses a poem 'To my Precious Mother, on the anniversary of my Twenty-fifth Year,' and subscribes it, 'Written at Philadelphia, October 18, 1834.'" The copy of the volume before the writer has a different poem on page 90. On page

89 there is a poem entitled "To my Mother" simply, and no date is subscribed. The phrase "To my Precious Mother" occurs in the dedication. Professor Harrison's notes. In every different issue or have manuscript family date, and case the year 1807 is the accepted date, and occurs in a sketch of Chivers written apparently by himself late in life.

ology in the university at Atlanta, which he declined, and this was his nearest approach to a medical or scientific career.

While at the university he had continued to write verse, such as "Georgia Waters," and in 1834 he published a tragedy, "Conrad and Eudora," at Philadelphia; he contributed the next year to the "Southern Literary Messenger" while Poe was editor; and in 1837 he issued his first collection of verse, "Nacoochee; or, The Beautiful Star, with Other Poems," at New York. He spent much of his time at the North in these years, where he had a circle of relatives and friends, and to the end of his life he made long visits there and established connection with writers and scholars of distinction. It is interesting to record also that he was a painter as well as a poet, and that he added to his income as well as his versatility by inventing a machine for unwinding the fiber from silk cocoons.

It was "Nacoochee," the volume of lyrics, which first attracted Poe's public attention to Chivers; but at the age of thirty, when this appeared, Chivers had not developed those characteristics which constitute his originality. The ordinary critic would have found in the verses the metrical form of Moore and Coleridge, and perhaps little else at that time; now other qualities would be more apparent. Though there is no reason to believe that he ever read the poetry of Blake, the Blakeish suggestion in his imagination and diction is occasionally startling; partly because he deals with scriptural allusion and the material imagery of the Bible, his mind having been fed on them, but also because of some similarity in his irregular force of conception and grandiloquent method. In the "Ode to the Mississippi" there are three lines that will serve as an illustration, describing the rivers flowing down to the great "Father of Waters":

Like soldiers enlisted for Freedom to fight!  
Who started their marching ere Adam was  
born,  
And never shall stop till Eternity's morn.

In the last stanza, too, there is a touch of the same quality and tone:

We look on thy bosom, but cannot control  
The tempest for that strikes from the heart to the  
soul!

We know thee unique in the East or the West,  
Who look'st in a calm like a lion at rest!  
We give thee the praise—then adieu to the wild  
That brought forth a son called Eternity's  
child.

It is also a noticeable matter now that the new poet must have fed on that Philadelphia reprint of Galignani's edition of Keats, Shelley, and Coleridge in one large volume which first brought the immortal romantic fire to our coast and was for our grandfathers a great altar of the Muse. It was a distinction for a new poet in 1837 to quote "Alastor" and "Rosalind and Helen"; and, in fact, Chivers was one of the first of Americans to be "Shelley-mad." The enthusiasm did not mount to his poetry, but it filled the man. Still a third trait worth pointing out is the fact, disclosed by the preface, that he had the Orphic conception of the nature of poetry and the poet's rôle, though he had not yet reached that Orphic egotism which was to belong to him later. Evidently he had the sensibilities and intuitions that denote the poetic temperament, and he possessed instincts of meter and imagery. It is natural to find him soon that rare thing, a Southern transcendentalist, and soon also a Swedenborgian, and even an "associationist" at a later time. The son of a Southern slaveholder, a devotee of Shelley, a friend of Boswell, vagaries, Chivers had fallen on Bostonian times; and as he grew older the unluckily lated elements in him gradually unregulated, most marked, till at last he fully became to speak it profanely, a kind of Alcott. The story of his life of Southern is the thing of interest in dealings with Poe it may now be complete in his history, and

In the summer of 1840 Poe was endeavoring to start the "Penn Magazine" in Philadelphia, and Chivers was among those whose aid, and Chivers was among for magnetic support he sought as a writer of magazines and as a collector of subscriptions. Chivers acknowledged the receipt of the "Prospectus" and letter accompanying it, August 27, 1840, and promised his aid, but he found room to remonstrate against Poe's "tomahawk" criticism and to advise a milder method. The "Penn Magazine" was abandoned, and the project lay quiescent during Poe's editorship of "Graham's." Chivers appears next to have heard from Poe by an example of that "tomahawk" style, which he had deprecated, applied to himself. In

the article "Autography," in "Graham's" for December, 1841, Poe described Chivers in few lines:

"Dr. Thomas Holley Chivers, of New York, is at the same time one of the best and one of the worst poets in America. His productions affect one as a wild dream—strange, incongruous, full of images of more than arabesque monstrosity, and snatches of sweet unsustained song. Even his worst nonsense (and some of it is horrible) has an indefinite charm of sentiment and melody. We can never be sure that there is *any* meaning in his words—neither is there any meaning in many of our finest musical airs—but the effect is very similar in both. His figures of speech are metaphor run mad, and his grammar is often none at all. Yet there are as fine individual passages to be found in the poems of Dr. Chivers as in those of any poet whatsoever."

Chivers wrote in remonstrance against this, and a second time; and Poe replied, June 6, 1842, acknowledging the three unanswered letters and apologizing for the "Autography" squib:

"I now deeply feel that I have wronged you by a hasty opinion. You will not suppose me insincere in saying, that I look upon some of your late pieces as the finest I have *ever read*. I allude especially to your poem about Shelley, and the one of which the *refrain* is 'She came from Heaven to tell me she was blest.' Upon reading these compositions I felt the necessity of our being friends. Will you accept my proffer of friendship?" He goes on to say that he has resumed the project of the "Penn Magazine" and is in search of a partner: "As I have no money myself, it will be absolutely necessary that I procure a partner who has some pecuniary means. I mention this to you, for it is not impossible that you yourself may have both the will and the ability to join me."

Chivers's father had died, and the estate was about to be divided, so it was quite possible that this offer might bear fruit; he was himself just going South to receive his portion, and he wrote a polite and cordial reply, July 12, 1842, in which he explained the situation, but made no promise with regard to the "Penn Magazine" except that he would obtain subscribers for it. The progress of the affair is shown by Poe's next letter.

## POE TO CHIVERS

*Philadelphia Sep. 27, 1842.*

MY DEAR SIR, Through some accident, I did not receive your letter of the 15th inst.: until this morning, and now hasten to reply.

Allow me, in the first place, to thank you sincerely for your kindness in procuring me the subscribers to the Penn Magazine. The four names sent will aid me most materially in this early stage of the proceedings.

As yet I have taken no overt step in the measure, and have not even printed a Prospectus. As soon as I do this I will send you several. I do not wish to announce my positive resumption of the original scheme until about the middle of October. Before that period I have reason to believe that I shall have received an appointment in the Philadelphia Custom House, which will afford me a good salary and leave the greater portion of my time unemployed. With this appointment to fall back upon, as a certain resource, I shall be enabled to start the Magazine without difficulty, provided I can make an arrangement with either a practical printer possessing a small office, or some one not a printer, with about \$1000 at command.

It would, of course, be better for the permanent influence and success of the journal that I unite myself with a gentleman of education and similarity of thought and feeling. It was this consciousness which induced me to suggest the enterprise to yourself. I knew no one with whom I would more readily enter into association than yourself.

I am not aware what are your political views. My own have reference to no one of the present parties; but it has been hinted to me that I will receive the most effectual patronage from Government for a journal which will admit occasional papers in support of the Administration. For Mr. Tyler personally, & as an honest statesman, I have the highest respect. Of the government patronage, upon the condition specified, *I am assured*, and this alone will more than sustain the Magazine.

The only real difficulty lies in the beginning—in the pecuniary means for getting out the two (or three) first numbers; after this all is sure, and a great triumph may, and indeed *will* be achieved. If you can command about \$1000 and say that you will join me, I will write you fully as respects the details of the plan, or we can have an immediate interview.

It would be proper to start with an edition of 1000 copies. For this number, the monthly expense, including paper (of the finest quality) composition, press-work & stitching will be about 180\$. I calculate *all* expenses at about \$250—which is \$3000 per annum—a *very* liberal estimate. 1000 copies at \$5=5000\$—leaving a nett profit of 2000\$, even supposing we have only 1000 subscribers. But I am sure

of *beginning* with at least 500, and make no doubt of obtaining 5000 before the expiration of the 2d year. A Magazine, such as I propose, with 5000 subscribers will produce us each an income of some \$10,000; and this you will acknowledge is a game worth playing. At the same time there is no earthly reason why such a Magazine may not, eventually, reach a circulation as great as that of "Graham's" at present—viz. 50,000.

I repeat that it would give me the most sincere pleasure if you would make up your mind to join me. I am sure of our community of thought and feeling, and that we would accomplish *much*.

In regard to the poem on Harrison's death ["The Mighty Dead"], I regret to say that nothing can be done with the Philadelphia publishers. The truth is that the higher order of poetry is, and always will be, in this country, unsaleable; but, even were it otherwise, the present state of the Copy-Right Laws will not warrant any publisher in *purchasing* an American book. The only condition, I am afraid, upon which the poem can be printed, is that you print it at your own expense.

I will see Griswold and endeavor to get the smaller poems from him.<sup>1</sup> A precious fellow is he!

Write as soon as you receive this & believe me

Yours most truly  
Edgar A. Poe.

There was, however, to be no result from any of these plans of Poe. Chivers lost a little daughter, and went South for the burial. The following letter shows the real ground in his nature for those poems of bereavement which he wrote so broodingly, and by virtue of which something of his kinship with Poe existed.

CHIVERS TO POE

Augusta, Ga., Dec. 7th [1842]

MY DEAR SIR: You will doubtless be very much surprised to hear that I am so far from New York. When I wrote to you last, I told you that I would write on to my brother, the Administrator of my father's estate, and ascertain when I could receive my part of the money. When I wrote to him I had no idea of coming to the South, but there is not a man in the world who can tell to-day what he will do to-morrow. Hope, with her snowy wings, soared, beckoning me away, up to the gates of heaven. My anticipations were then

as joyful—as my hopes were bright—every thing on the face of the earth appeared bright to me. Now my hope is dead—the beautiful saintly [illegible] dove which soared so high from the earth—luring my impatient soul to wander, delighted, from prospect to prospect—has been wounded in her midway flight to heaven by the keen icy arrows of Death! My anticipations are sorrowful—every thing in the round world is dark to me! The little tender innocent blue-eyed daughter of my heart—the soul of my own soul—the life of my own life—"my joy, my food, my all—the world"—is dead!

"Out of the day and night

A joy has taken flight;

Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,

Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight

No more—O, never more!"

All that I can say now is in the divine language of Shelley:

"Come, obscure Death,

And wind me in thine all-embracing arms!

Like a fond mother hide me in thy bosom,

And rock me to [the] sleep from which none wake!"

Never can I see another day of peace on earth! She was so healthy, so happy, so innocent, and so beautiful, that I did not believe that she could die. She was sick only two days—*sick* when I was not near to render her assistance! My God! there is a darkness gathering round my soul of the deepest sorrow, which the light of no future joy can ever illumine! No, the very joys of others make my sorrows more intolerable! Why did man come into the world to see so much sorrow? Why should he be the father of those who are to live only long enough to be interesting to him, and then to lose them? My little daughter of three years old—my blue-eyed child—is gone! A precious being—my Angel-child—in whose seraphic soul such heavenly divineness dwelt, I did not think her of this world! Death has hushed her innocent prattle. In the deep [illegible] grave of the silence of her voice the music of the world is buried! My soul is so sorrowful for the loss of that sweet voice that it can never more listen to any other tones! Have you ever lost a child? If you ever have, then you can know what I mean when I tell you that I have lost the whole world—that there can be no more spring nor summer—but an endless winter cold and chilly to the heart! But whether you have ever lost one or not, I know you possess such fine feelings that you can sympathise with me. I have

<sup>1</sup> "Alluding to his not having returned the Poems,—although requested so often—which he never did."—*Chivers's note*. These poems are no doubt the same facsimiled from MS. in Mr.

Benton's "In the Poe Circle," where the curious reader may find them. Mr.

Benton must have derived them from the Griswold papers.

brought her on to the south to have her buried by the side of my dear old mother whom I loved next to heaven—that is the reason why I have not written to you before this. What have you done with the "Penn Magazine"? When I received your last letter in regard to it, my little blue-eyed daughter sat upon my knee and smiled in my face while I read it. To read your letters, with my little child sitting on my knee, in regard to an enterprise in which we were to be partners, filled my heart with joyful anticipations. When I lay her tender body in the earth, I will then plant flowers upon her grave—such flowers as she loved—for she loved flowers beyond any child I ever knew—flowers that will last through all the winter. Why may I not hope that her soul will come to me again?

Yours

T. H. C.

To E. A. Poe, Esq. N. Y.

To this letter Chivers received no answer, apparently, nor to two letters written in 1843; but he was a persistent correspondent, and in the spring of 1844 made another attempt, asking whether the "Penn Magazine" was abandoned, and saying that he would receive his part of his father's estate in July and would be glad to join Poe in the enterprise, "provided it would be to my interest to do so." The rest of the letter, which is long and interesting, is given up to literary criticism and transcendentalism. Poe replied to this at once:

POE TO CHIVERS

*New York July 10, 44.*

MY DEAR FRIEND, Yours of June 15 was forwarded here to me on the 25th ult. Believe me, I am truly pleased to hear from you again. The two letters of which you speak were received; but, in the hurry of mere business, I chanced to file them away among a package of letters endorsed "answered," and thus it was that I failed to reply. For many months I have been haunted by the sentiment of some duty unperformed, but was unable to say what it was.

Touching the "Penn Magazine," or rather the "Stylus," (for this is the title I should finally adopt)—I have by no means given up the intention of issuing it; my views respecting it are only confirmed by time, and more intimate acquaintance with our literature, as well as with the business of Magazine publication. I am only "biding my time"—awaiting means and an opportunity. Should you conclude to join me, we will not fail to make fame and fortune. When you feel ready to attempt the enterprise, you will find me here—at New

York—where I live, at present, in strict seclusion, busied with books and ambitious thoughts, until the hour shall arrive when I may come forth with a certainty of success. A Magazine like Graham's will never do. We must do something far better—but we will talk of these matters personally. When you come to New York, put a letter to my address in the P. Office, and we will thus find each other.

I have been lately lecturing on "American Poetry" and have drawn profuse tears from large and intellectual audiences by the recital of your "Heavenly Vision"—which I can never weary of repeating.

You mistake me in supposing I dislike the transcendentalists—it is only the pretenders and sophists among them. My own faith is indeed my own. You will find it, somewhat detailed, in a forthcoming number of the "Columbian Magazine," published here. I have written for it an article headed "Mesmeric Revelation," which see. It may be out in the August or September number.

I disagree with you in what you say of man's advance towards perfection. Man is now only more active, not wiser, nor more happy, than he was 6000 years ago. To say that we are better than our progenitors, is to make the foregone ages only the rudiment of the present & future; whereas each individual man is the rudiment of a future material (*not* spiritual) being. It were to suppose God unjust to suppose those who have died before us possessed of less advantage than ourselves. There is no such thing as spirituality. God is material. All things are material; yet the matter of God has all the qualities which we attribute to Spirit: thus the difference is scarcely more than of words. There is a matter without particles—of no atomic composition: this is God. It permeates and impels all things, and thus is all things in itself. Its agitation is the thought of God, and creates. Man and other beings (inhabitants of stars) are portions of this unparticled matter, individualised by being incorporated in the ordinary or particled matter. Thus they exist rudimentally. Death is the painful metamorphosis. The worm becomes the butterfly—but the butterfly is still material—of a matter, however, which cannot be recognized by our rudimental organs. But for the necessity of the rudimental life, there would have been no stars—no worlds—nothing which we term material. These spots are the residences of the rudimental things. At death, these, taking a new form, of a novel matter, pass everywhere, and act all things, by mere volition, and are cognizant of all secrets but *the one*—the nature of the volition of God—of the agitation of the unparticled matter.

Write upon receipt of this—and *do not* affront me by paying postage, or speaking of

these trivialities at all. There is nothing which gives me more sincere pleasure than the receipt of your letters.

Your friend most sincerely,  
E. A. Poe.

The above letter is very like one written to Lowell, July 2, and both resemble the "Mesmeric Revelation" to which they refer. Chivers replied, much delighted with the turn the correspondence had taken, August 6, and again September 24, without receiving any further lucubration from Poe; but correspondence was now to be supplemented by personal acquaintance on the occasion of Chivers's visit to New York in the next summer, 1845, where he brought out his third volume of verse, "The Lost Pleiad." Chivers's account of his walks and talks with Poe is wild and rambling, but it is not lacking in vividness. He wrote out these reminiscences and impressions, after Poe's death, for a life which he meant to publish in Poe's defense. It is best to give them in his own words and order, with a gentle warning to the uninitiated reader that here is Chivers in his full Chiveresqueness.

#### CHIVERS'S REMINISCENCES OF POE

POE'S temperament was bilious, nervous, sanguineous—but, upon first view, appeared to be bilious, sanguineous, nervous. His forehead was broad—particularly in the region between the two lobes of the organ of Ideality—high—and receded gently, looking, from the peculiar conformation of his head, a good deal higher and broader than it really was. His hair was dark as a raven's wing. So was his beard—which he always kept shaved. His form was slender, and by no means prepossessing—and appeared to me, in walking, to lean a little forward with a kind of meditative or Grecian bend. In dress he was remarkably neat and tidy, and, had his means permitted, he, no doubt, would have prided himself in his neatness. This was the result rather of his proficiency in the true knowledge of the Aesthetics of dress, than [of] any foppish admiration which he might have entertained for what may be called finery. When I first became acquainted with him, he used to carry a crooked-headed hickory walking-cane in his hand whenever we went out to walk. As he did not have this cane the very first time that we went out together—but purchased it immediately afterwards—I presumed, at the time, that he had gotten it because I had one—as it was precisely like mine. This he flourished, as he walked, with considerable grace—particularly

so when compared with a man who had never been in the habit of carrying a Cane.

His neck was rather long and slender, and made him appear, when sitting, rather taller than he really was. He, also, appeared when sitting, to have a gentle and rather graceful taper of the bust and shoulders upward. This was very peculiar. His eyes were of a neutral violet tint, rather inclining to hazel, and shone not with a dazzling or brilliant sparkle, but rather with a mildly subdued serenity of intellectual splendor—perhaps on account of the dark shadow cast upon them by the overhanging and rather impressive cloud of his Moon-like brow—giving them that soft celestial glow of soul which characterizes the loftiest enthusiasm. Their lashes were long, dark and silken, hanging over them like willows napping [?] by the moon—Lake—or cumuli of chaos over the God-suffused waters of the Eternal Wells. When the Heaven of his brow was free from clouds—which appeared always to be the case when his soul was not racked either by the thoughts of his poverty, or the remembrance of the manifold insults he had received from anonymous Correspondents, who pestered him from envy of his genius and his uncompromising hostility to the basest ignorance—the intellectual placidity of his mildly becoming eyes was beautiful.

His mouth was like Apollo's Bow unbent and, in the natural curve, said sorrow, with imagination, but, when wreathed into smiles by any cheering inflorescence of his soul—disclosing a set of ivory teeth as evenly set as the Opal walls of Eden—was absolutely captivating and beautiful. So remarkably pleasing was this transition from sadness to sunshiny gladness of hilarity, that I now seem to see him smiling before me—lighting up the dim vistas of my memory as the rain-fraught lightning does the darkness of a Summer night. But there was this peculiarity about his smile, which I do not remember ever to have seen in any other person, namely, that it did not appear to be the result of *gladness* of heart altogether—nor gladness mixed with sorrow—but a pleasing satire—a smiling review of all that had just been said by him—like the triumphant world-renovating laughter of the weeping Heavens—expressive of that beautiful Apollonian disdain which seemed to say, "*What you 'see through a glass darkly,' I behold through the couched eye of an illumined Seer.*" Not only did he look this, but he felt it—felt it with all his inmost soul. It was, in the truest acceptance of the term, a smile of Genius. Were I now called upon from the bottom of my heart, to give a faithful exhibition of this man's real nature, I would say that he was the Incarnation of the Greek Prometheus chained to the Mount Caucasus of demi-civilized Humanity, with the black Vulture of Envy, feed-

ing on his self-replenished heart; while upon his trembling lips sat enthroned the most eloquent persuasion alternating with the bitterest, triumphant and God-like Scorn. This is my candid opinion of the man—for there was not a single day in [the] year that he did not receive, through the Post anonymous letters from cowardly villains which so harrowed up his feelings that he, at length, was driven to the firm belief that the whole world of Humanity was nothing less than the veritable Devil himself tormenting him here in earth for nothing. Where is there a Literary man who has not experienced the same thing? To these things he made himself amenable by writing Criticisms with his own name attached to them—which any other man would have done. But he had not the fortitude to resist—to treat with utter contempt these cowardly attacks—but visited upon all men the iniquities only of a few. He was, no doubt, firmly convinced, in his own mind, that the meanest thing under Heaven is the scoundrel who will write from the base and cowardly feeling of envy, to his superior, an anonymous and abusive letter. Hell is too good for such a beast.

His arms and hands were slender, and tapered very gracefully and gently, down to the ends of his fingers, which were very tender, gentlemanly, and lady-like. In fact, his hands were truly remarkable for their roseate softness and lily-white, feminine delicacy. You could have judged of his nobility by his hands.

His face was rather oval—tapering in its contour rather suddenly to the chin, which was very classical—and, especially when he smiled, really handsome. His countenance was tropical in its aspect—precisely the reverse of his heart, which, like the fountains of Solomon, had long been kept sealed up, as something sacred, from the vulgar gaze of the world—his face, whenever he wrote long at any one time, putting on a sickly, sallow, and rather pallid hue—but never to such an extent as [to] indicate indisposition. His digestion was always good—which is *prima facie* evidence that he was *never a student*.

His dress was always remarkably neat for one in his circumstances. But I do not believe that it would have done for him to have had money. He was ruined in his youth. His College-life in Virginia was the cause of all his after-inebriation. That was the infernal whirlpool into which was driven the beautiful milk-white Ship of his soul, never to be reclaimed. Is it not one of the most remarkable things in the world, that any man of his abilities should have been so amenable to the dictations of others?

The time when Chivers met Poe was the summer of 1845, during which Poe drank a good deal, and it is undesirable to publish

the first reminiscences in detail. They contain an account of his meeting Poe in Nassau street, New York, in an intoxicated condition. Chivers went home with him, and narrates the incidents of the walk, chief of which was an encounter with Lewis Gaylord Clark, editor of the "Knickerbocker Magazine," whom Poe threatened to attack; but Clark, seeing how matters stood, bowed himself out of the way. Chivers gives a detailed account of Poe's reception by Mrs. Clemm. The reminiscences continue from this point:

The next day when I called to see him, he was not to be found. On the next, when I called, he was in bed pretending to be sick, but with nothing in the world the matter with him—his sole object for lying there being to avoid the delivering of the Poem which he had promised—for he was reading Macaulay's *Miscellanies*. I then hired a carriage, and took him out to ride. . . .

The next day, about half past three o'clock, as I was going up to see him again, I met him dressed in his finest clothes, going down towards the *Broadway Journal Office*. As soon as he saw me, he put his hand in his vest-pocket, and drawing out a piece of paper, unfolded it and read it to me. It was an advertisement which he said he was going to have published in the *B. J.*, announcing to the Public that the partnership, formerly existing between him and Mr. Charles F. Briggs, was then dissolved. On asking my opinion about the insertion of it, I told him I would do no such thing. He followed my advice. He was then on his way to Providence—had not a dollar in the world—borrowed ten from me—requesting me at the same time not to let his wife or Mrs. Clemm know anything about his going—and left me. Some lady, he said, had written to him to come on there, and he was obliged to go, but would return again the next day. He came back the next day, as he had promised.

One of the most striking peculiarities of Mr. Poe was, his perfect *abandon*—boyishness indifference—not only in regard to the opinions of others, but an uncompromising independence of spirit, which seemed to say that he was not only obnoxious to the prejudices of everybody, or [but (?)] possessed, within his own soul, such a self-consciousness of his own merit as would insure their respect. Yet no man living loved the praises of others better than he did—for I remember that whenever I happened to communicate to him any thing touching his abilities as a writer, his bosom would heave like the troubled sea.

His voice was soft, mellow, melodious, and rather more flexible than powerful. It was as musical as Apollo's Lute, and as plaintive in



its utterances of his Memnonian Mysteries, as the prismy-lipped Shell when murmuring of its never-tiring reminiscences of the ever-sounding Sea. When he read Poetry, his voice rolled over the rhythm of the verses like silver notes over golden sands—rather monotonously and flute-like—so that, it may be said here, that he rather *cantilated* than read. He made use of but very little Art in his recitations—never uttering any declamatory tones, or using the lowest Theatrical emphasis, but the most modest, chaste and delicate delivery. From this it must be evident to every one that his Readings were not very effective; and such is the very fact. His reading of Lyrical Poetry was certainly very melodious and beautiful, but he lacked that well-attuned power of modulation in accent, emphasis and cadence, necessary to make either an Epic or Dramatic writing effective.

The periodical frowns which darkened this noble man's brow, told too eloquently how much he had suffered—as much perhaps, from his own lofty nature, which lifted him too far above the common sphere of poetical [practical (?) and calculating Humanity—as from any real ill-will in the minds of other men. His Heaven-aspiring soul, weary-laden with a heavy inspiration, set forever in his body looking like an Angel exiled from Heaven through his shadowy eyes. He was an enthusiast, in the loftiest sense of the term—forever pluming his Eagle wings for Angel-flights into the pure empyrean of Poetry. His talk was not only truly Coleridgian—graphically melodious—his manner being amply Sydnian, but transcendently eloquent—much better than the very best of his prose writings—partaking, in a great measure, of the subtle and golden spirit of his unwritten Ideals. Poising his soul, as on Angel's wings, into the sacred Adytum of all Beauty, his face would become suffused with the radiant glow of the inspiration which descended upon him, like light from Heaven, until all the world became to his hearer, as well as to himself, for the moment at least, the reality of the Ideal Elysium which his genius was then painting. But his eloquence was artistical rather than passionate. His soul was a living Vatican, wherein was stored away all the Greek cold, marble forms of Beauty which were the studied creations of his proficiency in the abstract potency of consummate Art, rather than the spontaneous offsprings of a heart inspired by the pure motive of Love. His home was a Dream Land, peopled with Ghosts, Ghouls, Vampyres, and the glorified spirits of the unapproachable dead—for whose eternal communion his soul panted with an irresistible yearning as true as the night-long vigils of the patient Moon. Nor did the traditional darkness of the grave have any terror for him—for he longed to embrace Death with

all the fervor of a faithful lover for his mistress. What to other men appeared to be total darkness, was to him light from Heaven. The truth is he was tired of the world, and Hell itself would have been a better place for him than the society of heartless men. He had long before ceased to believe in men,—and women, tortured as he was by doubtful misgivings, had but very few charms for him. He had sung his last song here on earth, and was now ready to rush out of time into the only Solace of his soul—the arms of Eternity. Maddened by the irreverence of the world—demanding that reverence which he thought was due to his genius—like a wild Indian goaded by his pursuers over the tumultuous cataract into the boiling abyss below—he plunged headlong down—down—down—into the surging vortex of the everlasting darkness of death—never to walk the earth again!

Thus lived—thus died—thus passed away from the world the divine spirit of Edgar A. Poe. But he who had reaped only poverty, here in this world, now that he is gone to his reward in Heaven, shall reap a golden Harvest of ripe praises not only from men in time, but from the Angels in Eternity.

We drink ambrosia out of the Cup of the gods in contemplating the life of that man—whose power commensurate with his greatness shall grow on, widening with the Ages, like some great immortal Moon whose fulness shall never become fully full.

It was plainly during the first week of their acquaintance that the following conversations took place, on the occasion of Chivers's calling upon Poe when he was confined to the house. The account begins abruptly.

#### CHIVERS'S CONVERSATIONS WITH POE

"WHAT do you think of the present Pantheon of English Poets?" asked I.

"I consider Tennyson not only the greatest Poet in England, at present, but the greatest one, in many senses, that England, or any other Country, ever produced," answered he. "Horne, perhaps, is next. The rest are not worth naming."

"But you have left out Thomas Lovell [1] Beddoes!" said I.

"Yes, I had forgotten him," replied he. "He has written some very fine Dramatic Poems. You know my opinion of Miss Rossetti [Barrett (?)], as you have read my Criticisms on the *Drama of Exile* in the *Broadway Journal*. She stands, as a Poet, when compared with the male Poets of England, midway between Shelley and Tennyson—promising more of the Shelleyan abandon than the truly Ten-

nysonian Poetic sense—but infinitely above any female that England ever produced—or, in fact, any other Country. Speaking of Horne, reminds me of the two copies of *Orion* which he sent me by the last Steamer from England.” Reaching his hand over towards the left side of the bed, he took up two pamphlets in twelve mo. form and handed them to me. On looking over the title-page I saw that it was *Orion, an Epic Poem* in three Books, by R. H. Horne. On the back of one of them was an address “to E. A. Poe,” in Horne’s own hand writing. On the other volume, with a change of the title as would suit the Edition which he requested Poe to have brought out in New York. This he presented to me. The other he kept himself, because, as he then said himself, it contained the address in Horne’s own hand writing. I then asked him if it was his intention to bring out a new Edition in New York? He then said:

“I have taken this book to every reputable Publisher in this City, and not one of them is willing to take upon himself the responsibility of the publication. Here is a work which is, at least, five hundred years in advance of the Age, and yet I cannot get a publisher for it in America, but if it were a book of romance, full of absurd improbabilities, bad grammar, and wanting in every other thing necessary to make it a book at all, I could find a Publisher at every corner. But here is a work superior even to *Milton’s Paradise Lost*, which I do not expect ever to see published in America. There is not a Publisher in America, that deserves the name even of Bookseller.”

I then recited to him the following beautiful passage from Shelley’s *Prometheus Unbound*.

“Drink! be the . . . [nectar] circling through  
your veins,  
The soul of joy, ye ever-living Gods!  
Till exultation burst in one wide voice,  
Like music from Elysian winds!”

Turning over in the bed and, opening his large, mildly-beaming hazel eyes, he looked me full in the face with a suspiciously apprehensive awelike stare, the reason of which I was unable to understand until after the lapse of five years—when it was proven to me that the reason why he did so was, because he supposed I had quoted the passage in order to tantalize him for his periodical inebriation.

Then locking the forefinger of his right hand into the little one of his left—his mild hazel eyes beaming with the heavenly light of the inspiration of the [illegible] which then descended upon him—while his mellow shrill-like voice rolled over his lips like the soft tones of an Æolian Harp when the music that has been sleeping in its strings is awakened by the Breezes of Eden laden with sweet Spices from the Mountains of the Lord—his soul ascended

on the Dove-like wings of rapt enthusiasm into the highest thoughts [illegible] Heaven of Beauty—scattering down from the luminous wake of his soaring the manna-dews of an everlasting eloquence.

Not long after this—even while we were talking about the state of his health—his wife entered the room, to whom he very politely introduced me. Presently Mrs. Clemm, his mother-in-law, came in, to whom he also introduced me. I was very much pleased with his wife. She appeared to me to be a very tender-hearted and affectionate woman—particularly so to him—whom she addressed with the endearing appellation of *My Dear!* But she was not a healthy woman, as I perceived after a little acquaintance with her—as, at irregular intervals—even while we were talking—she was attacked with a terrible paroxysm of coughing whose spasmodic convulsions seemed to me almost to rend asunder her very body. This was so severe at times as to threaten her with strangulation. I then asked him if Mrs. Poe had been long ill? He replied, “Yes, she has always been sick, never having been well since I first knew her!”

“Has she caught cold? or [is] it a consumption under which she is laboring?” I then asked.

“No—it is not a cold—Dr. Mitchell of Philadelphia, says that she has the Bronchitis. She ruptured a blood vessel while singing, in Philadelphia, and had never been well since. Do you know Dr. Mitchell? He is a Poet.”

I then said, “No, I am not acquainted with him; but have often seen his pieces in the papers.”

Mrs. Poe then got up and left the room—Mrs. Clemm, her mother, following her. Presently she returned with a glass of Lemonade, which she handed to me. Then turning to Poe, she asked, *My dear!* will you have a glass?

“No—I do not want any at present,” said he, with an indifferent [illegible] on the pillow of his head.

Handing her the empty glass, she then left the room. Poe then turning to me, said “I have long wished to see [you] upon a subject in which I am vitally interested. It is the publication of a Magazine about which I wrote you first from Philadelphia, to be called *The Stylus*. When I first wrote you from Philadelphia in the letter containing the Prospectus, it was my intention then to call it *The Penn Magazine*; but after having received your letter in which you suggested that such a title would render it too local, I then came to the conclusion to give it the name of the Pen with which the Greeks used to write, called *The Stylus*. This would not only be more significant, but determine in some sense—in fact, as far as any title whatsoever could—the precise nature of the work.”

By this time Mrs. Poe had returned into the room again with her bonnet on.

Turning to her, he then said, "My Dear, hand me the bundle of letters there in the Bureau Drawer touching upon the publication of *The Stylus*."

She then went to the Bureau, took out a large bundle of letters—perhaps a hundred—and laid them down on a small table near the window where I was sitting. Then passing around the bed towards the door, she said: "My Dear, I am going out with mother to take a small walk. I think it will do me good."

"Very well," said he, then turning towards me—"I am very willing. But you had, perhaps, better not walk too far. You know that Dr. Mitchell said too much exercise was not good for you."

She then said, while adjusting her bonnet-strings, "Shall I tell the Servant Girl should any persons call to see you, not to admit them?"

"Yes, tell her to tell them that I am sick and cannot see them," said he.

She then left the room.

"If you will glance at those letters there," said he to me, "you will perceive in what estimation my proposal to publish *The Stylus* is held [by] the most influential men in the Union. But those are not the tenth part of what I have received during the present year. I have many strong friends in the South and West who have promised me their aid in the procuring of subscribers. If you will open that letter which you now hold in your hand you will perceive that Mr. John Tomlin of Jackson, Tennessee, who has written some pretty little things, has already obtained me thirty good paying subscribers. This, you will perceive, is strong evidence in favor of our establishing the Magazine immediately."

I then asked him in what form it should be published.

"Just hand me that book yonder on the Bureau," said he, "and I will show you."

I got up and handed it to him.

"This," said he, "is part of a fine London Edition of *The Arabian Nights* Entertainments, translated by Lane? It is beautifully printed—in just such a style as we ought to get up the Magazine. I saw it at Wiley & Putnam's Book Store, and bought it on purpose to show to you."

I then asked him how many papers ought each Number to contain.

He then said, "About the Number of Colton's Whig Review—but no less. If you say that you will join me, I will publish a new Prospectus in which I will announce ourselves to the Public as the Editors. But as I am not very well at present, we will talk more about it at our leisure. But if we intend to do anything, we ought to go to work immediately—for there is no time to be lost."

I then told him that I would be ready to join him by the first of January, 1846.

"Did you ever see Lowell?" asked he.

"No, I never did," was my reply.

"He called to see me the other day," said he; "but I was very much disappointed in his appearance as an intellectual man. He was not half the noble-looking person that I expected to see."

I then told him that I could not but wonder at his expecting to see any thing great in Lowell—when he had never given a single indication in any of his writings of any thing that even resembled a great man.

"He has written some fine things. Have you seen my Criticism on his Rosaline?"

"Yes," said I, "I have."

"Well, do you not consider that a fine Poem?" asked he.

"In some respects it may be called a fine Poem," said I; "but in many others it is any thing but a Lyric of the highest order."

"Do you not consider my Criticism a just one?" asked he.

"No, I do not," answered I—"inasmuch as you have over-praised him."

"In what respect do you consider that I have over-praised him?" asked he.

"In every possible one," answered I. "You have pronounced it one of the finest Poems ever written by any American; when it is as palpable a plagiarism as was ever palmed off by arrogant mental mediocrity upon a too credulous Public."

"In what sense do you consider it a plagiarism?" asked he.

"In every sense that can constitute it a Poem," I answered. "Not only in the rhythm but also the rhyming consonations. In fact, it is a plagiarism in the very chime of it. I grant you it is the best thing that he ever wrote; but in doing this, I only show you how poor every thing else that he has written is."

He then looked sad and remained taciturn for some time. "How do you like Shelley?" asked he, a little piqued.

"I consider him one of the greatest Poets that ever lived," I answered him. "His Cenci I consider not inferior, as a true Dramatic Poem, to the very best of Shakespeare's plays. In fact, in some senses it is superior to any thing that Shakespeare ever wrote."

"In passion he was supreme, but it was an unfettered enthusiasm ungoverned by the amenities of Art," answered he.

"But it was the clairvoyant fortuitousness of intuition," answered I. "Like St. John on the Island of Patmos he beheld his celestial Visions of the coming of the New Jerusalem of Man with the couched eyes of one of God's holiest Prophets."

"His principal forte was powerful abandon of rhythmical conception," answered he. "But

he lacked just that Tennysonian Art necessary to the creation of a perfect Poem. You are mistaken in supposing that passion is the primum mobile of the true Poet, for it is just the reverse. A pure Poem proper is one that is wholly destitute of a particle of passion."

"Then you admire Tennyson?" asked I.

"Yes, I consider him one of the greatest Poets that ever lived," answered he.

"My God! Poe! how can you say that?" asked I, in surprise. "Why, his Poems are as effeminate as a phlegmatic fat baby. He is the most perfectly Greek-statuesque, if you please, in his conceptions of any man that has ever lived since the days of Pericles."

"This is just what constitutes him one of the greatest geniuses that ever lived," answered he. "Passion has nothing to do with pure Poetry; for every drop of passion that you infuse into any Poem just so far do you materialize, deteriorate and render it no Poem. A pure Poem is a rhythmical creation of Beauty wholly destitute of every thing but that which constitutes purity, namely, ethericity."

"Well, but this would not only bring you in conflict with the time-honored opinions of the world, but be the establishing of a new mode of Criticism among the Nations," said I.

"True, but that does not give me a moment's concern," answered he, with an imperial self-consciousness of his own importance, as well as the perfect knowledge of the purity of the truth, that he had just spoken.

"If what you say be true, then two-thirds of every thing that Shakespeare ever wrote is absolutely good for nothing," said I.

"Certainly it is good for nothing. Nothing is good for any thing except that which contains within itself the essence of its own vitality," answered he. "Otherwise it is mortal and ought to die."

"Then if this be the case,—if all the Poetical works in the world were pruned of their excrescences,—there would be very little real Poetry left," answered I.

"Very little, indeed; but just enough to show that what I say of Poetry is true."

"Then Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Montgomery, Southey and many other world-renowned Sons of Song would fare badly."

"But no worse than they deserve," answered he, very peremptorily.

"What do you think of Keats?" asked I.

"He was the greatest of any of the English Poets of the same age, if not at any age," answered he, with the air of a man who was not only conscious of his own consummate ability, but who had, long before, deliberately formed his opinions. "He was far in advance of the best of them, with the exception of Shelley, in the study of his themes. His principal fault is the grotesqueness of his abandon."

"What do you think of Bryant?" asked I.

"I hold the policy—or shall I call it politeness—to speak in noticing Bryant's Poems, respectfully—or, perhaps, I should here, too, qualify my expression by saying flatteringly of the private opinions of Literary circles. But did you not know—does not every true Critic know—that Mr. Bryant himself does not know in what true Poetry consists, that it is eternally impossible these Private Circles should. But would any honest man—would any man but one who is an arrant coward—morally as well as physically—withhold his conscientious opinions of the merits of any book merely because they would come in conflict with the preconceived opinions of the world? Certainly not. Then why should any man hesitate to say, most positively, that these before-mentioned Private Circles know nothing at all about the matter? They do not write Poetry—nor do they Criticise it—then how can they know any thing about it? If Mr. Bryant himself does not know what it is, how can his admirers? Has it come to this, that the Critic knows more than the Artist? It has always heretofore been the belief that the Artist was the Mother of the Critic.

"That Mr. Bryant does not know, is proven by this incontrovertible fact, that he has never written the highest order of Poetry. Of what moment is it with any true Critic that any man, or any number of unpoetical men, should admire Bryant? No moment at all. It only proves that the Poet whom they admire, has something in him *worthy* of admiration—that is all. But this only proves that they are incompetent to judge of the highest order of Poetry, inasmuch as the individual whom they admire, cannot write it. Yet, this is the sum total of all that has ever been, or *ever will be*, said about the opinions of Private Circles.

"Everybody pretends he knows something—*particularly* about Poetry. You cannot meet with *any* man who will not tell you something about what *he likes* or what *he dislikes*. Many men whom I have met in my life, have intimated to me that what *they liked* in music was far in advance of any thing that was ever conceived of by any of the Italian Composers. Others, again, have given preference to the *Æthiopian* Melodies. I once knew a man who swore that *Saty in the Wildwoods* was far above any thing that Ole Bull could compose. I also once met with a lady who could not see any beauty at all in the Italian music. So the world wags. But who will be deterred from telling the truth on account of such people? Nobody in his senses. I verily believe that there are people in this world who, if they had nothing better to do, would absolutely fall in love with the Devil."

# THE TEARS OF HARLEQUIN

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON



TO you he gave his laughter and his jest,  
His words that of all words were merriest,  
His glad, mad moments when the lights flared high  
And his wild song outshrilled the plaudit's din.  
For you that memory, but happier I—  
I, who have known the tears of Harlequin.

Not mine those moments when the roses lay  
Like red spilled wine on his triumphant way,  
And shouts acclaimed him through the music's beat  
Above the voice of flute and violin.

But I have known his hour of sore defeat—  
I—I have known the tears of Harlequin.

Light kisses and light words, they were not mine—  
Poor perquisites of many a Columbine

Bought with his laughter, flattered by his jest;  
But when despair broke through the painted grin,  
His tortured face has fallen on my breast—  
I—I have known the tears of Harlequin.

You weep for him, who look upon him dead,  
That joy and jest and merriment are fled;  
You weep for him, what time my eyes are dry,  
Knowing what peace a weary soul may win  
Stifled by too much masking—even I—  
I, who have known the tears of Harlequin.





# WHEN THE CONSUL CAME TO PEKING

BY ABIGAIL H. FITCH

WITH PICTURES BY SYDNEY ADAMSON

## PART I

I

MRS. WABS was sipping tea in the drawing-room of the United States legation. Mrs. Wabs explained herself when she married Mr. Wabs. Of Mr. Wabs and his kind no explanation has been found, except that of being a product indigenous to American soil. He was consul at one of the Chinese ports, and had taken a leave in order that he and his wife could visit the Great Wall. They had arrived the previous day, and in the absence of any hotels in Peking were entertained by Mr. Danford at the legation.

"Yes, sir," he was saying to the minister as the two entered the sitting-room—"yes, sir; Dr. Johnson once remarked that the man whose grandfather had seen the Great Wall of China deserved to be knighted. You have heard of Dr. Samuel Johnson, sir?" he inquired.

Mr. Danford said he had.

"He was a great man, sir," continued Mr. Wabs, ignoring the reply, "a philosopher, a writer, a rhetorician. He wrote the dictionary bearing his name, also a most instructive book entitled the 'Rambler,'

and edited a paper of considerable merit called 'Rasselas.'"

The minister suggested that Mr. Wabs had confused the names. Mr. Wabs thought not.

"Besides, whether he called his paper 'Rasselas' or 'Rambler' cuts no figure—the main point is that Dr. Johnson wrote them both. Now, as I was saying to Mrs. Wabs, it would never do to leave China without seeing the Great Wall signalized by the great Johnson."

A sudden thought struck him: "Why not join forces and take the trip with us?"

There were some things that Mr. Danford would never dream of doing; to submit voluntarily to the uninterrupted society of Mr. Wabs was one of them.

He told the consul he should have to forgo the pleasure of accompanying him to the wall, as stress of business prevented his leaving the legation just then.

"Well," said Mr. Wabs, rising, "guess I'll go and pay my respects to Caton." Sir Arthur Caton was the British ambassador to China. "Mrs. Wabs, you might as well come, too, and call on his lady," he added.

When they had gone, the minister turned to his daughter.

"How long do these people expect to stay here?" he demanded.

"Till they can find a reliable boy who is familiar with the country they must travel through."

"Then they can leave to-morrow, for I will lend them my head boy Foo-ling. I hope," he added after a pause, "that he won't lose them on the way; but if he does, I'll increase his wages."

Betty broke into a laugh. "What has taken possession of you to-day?" she asked.

"The Wabses," replied the minister, gloomily. "If they only would n't talk so much!"

"It is a fault of commonplace people," said the girl, sententiously.

Mrs. Wabs swept in again.

"Lady Caton was just setting out for a ride," she explained, "so I returned to chat with you."

Here and there through the heavy coating of powder on her face her skin showed greasily, as though crying for the soap it never felt, for Mrs. Wabs thought soap was bad for the complexion. Her manners had none of the loud brusqueness which distinguished her husband's; they were as palpably artificial as the epistolary productions in a letter manual, without, however, being as correct. "Lady Caton," she continued, "insisted upon Mr. Wabs and myself going to her dance to-night, although I told her I had come to Peking quite unprepared in the matter of evening dresses." A trunk filled with ball-gowns was in Mrs. Wabs's room. "Will you also be there?" she asked, turning to the minister.

"Yes; my daughter and I dine with them to-night."

"Then I will save a dance for you," she said archly.

Mr. Danford bowed his gratitude, and, excusing himself, left the room.

The prompt instinct to escape mediocrity often made him appear unsociable.

As he stepped into his study, he quoted softly:

"La terre est couverte de gens qui ne méritent pas qu'on leur parle." Mr. Danford was fond of his Voltaire.

Mrs. Wabs settled herself down to the enjoyment of more tea and talk.

"Such delightful society you have in Peking, Miss Danford. No shopkeepers, no clerks"—she pronounced it "clarks." "It is so refined, so *récharché*, *n'est pas*?" This was the limit of Mrs. Wabs's French, a fact deplored by some of her acquaintances.

"Of course where we are," she continued, "society is mixed. It is so in all seaport towns over here; where there are tradespeople, it is bound to be so. I told Mr. Wabs when we first came to China that we must make up our minds to submit to it; that we probably would not move in the same social sphere our home life had accustomed us to."

And they did not. Mr. Wabs as accredited representative of a great country was received in homes, many of them "tradespeople's," where Mr. Wabs the plain American citizen would have found it difficult, not to say impossible, to procure admission.

A vulgar woman is never so offensive as a vulgar man, and Mrs. Wabs came to be regarded more tolerantly by the foreigners in the port than her husband ever was. "My dear," one lady had said of her to another, "she will improve; that is, as far as a woman can improve who puts perfume on her handkerchief and calls her husband 'Mr.'"

Mrs. Wabs had a florid style of good looks combined with a talent for serving dainty suppers; the two together procured her a certain popularity among the men, as well as a special cavalier, a well-fed young Englishman, who found her affectations amusing and her table good. Once when Mr. Wabs questioned the propriety of his fair spouse appearing everywhere accompanied by this young fellow, she silenced him with the assurance that such was the custom in good society, and she hoped she knew how to maintain her position as a woman of fashion. Mr. Wabs was satisfied, and his vanity found food in Mrs. Wabs's social successes.

"It is very gay here, is it not?" asked Mrs. Wabs, her little finger aimed at Betty, as she poised her cup midway between the tea-table and her lips.

"Very," answered the girl, with an emphatic nod of her pretty head. "There are balls, dinners, receptions, riding-parties, tennis-parties, races, etc., without end."

"Delightful!" sighed Mrs. Wabs. "And



I suppose you see a great deal of dear Lady Caton. Are there many such charming persons here?" she asked tentatively.

"Oh, any number of them. There is Mrs. Bablot of the Customs, Mrs. Ornheim of the German legation, and Mme.—"

"I meant are there many persons of—er—distinction—titled persons," explained Mrs. Wabs.

"Oh, yes," said Betty, with an indifference that struck Mrs. Wabs as positively cold-blooded; "there are the Prince and Princess Pontioff of the Russian legation; Prince Blanco, secretary of the Spanish legation; and Baron Hertzig, the German minister, only he does not use his title. Father says it is because barons are as thick as blackberries in Germany, and generally as seedy. Whatever the reason may be, he prefers to be called plain Mr. Hertzig."

"That is just like Mr. Wabs."

"Like Mr. Wabs—why, he has n't a title!"

"No, not exactly," admitted his spouse, "but he is a De Wabs, you know. The De Wabses were a distinguished French family—nobles before they emigrated to America with the Pilgrim Fathers."

Betty quickly scrutinized the interior of the tea-pot; when she raised her head again she was quite collected, but she introduced another topic.

## II

THE Wabses did not go to the Great Wall. Mrs. Wabs found the gaieties incident to legation life too attractive to forgo even temporarily. Besides, as she very caustically informed her husband during a heated discussion, the Great Wall of China had stood for many hundred years; she had no reason to suppose that it would not stand for many hundred more, therefore they would have ample time to see it at some future date. For her own part, she supposed the wall did not differ materially in appearance from any other wall, and Mr. Wabs would oblige her by showing a little more consideration for her feelings and dropping the subject.

Mr. Wabs's disappointment was keenly shared by the American minister; the latter had not enjoyed introducing the consul into diplomatic circles. He had derived some comfort in the reflection that his country-people were generally supposed to be most "adaptable," and had trusted to

this American characteristic to subdue Mr. Wabs's exuberant manner and to render it more in keeping with the refinement of his present entourage. But as nothing except Mrs. Wabs ever subdued Mr. Wabs, the minister was doomed to disappointment at the first ball they attended. During the intervals of a quadrille, the consul, who was dancing with Mme. Toreo, took the opportunity of explaining to her the nature of a "pigeonwing." Mme. Toreo appeared not to understand—naturally enough, as she spoke no English. But Mr. Wabs was indefatigable. "See here now, this is what it means to 'cut a caper.'" And with a skip and a kick he executed a very neat illustration of the phrase. Mme. Toreo looked amazed, then a faint smile parted her lips. Mr. Wabs was delighted. "You're a sweet little circumstance," he said, patting her shoulder.

When the quadrille was over, Mr. Danford strolled up to the smiling consul. "We don't either of us care much for dancing," said the minister; "suppose we have a quiet smoke." And he carried his guest off to the seclusion of the smoking-room.

Nothing flatters a man so much as to ask him for information on any subject, and generally there are few things he likes less than having information given him. That Mr. Danford succeeded in detaining the consul in the smoking-room for the entire evening was owing to his scrupulous adherence to the first part of the above truism. All that Mr. Wabs knew and all that he thought he knew—which latter covered a wide range of subjects—was duly extracted from him by the American minister, whose thirst for knowledge appeared indeed insatiable. He was not, however, to conclude the evening without experiencing another shock from his amiable compatriot. He had broached the theme of natural gas in China, and asked Mr. Wabs whether he could furnish him with statistics on the subject; he understood the gas had been used by the Chinese for hundreds of years. Just then Sir Arthur Caton strolled in.

"Natural gas," said Mr. Wabs, winking at the British minister, "was known to the world before even Chinese civilization."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Danford, blandly.

"Yes, sir," Mr. Wabs continued; "woman, lovely woman, has used natural gas for ages to warm up her husband when

he found the home atmosphere chilly. Ain't that so, Caton? You know it, don't you? Bless you! so do I."

"A vulgar old duffer," Sir Arthur afterward described him to Lady Caton. "A — fool," Mr. Danford muttered when he sought his bed that night.

It was shortly after this ball and Mr. Wabs's decision to remain longer in Peking that Mr. Danford announced his intention of inspecting the southern ports. The time of year was not propitious for a southern trip, and Betty remained in Peking. But the weather soon becoming unpleasantly warm, she determined to seek the breezy freshness of the western hills; in doing so she anticipated by several weeks the general exodus to the country from the other legations. This was a secret grievance to Mrs. Wabs, but she consoled herself with the reflection that the hills were not more than twelve miles from Peking, and that she could occasionally return to enjoy such festivities as the waning social season still offered.

Betty was in feverish haste to leave the capital. She was weary of its gaieties and longed for the peaceful country, where in happy quietude she could await her lover. The six months her father had cautiously decreed the lovers should be separated had almost passed, and John Follingsbee soon would come to claim her. Out in the shadows of the western hills, where lay the beautiful temple of San Shan Ar'rh, she would await him.

So early one morning she and the Wabses set forth on their ponies—the servants following in carts with the baggage—for San Shan Ar'rh. In spite of the long-continued drought, seldom had the sunlit plain between Peking and the hills appeared so beautiful. A uniform tone of yellow pervaded the scene; even the muddy waters of the Hun-ho, in the far distance, glistened with a golden hue, and the same tint shone in the fields of growing kaoliang.

Mr. Wabs himself felt something of this glory of color. "It is middling fine—for a China scene," he admitted, looking about with the patronizing air he had for all things Chinese.

They rode through open fields and hamlets partly fallen into ruins; they passed, scattered plentifully along the road, the carefully tended tombs of the dead, and

solitary farm-houses where, about crumbling walls, naked children played.

At the temple of the "half-way" pagoda they dismounted to rest.

A mule-litter and three ponies—the saddles of two showing that they were ridden by foreigners and one of them a lady—stood in front of the gates. Within they found the travelers sitting in the grateful shade of the temple porch—M. and Mme. Toreo and the somber young Spanish secretary. On a table before them were small cups of tea.

"Ah, que vous êtes les bienvenues!" cried M. Toreo, and rising, he placed a chair for Betty. They too, he explained, were hastening away from the heat and dust of Peking.

"There is nothing but hot tea to drink here," he continued in his careful English; "I wish I could change it for you into iced champagne."

"My friend," said Mr. Wabs, "I will change it into something just as good," producing a flask of whisky from the inner pocket of his coat. "What is lager-beer but the prose for champagne? What is whisky punch but the same in blank verse? Shall we kick in prose what we admire in poetry? By no means."

Mr. Wabs passed his flask around. It came back to him with its contents untouched.

"Every one to his taste," said he, as he emptied on the ground the cup of tea that the temple coolie had placed before him, and poured the liquor in instead. M. Toreo politely pushed a bottle of water across the table. "No, thank you, sir; this world is a bad enough place as it is, without mixing water with our whisky, as the man from Arkansas said. Mrs. Toreo, ma'am, your very good health, and yours, Miss Betty and Mrs. Wabs."

Then Mr. Wabs wiped his mouth, tilted back his chair, and beamed upon the company.

"Now this is what I call pleasure, and what is pleasure but philosophy? Therefore the more we enjoy ourselves, the greater philosophers we are. Ain't that so, Mrs. Toreo?"

The lady glanced inquiringly at her husband, who reminded the consul that Mme. Toreo did not understand English.

"Well, she is just as pretty to look at as if she did," declared Mr. Wabs, gallantly.

The somber secretary pulled out his watch and suggested that it was time to leave.

As they passed through the outer court, a strange sight met their eyes. Exposed

The man smiled cunningly, and a farmer who came in threw a vindictive glance at the images.

"The august sovereign has so commanded; the country is parched, the crops



Drawn by Sydney Adamson. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"MRS. WABS WAS SIPPING TEA IN THE DRAWING-ROOM "

to the copper glare of the sun stood three great wooden gods, their red-and-yellow paint blistered with the heat.

"Why have they been taken from the cool, dark temple to be burnt by the sun's hot rays?" asked the Spaniard of a priest.

are perishing for want of rain. The gods do not believe us; let them feel the hot sky themselves," answered the priest, opening the gate for the party to pass.

M. Toreo stepped into his mule-litter,—he never rode,—the others mounted their

ponies. Mme. Toreo's classic beauty was increased, if anything, by the severe simplicity of her riding-habit and the graceful ease with which she sat her horse.

Mr. Wabs was moved to admiration. "Mrs. Toreo, ma'am," said he, "you are the nicest little thing that ever happened—with the exception, be it understood, of Mrs. Wabs," he added hastily, as he assisted that heated lady in her laborious efforts to mount.

The Toreos traveled slowly by reason of the mule-litter, and soon Betty and her companions left them far behind.

It was late in the day when they reached the steep, rocky road winding up the hill-side to the temple, the white walls of which, shining through the trees, seemed to invite to friendly rest, while the pink blossoms from many mimosa-trees waved a fragrant welcome. They dismounted, and climbed the narrow path, leaving the mafoos to lead the tired ponies up. The rippling of water in a ravine, the soft tinkling of pagoda bells in the grounds of a neighboring temple, were the only sounds that broke the stillness of the place.

Standing by the open portals of the gateway was the gray-robed priest, an aged man, yet strong of aspect, who gave them a pleasant greeting. He led the way to the guest-houses (attached to every Buddhist temple), which for many years had been rented to the American ministers for their summer residence.

The central courtyard—set here and there with tubs in which grew the fiery fruit of the pomegranate and the oleander's blithe blossoms, a picture of sunlight and color—was surrounded by one-storied detached dwelling-houses and two temples of not large proportions. From the dark recesses of the open temples loomed somberly the great god Sakya-muni, sitting on an immense lotus-flower, by his side Ananda and Kashiapa. The sacred odor of incense was in the air. An acolyte glided noiselessly across the court, bearing votive offerings for the gods.

In the evening Betty and her guests sought the small bamboo-embowered porch of the sitting-room, where their distant gaze could rest upon the broad-spreading plain below. The scene breathed the very spirit of tranquillity. Spacious fields of millet, laid out with singular exactitude in small squares and triangles, gave an exquisite orderliness to the landscape, not dis-

turbed by the dark mounds of earth, graves of the villagers, showing in places through the freshness of the grain. Like quaint encampments, the tent-shaped houses of scattered hamlets lay amid clusters of emerald-hued trees, and, set like fine topazes in the horizon, shone the yellow-tiled roofs of Peking, mirroring the light of the setting sun.

On the other hand, peak above peak, far to the west, stretched the hills; down their cleft sides in dense groves clung temples where for centuries Buddha's praises had been daily sung. When dusk spread her mantle over the plain, the bells of San Shan Ar'rh pealed forth melodiously, and before the echoes died away, the temples near and far took up the strain, till the air was filled with music, and the very hills seemed to join in the evening song to Buddha.

Many were the walks that Betty and her guests took among the pleasant places at the hills. At times they would stroll through cool paths in the fields below, and, before returning home, take tea, brought by the mafoo, beneath the shade of great white pine-trees, which were saplings a thousand years before.

And they would watch the village workers in the fields plowing laboriously with hoes, sturdy, half-clad men, their backs moist from heat and shining like the brown of polished wood. They went everywhere unmolested. The country-people appeared mild and good-natured; if they had heard of certain Peking anti-foreign placards, they did not seem to share their city brethren's dislike of foreigners.

But in these new and peaceful surroundings Betty grew restless and uneasy. Day after day she scanned the plains with longing eyes, hoping for the sight of a tall form on horseback. She could not banish Follingsbee from her thoughts, and when some trick of speech or action of his, like the haunting melody of a sweet tune, would steal into her mind, she would lose herself in dreams, forgetting her guests.

Mrs. Wabs confided to her husband that she considered Betty an uncommonly dull girl.

"Oh, pshaw!" said the consul, "I guess she ain't any duller than you used to be when I was your beau and you mooned about me when I was away." Mrs. Wabs gave him an indignant look, and haughtily

denied that she had ever "mooned" about him or any one else.

Just then Betty herself, with a broad-brimmed hat tied snugly under her dimpled chin, stepped from her room into the courtyard. "Do you want to take a walk?" she cried to the consul and his wife.

"Sure," said Mr. Wabs, more gallant than elegant.

The monotonous intonation of a liturgy by the priests was heard from the open temple door as they passed. Betty paused to listen. The meaning of the words was unknown; they were unintelligible alike to foreigners and to Chinese. But the spell of the chant, an invocation to avert misfortune, impresses all who hear it.

"Nan-mo, O-mí-to, po-yé," sang the priests, standing with clasped hands and downcast eyes before the great image of their Buddha, whose face, veiled in clouds of rising incense, showed a godlike calm.

"To-ta-kia to-yé, to-ti-yé-ta, O-mí-lí-to, po-kwán."

Upon a wooden skull, with measured strokes, a priest kept time to the chanting.

"O-mí-lí-to, siéh-tan-po-kwán."

Unconsciously Betty drew near the doors. Tall tapers threw trembling lights into the grim shadows; the unlighted recesses of the temple echoed back the chant.

"O-mí-lí-to, siéh-tan-po-kwán."

The gray-robed priests sank upon their knees before the Buddha and knocked their shaven heads on the floor, then rising, sang in quicker measure.

"O-mí-lí-to, kwán-kia-lan-ti."

The strokes upon the wooden skull fell faster; faster fell the mystic words from the praying priests:

"O-mí-lí-to, kwán-kia-lan-ti, O-mí-lí-to."

From the climax of rapidity the voices gradually fell to the first slow cadence, which is said to resemble in grandeur the early Gregorian hymns.

Betty stole away. She joined the Wabses, who had strolled on up the hillside without pausing to hear the Buddhists chant. She was imbued with a devotional feeling which neither the image of the serene-faced god, the tinsel-and-flower-decked altar, nor the grotesque, shaven priests made less strong. The religious sentiment is a purely subjective one, and can be awakened in a Buddhist temple as well as in a Christian church.

Soothed by the gracious influence of the

service, Betty listened undisturbed to the loquacious Mrs. Wabs. Perhaps they wandered farther from the temple than they knew, or, perhaps, feeling confident of the way, they let the tranquil influence of the woods lead them irresistibly on; but it happened that when the twilight deepened they were several miles from home. When they sought to retrace their steps they met with an unexpected difficulty. Two foot-paths confronted them; which one to take seemed a disputed question. Mrs. Wabs insisted that the path on their right would lead them back to San Shan Ar'rh; Mr. Wabs was in favor of following the one to their left. Betty took no part in the discussion; she was listlessly watching the flight of white clouds in the azure above. Mrs. Wabs finally struck boldly into the path she had selected, a proceeding which effectually closed the argument.

But when they emerged from the shadowy wood they found that the wide plain spread out below them was not the familiar sight it should have been, and that they had indeed wandered far out of their way. In this predicament a belated bonze found them.

"My good man," said Mr. Wabs, addressing him in loud, pompous tones, "kindly put us on the right road to San Shan Ar'rh."

"Of course," hastily added Mrs. Wabs, noting the ugly scowl on the man's face, "you will be paid for your trouble."

San Shan Ar'rh being the only intelligible word to this priest of Buddha, he rightly concluded that the foreigners had lost their way and wished to be taken to the American temple. For a moment he hesitated; then, with a smile which he intended to appear good-natured and reassuring, but which resembled more a malignant leer, he nodded his head and beckoned them to follow him.

He led them down to the plain. Mr. Wabs explained to his two weary companions that doubtless the man intended to show them a shorter way home than by trudging back over the hills.

Presently they came to the inevitable high wall which marks the site of every temple. Their guide managed by clever gesticulations to tell them that here they would obtain fruit and drink before continuing on their road to San Shan Ar'rh. Mr. Wabs preferred not to delay their re-

turn; his remonstrances, however, were apparently misunderstood by the amiable bonze, who knocked loud and long upon the wooden gates until some one from within threw them wide open.

They entered on a scene of great magnificence. Spanning a ravine was a bridge of marble, guarded by monsters with lion heads, and beyond the bridge rose a white flight of steps, surmounted by a carved marble archway, which, like a silver frame, set off the flowering plants blooming in a garden beyond. Passing through many courts rich in golden fruits and bright flowers, and by the Hall of Ten Thousand Buddhas, where mighty images of the serene-faced one gazed down from long rows, they came upon a low-roofed building, on the porch of which half a dozen white-clad priests were sitting. The appearance of the bonze and his foreign companions set them to jabbering shrilly.

Mr. Wabs began to have an uneasy pre-sentiment that it was not friendly solicitude for their welfare that had caused the bonze to guide them hither. He promptly inquired if any one present understood English. With an impudent gesture to be silent, the bonze stepped in front of him and began a long harangue to the priests. As they listened, their faces looked dark and menacing; now and again they interrupted the speaker with angry exclamations directed toward the consul, his wife, and Betty.

Instinctively the two women pressed closer to their companion, who in quiet undertones begged them not to be alarmed.

When the bonze concluded his speech, a hasty consultation was held among the other priests. Then one among them, a sinister-looking man, stepped down, and roughly jerking the consul's arm, by way of intimating that he and the women were to follow him, led the way into another part of the compound.

They passed innumerable buildings and courtyards, finally pausing opposite a large temple which stood not far from a grotto and was surrounded by gloomy-looking pine-trees. The priest drew a key from the folds of his dress and unlocked the door; it swung slowly open on creaking hinges. Standing aside, he beckoned them to enter; his gesture was peremptory, even threatening. Mr. Wabs thought it best to obey. They stepped within, only to hear the lock

click and the bolts drawn ominously behind them. Another moment and the departing footsteps of the priest sounded on the stone-paved court outside. He had locked them in.

### III

LATE that evening the foreigners in the quiet of their temples in the western hills were startled by the sudden appearance of a large body of men following the winding paths up to the temples. They had been sent out by the ministers in Peking with a summons to the members of their legations to return immediately to the capital. Sir Arthur Caton, the British ambassador, had received private intimations that the Ihochunds, a fanatical anti-foreign society, had made an organized attempt to rouse the country-people against the foreigners at the hills. The temples were not guarded, and until the Chinese authorities suppressed the activity of the Ihochunds, the ministers ordered all to return immediately to the safety of their legations.

Within the radius of some miles the escort had gathered in the legationers and other foreigners at the hills. In passing San Shan Ar'rh, however, they were told by a coolie that Betty and the Wabses had left the temple early that evening. It was then after nine, and, as she had not returned, it seemed probable that she had received a previous warning, and with her guests had hastened to the capital. They hurried on, hoping to overtake the small party of Americans on the road and give them the protection of their presence.

But there was one man who, from another direction, was riding at full speed over the plains; he was headed for San Shan Ar'rh. It was Betty's lover, John Follingsbee. The six months of his long probation were over. He urged on his Mongolian mare, and she swept over the dark plain in great strides.

From a passing native convert Follingsbee learned of the hasty departure of the foreigners from the hills. He told himself that he hoped to learn of Betty's return to the capital with the escort party, but deep in his heart a passionate longing possessed him to find her yet at the temple, and to ride through the starlit night by her side to Peking.

Follingsbee pressed his knees closer, and bent his head low over his horse's neck,



Drawn by Sydney Adamson

"THE BONZE STEPPED IN FRONT OF HIM AND BEGAN A LONG HARANGUE TO THE PRIESTS."



until the breath from the mare's nostrils fell hot on his face. "Faster! faster!" he urged as they flew over the hard, uneven road, and before long the flickering lights of San Shan Ar'rh shone clearly in the distance.

Arrived at the temple, and before he had time to swing himself from his panting horse, the gates were thrown open, and Foo-ling, a lantern in his hand, rushed out. Something in the man's face made Follingsbee's heart beat high.

"Is your mistress within?" he demanded sharply in Chinese.

Foo-ling held the lantern up to see the face of the speaker. On recognizing Follingsbee, he heaved a sigh of relief. "She is not here," he answered, "and I do not know where she is. To-day she gave me leave to attend the funeral of my grandmother. On my return, a short while since, I passed many foreigners going to Peking. She was not with them. Her amah says she left the temple early this evening and has not been back since."

Follingsbee's face had grown pale and stern as he listened. "Did she go out alone, or were the consul and his wife with her?" he asked.

"They went with her," replied Foo-ling. "Will you help me search for her? The others"—nodding over his shoulder toward the courtyard, where the servants were collected—"say it is useless to look for them; that they became frightened by rumors of the Ihochunds and went to Peking. But I do not believe it. The ponies are still in the stables, for I went myself to see."

"Quick, saddle a horse; you and I will search until we find her and those with her."

All through the long night they roamed the silent hills, now shouting, now listening with strained breath for a reply. When the dawn broke, they rode down to the plain, weary and disheartened, questioning whomsoever they might pass.

With agonized distinctness Follingsbee's mind surveyed the perils to which Betty and her companions were exposed. The recurrent fear of some danger that was not death oppressed him almost with a sense of suffocation. The tension of his nerves could find relief only in swift action, and when he spied in the distance the slow pacing of two peasants on donkey-back, he dug his spurs into the sides of his tired

horse and galloped off to meet them. He would ask these men, risen early, doubtless, for a long day's work in some distant field, whether they had seen anything of a foreign girl and a lady and gentleman with her.

They answered his questions surlily enough; they had seen naught of any foreigners, nor did they care to. Farther on a cart lumbered clumsily toward him, the occupant within hidden by drawn curtains. Follingsbee shouted out the same question, this time offering a goodly sum for information given. The driver shook his head, but the curtains of the vehicle were drawn to one side, and two gleaming eyes peered out, instantly to disappear again, and to be replaced by a grimy, claw-like hand.

"Give me the money," said an oily voice from the interior of the cart, "and I will tell the honorable gentleman where to seek the foreign maiden and her friends."

Follingsbee thrust his hand into the recesses of his pockets and drew forth a quantity of copper cash and small silver pieces, which he poured into the outstretched palm before him. The hand closed greedily on the money, then withdrew behind the curtain.

"But the girl?" cried Follingsbee, impatiently. "Where is she?"

There was no reply. The young man could hear the gluttonous tones carefully counting over the money.

"Tell me instantly, or, whoever you are, I will drag you from the cart and wring the answer from you with the aid of a sound beating."

"Softly, softly," the voice returned mockingly. "There are many foes to the foreigners astir this morning, and if you do me an injury you will not live to find the maiden you are seeking. But you gave me money before bad words, so, if you keep quiet now, I will help you all I can." With startling abruptness the voice suddenly changed to a vicious snarl: "To hell with you, if you would find her. She is there."

And the clumsy vehicle rattled on, leaving Follingsbee motionless astride his horse, for the moment stunned beyond the power of thought or action. Once the occupant of the cart looked far out from behind the curtains to mark the effect of his parting words. Had Follingsbee not been staring

straight before him, as one turned to stone, he would have noted his shaven, pock-marked head and the look of concentrated hatred he threw back at him. But Foo-ling was more alert.

"Master," he said, "the man in yonder cart is a bonze."

Follingsbee did not heed him. Over and over again he repeated to himself: "To hell with you, if you would find her. She is there." It was as though his brain was made torpid with the poison of those words. That Betty was no longer living he did not for one moment doubt. Beyond that he could not think. Mechanically he wheeled his horse about.

"Will you not seek farther?" anxiously queried Foo-ling.

"To what purpose?" muttered Follingsbee. "We cannot find her now."

Foo-ling read his thoughts.

"T was but a lying priest who spoke," he said; "and besides, he said not so."

"He said, 'To hell with you, if you would find her. She is there,'" repeated the young man, dully.

"Yes, master; but that is not saying she is dead," returned the servant, stoutly. "I know not what he meant, but this I do know: if she had been killed, that greasy, stinking priest would gladly have told you so."

A faint gleam of hope came into Follingsbee's eyes.

"Priest, say you? Wait! Let me think one moment." He threw his foot over the saddletree and sprang to the ground, where he seated himself, his face buried deep in his hands. He sat so for the space of twenty minutes, Foo-ling not stirring by his side. At the end of that time the servant became aware that Follingsbee, without changing his attitude, was fixing on him a piercing gaze through the half-opened fingers of his hands.

"You have thought of something, master, and fear to confide in me," said Foo-ling, alertly sensitive to this unspoken suspicion of his faithfulness.

"True; for, like many another, I have placed overmuch confidence in the integrity of you Chinese," said Follingsbee, with bitterness. "But you, at least, I think I may trust—in fact, must trust, for alone I can accomplish nothing. And now we will start," he concluded abruptly, swinging himself again into the saddle.

"Where are we going?" asked Foo-ling.

"Where the priest told me—to hell," was the grim response.

#### IV

WHEN the Wabses and Betty heard the door locked behind them, they felt for a moment as if they were engulfed in a veritable pit of darkness. Gradually their eyes became accustomed to the gloom, and a dim light suffused itself throughout the interior. It was no ordinary temple in which they found themselves. The entire walls and ceilings of the place were covered with large figures in bold bas-relief, crudely painted to appear more lifelike. Betty thought herself attacked with some sudden sickness of the brain when, on closer inspection, she saw that the red figures on the wall were long-tailed devils holding pitchforks in their hands, with which they were tormenting human beings, wild-eyed and terror-stricken. At one place two fiends were tearing apart the body of a woman; two more were tossing, like a ball, the head of a man who stood with hands uplifted in agony over his bleeding trunk. Mrs. Wabs shrieked aloud in terror, and Betty, covering her eyes with her hands, refused to look again. Surely it was an evil place they had been led to! Mr. Wabs besought them again and again not to lose heart, or to let the fantastic bas-reliefs unnerve them.

"Why, it's nothing but heaps of painted clay images, mighty ugly, to be sure, but not calculated to harm a living soul. Come, cheer up, wife, and you too, Miss Betty, and try to think if you have ever heard speak of such a place as this. I want to get a notion of our whereabouts, if possible."

There was a cheery ring in the consul's voice, and Betty soon regained her courage. Mrs. Wabs, however, still continued to weep hysterically, while her husband soothingly patted the hand which clutched his arm.

Betty, after a momentary thought, suddenly exclaimed: "I know now where we are. We are in Pé Yün Ssü, and this is the Temple of Hell."

This news was too much for Mrs. Wabs; with a heartbroken wail she threw her arms about her husband's neck. "O Wabsy! Wabsy!" she sobbed, "to think I should have brought you to this! No, no; don't speak! I did bring you here; alone you would never have come. But, oh, don't,

don't leave me!" And she clung tighter to the consul.

He soothed the frantic woman as best he could, and then said: "And now, Miss Betty, tell me all you know about this place, and how far it is from any temple occupied by foreigners."

"I know but little about Pé Yün Ssü, though I have often heard it spoken of as a place worth seeing, because of the great beauty of its grounds, and more especially because two of its temples are dedicated to heaven and hell. Of course we are in the 'Temple of Hell,'—this with a little shudder, as her eyes wandered over the hideous protruding figures about her,—“but,” she added, “I know of no foreigners who have summer homes near here.”

As they talked, the shadowy world had sunk into complete darkness, for night had fallen.

Mr. Wabs suddenly struck his pockets in rapid succession. “Good!” he exclaimed. “I have my match-box with me.

There are only a few lucifers left in it,” he added ruefully, as he examined its contents with his fingers. He struck a light, and took a quick survey about him. At the farther end of the temple stood the altar, surmounted by a frightful one-eyed god rising from the gloom like an evil thought. On the altar stood the usual wax tapers and votive offerings of small round cakes, amid clusters of paper flowers. The light went out, but Mr. Wabs steered himself successfully in the dark toward the altar. Here he again struck a match and lighted one of the wax tapers. The little flame leaped up, shedding a lurid glow on the monstrous god and the hellish figures on the walls.

With a moan Mrs. Wabs hid her face. Betty shivered as though with cold, then rose and boldly joined the consul. He was busy gathering up the cakes on the altar. “See here now,” he cried, with a pretense at gaiety, “we will feast to-night on food for the gods.”

(Conclusion next month.)

## SOUL TO BODY

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

AND thus my Soul unto my Body said,  
 With strenuous hardihead:  
 “Hear thou this word!  
 The guests that thou wert wonted to invite  
 For eye, or ear, or for sweet lip-delight,  
 Shall not within this house be harbored!  
 I have been midnight-mute, and not demurred,  
 Alas, too long!  
 Henceforward shall I sternly ward the door,  
 To any knocking there, attain with wrong,  
 Ready to cry, ‘No more!’  
 Albeit fond familiars, fair of face,  
 Come smilingly, they shall not step within,—  
 Beauty, nor Blithesomeness, nor vernal Grace,—  
 If these are but the glozing cloak of Sin!  
 Clean-swept are all the rooms, and garnished greenly,  
 And set about with Purity’s white flower;  
 There sitteth Peace serenely  
 From the clear stroke of this renewed hour;  
 Hereafter shall be incense lifted only  
 To that pure Love that knoweth no alloy;  
 And thou, O Body, thou shalt not be lonely  
 With thy new comrade—Joy!”



Drawn by Granville Smith

## THE YELLOW VAN

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### VII

THE yellow van had decidedly stolen a march on Slocum Parva. None paid heed to it as it entered the village, because it looked so much like a van conveying a fat lady to business at a distant fair. But the wiser sort soon saw reason to repent of their indifference. The placards calling for "the restoration of the land to the people and of the people to the land," and the aggressively displayed opinions of eminent persons on this subject, told their own tale. The worst sign of all was that the vehicle had stopped as on a camping-ground, its driver, after releasing the old horse, having gone off in search of quarters for the night. So much, and no more, was to be learned from the awe-struck urchins beginning to cluster about the door.

The duchess pulled up, and she was for staying to hear the lecture; but on this point Mary came to the aid of Mr. Raif:

"You really must n't think of such a thing, Augusta. It would never do down here. Only fancy a Duchess of Allonby taking notice of a thing like that! Don't you know what it means?"

"How can I, until I hear what it says?"  
"I feel sure it would annoy the duke."

The duchess flicked the ponies without another word, and Slocum Parva was left to the full enjoyment of its mystery.

No sound came from the van for some time, but at length the patience of the youthful watchers was rewarded by an infant's wail within, and finally by the sight of a gentle face at the doorway, as its owner, the wife and mother, offered a penny to any one who would fetch her a pail of water. The apparition, however, was too alarming, and it had the momentary effect of dispersing the whole swarm in hasty flight.

There was really nothing to be afraid of. The little house on wheels was but the mission van of a "movement," and it had come out this year, after its wont, for its village campaign against the feudal system. Its fortunes were nearly always the same—apathy and fear on the part of the peasantry, a contemptuous refusal to fight on the part of the feudal system, and that most plentiful lack of funds which in England necessarily attends undertakings still awaiting the patronage of the nobility.

Nobody made anything by the society. Its itinerant lecturers worked for only as much as would keep body and soul together; but they, and its whole tiny frame, were kept going by a band of enthusiasts who maintained the subscription lists at a level of mediocrity. It was an interesting situation: on the one hand, a still vigorous growth of law and custom covering all England, and on the other this little thing in yellow, assuredly the tiniest engine of war ever sent out against a giant power intrenched in its pride. For comparison, a catapult against the rock of Gibraltar might serve our turn.

In due course the lecturer reappeared, and his wife passed the baby to him across the hutch for a run in the open air. He was a tall, well-knit young fellow, with regular features, and with the orator's potential flash in the light of his eye. The whole manner of him betokened a way of managing crowds. He dispersed the returning infants with a peremptory "Be off with you, and tell your fathers to come to the meeting when your mothers have put you to bed," at the same time presenting his wife to the gathering audience with apologies because it was "not a gipsy this time."

"I've found a chairman, Amy, and a place for the van, too—both birds with one stone. He'll let us a whole field for the night for eighteenpence, so we sha'n't do badly at that. But there'll be two miles to travel still."

"Get it over as soon as you can," said the wife, "or it will be another twelve-o'clock job; and one does bob about so in those fields in the dark."

"Anything since I went away?"

"No, dear; the same jokes about the van."

"I fancy I hear them now, especially when they are thrown at the window, and only miss it because they are aimed."

"I think I heard somebody call it a 'yal-ler-fever' van."

"That's new; we must be thankful for small mercies on the road. We've known what it is to trace the same joke, with local variations, all the way from Land's End to John o' Groat's. Have n't us, old girl?"

"I think I'll put baby to bed. She does keep so wakeful, unless she goes off before the chairman's speech."

The infant, now chasing an inquisitive duck with some prospect of success, was

herself chased, captured, and carried into the van, not without protests of the usual kind. Her father, however, soon turned the current of her thoughts by opening the door and bringing out the materials of his platform, which he put in position in front of the van. This done, he gave the child a farewell kiss for the night, and then, closing the door on his family, laid aside the husband and parent to become the tribune of the people.

His first care was to beckon a rugged figure from the crowd, and, having hauled his man up to the platform, to propose him as chairman of the meeting. The election of this functionary was duly put to the assembly, and was supposed to be carried by the remark, "Why, blest if it ain't old Spurr!" The lecturer had made his choice with judgment, for the sight of the familiar form of the farmer of a small patch in the neighborhood, who toiled for all the days of the year, and for all the feasts of the church, to make his rent, had a distinctly reassuring effect on the electorate. They seemed to draw somewhat less close to one another and closer to the van. As a mere stranger the lecturer would certainly have lacked magnetism, in spite of his plausible ways.

The two who drew closest were George Herion and Rose, who had paused in momentary interruption of their evening stroll. These and a few more stood for the modest villainage of the place, while, a little apart from them, Ness the gamekeeper and Constable Peascod seemed to represent the feudal system, vigilant, and perhaps somewhat overmanned. For by their side was Mr. Grimber, the retired tradesman who always supported the landed interest, with Mr. Kisbye, the London gentleman in business who rented the adjacent hall. The latter surveyed the scene from the elevation of horseback, from time to time making suggestive play with his whip-handle on a well-booted leg.

Mr. Spurr made a model chairman. He showed no disposition to take the bread out of the mouth of the speakers that were to follow him. His oratorical generalities on the land question were decidedly a failure, perhaps by reason of his opening statement that in assuming his present position he did not mean no offense to nobody. So many people was poor, and so many was working their 'earts out at the same time,

that he thought there might be no 'arm in giving something new a bit of a trial. He did not wish to go beyond that. In the look and manner of him he suggested Job pleading for a dab of ointment, just by way of experiment. If it failed, one would still be strengthened for resignation to the sores.

"A tell you true, neighbors, A cannot make ma rent and fill ma belly. If A don't send every bit to market, A 'm behind'and, and A 'm sometimes glad to get a lick o' lard for ma bread. So now A 'll ask yew to 'ear this young man."

The lecturer swung into his place, and in a moment or two had got into his stride. He took them all in from beneath pent brows, and seemed to know where to pitch his voice for laughter, and even for a tear at need. "You are a landless people," that was the burden of it, "and while you are landless you must be poor. If anything happened to your manufactures to-morrow, and something is going to happen before long, you would be on your beam-ends. But the town won't be able to save the country forever, and we shall all starve together if we don't look out."

"Oh, shall we?"

The interruption raised a laugh, and so, apparently, answered the sole purpose of the inevitable wag of the meeting. It was uttered in a kind of squeak, and it might have come from one of a group of stable-boys belonging to the castle. It is impossible to be more precise, such was the author's mastery of the artifice of "throwing the voice."

"No other civilized folk in the world is quite such a stranger to its own soil as you are. Some five hundred members of the peerage own a third of the workable acreage of the whole country. The rest of us have to take our luck in a kind of raffle for what is left. Most of the land is kept as a rich man's toy, for ornament and not for use, for parks and gardens, game-preserves, and the devil knows what. A good deal of it is owned by the Stock Exchange, even when it seems to be owned by the nobility and gentry. These other gentry in the city have too much fellow-creature in the way of business, and they like to hear the cuckoo for a change."

The voice: "Cuckoo!"

The lecturer, evidently a seasoned campaigner, was not to be stopped in his rush.

"Most of the big owners can live on

their investments in every good thing that is going, from China to Peru. They don't want to live by the land. Even if it 's worked for a profit, it won't keep the three that have to live out of it, owner, farmer, and laborer, so the laboring-man has to go to the wall. He still gets his wages in shillings, in an age when there 's no keeping soul and body together without a bit of gold. Have it or leave it, they don't want you as husbandmen. They lay down the land in pasture, and tell you to go to the towns, and you have to go, whether you like it or not. I defy you to find a single acre to live on, or to live by, without their good leave. Try to start a business in a village, or to tickle the fields into a harvest on your own account, and see what they 'll say to you as lords of the soil. How many did Slocum Magna keep in the old days? We know it by the records—three times the number it keeps now. Look at the size of the old church."

The voice, whose method seemed to be simplicity itself:

"Just look at it now!"

The chairman: "Old yer tongue, will 'ee?"

It was a little too much, even for the lecturer.

"One at a time, gentlemen; but flunkies next turn, with all my heart." It won the laugh and—peace.

"The feudal system has come down to you without a break, except in its forms, and the new one is worse than the old. The old lord had duties, and he paid for the right of owning his fellow-creatures by finding men and money for the service of the state. The new one has only his rights, and the chief of them is to keep the smoke of a poor man's chimney out of his sight. What the nobles did not want was left as waste land for the poor, and there was a living to be made out of it. How much is left now? Every inch is mapped and owned—and come if you dare! Saxon chiefs or Norman lords in the fullness of their power were not in it with the land-owner of to-day. He has got you, body and soul. The parson is actually his nominee, and often his poor relation. The farmers, who are almost the only employers of labor besides himself, are his tenants at will, and possibly his debtors. The tradespeople of the village rent under him, and even if they don't they can be ruined

by his frown. The laborers live in his cottages, and are absolutely at his mercy for the privilege of hiring a bit of allotment land—hiring, not owning; mark that well! He is usually the magistrate; and so he and his administer the law that should stand between you both."

He went on without further interruption until a cry of "Daddy!" from the domestic apartments of the van was smothered before it could obtain complete utterance. Such as it was, it occasioned another break in the magnetic current, and he had to hurry on to save the situation:

"Till the other day you had less local government in the villages than they had for centuries before and for centuries after the Conquest. But mark this: next spring Slocum Parva is going to elect its first parish council, and to come into line with the rest of the country. Make the most of it. Try to do a little bit for yourselves. Put your own men in, and your own women, too, if you can find any willing to stand, and do your best in your day of small things, hoping that the great will come. Better late than never. Who 'll stand when the time comes, and who 'll work for it now?"

"I 'm your man, master!" cried George Herion. "Put me down."

The crowd seemed thunderstruck by this unexpected declaration, and Constable Peascod made an entry in his note-book, as though to take the speaker at his word. Mr. Kisbye glared. It was the only other sign of animation. Not a peasant of them spoke, or even stirred to look at George. The lad had shown some excitement during the speech, but even the few who had noticed it never expected this. He was now, for the moment, awed into silence by his own temerity, though he still flushed defiance and resolve. There was intense anguish in the eyes of Rose. The manhood of Slocum Parva at length took courage to pretend to be idly busy in lighting its pipe, while it eyed the constituted authority of squire and policeman over the grimy edge of the bowl. Finally Mrs. Artifex ventured on a fatuous "That do seem roight." This, however, was hardly enough for the business of the meeting, and the lecturer resumed:

"Does anybody want to ask a question?"

Nobody wanted to ask a question.

"Does anybody want to oppose?"

The manhood received this much as it was in the habit of receiving the courteous invitation to try a fall with the wrestler at the local fair.

The meeting was melting away at its edges. The children, losing their respect for the invader, began to eye the supports of his platform with manifest intent. Mr. Kisbye again tapped his leg, this time as though he loved it.

"You rascal," he cried, pointing a threatening whip at the lecturer. "I warn you, and I warn all your dupes, that if you do a single illegal act, or say a single illegal word, you 'll hear of it. Peascod, keep an eye on that man. As for you, you whelp," turning to George. "never let me see your face again on my place!"

Perfect silence fell once more on the meeting, and every footfall told as a threat as the speaker rode away.

"There, George," wailed the poor village beauty, "you 've done it now! And what 'll they say at the castle if they know I was in this night's work?"

The young fellow looked uncommonly foolish. "My blood was on fire," he said.

"And I 've caught a chill," cried the girl, trying to frown in pettish displeasure, and then bursting into tears and running away.

It was again one of those moments, like that which had just passed, when everything seemed to hang on the pure hazard of a lead. The lecturer naturally wished to rally his meeting. He had his short way with the landed interest to propose in the form of a resolution. He had also to thank his chairman in the same manner. But Mr. Kisbye had hardly passed out of sight and hearing when another clatter of hoofs came, from the distance this time, as though he had only gone to fetch up his reserves, and a turn of the road brought two of the castle drags in view.

It was a fragment of the ducal party—house and other—hurrying back to dress for dinner after a day's shooting; in other words, the feudal system in full trot for the scene of the meeting. The awe-struck villagers could distinguish the Liddicots, Beuceys, Lavertons, Mohants, Neves, and Incledons from the neighboring strongholds of social power, as they sped by, chatting in music on the day's sport. It was the leadership of the land in a nutshell



—Parliament, office, military command, satrapies, wealth, worship, and power in some of their most imposing forms. Herbert Peascod stood at the salute, and most of the others involuntarily followed his example in their own way. The system was not unobservant of the meeting and of the van, and its laughter, which was not much more than a smile made audible, betokened a turn in the current of thoughts that were still pleasant from first to last. The lecturer, who had gazed with the rest, turned to rally his meeting, but found that the village green was all his own.

## VIII

"Now, then, Amy, off we go! Two mile to bedtime."

The lecturer entered the van on tiptoe, and gazed tenderly at a bundle of bedding securely tied to a shelf. It contained his only child.

"Has n't she gone off nicely?" said the wife, adjusting the clothes. "I was afraid when the man on horseback began to shout. Who was he?"

"Oh, only one of the heathen. She 'll get used to them soon. He cut us out of our vote, though, and out of our sale of literature. If we could have postponed him for five minutes we should have been eighteenthence to the good."

He put the horse in, while his helpmeet made all tight for the jolting journey before them by extinguishing the lamp and wedging it and the crockery into a padded box.

"Hold tight, Amy! Gee up, Tom!"

The vehicle started with a creak, and the wife sat still in the darkness, with one hand on the precious bundle, and the other on a hat-peg.

Agitators are supposed to revel on the fat of the land, but in truth the public cause has only too little of this delicacy to spare for its rank and file. The Tommys of the social war have as hard a lot as those who carry a musket in the other one; and they are to be counted happy if the balance of the day's operations leaves them with a whole skin and a ration. They have their liberty, though, or what they take for such, which is just as good. The people on the road grow fewer and fewer, for civilization means a postal address. The wandering Kirghiz, with his tent of felt and

his old freedom of the Asian plains, is now circumscribed by law and order; and his pitch and count of cattle have become items of entry in the note-book of a Muscovite policeman. The immigrant-wagon has made way for the immigrant-train. Soon the last king of the gipsies, or perhaps the last commoner, for the monarchs of the tribe generally lead the way into shopkeeping, will boil his last kettle by his last roadside, and sink to obscurity in a slum. Meanwhile the van is the camel of our deserts of mansuetude, and a home of a kind for those prophets of struggling causes who escape stoning only by keeping perpetually on the go.

The opening of a gate, and a new variety of jolt that marked the change from macadam to grass, showed that they had reached their journey's end.

Old Spurr, the chairman of the meeting, was in waiting with his lantern; and his wild figure, in the shirt-sleeves which formed the full dress of his everlasting labor, was revealed in rugged effects of light and shade as he guided them to their place for the night.

"Come to back o' t' 'ouse; ye 'll be more out of the way loike in t' other field. He 'll be up early, and sniffin' about."

"Who?"

"Squoire Kisbye."

"What has he to do with it?"

"Well, if you gets off in good time in the morning, I dussay you 'll never know. Here, tek this," he added with a shame-faced air, laying a small basket on the van. "The wife sent ye a quart o' milk and a few eggs. Ye need not say where ye got un, if anybody asks. Ye 're supposed to pay for everything here."

Amy went in to thank her hostess and to complete her modest shopping for the day. Meanwhile the horse was taken out of the shafts and turned loose in the field, where, late as it was, he woke the echoes with a thunderous gallop which signalized his sense of freedom. When the wife returned, the old man cried a cheery good night, and the wanderers were left alone.

One charm of van life lies in its frequent surprises. It seems to promise nothing, while it offers everything by turns. This poor little inclosure of nine feet by seven was, at a pinch, kitchen, dining-room, nursery, and even library and drawing-room, though, as to the last, perhaps it was

rather the parlor sitting-room of lodgings at the seaside. It was also a bedroom; and, for purposes of argument, if not of use, it had even a sort of upper floor, in fact garrets, at a pinch.

The housewife now drew forth the kerosene-lamp and the tiny cooking-stove, neither of which could be lighted with safety until the vehicle was at rest. The next thing was to draw the curtains and make all snug. It was not to be done in a moment. There was a window in each of the four sides, and each window had a pair of muslin curtains for the daytime, and of serge for the night. A skylight was left unveiled, on the twofold consideration that it was covered with oiled calico, and that the stars were not to be suspected of impertinent curiosity. The windows were but eighteen inches square, and their curtains being cut to measure, they had a ridiculous air of being in short clothes.

The larder stood confessed in an open cupboard, with crockery and stores of eatables above, and with pots and pans below; and the small stove was soon in full blaze, in so far as the phrase may be used in regard to a volume of combustion positively beneath the notice of science. The peculiarity of this stove was that it would cook only one thing at a time, and even that but a dish for a table of Lilliput; so, just as the chops were beginning to frizzle, the potatoes were getting cold. The wit of man, or at any rate of that better half of him principally concerned, had not yet discovered how to serve both dishes together hot and hot. This problem, however, had the touching insistence of an unrealized ideal; and the better half was still busy over it with bent brows, while the other went to tidy up the library. This part of their almost too commodious dwelling consisted of a set of pigeonholes, with shelves sloping downward to prevent the escape of their contents to the floor. Much of the literature of pamphlet used in the propaganda was stored here—tract "The Curse of Landlordism," a great favorite, with "The Crux of the Land Question," "Better Homes for the Workers," "Land Nationalization—Why Do We Want It?" and "The Landless Man." Beside these—such is the weakness of our nature—were a common tobacco-pipe and as common a pouch, with a cigar-box, which, however, was redeemed to finer uses as a receptacle for

pen and ink. These things, as the van moved, were perpetually charging forward to the apertures, looking over the dizzy precipice below, and then rolling back baffled into the gloom of their caves. The library, as beseeemed an institution devoted to the service of the mind, had stretched beyond these narrow limits, and its annex was found at the end of the vehicle, on the same shelf as the bed for the child. The nursery seemed rather dangerously near the garret window, but as the latter remained intact, the infant Amy was probably one of those wingless angels that do not kick in their sleep. In a general way she had certainly come to terms with her environment. Under her mother's brooding gaze, she slept as soundly with the van in motion as with the oratory. Exceptions excepted, the same smile of the better world which she had just left was on her face, whether the house rumbled over fresh cobbles, or some town meeting carried a resolution by the acclamation of a roar.

"I'll lay the supper-things now, old girl, if you like."

"Yes, dear."

"The simplest thing in the world," said the lecturer, addressing himself, by force of habit, in default of an audience. "This operation involves the conversion of the middle part of the van into a dining-room. To do this we have only to unfold a couple of deck-stools, and draw out a table trained to subdue itself to the most demure insignificance by the management of its flaps.

"We will now ring for supper, ladies and gentlemen, though that, I observe, is unnecessary, as the cook has already laid it smoking—or, to speak more correctly, half smoking—on the table. The chops at least are hot; and, with a little good will, it will be easy to treat the potatoes as an ice."

For some time the wicked of Mr. Kisbye's denunciation ceased from troubling the landed interest, and the weary of the war with the feudal system were at rest. They ate their meal to the accompaniment of the regular breathing of the child, visible rather than audible, near as they were to its cot.

"Our puzzle-box on wheels," continued the lecturer, resuming the gag when he had lent a hand in putting the supper-things away, "is now ready for one change more. It becomes a bedroom by the simple expedient of emptying a linen-chest, using

its lid and a supplementary flap with iron supports for the frame of the couch, and drawing a pair of curtains to make all snug within. We have still a good deal of room to spare in the antechamber, and, with a few extra shelves running the length of the apartment, we could accommodate a body of Chinese immigrants, or, for that matter, a colony of English stock from our own beloved East End. I do not wish to boast, but on ceremonial occasions, and when there is no thought of putting up a companion for the night, we can entertain a party of six at tea."

The wife gave him the smile he sought, though there was weariness on her gentle face.

He went out to smoke his pipe, and finally turned in, after the horse had rubbed good night on his shoulder and received a pat in return. Soon there was perfect quiet in the van, though not exactly perfect peace. The cows in the field, with the curiosity which is said to be the bane of their sex, could not refrain from approaching the vehicle for purposes of exploration. Their deep breathing on the very walls of the tenement would have been of ghostly suggestion at this hour, had any one within been wakeful enough to hear it. But it passed unnoticed, like a direful rattle of their horns when these were caught in momentary entanglement with the wheels. There was indeed something to hear the livelong night, as there always is in the open fields. Nature seems to wake when we sleep, and as her stars are at least more visibly busy, so her creeping and even some of her flying things are more audibly so at night. The noisy corn-crake, in his season, is really a scandal of the hours of darkness. The earliest cock is by no means the first to break our rest. As a disturber he is positively late in the day, and in the same point of view, the lark and the thrush are but decadents taking a belated and ostentatious airing at unwonted times. It is their fear of man perhaps, at any rate on the part of the crawling under-world, that keeps the more timorous creatures astir at unreasonable hours; and earth, that disdains him, is notoriously given to all sorts of inopportune movements. Those who have known what it is to lie on her broad bosom, with nothing below them but a traveler's cloak and nothing above but the spangled vault, will testify that she

groans, shivers, and even stretches herself in her sleep.

Next morning the yellow van had resumed its travels through broad England before the moon-face of Constable Peascod appeared at the gate of the paddock. The child, sitting up in bed, was blowing a penny trumpet as they passed under the walls of Allonby. Nothing happened to the walls.

#### IX

GEORGE followed Rose from the meeting, and contrived to cut her off from her mother's cottage by taking a path which involved a trespass on private grounds. He was just in time. The road was hilly, and she was on the last rise when she found him before her. A few steps more would have brought her in sight of the cottage, and, what is more, the cottage in sight of her. Even as it was, the moon was looking on.

She was still in high displeasure, and was for passing him without a word. His passionate admiration had made a woman of her, with all a woman's claims. She had grown to it in a night and a day, from the wild girlhood of her tousled hair and her rough work at home and farm—a spiritual condition till now tempered only by the Sunday-school. The tremendous discovery that she was part of the beauty of the world had come to her quite suddenly, while yet she thought herself but a part of its strength and coarser uses. All her upbringing had fostered this depressing illusion. She had read nothing, seen nothing but the annual school treat in the castle grounds. The county town was a far country to her; great London another world. Then had come this fierce playmate of old to touch her into a new and wholly bewitching sense of personality with his rude deference and his honeyed tongue. Something in her had suddenly tamed him into gentleness and the wish to please, where before there had been only the rude give-and-take of the playground. And now, after all this, after the almost mystical change, he could still find time to listen to a mere spouter on the tail-board of a van. To set his blood on fire was surely her glorious privilege, and the very essence of the joy it gave was in exclusive rights. The absurdity of the position that all this involved jealousy of a public movement did

not wholly escape her, but it only made the matter worse. Her rival was simply a wretched handbill, not even any accredited obstacle in flesh and blood. Added to this was the humiliation of the burst of tears which had betrayed so much. Could she ever forgive herself—or him?

"Rose!"

"Keep your own side o' the road now. You no business this side; you know it as well 's me."

This observation, which seems more properly to belong to an altercation of carters, was still very much to the purpose. It was a maxim of the common law of Slocum, in matters social, that young people of opposite sexes who wished to avoid scandal should keep opposite sides of the road. Even lovers respected it. For all who were not in that relationship it was obligatory. To ignore it was to be "talked about." The roads were narrow,—perhaps a considerate highway board had in this way tempered the wind to the shorn lamb,—but, such as they were, travelers of this critical standing were expected to keep their left and right, though they might be going the same way. It implied no very flattering estimate of peasant manners, perhaps, but that was as it might be. The local Pyramus and Thisbe, who respected themselves and the code, had always between them this wall of atmosphere—generally a wall of darkness too, through which their confidences were as those of the wandering voice. If in the present instance the barrier of darkness was wanting, that was the fault of the moon.

It was a beautiful scene. The plantations on each side rose and fell with the road; and their timber-crowned heights and masses of bracken in the hollows dear to the birds who were so soon to die were full of mystery. It was anybody's landscape seen in this light, though it lay in the heart of ordered England, with all its measurements recorded in a hundred deeds of settlement or parish rolls. A wild man of the woods might have seen something to remind him of home in its solid swaths of impenetrable shade, with here and there a tremulous speck of silver in the open as the brook caught a ray from above. And, after all, in spite of the records, it was perhaps as wild and unspoiled as nature had left it. The road, with its fence and its hedge, was about the only thing of human

handiwork. Wild Celtic persons had probably sought vale and slope on this very business now in hand. The Roman soldier at his post hard by may have cursed the luck that kept him a prisoner in this hole of an island while the nut-brown girl in the Campagna was consoling herself with the other man.

"Just you keep your own side!"

"Not me; I want to see you near. Oh, Rose, you 're the prettiest girl in all this world."

"'T ain't likely."

It was her way of saying that flatteries would not serve. We must excuse a certain want of art on both sides. Thus they say sweet things and thus they reject them, in the real Arcadia. The proud setting of earth and sky seems to touch it into beauty in spite of all.

"Well, I never used to think so, sure," said the swain. "It seemed to come to me, loike, all of a sudden. Lord, I never thowt nothin' of ye, Rose, when we used to go to school."

"An' I never thought nothin' o' you no time: that 's all the difference."

"What a little tomboy you was! D' ye remember how I pulled your 'air, one day, when you 'collared my hoop? You got it done so nice now."

"You are a silly sheep, no mistake—baa, baa!"

"I could chop my 'and off for it now, I could" [for pulling her hair. "If thine eye offend thee," etc.]. "I can't tell what make me feel so. Maybe it 's the long frocks."

"Gone foolish over a print gownd! I should be 'shamed to say so, if I was a young man."

"No, it ain't that, either. It 's a some-thin'-like in your eyes, an' in the way you holds yourself. I often lays awake o' nights wonderin' what it is. The fellers 'u'd laugh at me about it, if they was n't afraid o' gettin' punched. Oh, Rose, you are a beauty, no mistake. I could say my prayers to ye."

"That 's wicked. People ha' been struck dead in the Bible for less."

"It can't be. I never felt so good since I was a little kid. No gammon, Rose. I think you 're right about the sheep, though, all the same. I feel silly-like; an' then, along wi' that, I feel strong. I could punch anything, I could, if you was lookin' on. I seem to be walkin' about on butter-

cups. Don't you go an' tell nobody, to make a laughin'-stock o' me, or I 'll kill 'em. Oh, it 's the funniest feelin' I ever had in my life. Rose, you must have me: I 'll die if you don't."

What it lacked in fascination was made up by the kindly mother watching over all—the stars quite intent upon the scene in spite of their having so much to do elsewhere, the music of the nether-world in the faint stirrings of leaf and flower in the breeze, and the fainter of creeping things, just as much interested, in their way, as their betters above.

The night was in their souls; but one of them, at least, hardly knew it. The peasant misses a good deal in using his skies only as a weather sign. His mate is often better advised.

"It 's the fine evenin' make you feel so," said the girl, as though she were commiserating a sudden cold. She strove for sarcasm, but achieved only tenderness and pity in spite of herself. "Daytime you don't care for me."

"Why?" he asked fiercely, and crossing over to his own side.

"Takin' up with a common showman. Ain't that enough? Why, he 'll be gone to-morrer, miles away; an' then where 'll you be? He 's got no work to give away."

"I don't care about that. I 'll find work for myself."

"What work? George, George! What can the likes of us do when we 've offended the big folks?"

"I 'll go on the road."

"Go on the road!" she echoed faintly.

"Yes; there 's more things to peddle than little tracts about the land—pots and pans and kettles, knives and forks, needles and thread, candles and calico, tea and sugar. I 'll be a general shop on wheels—that 's what I 'll be. I 've thought over it dozen o' times when I been thinkin' of you. There 's a fortune in it. Why, there ain't no place nearer than Randsford, if you want a grid-iron! I 'll take the villages for twenty mile round Allonby. It 's a fortune, sure! I can do anything in all the world if you 'll only put your 'and in mine."

No knight of old could have been prouder on his quest of giant or dragon or holy cup; no man of our day in his boast of a high ambition in church or state. All 's relative: for the scale of *Slocum Parva*, George Herion was a hero of romance.

It was entrancing in its perspective of high destinies, but she dared not trust herself to believe in it too soon. And, besides, she felt real alarms. Public opinion—would the gossips approve and support? Her mother?

"You could n't never do it, George. How are you goin' to get your license? Oh, it is a big world to fight in that way, an' no mistake."

"I 'll do it, no fear, if you 'll say yes."

"George, I 'm frightened for ye—only for that. Can't you wait?"

"Wait! Whatfor—to see if Mr. Kisbye 'll take me back again?"

"Never that, George, with my will. And you know it."

"Well, then, wait for what? Wait or starve? Starve an' p'r'aps lose you! No; I 'll have your promise now, or I 'll go many a long mile afore I see you again—if ever I do."

She paled, even in the moonlight. "Many a long mile."

"Rose, mark my words; there 's goin' to be fightin' in that there place they call Africa. You remember; we 've sung it out on the maps many a time. There 'll be fightin' to see which is best man, the Queen or old Kruger. That 's where I 'll go, and good-by to your sojer-boy!"

It was decisive. Swiftly came over her the horror of the thought that her unkindness might drive him to his death; and, death or not, that, with him gone, life would fall into abysses of spiritual solitude and spiritual insignificance from which she could never pluck it out. There could be no life now without him to cleave to, him to cleave to her.

She was on his side of the road now, and the village Grundy missed the chance of a lifetime. She crossed to where he stood facing her, on the little bridge that spanned the gully, and threw herself sobbing on his breast. Then, suddenly raising her head, she returned his kiss of passion, and ran home without another word.

He did not try to follow her. He sat down on the stone parapet, looked up at the sky, and for the first time in his life saw that it was something more than a barometer. His whole soul was in that tumult of the sense of being which we reach in its fullness but once or twice in a lifetime. Nature is chary of the experience, for it is a revelation of her innermost secret.

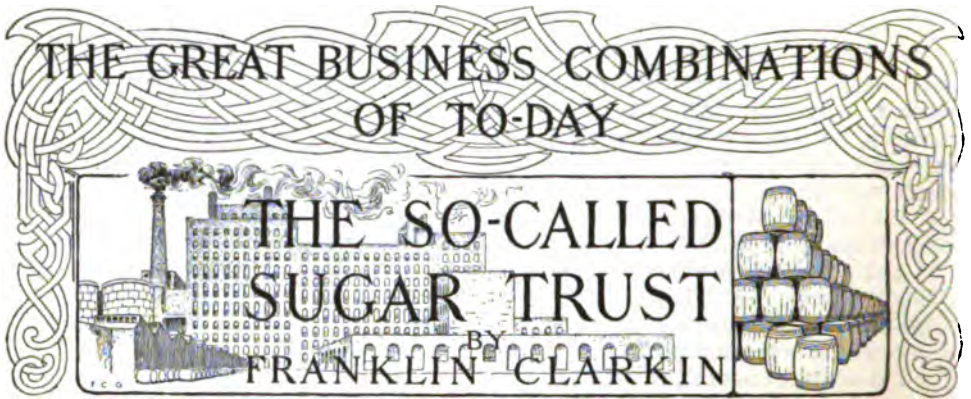
The great experiences will alone do it—great music, great love. And with this came a sense of the inadequacy of the thing revealed. It was not great enough for his superlative mood—rich enough, full enough. If he had known how, he could have cried out with the lover in the German song:

Earth, hast thou no fairer flowers  
Than these to show?  
Sky, hast thou no orbs of fire  
That brighter glow?

My heart 's so full of happiness,  
It must, it will, o'erflow!

So here we have a plowboy—quite a common plowboy—touched with gentleness, poetry, religion, and all because a dairymaid, the right dairymaid, though a common one still, has given him a kiss. Really, really, it is almost enough to make one believe that your one valid introduction to the whole circle of arts and sciences is immortal love.

(To be continued.)



SO far as it answers any of the current questions regarding trusts, the American Sugar Refining Company answers them positively—for itself. It is second or third of these great combinations in point of age, and both before the government and before the court it has had to justify its being. By the court it was declared illegal. All it did in response was to "go to Jersey and put on a different suit of clothes," returning to New York the same trust as before, its composition unaltered, its principle abiding.

It is an example and a type. Yet it is individual, for trusts, like firms, are what they are made by the men who manage them. Not long ago in Congress this one was called "the most unpopular of them all." No reason was given. Whether there is a valid one depends upon very simple matters of conduct. Has it thrust men out of business and made their loss its gain? Cruelty to competitors, oppression to workmen, the exaction of immoderate prices from consumers—some trusts practise these

vexatious tyrannies; is the Sugar Trust one of them? Have its methods tended to lower business morals? Or have its managers shown a greed of wealth and an inclination to use it against public interest? In spite of visible gaps, the record is full enough, and remarkably informing.

Throughout its course there has been identified with this trust one of those who seem to establish the fact that in America we are getting past the period when it was "only three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves." (What the fathers won the sons are keeping, and to that are adding more. Vanderbilt and transportation, Morgan and finance, Havemeyer and sugar—the name stands for the business more potently than ever in the past.) This is Mr. H. O. Havemeyer, who organized the trust, and has remained supremely in control. It was his grandfather, coming from Schaumburg-Lippe, who started, and his grandmother who helped to tend, that first little sugar "bakery" in old Green-

wich Village, Manhattan. It produced no more in a day than in these times would yield a dollar profit. But the son and heir so extended it that when, in old age, he in turn transmitted it to his two sons, it was of a thousand times greater capacity. Of this later "going concern," a feature of the Brooklyn shore of the East River, the present Havemeyer became the active manager. Under his administration the annual output increased from three hundred thousand barrels to a million, and now, as the main plant of the trust, to five millions—nearly a third of all produced from cane in America.

#### PURPOSE

FIFTEEN years ago, when eighteen of the forty refineries in the country had gone into bankruptcy, it occurred to somebody that a union of all, a coöperation of owners, would diminish waste and preserve a profit. Twenty-one of the refineries that had survived were brought under one control, that of the Havemeyers being the nucleus. This was a trust in the real sense, in which the stockholders of the different corporations assigned their stock in trust to a board of trustees—to a board that held the voting power of the stocks of the various companies.

The object was monopoly. It was and is the acknowledged ambition of the head of it to "refine all the sugar of the American people." Before the Senate bribery committee he testified that the principal purpose of the trust was to control the price and output to the people of this country. Modifying that afterward so as to be understood that the object was to control simply the trust's own price and output, he nevertheless admitted immediately that the trust, by having at that time eighty per cent. of the refining, could regulate output and was in a position to fix the general price. Its limit was the point where it would be profitable for imports to flow into the country over the tariff bulwark.

#### CAPITAL INCREASES

THOUGH the capital stock of all the companies it banded together aggregated only about \$6,590,000, it organized itself on a basis of \$50,000,000. Now one of the special dangers of trusts is a tendency

toward over-capitalization—the selling of more shares to the public than can truly exist upon a basis of cash value. What did the additional forty-three and a half millions represent? Questions like that came from the government in course of formal inquiry.

"I am not able to see," remarked the government questioner, "how businesses that were not profitable before could increase in such a rapid way."

Mr. Havemeyer made it simple for him: "You and I are in business, and we run our business to suit ourselves. I say: 'Let us form a trust.' You say: 'No; I don't care to go in.' I go alone and put up the price of sugar a quarter of a cent, and that enables you to make a fair profit. Now I say to you: 'What do you want for your plant?' The plant is worth a million, but you won't sell to me for less than two millions. I can make more money by buying that plant for two millions under the advance of the price of sugar than I can by leaving you out [as a rival]."

All sugar-mills became more valuable because of conditions that were "about to prevail." Not alone the good-will and the possible earning capacity had to be paid for, but also the proprietary trade-marks, though they would seem to be included as part of the earning capacity. One of Mr. Havemeyer's sayings is: "I would rather have a celebrated trade-mark than a million-dollar plant."

He gives an illustrative incident:

"When refineries outside the trust were struggling for business, and the Arbuckles started in to fight me, I telegraphed to the trust refineries in New Orleans, Boston, and Philadelphia to 'put the Havemeyer & Elder stencil on each barrel of sugar'; and they did, and people would not buy other sugar when Havemeyer sugar could be had at the same price. Our sales jumped a third at once. Arbuckle then had to sell at ten cents off."

#### THE MAGIC OF REORGANIZATION

OWING to the rising apprehension of the "unmoralized trusts," there came hostile legislation, and adverse criticism from the courts, and the Sugar Trust, with the Standard Oil and the Whisky, which had been its models, went out of existence. The Sugar Trust and the Whisky Trust reorgan-



ized as single corporations, "the certificate-holders becoming stockholders in a new corporation which owned all of the plants that had been owned by the individual corporations before the original formation." The change was a change in dress and in technical legal form only, but the trust took occasion to put forth more stock, advancing its capitalization from \$50,000,000 to \$75,000,000. This was done ostensibly to buy up each of the constituent companies, payment being made partly in the stock and partly in cash. No additional companies or plants were taken in; nevertheless it required \$25,000,000 more to bring under one ownership the same plants, trade-marks, earning capacities, etc., which had been under coöperating owners in the old trust. Once more the value of the plants, trade-marks, etc., had accomplished a leap upward because of conditions that were "about to prevail."

Still another way of accounting for the large capitalization refers to the circumstance that while the constituent companies were heavy borrowers in the money market, the trust began to do its own banking, to eliminate the item of interest-paying. It pays cash for raw sugar on presentation of shipping documents, frequently many weeks before the arrival of the goods. And it is fair to state that the trust, in order to protect itself in the raw-sugar market, must carry an average stock of raws, ashore and afloat for arrival, equal to, say, sixty days' supply. Upon all this sugar it has to stand between the producer and the consumer in the matter of advancing duties to the United States government; in other words, duties have to be paid upon withdrawal of the goods from bond, and they have to wait until the collection of bills for the refined sugar before they can reimburse themselves. In addition, they have to carry, between stock in process of refining and goods in transit, a very large amount of refined sugar. Since they do all their own banking business, it is perhaps true that an average of twenty-five millions of dollars is used in this way.

Several months after the so-called watering, the trust felt compelled to buy out some new refineries erected by Claus Spreckels. He had been bought out before, and he now promised not to renew his competition.

He has not done so, but the prohibition was not entailed, like the biblical penalty of sin. It was his son, Claus Spreckels, Jr., the possessor of what he declares to be a less expensive process of clearing sugar of impurities, who organized the company which has bought a long shore-front at Yonkers on which to build a refinery in the spring.

Part of the new stock, then, went toward suppressing the competition of the elder Spreckels. One year ago, for the third time, the trust put out still more stock, making the total \$90,000,000. The last was due, Mr. Havemeyer informed the stockholders, "to the purchase of property." What property it was is not public yet, but there are several companies in the way of the monopolistic purpose of the trust and the ambition of its manager. The chief of them, the National Sugar Refining Company, has lately come to "work in entire harmony"<sup>1</sup> with the trust—than which there is no better first step toward absorption.

Three times in fifteen years the trust has issued new shares. If its business had grown in a manner to make this a natural expansion, it would attract no attention. But in the same period, while the capitalization of the trust has gone some four and a half times higher, the consumption of sugar has gone scarcely two and a half times higher, and the market of the trust has been diminished in ten years from ninety per cent. of the whole to about fifty-seven per cent. It has been diminished, in fine, to a point where only Wall street men (to whom fifty-one per cent. of the vote in directory meetings is the all-powerful quantity) would be justified in calling it a trust, or anything truly like a monopoly. To move it a degree nearer to being a monopolistic trust one would need to assume that the National Company, which "works in harmony" with it, is tacitly part of it. The trust and the National together have just short of three quarters of the trade.

#### MARGIN LOWERED

It was questioned, and still is, whether the capitalization of even the original trust was proper. Of the plants absorbed, thirty-four per cent. were dismantled or shut down. Only sixty-six per cent. remained to be operated. This being so, did not the

<sup>1</sup> "Statistical Sugar Trade Journal."

trust capitalize sixty-six per cent. as though it was one hundred per cent., thus pumping in thirty-four per cent. of "water"? It did, of course. Still, it is answered, if the smaller number could produce when concentrated as much as all together when separate, there was no difference. Value was intact. Put it thus to those who object, and they rejoin: "Maybe so. The Sugar Trust, however, was capitalized on almost a five hundred per cent. basis!" There is some favor expressed for even this. If it can pay the same satisfactory dividends to stockholders on such a basis, what is the harm? The harm, naturally, is that in order to pay dividends honestly on so enormous a capital it must make an enormous profit. And if it does do that, the consumer is paying more money for his sugar than he ought.

It is somewhat essential to know whether the consumer *is* paying more for his sugar than he ought. No doubt the trust has brought economies to bear which have made refining cheaper than under the old system, for it is still able to pay seven and twelve per cent. on stock which has been highly "watered." By listening to Mr. Havemeyer one may come to some practical conclusions. He volunteered one day:

"When any one asks me what I have done to be proud of, I tell him just this: 'I have decreased the margin on sugar.'"

That is certainly of record; the stated margin of profit, or the difference between the cost of the raw and the price of the finished product, has been reduced by the Sugar Trust's operations, according to the sugar statisticians. There are sugar men who will be inclined to dispute Mr. Havemeyer's claim of achievement.

On this matter of the margin of profit in sugar, the reader is referred to the tables of average prices in the next column compiled by the statisticians Willet and Gray.

Thus the average margin shows considerably lower than before the trust, and lower even than the average of the four years in the course of which refineries were going into bankruptcy. Benefits arising from the economies of the combination were not, to be sure, distributed equally among public and workmen and stockholders. That would be going beyond the custom of our times. The people were not mulcted (a word Mr. Havemeyer uses

often) and the workmen were not mulcted: each received some good.

Whether the reduced margin is due to any outflow of kindness from Mr. Havemeyer, or to his ambition to "refine the sugar of the American people," one need not speculate. He says quite frankly:

"Business is not philanthropy. I think it fair to get out of the consumer all you can, consistent with the business proposition. But if you ask too much of a profit, you get somebody in competition. The only way to reduce competition is to keep your prices below the competitive point. We try to make our prices so low as to defy competition—the real motive being the protection of our own business, the result being no profit to rivals."

There is a seeming contradiction in declaring that "it is fair to get out of the consumer all you can," and yet regarding as one's proudest achievement the reduction of the margin. Logically, to follow the one ought to defeat the other. Mr. Havemeyer further expounds his theory of dealing with the consumer:

"There [pulling out his watch] is a time-piece Jurgensen made for me one summer I was in Norway, one of the last he made before he died, and he charged me eight

|                      | RAW.   | REFINED. | DIFFERENCE |
|----------------------|--------|----------|------------|
| 1879 . . .           | 7.423  | 8.785    | 1.362      |
| 1880 . . .           | 8.206  | 9.602    | 1.396      |
| 1881 . . .           | 8.251  | 9.667    | 1.416      |
| 1882 . . .           | 7.797  | 9.234    | 1.437      |
| 1883 . . .           | 7.423  | 8.506    | 1.083      |
| 1884 . . .           | 5.857  | 6.780    | .923       |
| 1885 . . .           | 5.729  | 6.441    | .712       |
| 1886 . . .           | 5.336  | 6.117    | .781       |
| 1887 . . .           | 5.245  | 6.013    | .768       |
| Average<br>9 years.  | 6.807  | 7.905    | 1.098      |
| 1888 . . .           | 5.749  | 7.007    | 1.258      |
| 1889 . . .           | 6.433  | 7.640    | 1.207      |
| 1890 . . .           | 5.451  | 6.171    | .720       |
| 1891 . . .           | 3.863  | 4.691    | .828       |
| 1892 . . .           | 3.311  | 4.346    | 1.035      |
| 1893 . . .           | 3.689  | 4.842    | 1.153      |
| 1894 . . .           | 3.235  | 4.119    | .884       |
| 1895 . . .           | 3.258  | 4.140    | .882       |
| 1896 . . .           | 3.631  | 4.539    | .908       |
| 1897 . . .           | 3.553  | 4.481    | .928       |
| 1898 . . .           | 4.232  | 4.976    | .744       |
| Average<br>11 years. | 4.219  | 5.177    | .958       |
| 1899 . . .           | 4.419  | 4.919    | .500       |
| 1900 . . .           | 4.566  | 5.320    | .754       |
| 1901 . . .           | 4.047  | 5.050    | 1.003      |
| Average<br>3 years.  | 11.132 | 5.0963½  | .7523½     |

hundred dollars for it. Now I could have bought a dollar watch,—there are dollar watches,—but I wanted one of Jurgensen's watches, because they were about the best in the world. He took into consideration my desire, the excellence of his work, and the limitations of his production, and charged eight hundred dollars. He was perfectly justified."

Or, as railway men would say, it is just to charge all the traffic will bear.

In sugar, as in transportation, such a theory in practice is likely to be met sooner or later with a new sugar-mill or a parallel road. Only a Jurgensen could make a certain quality of watch, but many men can refine sugar or run railways. This has been the experience of the Sugar Trust. One mill after another has started up to get some of its trade. Capital, ever searching out good investment, has been plainly disposed to regard refining as worthy of its adventure. And notwithstanding all its economies, advantages, and expert management, the trust at the end of fifteen years has been able to possess itself of only three quarters of the trade. It has not, therefore, at all times "kept prices so low as to defy competition," the reason being perhaps that now and then it has been pre-occupied with "getting out of the consumer" all it could. Meantime, if it happens that the margin has indeed been reduced almost to the level of England's, the result is surely a triumph of management.

#### LABOR

BESIDES unduly advancing the price of their products, another obvious way in which trusts may interfere with the general welfare is by oppressing workmen in order to reduce cost of production. What the Sugar Trust has done regarding labor is pointed and clear.

In massing the refineries, it found that six or seven could turn out as much sugar as all the twenty-one together, some being obsolete; so it dismantled all the unnecessary plants, stopped work in them, and dismissed the men. Five refineries now produce more than twenty-four did before. This is to work at a minimum expense, and the trust found itself willing to advance the wages of the workmen it retained. Later these were increased in number beyond those originally in service. As nearly

as can be told, for most grades of labor the wage improvement under the trust has amounted to an average of a dollar a week. Strikes have not bothered it; trade-unionism has been in no degree harassing. Personally, Mr. Havemeyer cannot see that strikes ever yield any benefit to the strikers, but he has come into no antagonism toward unionism. Most sugar labor is unskilled, "and you cannot unionize unskilled labor by itself." Germans contribute the skilled labor; Poles, Hungarians, indeed the very same races that have flocked to the hard-coal mines, contribute the common labor; and they have displaced nearly all the English-speaking workers, just as in the mines, for the reason that they can be had for less pay. "You cannot hire an Irishman now," the head of the trust declares, "for ordinary wages." The kind of man that can be hired for twelve cents an hour does not restrict himself to a short day, and the privilege of doing extra time is generally used. Little by little the twelve-cent-an-hour man has been put in the place of the stevedore, whose union wage at unloading vessels is from forty to forty-five cents an hour.

For five years Mr. Havemeyer worked in a refinery himself. His father had insisted (it was Ruskin's formula) that the sons who were to inherit his business should put on overalls, breathe the heat and the vapors, and learn by their own sweat what is the portion of labor. It led to the company supplying beer at cost to the workmen, and it led undoubtedly to the corporate manners which have been adhered to in dealing with ten thousand workingmen, and the practice of giving them ten per cent. more than they can get anywhere else as soon as they are found qualified physically to stand from 90° to 110° temperature and "do the work."

In the Sugar Trust, then, some of the benefits of increased efficiency have been received by the consumer, and some by the workmen. These things have been true even though seven per cent. and twelve per cent. for the stockholders had to be earned on a capitalization fourteen times greater than that of the original companies, or four and a half times greater than the valuation of their businesses. Some one has calculated that while capital has an interest equal to \$9,000,000 or so annually more than it had under the indi-

vidual system, the interest of labor in the trust has increased a scant \$52,000 annually. It is as if a new labor-saving machine had been invented, which, by paying the old workmen \$52 each extra, could be made to yield millions more profit in a year.

#### TRUST ECONOMIES

IN this last consideration there is practical truth. Most of the improvements in sugar-refining have been in the direction of labor-saving, and a striking thing about a first look through a factory is the deserted aspect of the place. Barges are unloaded of their coal and the coal transported overhead by a chain of buckets to the boilers in four blocks of buildings. You will see the coal fed directly to the boilers by mechanical instead of human stokers. At the top of the building the raw sugar goes through defecating material,—a weak solution of phosphoric acid and milk,—which combines and incloses the mechanical impurities. Bag-filters then strain them off. There is still a molasses color to the sugar, so it is dropped through thirty-foot filters of bone-black, or bone charcoal which is like sand, and from that falls into vacuum-pans, on a story below, for melting, for evaporation of water, and for crystallization; thence into centrifugals which fling out the syrup; and through sieves which grade it according to size of crystals, the "coarse" being used by confectioners, the "standard" by manufacturers, and the "fine" by families. Funnel guide it into barrels, which are packed close by mechanical jolting, and, after being headed up by human coopers, are borne away by mechanical conveyers to the shipping-room. For small packages there are machines to fill, weigh, and seal, one girl furnishing all the labor required to put up twenty-two of the smallest in a minute. The main study in the manufacture has been to avoid having the sugar handled twice—to send it straight by gravity or by endless-chain devices almost from the first process to the last.

Some of the trust's economies are thus indicated. Being a large and regular buyer of raw sugar, it can buy perhaps a sixteenth of a cent lower than its rivals. When the raw drops, it can postpone a little the corresponding drop in refined, because of its strength in fixing prices, while it sees to

it that a rise in raw is followed without delay by a rise in refined. That it can manipulate the raw-sugar market, or depress the prices at will any further than this, has not been clearly shown. In November it was believed that the trust and other refiners had agreed not to pay more than a stipulated rate, because the Louisiana crop was coming in and would have to take what it could get from them. Still, it is axiomatic that the cost of beets fixes the price of sugar—a price that is fixed in Hamburg, the largest market. There is only one price for raw in New York, whether it comes from Cuba, Hawaii, Porto Rico, or Hamburg, and that is the world's price plus the American duty, which on 96° raw sugar is \$1.685 each hundredweight. There are breaks now and then in the market, but the parity of the Hamburg price is soon restored.

Of certain advantage is the ability of the trust to keep an enormous supply on hand and from it to fill extraordinary orders immediately. Sometimes this enables it to obtain a sixteenth of a cent more a pound than any of its competitors, "they being compelled to go a sixteenth below the regular market price in order to effect a sale." It can refine somewhat cheaper, too, than its rivals. One can easily understand that an increased output in any given plant always reduces cost. The refineries cannot be run full at all times of the year, and formerly, during the dull season, they were all run with a reduced output and an increased cost. Now the surplus capacity can be closed when not needed, and the remaining houses run to full capacity, thereby effecting a saving.

And doubtless, as a tremendous consumer, it is in favorable state to get supplies at a discount. The reception of special rates from railways has been suspected, but not proved. By having its seven refineries in different parts of the country, it saves in transportation more than a rival who must ship from one point. Better powers of distribution are consequently implied. In the West, where a San Francisco refinery and also beet-sugar mills are lusty competitors, the loss to Mr. Havemeyer personally, it is interesting to know, is somewhat broken by the circumstance that he is a stockholder in the competing refinery. He is interested, too, as well as other men in his company,

in sugar lands in Cuba, and thus he and they get an individual return from sugar-growing as well as from sugar-making. On the word of one of them it may be added that they sell their product to the highest bidder, whether trust or anti-trust. It may be believed, notwithstanding, that they are pointing the way for the trust to obtain advantages in source of supply.

#### EXPEDIENTS

No secret is made of the expedients that the Sugar Trust has used in contesting for the privilege of doing all the refining it can. Prices were lowered throughout the territory in which a would-be rival sought to establish himself. Some of the profit which was derived elsewhere was used as it was last summer (and again two months ago), when, to extend operations against beet-sugar, the trust sold refined sugar along the Missouri River half a cent below the cost of raw cane-sugar in New York.<sup>1</sup> If this was to use one's property for the injury of that of another, it violated the spirit of the law against conspiracy. But it is argued that this was not the case. The territory invaded was not particularly the property of the beet-sugar manufacturers. Mr. Havemeyer, with his ambition before him, is willing to forgo gain, even lose money, in some localities, to rid himself of those who venture to strive after the sugar trade. By this it is not meant that he "crushes" them without scruple. He reduces them to a condition where they see the desirability of making terms of surrender. These terms may inflict nothing worse than that the conquered shall turn over his mill to the trust and receive in part payment some of the trust's certificates. That there might be an ethical question involved once occurred to a government questioner, who suggested it, and the head of the trust replied:

"I don't care two cents for your ethics. I don't know enough about them to apply them."

His business is to refine and sell sugar—all the sugar, if possible; and his methods, like many "trust methods," are really nothing but old competitive methods amplified.

As he himself complains: "There appears to be in the public mind a distinc-

tion between what is done by a corporation and what is done by an individual. What is commendable in an individual is dishonest in a corporation. I maintain that it is immaterial to the public in what form business is done, whether by an individual, firm, corporation, or even trust; it is merely a difference of machinery."

The point he does not touch is that, no matter under what form business is carried on, the result must not be monopoly, not even a benevolent monopoly.

The object of the Sugar Trust was and is monopoly. Because it has not attained it, the believer in trusts gains support for his usual contention that the natural operation of trade is capable in the long run of regulating these vast corporations, with their often impossible dreams of empire.

One of the most humanly interesting episodes of the endless conflict in which this trust has been involved is that with the Arbuckles. It was at a moment when, having just bought up the new Spreckels refineries, the trust controlled nearly ninety per cent. of the output, that some coffee-merchants (the Arbuckle Brothers) who owned a machine for doing up coffee in small packages decided that there would be an advantage in selling sugar thus. And soon, instead of buying from the trust, they decided that they might more profitably manufacture the sugar for themselves. So they built a refinery.

Mr. Havemeyer took it as a challenge. He at once purchased the Woolson's Spice Company and began to market the coffee of which it was proprietor. He sold the coffee at cost, a chastisement for the coffee-merchants who had gone into sugar. In addition he knocked a good deal off the price of sugar, and devised a machine which would enable him to compete with the Arbuckles in supplying the demand for small parcels. This contest is still being waged, after four years, with heat and feeling. Arbuckle prices have had to come down in coffee; trust prices have had to fall in sugar. The consumer has gained accordingly from the determination of these unyielding competitors.

#### TARIFF AIDS

THE trust appears to have more favor from the tariff than it needs. Protective duty on

<sup>1</sup> Congressional hearing, p. 253.

raw sugar is \$1.685 a hundred pounds, and on refined \$1.95. As 108.1 pounds of raw are required to make 100 pounds of the pure article, the tax on that quantity is \$1.82148. Thus the differential, or protection to American manufacturers,—the difference between the duty on raw and the duty on refined,—is above twelve cents on a hundred pounds; even more, some declare, calculating that the government estimate as to how much raw it takes is below the fact.

With the duty on raw, which is used by the cane men only, and the duty on refined, the beet-sugar industry is protected by an unscalable wall, and has thrived accordingly. Its finished product costs it only \$3.50 a hundred;<sup>1</sup> the selling price of that from abroad is \$5 or \$5.50, leaving American beet-sugar a profit of from \$30 to \$40 a short ton. The Sugar Trust, using cane instead of beets, averages a profit of \$14.50 a ton against the \$30 or \$40 a ton of the so-called Beet Trust. Even at that rate, it is figured by old refiners no longer commercially interested, the Sugar Trust, not to mention the Beet Trust, is unduly aided by the tariff.

"If the Sugar Trust was not trying to pay dividends on excessive capital it could make a profit without any tariff assistance," they assert. It is admittedly the opinion of one of the most experienced men in the trust that if raw sugar were entered free no duty would be required on refined. The foreign manufacturer could not compete with the prices a free raw sugar would make possible. One definite thing the protection on refined has done is to enable the trust to add so tremendously to its capital, and to enlist the interest of twelve thousand or more stockholders in every State in the Union. That means that, for any effort to revise the tariff in a fashion not approved by the trust, there are now twelve thousand or more citizens, from one coast to the other, who would endeavor to influence their respective representatives

in Congress against the change—a tariff-nurtured condition not possessed singly and alone by the Sugar Trust.

Mr. Havemeyer is the author of that sweeping protestation that "the tariff is the mother of trusts." Lest it should sound inconsistent, coming from one who has tried to have a higher duty placed on the commodity in which he himself deals, it should be explained that he reconciles the word and the act in this manner: under the Dingley Law, the average tariff is fifty per cent. ad valorem; yet on refined sugar there is a tariff equivalent to only four per cent. ad valorem. Mr. Havemeyer advocates a tariff wall of level height, instead of one that towers for one industry and is hollowed out for another. A horizontal ten per cent. impost would be sufficient whether the article were steel or woollens or—well, for sugar he is frank enough to say that eight per cent. would be ample. One may draw conclusions from the career of his trust as to whether it is suffering from anything more serious than jealousy.

Turning over the record of the Sugar Trust, one may not be able to see that what Mr. Carnegie calls "the grand step toward cheaper products for the people" has been taken by it in any but a halting manner. Nevertheless it has taken it. A slightly lessened margin is its footprint. While advancing and depressing the price to the consumer as it saw fit, and paying dividends on an increasing capitalization, it was not in the long run enlarging the difference between what was paid for raw and what was charged for refined. Fear of competition, actual conflict to overcome those who were striving after the same gain, may have been the impelling cause—probably it was; yet the result is what it is, and ought to bear a little upon the trust problem generally. "Independents are increasing constantly," asserts Claus Spreckels, Jr., who is himself independent of the trust, "and the Sugar Trust's business is accordingly decreasing."

<sup>1</sup> Agricultural Department estimate.



## TOPICS OF THE TIME

### The Better Way as to Labor<sup>1</sup>

LAST month we endeavored to set forth a principle lying at the bottom of the labor question—the principle that a laboring-man should not be deprived of the right to sell his labor. We maintained that laboring-men were fighting against their own interests when they endeavored to prevent, with force, their fellow-laborers from selling their labor. We contended, moreover, that a condition of civic peace is necessary to the solution of the labor question, as of all other great questions yet to be settled in the economical world. Since the editorial was written we have read the report of a sermon by Dr. Hillis (the successor to the pulpit of Henry Ward Beecher and Lyman Abbott) on the subject of "Labor's Hatred of Labor." Dr. Hillis spoke from special knowledge of his subject, and his words are entitled to grave consideration. His sympathy with workingmen cannot be questioned, and his argument is undeniably in their interest.

Dr. Hillis declared that "a union man has a right to decide how many hours he will work and at what wage he will work." No one seems to be denying that. But the preacher went on to say that "the non-union man has a right to consider deliberately the reasons for the union, and also to refuse to join it." It would seem that such a proposition would be received without dissent in a country such as we once thought America to be; but is it so received? If it is not so received, and if intimidation, violence, and murder are allowed to gainsay the proposition, then we have lost, or shall lose,—just to that extent,—the heritage of the fathers, though such a loss no patriot can accept as likely to be permanent. But let us quote the preacher:

No union man or delegate has received any charter from God or the Constitution to kill a non-union man, or to send around these

printed notices, saying, "The following factory and the following store and the following shop are declared unfair, and you are directed to boycott any merchant who handles their goods"—an order that has bankrupted hundreds of little shops and factories and stores and that has broken the hearts and ruined the lives of innumerable poor men, who may have been mistaken in not joining the union, but who have the same God-given right to do foolish things that you and I have, without being starved to death or pounded to death.

For every twenty union men and their families there are eighty non-union men with their families. These laboring-men may hate capitalists, but labor's hatred for labor burns like a flame, eats like nitric acid, is malignant beyond all description.

Thank God, only a little section of the labor-unions feel in this way; the great majority disclaim violence. But just here we remember that Guizot tells us that only one or two per cent. of the people of France believed in violence; the ninety-eight per cent. disclaimed violence: but the two per cent. at last filled the streets of Paris with festering corpses, clogged the Seine with dead bodies, shut up every factory in Paris, and the laboring classes starved by scores of thousands. And the one per cent. element in the labor-union that hates non-union men, that sends out letters declaring non-union factories unfair, the element that makes the union effective by the boycott, can overwhelm the shops and factories of this country with immeasurable ruin.

Oh, the bitterness with which labor pursues, not "wicked capital," but poor and helpless labor! And, strangely enough, everybody is terrorized. Some pulpits have fixed their eyes so intently on the wrongs of the twenty union men that they have no kind word for the eighty non-union families. The politicians will not speak; most papers will not speak.

This, to our mind, is good, wholesome, manly talk, thoroughly in the interest of the workers themselves, and of a spirit that, outside of the ranks of boycotters, is still called American! President Eliot was right when he said that the workingman who resists the tyranny of his fellow-work-

<sup>1</sup> See "The Workingman's Right" in THE CENTURY for December, 1902.



ingman is a good type of the American hero.

It is not only with non-union men that labor organizations cruelly contend, but often there is relentless warfare between rival organizations. President Gompers's address at New Orleans in November last, at the opening of the convention of the American Federation of Labor, contained words of grave and timely warning. Conflicting claims as to jurisdiction, on the part of various labor organizations, unless more calmly maintained, he is reported to have said, would involve the labor organizations of the country in a conflict which by comparison would dwarf all the struggles in which labor organizations have been engaged thus far, where "laboring-men would fight with laboring-men from behind barricades in the manner in which men deal with their mortal foes."

But at this time we wish to call attention to another principle involved in the labor question: namely, that the workingman is entitled to something more than his "wage"; that the law of supply and demand, though it inevitably is felt in the so-called "labor-market," is not the only law to be obeyed; that something more, even, than fair-dealing, namely, human sympathy, is to be exercised by the employer; and, by the same principle, that the workingman should reciprocate this sentiment of consideration and sympathy.

It is not difficult to gather together incidents showing the excesses—the crimes—of zeal on the part of unionism. Such arraignments are extremely useful, for they show to the honest and thoughtful components of the labor element, and they exhibit to the community at large, the extreme danger of certain tendencies. But it is also of great use, as it is a much pleasanter task, to contemplate from time to time the other side of the picture and to name instances where right feeling and right treatment on the part of employers have been met by right feeling and manly behavior on the part of the employed.

Lately we learned of a case where an American decorator, well known in New York, had some work to do over the line, in Canada. He found the local workmen getting small pay—a few dimes—for a very long day's work. One day he announced to them that he desired to shorten their hours and increase their pay to a figure

hitherto beyond their very dreams. He told them that in order to accomplish this they must do their part by improved and more rapid work. They assenting, he trained the Canadians in gangs under New York workmen, brought them up to the proper standard of performance, and thereupon sent back to New York most of his skilled workmen, and put through the job triumphantly by the newly trained and enthusiastic workers, the shirkers and impossibles, of course, being eliminated in the progress of the job.

A Philadelphia employer of whom we know, while he has made no experiments in the so-called philanthropic methods of treating his employees (such schemes of betterment as were described in Dr. Tolman's article on "What More than Wages?" in *THE CENTURY* for December, 1900), has entered voluntarily upon a scheme of gradual shortening of the hours of the operators without any cutting down of pay. In this case there has also been a sifting out of the incompetent; the net result of the experiment being a larger output, and thoroughly satisfactory relations between employer and employed.

A Southern coal-mine owner wrote to the League for Social Service (now the American Institute for Social Service) that he had been operating different lines of business for fifteen years and never had a strike that amounted to anything. This mine-owner believes that something more than good wages is needed for the establishment of cordial relations between employer and employed, namely, sympathy and even love. This man writes:

I have overcome some very difficult situations in the past at our different mines, and have controlled and kept at work large bodies of men when all the mines around us were closed down by bitter strikes. But, as before stated, I cannot say whether I will be able to do this always in future or not; but I do say that this kind of a course is, in my judgment, the proper one to pursue, and will bring the best results that can be obtained both in the matter of a good conscience and also better returns for capital invested.

Another correspondent of the Institute is a manufacturer in Ohio. His experience is one of the most gratifying on record. The employers, in this instance, have always tried to treat the employees as men, "with the same feelings, hopes, and rights"

as themselves, and to consider that they are all "one great family with mutual interests."

I have not begun to do as much for our employees as they have done for me, but have endeavored to treat [them] always as I should like to be treated if our positions were reversed. Our relations for nearly thirty years have been always friendly and satisfactory, we have never had any strikes or troubles of any kind; but this is owing as much, if not more, to the character of our employees. As illustrative of this I will tell you of an incident which occurred during the panic of '93:

A month or so after the panic began, and when large concerns were failing in every direction, there filed into my office one morning some fifteen or twenty men, representing the several shops in our plant. Their manner and looks were serious, and while I had no more earnest wish than that I should never have any trouble with our employees, I feared that it had come at last. Finally one of them, as spokesman, said that they had thought very long over the matter that had brought them there before they had decided to come, and that they hoped they would find me prepared to accede to their request; that they had noticed that large concerns who had stood the stress of many panics were failing every day, that our warehouses were filling with goods which we could not sell, and that they presumed we, like others, were unable to obtain payment for goods already sold, and that they feared that we might be in danger as well as other concerns; that some of them had been with us for a few years, some for many years, and some the length of a generation; that they had always received fair wages and had been able to save some money, and while the individual savings were not large, the aggregate was a considerable sum, and that they had come to tell me the whole of it was at my disposal for the use of the company if it were needed.

I will leave you to imagine what my feelings were, for I have never, from that date to this, been able to find words in which to suitably express them. This is only one of the many instances of their consideration.

A fresh, and in some of its details picturesque, instance of the right relation between employer and employed occurred at the time of the recent election in Pennsylvania, a highly gratifying accompaniment of which was the overthrow of the reigning political machine in Pittsburg by a combination of men of character and independence in both of the great parties. One of the anti-machine candidates for Congress

was a prominent citizen of Pittsburg, a man of light and leading, and a prosperous manufacturer. During the campaign some irreconcilables—we do not know who—endeavored, in connection with the politicians, to make trouble for the candidate, with the result of arousing among the men a new sense of the uniform fair and generous action on the part of their principal employer, which consolidated them in a spirit of enthusiastic loyalty. In fact, they prepared a small pamphlet reviewing the history of the relations between the chief owner of the works and the workmen from the beginning, and this was issued in the campaign as a "document in the case" which completely refuted the false and damaging accusations. This pamphlet quoted from resolutions adopted as long ago as 1888 by the workmen, in which were cordially acknowledged their employers' "affability, sympathy, and liberality," as also from a "Testimonial" of the workmen prepared in 1890 in acknowledgment of a reduction of hours of work, with the maintenance of the same wage. As to present conditions, the pamphlet says:

No set of workmen in this city receive fairer treatment from the hands of their employers. Politics have never been a test in our shops, we being absolutely free to vote for whom we please. We know that any reasonable request upon our part will be cheerfully considered and, if consistent, granted. No shop in Pittsburg has more contented, happy workmen. No shop in Pittsburg employing as many men in the different trades brings better wages to each man's pocket every two weeks. If this were not so, why do his men stay with him five, ten, twenty, and thirty years, and why do they so cordially refer to their old employment in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred? Mr. — has always dealt with us frankly, and tried to do so fairly, and thoroughly believes that this is the surest way to secure the best results to each and all.

A day or two after the election, when the successful candidate entered his shop, he was surprised by a loud welcome of ringing steel, surrounded by a sea of joyful faces, and forced to mount a platform and receive and make addresses from and to five hundred or more of his present and former employees!

In the "Testimonial" of 1890 these

employees addressed their employers as "kind friends." The status of friendship, we maintain, is the most desirable in the relations of labor and capital. We know that right and generous treatment on the part of employers has often been met by brutal ingratitude. Many business men have been utterly discouraged, owing to the failure of experiments conducted in the spirit of sympathy and assistance. When failure does occur it is apt to be through the tyranny of the union, influenced perhaps by officials who are under the temptation of doing something lest their "right to exist" as officials should be unpleasantly questioned by their associates. Yet the attitude of frank and cordial friendship is a tremendous power, and will surely help to assuage the bitterness of that strife which is getting to be a more and more perplexing problem in the world of enterprise.

No mechanical system of arbitration can take the place of this element, for arbitration itself, though of immense benefit on occasion, should be considered only a last resort. In a recent address, Herman Justi, commissioner of the Illinois Coal-Operators' Association, said:

If arbitration is made so easy that employer or employee can resort to it upon any pretext, then the result will be that wherever it is believed any advantage can be obtained by one side or the other, the responsibility of settling questions in dispute will never be assumed, as it should be, by those immediately in authority or interest. Thus arbitration will, in the very nature of things, soon be in bad repute. No dignified plan of arbitration will ever be successful until all wise and honorable means have been exhausted in devising a simpler, quicker, and equally fair method of settling the vast majority of such disputes as arise from day to day.

Better than arbitration,—wise and necessary as that may be at times,—better than arbitration, especially than enforced arbitration, is mutual acquaintance, respect, confidence, and ease of approach; and these cannot be obtained when there is totally absent, on either side, a spirit of human sympathy. The other day we asked a highly successful manufacturer how it was that he had got along so well, and for so many years, with his great crowd of employees and their labor-union allies. "We beat them," he said, "with kindness."



#### The American Invasion of Canada's Wheat Belt

**T**WENTY years ago a little gentleman of an iron-gray aspect, who had become endeared to the Canadian Northwest, used to amuse stolid Britishers by his enthusiastic predictions of tremendous development in the wheat belt northwest of St. Paul. The prophet was the late James W. Taylor, American consul at Winnipeg; and the year just past marked the beginning of the fulfilment of his prophecy. Looking at the wheat-fields of the Northwest to-day, the most enthusiastic views seem natural enough. Entering the wheat belt by way of St. Paul in the month of July, when the fields are yellow and almost ripe, you may ride north for a day and a half with nothing between your eye and the sky-line but wheat, wheat—a boundless sea of wheat rippling to the wind like waves to the run of invisible feet!

Here and there rise the tall red towers of the elevators where settlements have clustered into a village; but across the fenceless, unbroken reaches, nothing but wheat, wheat! You have been in the wheat-fields only a few hours when you begin to feel the immensities,—east, west, north, south,—dwarfing your train till it is like a worm crawling across some vast space. Enter the wheat belt by way of Winnipeg westward, and you may ride for a day and a half with nothing between the car-windows and the circling sky but wheat, wheat! Leave the main line of travel and strike off through the wheat-fields on horseback, and you may ride for fifty, for a hundred miles, with the heavy yellow heads as high as your stirrup, and not find a break in the stretch of wheat but the zigzag trail you are following, or the rutted print of a buckboard marking a fenceless prairie road. And you may come back to your starting-point

by another trail and still not be out of the wheat.

When Consul Taylor first uttered his prophecy, these fields were for the most part bare, rolling prairie, with a russet grass on the tops of the ravines which seemed to promise little fertility, with dank sloughs everywhere in the valleys, and with, at far intervals, little patches of wheat such as farmers grow in the checker-board fields of older lands. Few people held such sanguine views as Consul Taylor. The few who did are well known to the world to-day. Foremost was J. J. Hill, then an expatriated Canadian laying the foundations of fortune in Mississippi freighting and busy on those vast schemes which have since materialized in the linking of the great American wheat belt with the markets of Europe and Asia. Associated with Mr. Hill in the acquirement of the railroad between St. Paul and Winnipeg was Lord Strathcona, then Donald Smith, an officer of the Hudson Bay Company, later to become famous as one of those who pushed the Canadian Pacific Railroad into the Northern wheat belt. In the employment of a railway at Milwaukee were two others who were to do much for the development of the wheat belt, Sir William Van Horne and Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, now chairman and president, respectively, of the Canadian Pacific.

Visionary their expectations certainly seemed. At a time when Canada's population was flowing toward the United States at a rate that took three million people of Canadian birth and descent south of the international boundary, leaving a population of only five million in Canada, Consul Taylor predicted there would presently be an overflow movement from the Western States into the wheat belt north of the forty-ninth parallel, which would produce a fusion of races and interests that no invisible boundary could prevent. Asked for the reason of his faith, Taylor used to answer that three quarters of America's total hard-wheat belt lay north of the forty-ninth parallel. Did any sane man suppose, he asked, that when the farmers of the Western States should discover the fact that an invisible line would bar them out? At a time when the wheat grown in the Canadian Northwest was a mere bagatelle in the world's total, Hill and Van Horne were predicting that the wheat belt of the Northwest—the Western States and the Canadian Territories—would produce more wheat than any other grain-growing area in the world.

The predictions were big, savoring of the spacious West, where people think in large quantities; what are the facts?

In the month of August, 1902, there came to the wheat belt of the Canadian Northwest 589 farmers from Minnesota, 382 from Iowa, 337 from North Dakota, 153 from Nebraska,

143 from South Dakota, 119 from Illinois, 198 from Montana, 91 from Wisconsin, 80 from Kansas. During the months from March to August the railways entering the wheat belt of the Canadian Northwest had record of 22,000 American farmers settling in Manitoba and the Northwest Territories. Of this number the majority came from Minnesota, Iowa, and Illinois. This total does not include the hundreds of settlers who have driven across the boundary, just as their fathers came "the plains across" in tented prairie-schooners to the new lands of the Western States a generation ago. It represents mainly heads of families who will follow in 1903 to swell the volume of the great trek to the Northern wheat belt.

A glance at the records of land sales shows that the settlers are each taking more land than the free allotment of 160 acres. Looking at random over the list of only one of the numerous lesser land companies, the sales show 100,000 acres sold to settlers from Iowa, 75,000 to settlers from South Dakota, 70,000 to settlers from North Dakota, over a million to settlers from Minnesota. Of the larger syndicates holding land in the wheat belt, the Canadian Pacific is the best index to the activity of the rest. In 1901 the Canadian Pacific sold 396,000 acres; in 1902, 1,403,000 acres. For 1901 its sales amounted to \$1,261,000; for 1902, to \$4,825,000. Altogether in the three summer months 5,000,000 acres were bought in the Canadian wheat belt by Americans.

The cause of the movement is precisely what Taylor and Hill and Van Horne predicted. To quote from Mr. Hill:

We are growing at the rate of 1,500,000 a year. Inside of fifty years we will have 150,000,000 people. Where are they going? . . . Where else but into the new lands West and into the Northwest above all? Where else are cheap lands possessing fertility as well as a healthful climate, and transportation facilities to good markets, . . . so abundant and ready to hand as right here in the Northwest? The bulk of the population must be engaged in providing that great and fundamental necessity of mankind everywhere—food. The bulk of this increase must go to the soil, and they pour into the Northwest as naturally as water flows downhill.

Without quoting in full from Sir William Van Horne, it may be stated that he estimates the future population of the wheat belt at 100,000,000. Does the productiveness of the land justify such estimates?

Take the wheat yield of Manitoba:

In 1883, 260,000 acres yielded 5,686,000 bushels of wheat; in 1890, 746,000 acres yielded 14,665,000 bushels of wheat; in 1895, 1,140,000 acres yielded 31,775,000 bushels of wheat; in 1901, 2,011,000 acres yielded 50,000,000 bushels of wheat; in 1902, 2,039,000 acres yielded 65,000,000 bushels of wheat.

Only one tenth of Manitoba's wheat lands is occupied; and west of Manitoba are Assiniboia, Alberta, and Saskatchewan, larger and equally fertile, and Athabasca, whose capabilities have not yet been tested. In a word, one tenth of Manitoba wheat lands yielded more wheat than Great Britain, one fifth as much as the two Russias, twice as much as Sweden, Denmark, Holland, and Belgium together, a third more than Austria, a fifth more than Rumania. In Manitoba are 47,000,000 acres. Only 3,000,000 are cultivated for all purposes, farming and ranching; 7,000,000 consist of lakes, sloughs, and alkali barrens; 1,000,000 are in timber. Of the 36,000,000 acres left, 25,000,000 are known to be equal in fertility to the 3,000,000 now cultivated. Grant Manitoba one of her average years of twenty-five bushels to the acre, and this province alone will be producing twice as much wheat as Russia and four times as much as Germany.

The prosperity of the wheat belt has, of course, reacted on the trade of the whole Do-

minion. The Hon. William Paterson, Minister of Customs, furnishes the following summary of Canada's trade:

Total foreign trade in 1891, \$218,000,000; in 1902, \$424,000,000. Total import trade in 1891, \$120,000,000; in 1902, \$212,000,000. Total export trade in 1891, \$98,000,000; in 1902, \$211,000,000. Total trade with Great Britain, import and export, in 1891, \$91,000,000; in 1902, \$166,000,000. Total trade with France in 1891, \$2,000,000; in 1902, \$8,000,000. Total trade with Germany in 1891, \$4,000,000; in 1902, \$13,000,000. Total trade with the United States in 1891, \$95,000,000; in 1902, \$192,000,000.

In Manitoba and the Northwest Territories are 384,000,000 acres. Of this, 71,000,000 acres have been homesteaded and assigned to syndicates; 50,000,000 acres consist of water and barrens; 260,000,000 acres are arable. Should half that arable area ever yield as Manitoba is yielding to-day, the wheat belt of the Northwest will have become the granary of the world.

*Agnes C. Laut.*



#### A King Deposed

HE sat in the darkness, weeping  
By the gates of his empire closed,  
A ruler stripped of his purple,  
A king from his realm deposed.

They passed him, going to worship;  
And, wistful, behind he crept;  
And coldly they bade him be silent  
Because that the new king slept.

They lifted him up to the cradle,  
Their fingers laid on their lips,  
And he touched one baby dimple  
With his own little finger-tips.

Then they set him down in the nursery,  
A wan little love-lorn heap;  
And he lay with his child's heart breaking,  
Sob-sobbing himself to sleep.

They have taken his baby scepter,  
They have taken his robe and crown;  
They have driven him out of his palace,  
And fluttered his house-flag down.

And a new king rules in his kingdom;  
For him are the gold gates closed;  
And they think that he does not notice—  
Ah! Poor little king deposed!

*Will H. Ogilvie.*

#### A Recipe for a Short Story

THERE was once a Young Man who prided himself on being intensely modern. In order to sustain this rôle, he resolved to write a Short Story. He had ideas and a good command of language, but he believed that these were useless without the ability to express his thoughts in the fewest possible words.

"The watchword of the modern editor," he would say, "is 'condense.' A Short Story cannot be too short."

So he wrote his tale and then proceeded to condense it by eliminating all superfluous characters, sentences, words, and ideas. The result amazed him.

"I did not believe it possible," he exclaimed with pride, "to write a story with so little in it!"

His theme was the love-affairs of a young couple who met aboard an ocean liner, became engaged, quarreled, made up, and were married the first day ashore. Two stern parents and several passengers originally adorned the narrative, but the Young Man condensed them into mere suggestions. He would have condensed the ocean liner only that such a course would have drowned the survivors. As to the events, he eliminated the meeting, for it was implied in the engagement that followed. He

eliminated the quarrel on the ground that it was superfluous, as people could be married without quarreling. Naturally, the reconciliation was also suppressed. Then, his ardor for condensation growing with every erasure, the Young Man decided that mention of the engagement was unnecessary, as, although marriage did not always follow an engagement, it usually implied it.

He had now brought his story down to a steamship, a man, a girl, and a marriage. The vessel, proving a discordant note in the final harmony, was discarded. It then occurred to him with joy that a marriage implied a man and a girl, so he scratched the couple. His Short Story was now successfully condensed into the one word, "Married."

"If it serves but to while away a leisure second it will have fulfilled its mission," said the Young Man, modestly, as he handed it to his type-writer.

*Eunice Ward.*

### Presents

WHEN we go visiting grandma,  
Out on the farm, you know,  
Where mother was a little girl  
'Bout hundred years ago,  
Our little colored namesakes—  
"Yaller Ned" and all—  
They say, "Mis' Lucy, howdy?  
Ain't you brung us nothin' 't all?"

And when the trunks are opened,  
And the presents 'vided out,  
Then all the little darkies  
They set up such a shout:  
"De gif's is sholy scrumptious,  
An' de bes' thing in de lot  
Is de lily-rose perfumery  
What Bow-leg Betsy got."

*Augusta Kortrecht.*



### RECIPROCITY A FAILURE

PORCUPINE: You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours.  
RABBIT: Not on your life!

# Libby's

**GOOD  
THINGS  
TO  
EAT**



**Two Large Juicy Mince Pies can be made from One Ten Cent Package of Libby's Condensed Mince Meat**

What would they cost you to make at home? Probably three times as much, because you have so much waste.

## **Libby's Mince Meat**

is made of the best of everything, and by more experienced cooks than you possibly be retained by private families.

**Just Try It Once.** That's all. Only costs you 10 cents for the experiment, and you would n't take \$10 for what you learn. Ask for our booklet, "How to Make Good Things to Eat." It tells about all LIBBY'S (Natural Flavor) FOOD PRODUCTS put up in convenient key-opening cans, and it is free.

Send 10 cents stamps for Libby's Big Home Atlas. With 32 new maps. Size 6 1/2 x 10 inches.

**Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago, U. S. A.**



**The Old Reliable**

**ROYAL**



**BAKING  
POWDER**

**Absolutely Pure**

**THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE**

*Feel Right  
Feel Right  
Think Right*

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when it comes to writing them, aren't they? They are the same, in fact, for just so surely as you **FEEL RIGHT** you will **FEEL RIGHT** and can **THINK RIGHT**.

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# THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE



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AURORA BOREALIS

*Smith Sound*

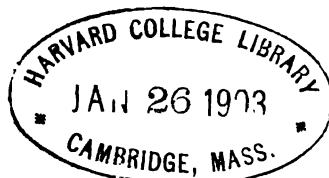
*Greenland*

*February*

*1894*

*From a painting by*

F. W. STOKES



MIDWINTER NUMBER

# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXV

FEBRUARY, 1903

No. 4

## THE AURORA BOREALIS

BY FRANK WILBERT STOKES

WITH PICTURES BY THE WRITER

**I**N a quaint little bark-rigged sealer, the *Kitt*, were the returning members of the Peary and relief expeditions. It was September 2, 1892, and we had been holding a steady course, with the sunlight painting sea and land in its gorgeous golden tones.

It was a trifle past the afterglow of sunset, and the sea was a deep, rich purple, with long-flowing swells. The sky, a fine light turquoise-blue at the horizon, gradually deepened into a rich cobalt, in which a few stars twinkled. A majority of the men were absorbed in various occupations below, when a call of enthusiasm brought all up on deck. At a point low on the southeastern horizon, a faint film had arisen, which quickly, silently assumed the form of a curtain, waving and mounting upward in two stately columns, past a group of finely shaped cirro-stratus. In a few seconds it was across the zenith, displaying beautiful pale yellows, greens, and delicate pink and blue lights, with edgings, at intervals, of faint purple and red. The

columns descended rapidly in ever-varying spirals of perspective, until the avant-garde was lost behind the far northwest horizon. We were about off the Danish port of Godthaab, Greenland, a sufficiently southern latitude at this season for the alternation of day and night; and, as the heavens darkened, the stars shone with increasing brightness through this great shimmering veil of light.

The heavens and the sea grew darker and darker, and the aurora brighter and brighter, in lightning changes of form and color, with the green and yellow and blue rays predominating, and the delicate sheen from the aurora's light writhing in fiery serpent forms over the face of the moving waters. What impressiveness, what magnificence! It held the soul as in a spell. There was not much talking. Splendid as it was, I afterward witnessed auroras which produced a deeper impression, due doubtless to the presence of the long night of the far North.

My first experience of color in the Arc-

tics led me to believe that, from the most regal purples, golds, and crimsons of sunlight to the black-purples, grays, and gray-greens of storms, there existed no intermediate effects. But a sojourn of a year in the northland proved that great Nature's palette was here set with more varied riches than elsewhere. Especially was this true of the color-effects of the long twilight of approaching winter, the returning light of day, and even in the heart of the polar night.

Full of the enthusiasm born of a three months' cruise in Greenland waters in the summer of 1892, I joined the Peary North Greenland Expedition the following year, which wintered at the head of Bowdoin Bay, off Inglefield Gulf, Greenland, in 77° 43' north latitude. Here I built a little wooden studio, adjoining Anniversary Lodge. After the departure of the ship, the building of the headquarters, hunting walrus and reindeer, and establishing caches of food on the inland ice well occupied the leader and his men, while I was as busily engaged sketching. Ravishing themes they were, filling one's being with joy for the privilege and with despairing longings at the impossibility of translating them as one desired.

*November 16, 1893.* The little two-burner oil-stove does not make a comfortable impression on the temperature of the studio, with the thermometer at  $-12^{\circ}$  F., and everything containing water on or near the floor freezes. Ice has condensed upon the walls a foot above the floor and also on the under side of my mattress.

We are roused for breakfast by 8 A.M., in the darkness. It is difficult to get up in the dark. There is now a low-toned twilight during the twenty-four hours, for the light is fading, fading. Most of the work outside, such as untying the terrible knots in the dog-traces, looking after the boxes of provisions, taking observations, etc., must be accomplished with the aid of a lantern. I took a ramble up to the summit of the cliffs in the rear of the camp.

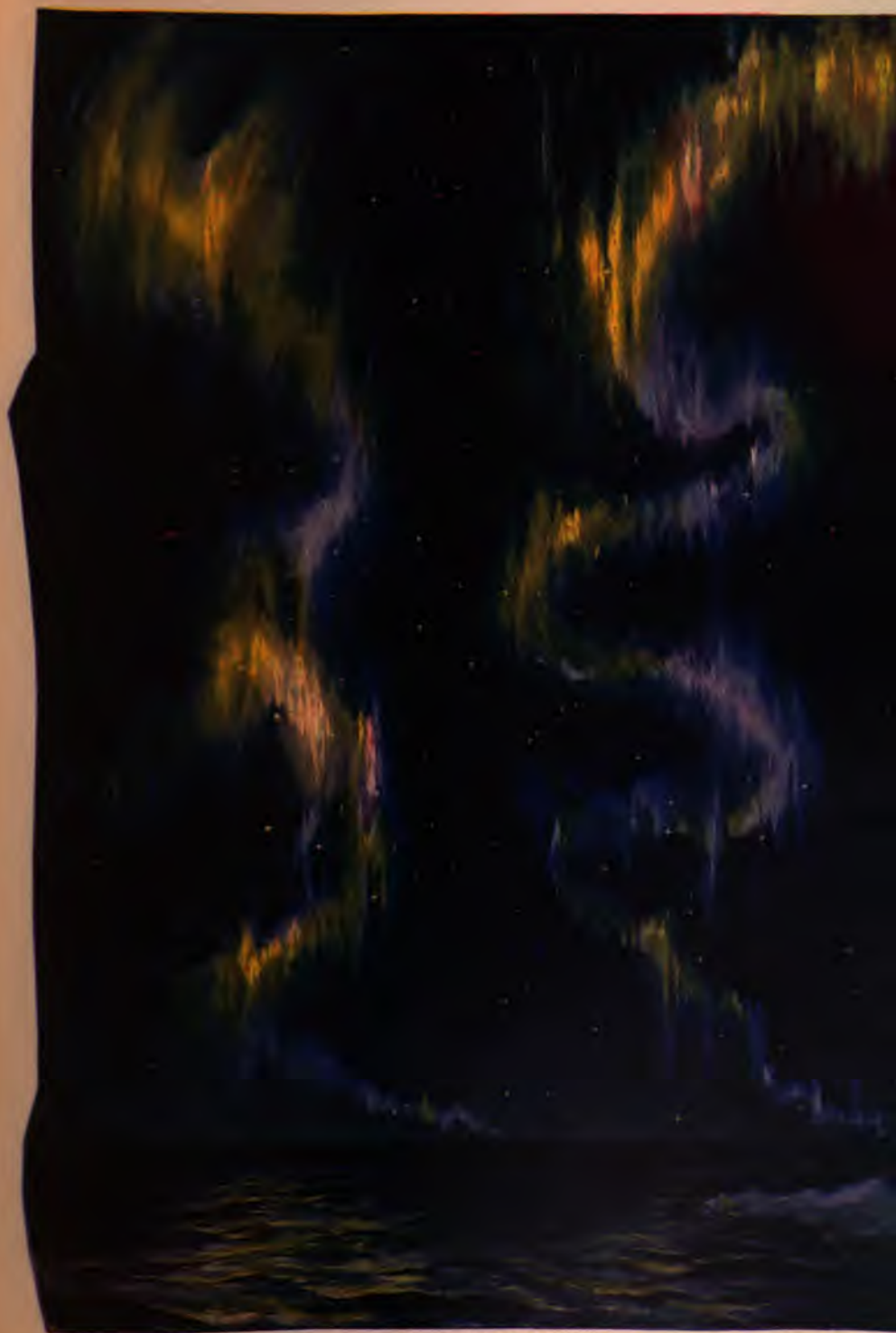
An exquisite veil of gray-lilac covers mountain, fiord, and glacier, half concealing and massing their forms, and lending to them that singular attractiveness inherent in mystery. It was like a beautiful veiled woman, half hiding her charms. But as I gazed there was a perceptible glow of light in the south, which rapidly spread, and the

mist curtain fled, pursued by a strange flickering of ghastly whitish-yellow light, which changed rapidly to a pale-green fire. Upward it mounted, offering a beautiful contrast to the dark looming mass of gray-lilac that mantled Mount Bartlett. Now the gray-blue hills across Inglefield Gulf, far to the south, disclosed themselves, and the frozen bay, the glaciers and icebergs in faint lilac and cerulean blues, were lighted up by a dull garish green radiance as the aurora increased in brilliance. Star-gleams of orange, red, and green twinkled delicately through the fleeting mist, and then the aurora vanished as quickly and as noiselessly as it had come. Not a sound, not a zephyr of wind; all was silent and breathless, as when it rose like a living thing over the southern hills. It left a tender, sweet melancholy in the soul, as from a departed love.

Retracing the way, I came to the brink of a cliff which overlooks our camp. Snugly nestled in the valley below were the dark, dim outlines of the lodge and studio. A glow-worm light peered out into the semi-darkness from the glass in the roof of the lodge, and a thin column of gray smoke ascended straight to heaven as from an altar; a twinkling orange light moved to and fro as some one attended to the dogs. On the other side of the valley the dark, steep sides of the mountains rose, and the silence was broken by echoes of voices, and by the howlings and moanings of dogs ascending from the darker depths of the valley. How strange this isolated bit of civilization appeared in its incongruous surroundings! This feeling soon vanished with the thought that here were companionship and warmth and life, and I hastened toward the little abode with a thankful heart.

*December 1, 1893.* The poor burros are now quartered in the dark corridor, since they were attacked and lacerated by the wolfish dogs. I hear the little carrier-pigeons calling from their cote on the roof of the lodge. So they are still alive! They will not live long, for those which have not met a tragic death in the talons of the gerfalcon will succumb to the darkness and cold. The ravens can be heard croaking now and then, as they hover about our lonely dwelling-place. To-day a black object rose suddenly overhead and disappeared. Perhaps Odin has sent his counselors Hugin and Munin to learn who are the strangers from the far South, and why





From a painting by F. W. Stokes

AURORA BOREALIS OFF GODTHAAB, GREENLAND, SEPTEMBER, 1892



this invasion of his domain. Down in the south, the radiance of the unseen sun still appears in smoky orange, yellow, greenish yellow, fading into blue, almost black, at the zenith, an effect which occurred with many variations all through the winter night.

In this dim twilight I started for Bowdoin Bay. Approaching the shore-line or "ice-foot" of the bay, where the vast ice-plain is raised and lowered some twelve feet by the tide, and disrupted into a chaos of hills and crevasses, I was forced to crawl along cautiously in the uncertain light. Finding a crevasse narrow enough, I crossed it, first throwing the sketch-box over and then jumping; after which the way was comparatively easy. There were about three inches of beautiful snow-crystals covering the six feet thickness of the sea-ice. The snow emitted a delicate phosphorescent glow from the moonlight, which it absorbs.

In the gray-blue turquoise sky the stars twinkled in momentary flashings of red madder, intense blue, greens, and pale orange. As I turned to gaze upon the dark purple-orange cliffs across the bay, a meteor shot downward, striking the mountain-top, from which ascended a long perpendicular column of white steam. Sweeping toward the north, the sky gradually darkened, as it receded from the south light, into a cold, indefinite purple. After a delightful walk of several miles I arrived among a group of bergs, which in the dim golden light assumed fantastic, shadowy forms of dragons, saurians, gods and goddesses. Looming up dark against the golden rose and azure of the sky was a vast, almost sinister shape of an ice-sphinx of the North in a crouched attitude; the huge limbs outstretched, and the dark, inscrutable face turned toward the darkened east, as if in silent expectation of the long-departed god of day rearing again his golden head with smiles of warmth.

The silence was profound. I was startled by a wild, sudden glowing of light in the sky that, lightning-like, spread into a filmy yellowish-white arc. Then a roseate blush of fire mounted upward in vertical shooting rays, spreading out fan-shape; and, quickly mingling with keen, sharp green and violet rays, still ascending with a waving motion, pierced the fathomless blackish purple of the empyrean. Those heavenly lamps, the stars, hung in great Nature's temple, scintillated through the rays of the aurora in

orange, ruby, and green. The great berg seemed to be a living presence massed against this entrancing, unearthly radiance in tones of dark grayish green and purple. The fitful glow of the aurora stole over the level ice-covering of the bay in a path of delicate rose-gold. Silence—silence and beauty everywhere. At such supreme moments the soul is filled with an ecstasy of delight so deep, so intense, that it is soon followed by the reaction of depression. What glorious sculpture! What indefinable, exquisite dream-music on muted strings fresh from the celestial spheres! Certain it is that only those who have witnessed the aurora borealis in the solitudes of the poles can have experienced the might of its beauty and charm.

Suddenly the auroral beams died away, only to be renewed again and again, and then to vanish completely, leaving the dark face of the ice-sphinx as inscrutable and silent as ever. These scenes are awe-inspiring and holy. They usher the spirit into the threshold of the eternities. Filled with wonder, I had placed the colors and tones of a sketch just as the pigments became frozen. While I was returning to camp, an ominous crackling broke the stillness, and then a silvery, bell-like sound smote the ear, as a mass of glittering ice tumbled musically down the steep sides of the sphinx. I took a southerly course in the direction of Castle Cliffs, when I heard voices, and whip sounds, and the yelping of dogs coming from the direction of the cliffs. Directly dark forms were moving over the ice, and I was joined by the Eskimo Otoneksuah and his family, and we all proceeded to the lodge.

THE far-north land, the land of the aurora borealis, is the region of darkness of the ancients. It is where the Hindus placed their fabled Mount Meru, where their deities shrouded their divinity in darkness and mystery. Here the Greeks placed the land of the Hyperboreans, and Latona brought forth those two lights of heaven, Apollo and Artemis. It was the abode of the Norse gods, whence they directed their ken over the world. During the long night, amid the auroral flashings, these awful deities, radiant with celestial halos, were revealed to the eyes of the ancient Norsemen. The Eddas refer to the auroras as the Valkyries.

At rare intervals the aurora borealis was seen by the Greeks and Romans. In Aristotle's "Meteorology" it was described with precision as presenting the appearance of the smoke from straw burned in the country. The aurora borealis often appears exactly like cirrus clouds. He also writes of another form, seen in calm nights, with gulfs and abysses and sanguine colors. Pliny says:

Beams are seen to shine in the heaven, as happened at the time when the Lacedæmonians, vanquished at sea, lost the dominion over Greece. Besides, there are seen in the heaven (and nothing is more terrible for trembling mortals) blood-colored flames which afterward fall upon the earth, as it happened in the third year of the hundred and seventh Olympiad, when King Philip ruled over Greece. Under the consulate of C. Cæcilius and Cn. Papirius, and on many other occasions, a light was seen in heaven, which made the night almost as light as day. It is said that at the time of the wars of the Cimbri, and also often before and since, the clashing of arms and the sound of trumpets were heard in the sky. But in the third consulate of Marius the dwellers in Ameria and Tuderta saw in the heavens two armies rushing one against the other from the east and from the west; that of the west was defeated. The heaven itself caught fire: this is no extraordinary thing, and it has often been seen when the clouds are exposed to great heat.

This superstition can be found, it is said, even up to the present day among the country people, and it is instructive to note that writers of classic times were generally more accurate observers than those who followed several centuries later. Seneca writes:

These fires present the most varied colors: some are vivid red, others resemble a faint and dying flame; some are white, others scintillate; others, finally, are of an even yellow, and emit neither rays nor projections. Sometimes these fires are high enough to shine among the stars; at others, so low that they might be taken for the reflection of a distant burning homestead or city. This is what happened under Tiberius, when the cohorts hurried to the succor of the colony of Ostia, believing it to be on fire. During the greater part of the night the heaven appeared to be illuminated by a faint light resembling a thick smoke.

This was a natural mistake, and at Copenhagen, in 1709, several battalions turned out for the same reason during an auroral display. Auroras have been mis-

taken for comets, as that seen in France and Germany and most of Europe on October 11, 1527. It was visible toward the north, was bent into a hooked shape, and lasted only an hour and a quarter, being of an orange-red color, and joined to it were dark rays in the form of tails, lances, bloody swords, figures of men, and heads cut off, bristling with hair and beards. Gregory of Tours considered it a curious manifestation, but without anything supernatural. Many years later, astrologers had so interpreted the aurora borealis as to make this beautiful marvel a terror in the minds of men. There, imaged against the black heavens of wrath, were conflicting hosts, bloody lances, and heads separated from the trunks, at the sight of which people fainted and went mad. Pilgrimages were undertaken to appease Heaven's wrath shown in these awful signs. The journal of Henry III relates that nine hundred persons of all ages and both sexes, accompanied by their lords, went in procession, dressed as penitents, to Paris in September, 1583. They came from the villages of Deux-Gémeaux and Ussy-en-Brie, near La Ferté-Gaucher, "to say their prayers and make their offerings in the great church at Paris; and they said they were moved to this penitential journey because of signs seen in heaven and fires in the air, even toward the quarter of Ardennes, whence had come the first such penitents, to the number of ten or twelve thousand, to Our Lady of Reims and to Liesse."

This superstition lasted till the end of the seventeenth century, when, as a result of the work of Gassendi, Cassini, and Roemer, the aurora lost its terrors for the educated classes.

A remarkable work, "The Mirror of Kings," written by a Norwegian about the year 1250, after giving a very accurate description of the aurora borealis, says:

Certain people maintain that this light is a reflection of the fire which surrounds the seas of the North and of the South; others say that it is the reflection of the sun when it is below the horizon; for my part, I think that it is produced by the ice, which radiates at night the light it has absorbed by day.

This is the first essay at an explanation of the aurora polaris, and although now untenable, it is about the same as that adopted by Descartes and Sir John Franklin.





From a painting by F. W. Stokes

The authors of the sixteenth century designated the aurora borealis as *caprae saltantes* (leaping goats, or flying fires). In Canada they are called marionettes, in the North Shetlands "merry dancers," while in England and America they are known as the "northern lights," or "streamers," adopted from the ancient name employed by the Norse, and in Germany, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark.

These wonderful lights are of most varied and complex forms, and according to their attributes have been divided by scientists into two great classes, namely, those apparently without motion, which maintain for a certain period their position and intensity, and those which fly with lightning speed, in ever-changing forms and varying brilliance, over the vault of heaven.

The polar auroras seem to be local, that is, to frequent the regions above the fifty-fifth or sixtieth parallel. They at times approach quite near to the earth's surface, and are of limited extent. It is within the probabilities that they are simultaneous at the two poles; and as the sun shines over half of the globe, and the auroras have been witnessed over the whole of the dark half, the double polar aurora may envelop the entire globe, excepting an equatorial zone of about forty degrees.

That marvel of instruments, the spectro-scope, has proved that the aurora is itself luminous, giving greenish-yellow lines, and therefore not due to either reflection or refraction, like rainbows, halos, and parhelia. The color commonly seen is whitish yellow, which approaches to white as the light becomes dim, while the color occurring most frequently after whitish yellow is rose-carmine. The richest in color are the striped arcs, crowns, or glories, and especially the draperies. The red rays appear generally toward the lower part, and the exquisite green rays move above and behind; or it may be composed of red, red and green, or, more rarely, of green or blue, and, what is extremely rare, entirely of violet rays. The colors seem to be less pure when the air is free from fog, but our experience has been, like that of some others, just the reverse. Although the light impresses the beholder as especially brilliant in the finest auroras, still it seldom exceeds the light of the moon in its first quarter. Stars of the first and second magnitudes penetrate the aurora without

diminished light; indeed, their scintillation increases, as does that of the magnetic disturbance. Auroras have been seen during full moon, and even at daytime in the high latitudes. The Innuits (Eskimos) of Smith Sound, Greenland, the most northerly people in the world, believe that the aurora borealis has a singing noise; and the inhabitants of the Orkneys, of Finmarken, and those in the region of Hudson Bay believe, with many competent observers, that a peculiar sound like the rustling of silk always accompanies it. The Lapps liken this sound to the crackling in the joints of moving reindeer. Of course it is reasonable to suppose that one is apt to mistake the whistling of the wind, the drift of the dry snow, distant murmurs of the sea, the crackling of the ice and snow beginning to freeze after a temporary thaw, the faint sound accompanying the forming of small ice-needles; but it is possible that the acute hearing of these people of the far North is not at fault, although our experience, like that of many, has failed to demonstrate their belief as a fact.

Contrary to received opinion, the auroras do not increase as we advance poleward; for in the regions where polar expeditions have mostly wintered, Melville Island, Baffin Bay, and Smith Sound, the aurora is generally less brilliant and also less frequent than in Iceland, Labrador, and South Greenland. Its maximum of frequency is at North Cape, Nova Zembla, and at Cape Chelyuskin, Siberia—cutting the meridian of Bering Strait at latitude 70°, entering America a little to the west of Barrow Strait, crossing Hudson Bay and Labrador, passing to the south of Greenland and Iceland, and forming an oval zone which has for its center a point situated between the geographical and magnetic poles. The latter is situated in Boothia Felix Land, in latitude 73° north and 98° west longitude from Paris.

In France and central Europe the aurora is generally seen toward the north, but as one travels northward, a point is reached within this maximum frequency of the aurora where the display is seen equally in the north and the south.

But in all arctic countries it is in the south direction more frequently than in the north. At Upernivik, Melville Bay, west Greenland, out of one hundred auroras, eighty-one were between southwest and



southeast, fourteen east, and one west, and four between the northwest and northeast. Also at Fort Rae on Great Slave Lake, and in northwest Canada, and in Nain, Labrador, the northern aurora is four times as frequent as the southern. This frequency varies both from the insufficient observation of earlier times and from its own periodic variation. From 1700 to 1872, a period of one hundred and seventy-two years, four thousand eight hundred and thirty-four auroras were observed in Europe, an average of twenty-eight auroras a year. This strange and apparently eccentric phenomenon has nevertheless been found to observe almost regular periods: the diurnal, the annual, and the period of a little more than eleven years. Others of twenty-eight days, fifty-five years, and of two hundred and twenty years, have been surmised. The appearance also of special forms, and the hour when they assume certain colors, become most brilliant, and finally disappear, has been ascertained to be other than a matter of chance. The hour of the maximum generally occurs during the first half of the night, growing later as the latitude increases. It is also a most interesting fact that the aurora has a tendency to follow local time, for in the great aurora of February 4, 1872, which was visible in both hemispheres, it had its maximum at about the same local time, between 8:30 and 9:30 P.M., and not at the same physical instant. The law of annual periodicity was first discovered by Mairan, who noted particularly their frequency toward the months of April and October in France, or following closely the equinoxes, and that they are much rarer in January and especially in June. This law is general, and is an undoubted phenomenon, as it is shown in both hemispheres.

These periodic manifestations, moreover, coincide with the appearance and disappearance of spots on the eastern edge of the sun. Mairan states that for five or six years the auroras were very frequent, together with spots on the sun. After the invention of the telescope, the sun was rarely seen without spots. They afterward became rarer, so much so that for twenty years after the middle of 1670 only one or two spots were counted. A great number

of auroras occurred at the beginning of the seventeenth century, lasting until 1621, after which they ceased until 1686. During the nineteenth century there were numerous auroras, with accompaniment of sun-spots.

From the celebrated astronomer Halley, in 1716, comes the magnetic theory of the production of the aurora borealis, which he claims as due to a magnetic vapor. Dalton, in 1793, thought that the auroral rays are composed of ferruginous matter, itself magnetic or magnetized by the earth's action, this dust serving as a conductor to silent electric discharges between the upper strata of the atmosphere and the lower strata. Biot, in 1820, revived these ideas, with the added theory that the ferruginous particles cast into the air by volcanic eruption produced the aurora by becoming incandescent on entering the atmosphere, as in the case of falling stars and meteors. The presence of quantities of ferruginous dust and masses of meteoric iron in the arctic regions, and the rain of dust during several auroras, were urged as proof of the theory. Then we come to a certain clever physician named Canton, who, in 1753, perceived the close analogy which auroras offer with the light of electric discharges in very rarefied air. Edlund's idea seems to be the one that answers best most of the objections in relation to this problem. Simply stated, the aurora is the flow of electricity from the equator to the poles. The latest theory, and a very ingenious one, is that of Unterweger, who supposes that cosmic ether, which fills the celestial spheres, when met by the earth's movement, is compressed or condensed in front of the earth in the direction of its movement, and dilated or rarefied, on the contrary, behind it. This cosmic ether is more condensed before the earth than that which is borne along in the whirl of the world at from thirty-three to forty-four miles per second, and is more rarefied behind. The result is that one half of the earth, or the northern hemisphere, will be negatively electrified and the southern half positively electrified with the space regions which they are leaving. Only the magic of the spectroscope will probably push aside the curtains of this grand mystery and reveal the truth.<sup>1</sup>

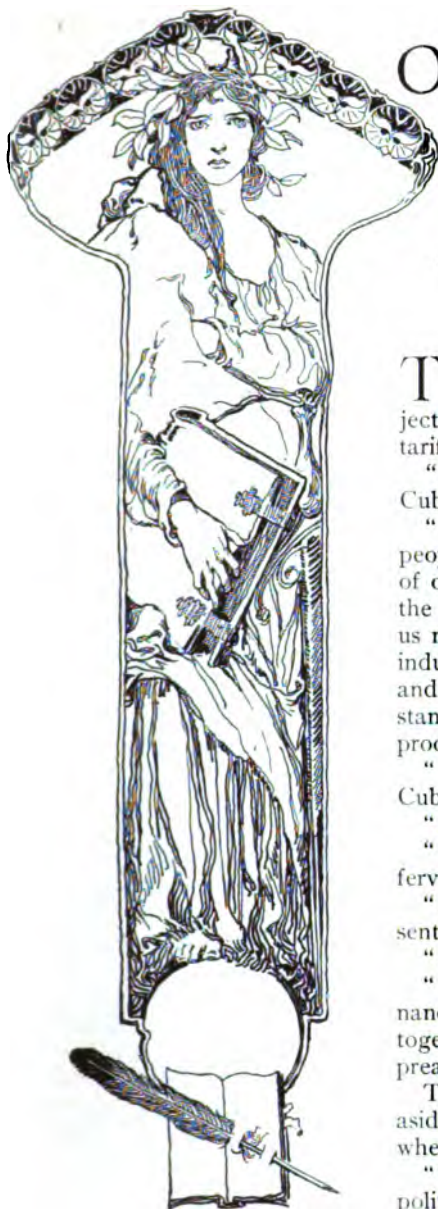
<sup>1</sup> In the preparation of this article Mr. Stokes has had the assistance of the works of Mairan, Bravais, Weyprecht, and Angot. For other papers by Mr. Stokes on "Color at the Far North" and "An Arctic Studio," see THE CENTURY for September, 1894, and July, 1896. — EDITOR.



From a painting by F. W. Stokes

AURORA BOREALIS, INGLEFIELD GULF, GREENLAND, FEBRUARY





# THE OVERSHADOWING SENATE

BY  
HENRY LOOMIS NELSON  
WITH PICTURES BY A. I. KELLER

THE senator was having a confidential talk with a representative from his own State. The subject was the President's recommendation that some tariff concession should be made to Cuba.

"So you don't think we ought to do anything for Cuba?" asked the senator.

"No, I don't," replied the representative. "Those people in Michigan stood by the infant industries of our State when they had n't a smoke-stack in the West; and now when they come here asking us not to consent to the ruin of their little beet-sugar industry, which protection has built up for them, and which is doubling every year, I'm going to stand by them as they stood by us. I'm for reciprocity with Michigan before Cuba."

"You know the promise that was made to the Cuban commissioners?"

"I don't; it has never been imparted."

"You can infer it, can't you, from Mr. Root's fervor?" asked the senator.

"It was a bad promise, anyway," said the representative.

"It virtually gave us the island."

"Well, I'm for Michigan, and for the maintenance of the protective principle. We must hang together; that's the doctrine you've always preached, senator."

The age-old appeal to consistency was brushed aside as brusquely and as quickly as it always is when convenience suits.

"There's nothing in that except when it's good politics. It is n't now. The President has taken his stand; the country is with him, and the party must."

be, or we'll lose the House. Now, my young friend, you're new, and you've got a career if you'll be loyal; if you're not, we must put some one else in your seat. I don't want to disturb you, but Smith is bothering me for a nomination, and as he'll be with us in this fight, he'll have more chance for winning than you can have with your fancies about the sanctity of infant industries."

"Is the great policy of protection going to pieces?" asked the representative, with the earnestness of one making a last appeal to the conscience of the senator.

The senator laughed. "Protection," he replied, "becomes an evil when it's no longer of any use to the party; and when the solidarity of protected interests threatens to lose us an election, adherence to the solidarity becomes log-rolling. It is time, my boy, that we rise to higher things; go and think about it."

Whereupon the representative went back to the House, and dropping into a seat

beside one of the leaders of the beet-sugar interest, said :

"I 've been having a talk with Senator ———."

The beet-sugar legislator became interested.

"Yes," went on the other; "and I 've learned a good deal. There 's more for me in party harmony," he said, "than there is in sugar. Besides, I 'm convinced that we have made a promise to Cuba which we ought not to violate."

There is profound and far-reaching truth in this conversation. The Senate is the most powerful body in the government. It is often spoken of as an oligarchy; but this is not absolutely accurate. Sometimes the President defeats it by an appeal to the country; but the Senate yields slowly even to the country, for the people have a long time in which to forget the early sins of a senator, who, if he be wise, will be cautious during the latter half of his six years' term. But two thirds of the Senate can be careless until their indifference or obstinacy threatens the party. A senator is not chosen by the people, and legislatures are rarely held to a strict account for the manner in which they select senators, or for the kind of men whom they choose. There is a general immunity for the middleman in politics. The executive who appoints is often punished for a frailty of judgment, or for partizan blindness to bad character, while the senator who votes for confirmation may go scatheless. The people have not often been watchful over elections to the Senate, and are not accustomed to take failure to elect good men, or the actual election of unworthy men, as anything that they can help. They seem to suffer from the inertness which often accompanies a conscious lack of power. Apparently, a feeling of hopelessness comes over them when, after raging against a senator with whom they have come to disagree, they reflect that they cannot immediately visit their wrath upon him, but only upon some one who voted for him. This is said not by way of argument in favor of direct election by the people, but is offered as a reason why the Senate yields slowly to public indignation, as it did to Mr. Cleveland's effort to repeal the purchasing clause of the silver act. Sometimes, indeed, it does not yield at all, as it did not in response to the demand for the ratification of

the Olney-Pauncefote general arbitration treaty. Sometimes it even acts in opposition to public opinion, as it did in the matter of the first Hay-Pauncefote canal treaty. It might, of course, have a greater fear of public opinion than it really feels and still be an oligarchy. The eighteenth century taught the lesson that the people are not to be safely offended beyond a certain psychological moment, so that not only an oligarchy, but a single despot, will yield in the face of threatened revolution; but the Senate is not an absolute oligarchy because its domination is adventitious, or at least not within the contemplation of the law. Moreover, it can be driven by a strong President to bow to the public will, for the country does not approve of usurpation when it discovers it; furthermore, the Senate cannot originate money bills, and the House sometimes successfully rebels, especially in a conference committee which may be controlled by a single representative, like Mr. Cannon, whose district is beyond the power of a State machine or leader. If it were not for the President's opportunity of appeal to the country, and for some remnants of independence on the part of the House, an independence, however, which is unhappily less and less frequently manifested as the power of the hierarchy increases, the Senate would almost absolutely control legislation, as, in ordinary times, it dominates appointments to office, the foreign relations of the country, the President, and party politics.

There was never a time in the history of the republic when the Senate did not regard the House as the lower and inferior body. The air of superiority was assumed in the First Senate. On the other hand, there then began an assertion of independence by the House. Down to the present day the conflict has been maintained, but more in words than in deeds, although deeds have actually been done in defense of the "high prerogative" of the representatives of the people to originate money bills, as I illustrated in *THE CENTURY* for June, 1902 (p. 184), by an anecdote showing one of Mr. Cannon's methods of preventing senatorial extravagance. The most recent form in which the question of relative power has been raised relates to the right of the President and the Senate to make reciprocity treaties which would affect the revenues. Each house has be-

fore it a report, one holding that the treaty-making power cannot, and the other that it can, regulate customs duties by treaty. Each house may be depended upon to vote unanimously in favor of the claim of its own report. If a reciprocity treaty is made, the courts may be obliged to pass upon its constitutionality. The fact that

was proposed that the one should have six dollars and the other five dollars a day; but the House would not agree thus to humiliate itself. Another conflict of opinion arose over the Senate's notion as to the manner in which communications should pass between the two houses. It was decided that the Senate, being the lordlier of the two,



Drawn by A. I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by John Tinkey

"IT IS TIME, MY BOY, THAT WE RISE TO HIGHER THINGS"

reciprocity treaties have hitherto been enforced will not prevent the contention, although it may affect the judgment of the courts.

In the First Congress the senators undertook to mark the difference between the "members," as representatives were called, and themselves. Most of them thought that a senator should receive a higher compensation than a representative. Therefore it

should send its messages to the House by the humble hand of its secretary; but that when the representatives desired to communicate with it, they should send their message by two of the members, the elect of the people: and, merely out of common courtesy, the Senate announced that it would graciously receive the members standing. The House refused its assent to the plan.

So far as legal and formal privileges go, the pretensions of the Senate are more amusing than serious. The tumultuous democracy at the other end of the Capitol has, in law, more legislative power than the more select body possesses; but it is also true that, theoretically, the President alone is charged with the duties of nominating persons to office and of negotiating treaties. The truth is that something has happened which has wrought havoc with the theoretical system of checks and balances. The Senate has slipped out of its orbit, and is describing a larger arc in the political heavens than that which the fathers marked out for it. Its progress toward its eccentricity was slow at first, but for twenty years it has proceeded with a rapidity which has almost defied observation. The time is not very distant when a member of the House could have said to one of his senators:

"You cannot coerce my vote on a public question; I am responsible to my constituents alone."

Now more than one senator can reply:

"Oh, no, you're not; you're responsible to the organization, and I'm it."

Not many years ago a President smiled benignantly at this remarkable speech:

"Sir, I am the ambassador to this capital from a proud and sovereign State, and I insist that you will not appoint this negro a postmaster. You are invading my rights, sir, and trampling upon the rights of my people."

Now, if the President is wise, and desires to retain his influence with the Senate, he sends for the senator and asks his advice in advance. A President has even told senators—or, as to States where there were no senators of his own party, the head of the national or State machine—that they might name the federal officers.

The senators of the eighteenth century and of the earlier years of the nineteenth were dignified and assertive gentlemen in small-clothes and laces, with cocked hats and powdered hair. They and their immediate successors made demands, and they bridled like belles when their desires were overlooked and their pretensions flouted. The Senate maintained the contest, however, and eventually got its way. Senators never forgot their own prerogatives, although sometimes they dropped their dignity, and often entirely overlooked the respect which

was due to the Chief Magistrate of the nation. Calhoun, enraged at Jackson, was the author of the famous Patronage Bill, which undertook to deny the power of removal to the President. Many years afterward the principle of this bill was incorporated in the Tenure of Office Act, which was passed in the heat of partizan rage for the purpose of punishing Andrew Johnson, and was only recently repealed. The unfortunate power of interference by the Senate with executive duties has been always more or less employed by both the President and the Senate for the attainment of their respective ends. If the President has desired certain legislation, he has secured an alliance with powerful senators by a grant of offices; if a senator has sought to fortify himself at home, he has secured patronage for useful followers by amiability to the administration, or by "holding up" confirmations, through that advantageous device known as the "courtesy of the Senate," which is, in fact, a perpetual conspiracy to hamper the executive in the performance of his constitutional functions, and to enable a senator to win out in any contest which he may have with the executive.

How recent is the general recognition of this assertion of power by the Senate is shown by the fact that it is only a little more than twenty years ago that Mr. Conkling and Mr. Platt resigned their seats in the Senate because Mr. Garfield insisted on appointing to federal offices in New York men who were distasteful to these two "ambassadors."

Never before had there been such a high assertion of this prerogative of a senator to force the President to do the will of his constitutional adviser, but never since has the attempted enforcement of the senator's demand been so abortive. Mr. Conkling was probably the most arbitrary senator who ever sat in the body. He went far beyond his associates in insisting upon the actuality of the privileges which the Senate has always endeavored to read into the Constitution. He first heard with indignant surprise that the new President, whose nomination he had resented, was to "throw himself in the arms of Blaine," his most hated, although not most hated, enemy; and he determined to cower the man whom he had helped into office. He went to Mr. Garfield's hotel with friends who were to





Drawn by A. I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE FIRST SENATE IN SESSION, NEW YORK, 1789

witness the righteous triumph of a senator about to be deprived of a custom-house.

"He strode up and down the room like a lion," said one, describing the scene; "he poured out his invective, his sarcasm, his eloquence, over Blaine, over Garfield, over all the enemies of himself and his friend General Grant. And I tell you," continued this enthusiast, unconsciously revealing the measure of the object of his adoration, "it was the greatest speech of his life, the most magnificent of all his magnificent oratorical efforts."

Yet Garfield, notwithstanding this outburst of eloquence, did precisely what Mr. Conkling forbade him to do. Then the arrogant leader and Mr. Platt, his colleague, resigned, and sought reflection, which was denied them. The time had not yet come for the assent even of the politicians to the theory that senators had the right to dictate appointments to the federal offices.

This attitude of superiority now mainly manifests itself in the political conduct of the senators; but not many years ago, before the rules of social precedence were established as they are to-day, the feeling that senators possessed rights and privileges which tempted to encroachments disturbed scores of the amiable and worthy women known to books on Washington etiquette as "senatorial ladies." A good woman fresh from pure and wholesome American domesticity, where she had breathed the stimulating air of social equality, sat with folded arms and sternly refused to make the initial call on the wife of a mere justice of the Supreme Court, whose husband her husband had helped to put upon the bench. And once, so it is narrated, at a state dinner at the White House,—in other words, at the very heart of the republic,—a "senatorial lady," condemned to go in to dinner behind a foreign minister's wife, seized her astonished escort, and walking in front of the other woman, triumphantly asserted her claim—the claim reflected from her husband's senatorship. The comment on this declaration of superiority was the subacid remark:

"It's only the Senate's way."

It was the Senate's way. Why has the Senate always given itself an air of superiority? And why has it attained to its overshadowing place in our system of government? There are various answers to

the first question. The reason for a good many of the assumptions of the Senate springs from common human vanity. Sometimes the senator likes to regale himself with the thought that he is an ambassador; this one is likely to be a reminiscent States'-rights Southerner. Sometimes he dreams that he is a member of the most intellectual and mighty legislative assemblage in the law-ridden world. Occasionally a senator of ancestry is pleased to think of himself as one of the American "Lords." There is an air of withdrawal from the world in the halls and lobbies of his chamber; his precincts are not frequented by the crowds who forever hang about the doorways of the popular branch, and within certain guarded parts of the corridors no profane feet are allowed to tread except those of personal friends, lobbyists, and newspaper correspondents. The all-pervading truth is, however, that the Senate thinks highly of itself because it is really overshadowing, because it is the most powerful element of the government. Its place in our system is due to a constitutional grant which, by perversion and extension, gives it control over the executive and over the foreign relations of the country. It also overshadows the House, because, in the present system of party management, the possession of patronage is the key to the nominating convention.

The theory of the Constitution is that the three departments of the government—the legislative, the executive, and the judiciary—are independent of one another. In practice, the government is not carried on in harmony with this theory. The system of checks and balances does not operate as its inventors intended. The President was to have had the power of selecting his subordinates; the Senate, through the exercise of the power of confirmation, was to prevent the appointment of unworthy men, especially of men who might connive with the President to usurp power. In practice most of the President's subordinates are forced upon him. He usually selects after consultation with a senator, who stands for the whole Senate, for he has its power behind him through a custom which has grown to be a rule of conduct, known as the "courtesy of the Senate." This is the rule. There have been some conspicuous departures from it in recent years, but it is, after all, the ac-



Drawn by A. I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by J. W. Evans

"HE [SENATOR ROSCOE CONKLING] STRODE UP AND DOWN THE ROOM LIKE A LION"

knowledgeable rule that the State's senators must be consulted before the President makes an appointment to a federal office situated within the confines of their State, or bailiwick, if, indeed,—and this qualification is important,—the senators and the President are of the same party.

On one occasion, so it is reported,—as the story, though of doubtful authenticity, might well be true, I shall repeat it,—Grover Cleveland was intent upon naming to a public office a man who was as gall and wormwood to the senators from a certain State. They stood before him in his room at the White House and solemnly assured him that if he carried out his purpose he would lose the support of their State. To which Mr. Cleveland—whose fame as a statesman and a patriot is sure to grow brighter and to illumine a wider and wider horizon as the years revolve—replied, as he wrote down the name of his chosen appointee:

"Well, senators, then I shall have to get along without the State of —."

But then, as we have been assured many times by party leaders, Grover Cleveland was possessed of the strange notion that he

was responsible to the people, and not to the Senate, and that the country was of larger importance than his party.

I do not know whether this disagreeable person was confirmed or not; probably he was not, for when Mr. Cleveland was President the Senate had been organized into a corporation, the understanding being that all the senators should stand together and vote against the confirmation of any nominee distasteful to the senator or senators of the State in which was situated the office to be filled. History shows, as I have pointed out, that the senators filed their claims on patronage soon after the beginning of the government, but that full ownership was not acquired until well within the present generation. The rule of the "courtesy of the Senate" has permitted the construction of the most perfectly developed "trust," or trade-union, in the country; and there is hardly any existing combination which is more inimical to the general welfare than the Senate union has sometimes been and may easily be again.

It enabled Senator Hill, for instance, to prevent the confirmation of Mr. Hornblower as a justice of the Supreme Court

on grounds which must have amazed the cynics who listened to his argument in secret session. In the First Senate, according to Mr. Maclay, some senators thought that the vote on the question of confirmation should be taken by secret ballot, because, otherwise, those who voted against confirmation would invite the displeasure of the President, or would no longer enjoy his "sunshine." At present a different theory prevails. The senator goes boldly to the White House and presents to the nominating power the names of the men whom he desires the President to appoint.

Mr. Conkling's view is now the view of politics. He was a trifle in advance of his time, but he was thorough. He was firmly convinced that the patronage of the State of New York belonged to him, and when he objected to the appointment of Mr. Robertson as Collector of New York, he was simply defending his own, that is, his own as trustee for the party organization of which he was then nominally the leader. After his defeat in the State, and after the death of Garfield, as I was long ago told on excellent authority, he presented himself to Mr. Arthur, whom he continued to regard as his follower, and demanded that he be made Secretary of the Treasury in order that, with his own hand, he might notify the obnoxious Robertson of his dismissal. He wanted an obvious and a notorious vindication. He discovered, however, that Mr. Arthur had become the President, and as he went down the stone steps of the Benjamin F. Butler house, where his old friend was temporarily dwelling, with the denial of his demand ringing in his ears, he might have muttered with Timon, for he was fond of quotation:

Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The anecdote shows not only the scope and comprehensiveness of the Senate's claim, but the modernity of the Senate's trade-union. No President, it is true, would even now yield to such a demand as that made by Mr. Conkling, and it is safe to say that few Americans have lived who have been capable of conceiving such fantastic absolutism as that which was the natural fruitage of Mr. Conkling's nature; nevertheless the practical working of our institutions to-day is on the Conkling

theory. In giving to the Senate the power of confirmation, the Constitution made it virtually the appointing power. The established rule at the White House is that the senators must be consulted before an appointment is made. If there are no senators of the President's party from a particular State, the President consults the senator who is at the head of the national organization. Some Presidents obediently yield to the senators; others do not: but if they do not, they invite the rejection of those candidates for office whom they prefer, and even of the legislation which they regard as for the best interests of the country. One President is known to have asked, as a favor, the privilege of appointing a personal friend as postmaster of a town in his own State.

"I should very much like to name him for the place, senator," he is reported to have said, "if you have n't set your heart on some one else."

The senator did not care very much, and finally agreed that the President's friend might have the office provided that he be directed to appoint the senator's "man" as his assistant.

President Roosevelt has adopted the rule that he will consult the senators as the leaders of the Republican organization, but he insists that they shall name good men. Every President must recognize the momentous truth that he is virtually powerless without the Senate. Not only cannot he fill an office or make a treaty without its assent, but he must possess the friendship of the majority if he is to secure the legislation which he especially desires. The practical President will, therefore, deal or trade with the Senate. He will, for example, yield to the request of a senator who is chairman of the Finance Committee, and appoint his brother-in-law a minister, in order to induce the senator to report and carry through a bill to save the country and government from bankruptcy. He will distribute second lieutenantcies and other commissions among the relatives and friends of senators in order that an army reform bill may receive their votes. These commissions may result in vast harm to the service, may put at needless risk thousands of lives, may demoralize the army in the face of an enemy, and may endanger the country; but this is not taken into consideration: little else is considered when

patronage is in sight than the opportunity for getting a share of it.

The morning hours of Mr. Roosevelt are consumed almost entirely by dealers in office. They fill Mr. Cortelyou's room, going there singly or with droves of representatives and other followers behind them. In almost every instance the senator's visit is for the purpose of presenting his own henchman for the President's offices. The senator's "man" is to become the President's subordinate. If the President does not like the man, he must induce the naming of another; if he knows a man who, in his opinion, is especially well qualified for the post to be filled, he must secure the senator's assent to his appointment. If he does not do one of these things, his nominee is likely to be rejected; for all that it is necessary for the senator to do in order to prevent the President's rifling of his senatorial perquisite is to rise in his place and say, in effect:

"Mr. President: I did not name this man to the President. That functionary took it upon himself to select a person for this office for what he regards as the interests of the service. In doing so, he has ignored my interests and the interests of the party organization in my State. Moreover, this is an assault upon the proprietary rights of a senator."

The country would be astonished if it could know the extent of this proprietorship. The Senate's power of confirmation not only places the President, but the whole civil service outside of the classified list, under tribute. No officer of the civil service must venture publicly to criticize or antagonize the senators of his State, if they belong to the party of the administration. Some hardy officials have been removed for making speeches against a senator who was seeking reelection, and who was the absolute master of his State party organization. Can a President be blamed? He acts on the theory that the support of his party's senators is absolutely necessary to the accomplishment of the objects and purposes of his administration. He cannot, therefore, afford to permit his own subordinates to embroil him with the confirming power. It might be for the best interests of the country in the end if it could have a President for a score of years who would deny to the Senate its usurped power over appointments; but it is not certain that the

change wrought by such a Thor among Presidents would lead to a movement in the right direction. It might be that, in the struggle, he would receive more blows from the country for blocking the wheels than would be showered upon the Senate for fighting for its staked-out claims. Still, after all, it must be said in honor of our country that courage and conscientious discharge of duty by an executive officer invariably increase his popularity.

The official who regards his public life as at the mercy of a senator will not only refrain from opposing his ambitions: he will help his political fortunes if he wishes to keep his place, and he will always be monstrosly polite to him, and humbly considerate of his feelings. Senators cannot always secure the removal of public servants on frivolous grounds, but they may do so, and the wise servant keeps on the right side of the master. Useful officers not protected by the civil-service law have been removed to make places for brothers-in-law, cousins, uncles, and serviceable district leaders. It is not long ago that a senator of the party antagonistic to that of the President complained to the latter that a certain postmaster in his State had spoken ill of him, and he demanded his head. The senator himself was not a mild-tongued man, and had been accustomed to refer to the President as a "disgrace to the century"; but he could not permit the country to suffer by reason of personal assaults upon himself. He did not get his head, although he added to the amusement of the White House. His plea, however, would have been really formidable had he been a member of the President's own party. A senator has even been known to touch profanely the domestic sanctuary of one of our ministers abroad, and insidiously and significantly to suggest that the name of a certain lady objected to by the minister's wife had been inadvertently dropped, "by some underling of course" (*sic*), from the list of those of the local American colony habitually entertained at the legation.

It is with the Senate's power over the executive, however, with which the country is most concerned. "Unless you appoint to this post-office one of my selection, no one shall be confirmed." This is the first demand; and the second, the third, and the last are the logical outgrowth of it.



1795/11.

Drawn by A. I. Keller. Halfstone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"THE MORNING HOURS OF MR. ROOSEVELT ARE CONSUMED ALMOST ENTIRELY BY DEALERS IN OFFICE"

A senator, new and untried, with a brand-new machine "back home," as they say, waiting to be fed, had failed to convince the President that he possessed among his followers a single man fit for the public service. In the expressive language of the craft, he had been "turned down" on every application he had made. He felt that he must do something to keep his machine from falling to pieces. He had news from home that it was loosening at the joints. The editor who wanted a post-office, but had failed to secure it on account of a purely personal and private affair, an embezzlement or an elopement with another man's wife, began to show signs of coolness in his columns. At last the new senator, to quote his own picturesque language, "struck the President's trail." He discovered the man whom the President would like to appoint, but whom he did not dare to name lest the new senator should prevent the confirmation. This man was popular at home, and the senator, springing to meet his opportunity more than half-way, rushed to the White House.

"Mr. President," he said, with the politician's instinct for position, "I understand that you don't want to build up a machine in — against me. All you want from me is a good man."

"That is all I'm insisting on," said the President. "I want to recognize you and your organization; but you must give me good men for the offices."

"Well, I believe you're playing fair, Mr. President, and I've got the right man this time. I'd have named him before, but I did n't want him turned down on my account. He's too good a man. But if you say that you're only fighting for good men, and not against me, I'll name him."

"You may be sure of that, senator. I want you to name the men for office in your State, and I'll take them if they're good men. Who is he?"

"General D——," said the senator to the astonished President, who gladly promised the appointment. On which, the machine editors, whose columns had not cooled, announced on the following day that Senator — had visited the White House the day before, and had come to a complete understanding with the President, in consequence of which the President had recognized Senator — as the leader of the party

in the State of — and had turned over to him all its patronage.

Not only has the Senate's power of confirmation resulted in the shifting of the power of nomination and in giving it the almost absolute control of all the offices not included in the classified service, but it has enabled it to punish and hamper a President of whom its majority disapproves. Military nominations and promotions have been rejected because a President has not been compliant enough. Necessary legislation and appropriations for which the executive has asked have been denied. Senators have even threatened to cut down supplies unless their friends were promised the contracts under which the money would be expended. Senators have felt such confidence in their power that, without consulting a President, they have promised pension attorneys the head of a capable and conscientious Commissioner of Pensions. They have interfered in court-martial cases to the detriment of discipline in the army and navy. They have demanded pardons for criminals under threats, more or less translucent, that the President's plans would suffer if the demand were refused.

The power over our foreign relations which the right of ratification of treaties gives the Senate is self-evident. Senator Lodge has written an essay, since printed as an official report, to prove that the Senate possesses the power to amend treaties. The contention was unnecessary; the power is not disputed by well-informed and thoughtful persons: but the Senate's abuse of the power is recognized by all who believe that the independence of the three departments of the government should be maintained, especially by all who realize that the Senate has become the dominant factor in the government and is establishing itself as an oligarchy. Moreover, it does not follow, because the Senate possesses the power of amendment, that it has the right to demand to be consulted during the process of negotiation. This, however, is its demand—a demand which was acceded to by Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hay in the negotiation of the second Hay-Pauncefote treaty. The Senate's claim is an insult to common sense. Assent to it and obedience to it would mean that the negotiation of every treaty must be conducted by one power with ninety-one other





Drawn by A. I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

**"BUTTONHOLING" SENATORS IN THE MARBLE HALL OF THE CAPITOL**

powers—the President and ninety senators; and of these ninety not one would be bound by his promise made in advance of his vote, on the question of ratification. Only under such circumstances as compelled the ratification of the second canal treaty would such a procedure be practicable. Still, the power has been asserted, and treaty-making, unless it be for the purpose of meeting a popular demand or to end a war, cannot go on at all without compliance with the pretensions of senators; therefore the Secretary of State, if he be prudent, will follow Mr. Hay's recent example. If the President can, he will circumvent the Senate's usurpation by securing control of the chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee, as Grant did when he prevailed upon his friends in the Senate to displace Mr. Sumner. This proceeding drew down upon General Grant and his associates the condemnation of the country; but Mr. Charles Francis Adams has pointed out, in an address before the New York Historical Society, that if an administration desires to make treaties it is an act of wisdom to attach the chairman of the Senate committee to itself, to pamper him with consultations, and, I may add, to feed him with patronage. But it will be said that this is government by corruption. So it is, and therefore to be severely condemned; but not only are chairmen and other senators purchased by Presidents in aid of treaties: a prudent distribution of offices has more than once enabled the executive to obtain the legislation which he has sought for the best interests of the country.

The law has given the Senate certain powers. With these powers it obtains what offices it wants, what treaty amendments it insists upon, what legislation it believes to be profitable. If, on the other hand, the President is earnestly desirous of securing legislation in his turn, it bargains with him. I am dealing, of course, with the excessive employment of its powers, in order to show to what lengths the Senate's domination has led it, and may again lead it.

The Senate most frequently acts for the general interests, and, debate with it not being limited, its determination of a measure is likely to be much more intelligent than that of the House of Representatives. Still, the power exists in the Senate, and is often exercised, to compel government by corruption, that is, government by a trade

between the President and the legislative branch of the government. In the matter of executive appointments, it may be said that senators invariably assume the attitude of proprietorship. Their habitual speech involuntarily betrays their point of view.

"I'd like to cut off your head," said a senator to a civil-service commissioner who had stood between him and the law. "I'd like to cut off your head; you've taken ten thousand appointments away from me."

They call the offices their offices, not the country's offices; and the power of nomination their power, not the President's.

In the matter of treaty-making, they often court the anti-foreign sentiment, and usually consult this or that "vote" instead of the general welfare. If a Secretary of State negotiates with a foreign power a treaty which contains provisions favorable to the foreign government,—such provisions as are absolutely necessary if the consent of the other power to the convention is to be obtained,—the secretary thereby becomes the target for the insults of some senators who invariably speak of him as an Anglophile, or a Germano-maniac, or a tool of Russia, or a toady or a parasite of France or Timbaktu, a snob who is seeking the patronage and approval of foreign courts by base betrayal of the interests of his country. Many of these critics are themselves largely indifferent to the proper and natural feelings of foreign ministers, of rulers or of peoples, and if it be deemed necessary for party or personal reasons to destroy a treaty by a statute, they do not hesitate. The attitude which the Senate has frequently adopted toward foreign countries, and which it therefore makes the attitude of its own country, has absolutely destroyed the treaty-making power except where public sentiment is so fervently expressed that it is not safe to disregard it (as was the case with the Hay-Pauncefote canal treaty), or where the treaty is for the reëstablishment of peace, as with the latest treaty with Spain. In ordinary affairs, or in great affairs upon which public opinion has not been aroused to fierce expression, the Senate is usually unwilling to come to an agreement either with the President or with the foreign power.

It is also an interesting, and may become an important, fact that our foreign relations are at the mercy of States several of

which have been brought into the Union for partizan purposes. There are now ninety senators. Thirty-one of these can defeat a treaty. Sixteen small States, with a total population, in 1900, of fewer than six millions, may control the foreign relations of the United States. Included in

Moreover, these sixteen small States, with thirty-two senators, have only thirty-one representatives. Was ever minority rule so powerful as it is in the Senate?

Such being the opportunity and the disposition of the Senate, the President, who is responsible for his appointments, is de-



Drawn by A. I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by William Miller

#### A FEW TYPES OF SENATORS

these are the four smaller States of New England, the mining States of the Rocky Mountain region, Oregon and Washington, the Dakotas, Delaware, and Florida. These States have as much power in the Senate as the two large New England States, all the Middle States, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Missouri, Kansas, and Kentucky together, with an aggregate population of more than forty-six millions—more than half of the total population of the country.

nied his necessary power, while our foreign relations are largely dependent on the talent of the State Department for circumvention. As to matters of legislation, the senators exert their power to procure appropriations for their States for which representatives would not dare to ask. In this, as in the matter of appointments, the senators stand together. They constitute a compact bond of brethren. This is the natural and logical, though evil, consequence of the powers granted to the Senate

by the Constitution ; but, evil as it is, it is idle to overlook the long-established truth that public men will take all the power that is placed within their reach.

Having the control of appointments, the senators are naturally at the head of the modern party machines, the national and the State machines. They construct them with their appointees. They select the delegates to national conventions. Here is an additional reason for the complaisance of a President, at least during his first term. The men who hold the primaries and select the delegates to the congressional conventions are also the senator's men. Even when a post-office has been bestowed upon an obedient and loyal representative, the federal officer knows full well to whom his first obedience is due.

Herein lies the gloss of the story with which this paper opens. The senators command the party. If they are specially interested in legislation, they send down their orders to the members of the House, and, as a rule, they are obeyed. It is not always that the orders are direct ; occasionally the senator does not appear ; the order comes from the nominal head of the home machine. Such a command portends much to the representative ; it says to him, in effect : "The senator has directed his policy to be supported by the State organization, which, as you quite understand, includes the organization of your district, and we shall therefore be compelled this year to nominate men who are with him."

Sometimes it is not a renomination which is directly denied to the contumacious member ; it is a dread, mysterious disturbance at the very base of his strength at home.

"I saw the Secretary of the Navy to-day," carelessly observes a senator to a representative who is on the verge of mutiny ; "he 'd like you to drop in to-morrow morning."

Pale with anxiety, the representative drops in that very afternoon, and the secretary, often as unhappy as the man whom he is ordered to dragoon, asks :

"Do you know McClosky ?"

"The plug-ugly who is boss of the ward just outside of my navy-yard ?"

"The same," says the secretary, scanning a typewritten memorandum at the head of which the rebel reads the legend, "U. S. Senate."

"Yes, I know him. What of him ?"

"There is a good deal of complaint against that man of yours, the foreman in shop A in your navy-yard."

"I know all about that, Mr. Secretary," replies the representative ; "I know all about it, and I can prove that the charges are the lies of a gang of conspirators. McClosky is at the head of them. He 's my enemy, and wants to beat me for a renomination. All I ask is an investigation of the charges."

"I supposed it was something like that," replies the secretary ; "but we have n't time for an investigation. Now, my dear sir, let us be frank with each other. I don't want you defeated ; your experience and influence in the House, and your special knowledge of naval matters, make you very useful to me and to the administration. I would n't do this against you if I could help it ; but if I don't, the senator will beat my reorganization bill. You can put an end to the whole trouble by voting for the one million dollars the senator wants for a new post-office in his own home."

"But, Mr. Secretary, that 's a clear steal, and every one knows it. I could n't hold up my head among honest men if I did that shameful thing."

"I 'm sorry," says the secretary, with a sigh, which is his memorial to a dead conscience, "but I 've got to save my bill if I can. Good morning."

This is a composite story, but every element in it is true. Here is another story, no less true, but more concrete :

For days the conferees had been wrestling over a Senate amendment to the tariff bill. The representatives had the better of the argument, and pushed their advantage until the senators were on the point of yielding. The item of the tariff bill involved concerned an article made by a powerful combination in which the most potent figure of the National Committee of the time was interested. The Senate amendments provided for increased protection for this article ; the House bill had placed it on the free list. As the House conferees thought that they were on the point of gaining the victory, a telegram was handed in at the door. It was directed to one of the senators. He read it, and passed it to his colleagues. There was an earnest discussion between the three, and

then the despatch was shown to the conferees from the House. It read as follows:

The — schedule will stand as amended by the Senate, or the bill must fall.

The signature was that of the political and industrial potentate. The majority of the House conferees stormed at what they called this impudent dictation, and urged their associates to withstand the corrupt pressure; but their associates did not dare, and the schedule as amended remained in the bill in order to save the measure.

Thus we see the Senate sitting at the gates of power and levying tribute upon all comers. Even the judiciary is not free from its control. The Senate passes on judges as on other appointees, while, as master of legislation, the time may come when it will compel the enactment of a law increasing or diminishing the number of judges on the Supreme bench for its own purposes. This preliminary being arranged, the senators will doubtless secure the appointment of men of their own views.

The overshadowing power of the Senate is unquestioned, and it is exerted every day of the political year. The Senate, indeed, possesses many virtues which are conspicuously absent from the popular branch. It considers measures, and debates them freely. Its minority has often been guilty of wilful and injurious obstruction, but loquacious obstruction is not so hurtful to the public interests as silent obedience. There is nothing more hostile to the general welfare than concealment of the reasons for and against the enactment of laws; nor are there many things more desirable in a modern democracy than the suppression of legislation by obstruction or otherwise. Buckle's view is truer than ever: the chief value of legislation to-day lies in the opportunity and power to remedy mistakes of the past: "Repeal is more blessed than enactment." The Senate contains industrious and intelligent men who work for the public interests, but its power over the President tends to the corruption of the public service, while its domination over the House of Representatives, coupled with the rules and the practices of the hierarchy, makes that body a silent assemblage without the power which the law intended it to exercise. Even appropriation bills, which, under the Constitution, must originate in the House, receive their final form in the

Senate or in conference. And though the House conferees may call a halt to the extravagance of the Senate after a certain point in the consideration of the measure is reached, there are few, if any, appropriation bills the totals of which are not increased by that solid phalanx of the "Upper House," where each desire can claim the support of the congregated selfishnesses.

Near the close of the first session of the Fifty-seventh Congress, the House of Representatives actually debated the Cuban relief bill. It was the first worthy debate of the session, and was made possible by the division in the ranks of the Republicans caused by the sugar controversy. The President, assisted by some senators who were his friends, or his allies for the moment, had compelled the consideration of the measure. A minority of the Republicans, with the aid of the Democrats, had prevented the hierarchy from bringing in a rule to limit debate. During the session the House passed the Philippine tariff bill without reasonable debate; it passed the war revenue measure by unanimous consent and without any debate whatever; it discussed the rural free-delivery bill, the oleomargarin bill, and the Chinese exclusion bill, because party and personal fortunes were involved in them. The enlightening discussion of the Cuban bill showed the value to the country of a strong opposition, for the insurrectionary Republicans and the Democrats together constituted such an opposition. The debate resulted in the passage of the bill with an important amendment injurious, it was thought, to the interests of the sugar-refiners. In the end, the senators who were opposed to the President's Cuban policy prevented the consideration of the measure by the Senate, and the session ended with the President's generous purpose for Cuba defeated. But while this was the result of the measure, during the debate in the House of Representatives there was not a representative who did not know that the Senate would have its way in the end; that it would amend the bill to suit itself, and, hostile to their own desires as such amendments might be, that the representatives would accept whatever bill the Senate ordered to be passed, for the representatives must yield to those who control the organization, who dictate appointments, upon whose good graces all ambitions depend.

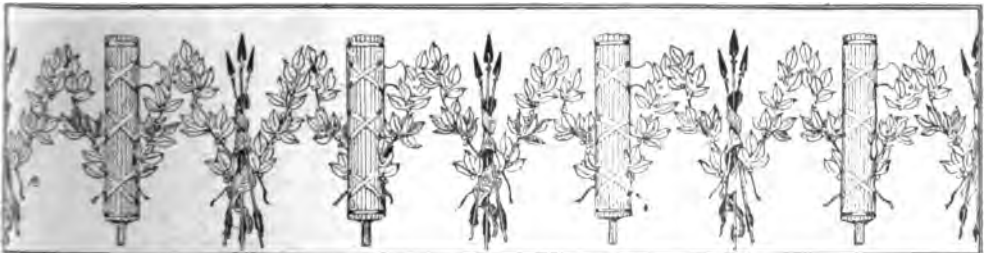
One result of the immense growth of a senator's power and influence is the temptation thereby offered to masterful men of wealth. To such men there is no pleasure comparable to that of exercising power. The joy of the ruler is dear to them, and there is no position in this country like a senatorship for breeding that ecstasy. An indictment against wealth in politics, *per se*, is folly; but wealth in public life, unguided and uninformed, untempered by a patriotic and statesmanlike regard for the general welfare, is hostile to the country's best interests. It is not true that rich public men invariably disregard or overlook the general welfare; they are often our wisest counselors. It is true, however, that their first tendency is to consider the effect of proposed legislation on special interests. It is also unquestionably an evil that men who have no talent for public life should attain to its highest honors merely because they are rich. In the present Senate there are more than a score of men who would not be there but for their possession of wealth. It is not true that these men, being in the Senate, are necessarily unworthy members of the body, but, in itself, the fact that wealth can secure senatorships does not make for the health of the body. When to this we add the domination which the Senate has gained over the President and the popular branch of Congress, and over the party organizations, we readily understand that it is a menace to the health of the body politic. We need not inquire as to the corruption of the Senate; but we know that it is corrupting. It is corrupting even if it only

stimulates the cynical belief in its lack of virtue which is embodied in a doubtless untruthful story not long ago current in Washington. This tale of fiction runs to the effect that a senator, on hearing that an aspirant for election to the Chamber had refused to respond to the last demand made upon him for money, said:

"How foolish! Does n't he know that a senatorship is worth sixty thousand dollars a year?"

The sad thing is that, absurd as the fiction is upon its face, its narration was never known to be received with any expression of surprise, with any expression whatever except that smile which indicates that such a tale told of such a subject is to be expected. When men are known to secure seats in the Senate because they are rich, and, being in the Senate, thereby become the dominant powers in the government and in party politics; and when the legislation which secures most attention from Congress affects private commercial and financial interests, suspicions of corruption are, to say the least, not astonishing. The Senate is not only powerful: it is exacting and arbitrary; while the character of its constituent elements makes it self-assertive, tyrannical, and prone to prefer the material to the moral advantage of the republic. Its overshadowing influence, and the manner in which it is exerted, inevitably recall the saying of our ancient enemy, Lord Bute:

"The forms of a free and the ends of an arbitrary government are things not altogether incompatible."





Drawn by Sydney Adamson. Half-tone plate engraved by William Miller

"WHEN THEY FOUND THEIR SEARCH WAS FUTILE, THEIR ANGER KNEW NO BOUNDS"



# WHEN THE CONSUL CAME TO PEKING

BY ABIGAIL H. FITCH

WITH PICTURES BY SYDNEY ADAMSON

## PART II



R. WABS was wise in his determination that they should eat. The cakes were fairly fresh, made of millet, and contained a certain amount of nourishment, of which they were sadly in need, as they had not eaten since tiffin that day. He coaxed his wife to take some of the ambrosia, as he called it, and which Betty declared was not unpalatable. After their meager meal, enlivened by the persistent cheerfulness of the consul, the ladies felt revived, and were ready to assist in making a careful reconnaissance of their prison.

Mr. Wabs led, holding aloft the taper. The windows were their first objects of examination; they were narrow, and too high to be considered as a means of escape. They lingered longer at the wooden doors, barred and locked on the outside, while Mr. Wabs made futile efforts to dislodge the great hinges. Then they made a slow circuit of the temple, closely examining the dreadful walls for possible openings behind the bas-relief. Back of the altar they came upon a small door, hidden by a curtain. Betty held up a warning finger. "Hush!" she exclaimed in a frightened whisper. "Don't you hear something?" They listened with bated breath. A low, gurgling sound on the other side of the door could be distinctly heard.

"Oh, what is it?" gasped Mrs. Wabs, seizing her husband's arm. In so doing she inadvertently extinguished the taper. In the darkness the sound seemed to become

louder and to assume a character more definite.

"It is running water," announced Mr. Wabs, after a moment's intent listening. "This door," he continued in a low voice, "must open into the grotto we passed when we came into the temple. And it will be through this door that we will escape—if we can," he added to himself.

It was part of Mr. Wabs's policy to keep up the spirits of his companions by promises of a speedy release; he himself felt exceedingly doubtful of his ability to effect their escape.

He tested the strength of the door by repeatedly throwing his weight against the wooden panels. Except for inflicting bruises upon himself, he accomplished nothing, and was forced to desist.

Then using his last match to relight the taper, he began with his pocket-knife to cut around the lock of the door. As the task promised to be long and laborious, he advised Betty and Mrs. Wabs to compose themselves to such slumbers as the place permitted, while he worked. Till far into the night Mr. Wabs toiled at his task; no sound broke the stillness around him save the soft gurgling of the water without, and the steady rasp of his penknife on the door.

The taper was burning low, and still he had accomplished next to nothing in the cutting away of the wood about the lock. Weary and altogether discouraged, he stopped to rest awhile, leaning his head against the panels of the door. Without intending to do so, he dropped asleep.

Later he wakened with a start, to find himself in darkness, the taper having burned out. The rattling of a cart and the clatter of hoofs in the courtyard attracted his attention. He sat up and listened. The cart stopped by the temple doors. Mr. Wabs drew a sharp breath; should he gently waken his sleeping companions before they should be more rudely roused by those about to enter, or should he let them slumber on?

"Poor souls!" he said with great pity, "let them sleep while yet they can! God knows what may be in store for them when they waken."

Then slipping off his shoes, he stole noiselessly to the doors at the farther end of the temple. For once in his life he bitterly regretted his ignorance of Chinese. A colloquy between two men was being held outside. Mr. Wabs thought he recognized the voice of the bonze, and bared his arms to deal him at least one powerful blow should he be the first to enter; but after a moment's further discussion the cart rattled off, and all was silent again, save for distant echoing footsteps on the stone-paved court.

Through the narrow openings of the windows in the temple Mr. Wabs saw the first faint streaks of approaching dawn.

v

ALTHOUGH Foo-ling showed no manner of surprise when Follingsbee thus grimly told him their destination, he must have marveled at the strangeness of the young man's words. Nor did Follingsbee vouchsafe the least explanation until they had ridden full two miles; then he called the servant to his side.

"Do you know how much farther it is to Pé Yün Ssü?" he asked.

"Three li, master."

"Are you well acquainted with the place?"

"I have been there many times."

"Describe as accurately as you can where the Temple of Hell lies in the inclosure." Follingsbee's voice was husky from suppressed emotion; his quivering lip belied the quiet tones.

Something like a chuckle escaped from Foo-ling. The young American turned sharply and bent a searching gaze upon him. Instantly the man's face resumed its

expression of inscrutable impassivity; his eyes alone glowed with a look of admiration as he spoke: "You are wise, master, above every one. Who else would have fathomed the true meaning of the bonze's mysterious words? Not I, truly, though I have known of this Temple of Hell all my life. It is near the southeast wall of Pé Yün Ssü, in a court by itself, and beside it lies a grotto."

Follingsbee interrupted him with an exclamation of surprise and exultation. "Yes," he said below his breath, "it is the same place. I am sure of it."

An old lama in Peking who was his teacher in the Tibetan language had often told him tales of these hills and the temples on them. One story in particular now forced itself upon his memory. Many years ago, a priest of Buddha, dwelling on these western hills, entered into a conspiracy with the magistrate of a certain village to defraud the people. Notices were sent out near and far, saying that a pious priest, wishing to attain to buddhaship and at the same time raise money for his temple, would, on a stated day, undergo self-immolation by fire. All good people were invited to attend his martyrdom and present their gifts. Now it was agreed between the magistrate and the ungodly priest that the funeral pile should be erected in a certain grotto in his temple, over a trap-door that opened into an underground passage known only to themselves, and leading out beyond the temple grounds. When the smoke of the fire should hide the priest from sight, he was to slip down the trap-door and save himself. His disappearance would be counted miraculous and the work of Buddha. The money obtained by means of this fraud was to be divided between the magistrate and the priest. All was arranged according to agreement, with one fatal difference: the wily old official, thinking it a pity to share so much wealth with another, had the trap-door securely fastened, and the priest, unable to escape the leaping flames, was consumed amid his own dreadful imprecations and shrieks of pain.

It was this story that Follingsbee repeated to Foo-ling, who listened with close attention.

"And this tunnel leads from the grotto of Pé Yün Ssü," Follingsbee concluded with conviction.

"After we have found it, master, what then?" Foo-ling's tones spoke volumes.

"What then? Why, this." Follingsbee's hands sought his pistol-pocket and rested on the trusty weapon there.

"I understand," said Foo-ling, quietly.

They rode on rapidly in silence. On approaching Pé Yün Ssü, they slackened their pace and went more warily. The sun was climbing higher and higher; its heat began to be reflected with almost torrid fury from the white, sandy road. Not a sound could be heard from the walled inclosure before them; even the tingi did not seem tempted to stir abroad so early in the morning, and the bamboo curtains of the gate-house were kept tightly drawn.

Now Pé Yün Ssü is partly built upon the sloping side of a thickly wooded hill. Follingsbee left the main road, and led the way up the hill, back of the inclosure, and so down again. This manœuvre kept the riders within the shelter of the trees and screened them from view until they descended close to the southeastern side of the grounds.

Over the wall glistened the red-tiled roof of a temple.

"That is the Temple of Hell," whispered Foo-ling.

Follingsbee could feel his heart throb with a violence that was almost pain.

"And the grotto?" he asked, whispering also.

"Lies between the temple and the wall in a straight line from where we are standing."

"Then we will start from this point to seek the tunnel."

They had tethered their horses in the woods and had come the remainder of the way on foot. Slowly and cautiously they advanced, examining every step.

Now and again Foo-ling would drop suddenly upon his hands and knees and tap the ground as with serpentine twists he moved himself along.

It was not the first time that the appearance and action of a Chinaman brought to Follingsbee's attention his startling resemblance to the North American Indian.

Once Foo-ling, when upon all fours, sprang from the ground and gazed intently toward a clump of tall trees skirting the hillside.

"One piecee man there," he said abruptly, lapsing into Pidgin-English as

a precautionary measure. "He lookee what we makee do."

Follingsbee strode over to the wood with no definite purpose other than to see what manner of man it was, whether priest or peasant. He found no one. After carefully reconnoitering, he returned, convinced that Foo-ling was mistaken. For an hour they continued their fruitless search for the tunnel. With great exertion they rolled aside rocks embedded in the earth; they prodded about the trunks of large trees scattered widely apart upon their path; then, tired and disappointed, they returned again to the point from which they had started.

But Follingsbee was not discouraged; his confidence in the existence of a subterranean passage remained unshaken. Nor was he mistaken.

Taking a more southerly course and leading toward the hills, he came upon it unexpectedly.

He heard the recurrent rhythm of falling water not far off, and saw jetting from a rock in the hillside a sheeny sheet, an elusive rainbow shimmering here and there on its thin, translucent surface.

The little stream moistened the parched earth a short distance, then abruptly disappeared again, evidently preferring the cooler subterranean highways to the hot, sun-baked ground above.

Follingsbee thought he could hear its soft tinkling melody as it threaded its way underground. He turned to the waterfall to slacken his own thirst, for the first time in many hours mindful of his physical needs. As he bent his head to take a long cooling draught, he seized the projecting limb of a tree to help his balance. The branch, already partly decayed, broke beneath his weight, and he pitched headlong into a thick growth of bushes. His head went down into a hollow, and he found himself gazing into a long, narrow tunnel.

With a thrill of triumph he called Foo-ling. Together they stumbled along the dark passage, their echoing tread sounding like pursuing footsteps. It was a gruesome place, the home of bats and many crawling, noisome things. The tunnel was without winding intricacies, and soon they came upon the trap-door at its farthest end.

Follingsbee's first impulse was one of exultation, his second of despair; the trap-door refused to yield an inch under the

combined strength of the men. With an access of helpless fury Follingsbee again and again attacked the fastenings of the door, until, baffled and exhausted, he sank on the dank earth. He remained for a time in apparently hopeless dejection, his eyes closed, his arms hanging lifelessly at his sides. Yet never had his brain been as active as now. In a little while he started up.

"Foo-ling," he exclaimed, "there remains but one way, and it has risks greater than this in which we have failed. Will you take them?"

Unhesitatingly and quietly the Chinese replied: "My life is at your disposal to save Missy Betty."

A lump in Follingsbee's throat prevented his speaking for a moment. Foo-ling had uttered the thought he did not dare express: it was a question of Betty's life. Briefly, then, he set forth his new plan. The trap-door must be opened on the inside and by the prisoners themselves. He explained to Foo-ling his line of action; everything depended upon the boldness and wit with which he carried it through. In less than fifteen minutes the faithful servant was standing before the gates of Pé Yün Ssü, bent upon his perilous undertaking. At his request the tingi conducted him to the head priest of the temple. To him Foo-ling delivered the message Follingsbee had framed. He was of the Ihochunds, he said, and had been sent by the bonze who brought the three foreigners to the worshipful brothers yesterday evening. The bonze was going toward Peking, and would meet the foreign party who were coming out to hunt for the missing ones. The bonze did not wish the foreign party to come near Pé Yün Ssü; they might think of searching, and would at least make trouble; he would send them in another direction, where there were plenty of Ihochunds to attend to them; and he wanted a certain gold charm on the young girl's watch-chain to show to the foreign party in proof of his veracity. The messenger could speak Pidgin-English and could ask the trinket of the girl. It might not be well to use force so soon.

The old priest gave an evil chuckle, then suddenly his brow darkened. He scowled at Foo-ling. There was no plausible reason for doubting the message, yet some subtle instinct made him distrustful.

"I will speak to the brothers; wait here," he commanded sharply.

Foo-ling nodded indifferently,—apparently he cared not whether the bonze received the gold charm or not,—and silently squatted on the ground.

Soon the old man returned. "Come," he said briefly, and led the way to the Temple of Hell.

Foo-ling trembled as the great doors swung open. If Betty showed the least sign of recognition, all was lost. Before the prisoners had started up from the floor where they had been sitting, he began rapidly to speak in a harsh, threatening voice: "Missy not know me, missy vely careful not know me. My talkee closs [cross] not be frightened. Mr. Follingsbee sendee me; he waittee in one piecee tunnel lowside glotto. Glotto other side door; maybe you kill man get there. Must come; no safee here. Missy give me one piecee gold," he added hastily, advancing toward Betty with menacing gesture. His quick eye had caught the look of impatience and suspicion on the priest's face at the length of his speech.

Betty had already displayed her fortitude during the dark hours in the hideous temple; she now showed her presence of mind. She snapped the little charm off her watch-chain, and handing it to Foo-ling, said, as if in passive resignation, while her heart beat tumultuously:

"Tell Mr. Follingsbee we will come soon or never." Then the doors closed upon the three prisoners, and they were alone once more.

## VI

For a moment they were plunged in thought characteristic of their several natures.

Betty, with glad eyes and throbbing heart, was thinking of John Follingsbee, who, like a faithful sentinel, stood guard over her near the grotto, not many feet away. The knowledge of his proximity suffused a soft glow of happiness through her, and the horrors of the long night melted like mist from her consciousness.

Mrs. Wabs, with the prospect of release in sight, was forming good resolutions so fast that had she been able to live up to one third of them, her church must have canonized her a saint.

But the consul was making a careful

calculation of the time yet required to finish the cutting away of the latch in the little door back of the altar.

"It may be done in half an hour," he said aloud and hastened back to the task.

The women watched his progress anxiously.

Before long the latch began to loosen. Bracing his foot against the wall, Mr. Wabs gave one powerful wrench, and the door, with a loud crack, opened. A suppressed cry of delight broke from the prisoners; they had only a step to take to reach the grotto; once there, their escape would be easy.

Suddenly Betty grasped the consul's arm; her quick ears had caught the sound of stealthily approaching footsteps.

"Some one is coming," she gasped in a terrified whisper.

Instantly Mr. Wabs closed the door, drew the curtain across it, and beckoning to the women, returned to the interior of the temple, where he seated himself again upon the floor in an attitude of assumed dejection.

The steps stopped at the temple doors; they heard the bolts drawn, and then there was a short silence before the doors were softly opened.

There was something indescribably alarming to the silent listeners in the temple in this stealthy approach of their unknown visitor. Twice only during their imprisonment had any one come to see them, and on both occasions no effort had been made toward secrecy, as indeed there was no occasion for such precaution, for were they not completely in the power of their captors? As they kept their eyes glued upon the doors in fearful suspense, they saw the half-sneering, cunning face of the bonze peering in. An expression of surprise, mingled with something akin to disappointment, passed over his ugly features when he saw the three foreigners sitting quietly upon the floor.

Mrs. Wabs cowered close to the wall when she saw him, her lips drawn taut with terror; Betty sprang up erect and defiant; but Mr. Wabs, after the first startled recognition of the bonze, jumped to his feet and rushed upon him with clenched fists, shouting, "D—— you, you skulking scoundrel, how dared you bring us here!"

Physical courage was not the bonze's strongest point; he hastily withdrew, bolt-

ing the door after him. Soon the hurried patter of his retreating steps was lost in the distance.

"Quick!" said Mr. Wabs. "Now is our chance—he may return again with the others."

They lost no time; the thought of the treacherous priest hovering near lent them additional speed. They rushed through the small door into the grotto. The trap-door was easily found, but not so easily opened; the rusty iron bolts were difficult to move. Great beads of sweat fell from Mr. Wabs's forehead as he tugged desperately at the bolts; he was a large man, but not muscular, and his long fast had weakened him. To Betty, as she stood quivering with excitement, straining every nerve to listen for the sound of any one's approach, the time seemed interminable before the rusty bars finally yielded to the consul's exertions and shot back from their fastenings.

They found Follingsbee and Foo-ling waiting in the tunnel. Not a word was spoken; Betty felt a strong, protecting grip on her hand, the trap-door was closed again, and they started silently to run the length of the passage. Suddenly they stopped; a loud, shrill whistle had struck sharply on their ears. It seemed to come from the courtyard of the temple they had just left.

"That is a signal of some kind," whispered Follingsbee. "We must get to the woods before they discover your escape."

Betty, still hand in hand with Follingsbee, ran like a deer, and fear lent unwonted swiftness to Mrs. Wabs's feet.

Near the outer entrance the passage narrowed, and they were forced to run in single file. Follingsbee was leading. He had almost emerged into the clear sunlight when, with a low exclamation, he retreated into the tunnel as rapidly as he had advanced. Lined up on each side of the entrance stood two rows of silent, white-robed figures, immovable, with eyes directed upon the tunnel. They were the priests of Pé Yün Ssü.

"Trapped!" muttered Follingsbee.

"The game is up," panted Mr. Wabs, as he caught a glimpse over the young man's shoulder of the sinister faces of the shaven-crowned men.

They had been outnumbered and outwitted.

It was then that Foo-ling took command.

"Back—back into the temple," he whispered to Follingsbee, "before they know we have seen them."

They turned and again sped down the dark passage. They had not started a moment too soon; before they once more opened the trap-door, they heard in the distance a yell, and knew that the priests had become aware of their retreat and were in full pursuit. Once in the grotto, Foo-ling led the way through courtyard after courtyard, trying to reach the outer gates of Pé Yün Ssü, then trust to luck for what would follow. But he was not to succeed. Behind them the priests were already in the grotto; before them the leering bonze, like an evil, noxious thing, was screaming to the tingi to lock the gates securely.

At that moment Follingsbee saw to their right a large hall filled with colossal figures of painted gods. It was the Hall of Ten Thousand Buddhas. Something like an inspiration came to him.

"This way!" he shouted, and still holding Betty's hand, which he had not for an instant dropped since leaving the tunnel, he rushed into the building, followed by the consul, Mrs. Wabs, and Foo-ling. He bolted the doors behind them, not noting that those at the farther end of the large hall were also open. Calling Mr. Wabs and Foo-ling to help, he seized hold of the first great wooden idol, and attempted to tilt it up. Alone he could not have been equal to the task, but, assisted by the two men, the image was easily raised from the place where for years it had not been moved. Follingsbee peered under it; to his great relief he found that he was not mistaken in supposing that, like most Chinese gods, these, too, were hollow. Betty and Mrs. Wabs were pushed into this strange hiding-place, the latter being cautioned to maintain perfect silence, no matter what occurred, as their safety depended upon it. Into the idol next to them, Mr. Wabs and Foo-ling crawled, while Follingsbee insisted, in answer to their protestations, that a smaller Buddha near one of the windows would afford him protection.

The shouting of the angry priests grew nearer and louder. Follingsbee heard the bonze telling of their attempted escape by the gates and of their disappearance into the Hall of the Ten Thousand Buddhas.

Furious blows rained upon the doors. He did not have time to try to raise another idol, but climbing three or four of the long tiers, swung himself out of the window into the overhanging branch of a tall tree. The wooden panels of the doors cracked under the impetuous onslaught, and there was a rush of priests into the hall. They stopped in surprise on seeing the farther entrance wide open; evidently the Kuei-tzes had fled into the small, inclosed courtyard beyond, and as it had no outlet except through the hall, they were effectually trapped. With an ugly shout of triumph, the priests hurried on. Follingsbee, hidden in the thick foliage of the tree, could, from his high position, look over into the court, and he found himself almost laughing aloud at the furious astonishment of the men when one glance showed them that the bare little court was empty. They tumbled over one another in their haste to reënter the hall and begin a careful search. The bonze, in particular, was active; his cunning malice made Follingsbee fear for a moment that he would divine the secret of their hiding-place. Follingsbee's anxiety overcame his prudence, and he let himself drop to a lower limb, where he could peer through the window. On one thing he was determined: rather than let Betty fall into the hands of these angry priests, who now were roused to serious mischief, he would reserve a bullet for her, and empty the remainder into as many yellow breasts as possible before he himself was killed.

With loud ejaculations and afire with eagerness and rage, they began their search in the hall. Up and down, in and out, through the long rows of giant idols they tore, screaming and cursing like creatures demented. The wild madness of the man-hunt was strong upon them, and their nostrils dilated with the excitement of the chase. When they found their search was futile, their anger knew no bounds, and the bonze in his passion struck at the great, calm figures of the gods, hurling vile epithets of abuse upon them.

"Examine every inch of the temple and grounds," he cried, "for they are hidden somewhere in Pé Yün Ssü. Let me but once find them, and their blood shall water your dried plants, their flesh make food for your hungry dogs. Fool that I was to let them escape for the pleasure of seizing them again at the moment they thought

themselves free!" Then he tore out of the hall, followed by the others, who in groups of three and four scattered over the grounds to begin an organized hunt.

When they had gone, Follingsbee crept through the window and tapped gently on the idol in which the two women were hidden.

"Betty, can you breathe in there?" he whispered, his mouth close to the painted wood.

"Yes," came the muffled answer; "but the dust is choking us. Have they all gone?"

"Keep a brave heart; our escape is assured now. A little longer and you will be free. Is Mrs. Wabs all right?"

"Oh," wailed that lady, in a voice which admitted of no doubt that she was still energetically alive, "I want to get out! It's so spidery in here."

"Not so loud!" warned the young man. "As soon as it is safe, I will release you."

He returned to his post in the tree, and waited, with what patience he could summon, for the first shades of twilight to fall. He had already formed his plan of escape. Twice small bands of priests returned to the hall in futile search of the foreigners. Later, Follingsbee saw them in the woods back of the temple grounds, their white figures gleaming fantastically through the green of the trees.

The two horses, peacefully nibbling what grass they could reach, were discovered, and led to the temple stables.

Not till the dim, elusive light of the waning day fell over the earth did the hunt cease and the priests gather in the courtyards of their dwellings to discuss in shrill, falsetto voices the marvelous escape of their prisoners. It was then that Follingsbee slipped through the window and cautiously crept to the great Buddhas who, with god-like calm, had shielded the Kuei-tzes from the wrath of their disciples. With a stout stick cut from the tree for a lever, Follingsbee succeeded in raising the image in which were hidden Mr. Wabs and Foo-ling. They crawled out, dust-covered and dizzy from the long confinement in their close quarters. They then released the two women, who, worn by hunger, thirst, and fatigue, as well as by the prolonged excitement of the flight, dropped half fainting to the floor. Betty was the first to revive, her pale face and big, haggard eyes alone testifying to her exhausted condition as, assisted by

Follingsbee, she stood erect and confident by his side. Mrs. Wabs, who, on the whole, had shown much docility and courage, was not long in following the young girl's example, and collecting all her remaining strength, she announced herself ready for the next step toward liberty.

Follingsbee conducted them to the window through which he had swung himself into the tree, and inquired anxiously if the ladies were equal to this small acrobatic feat. It was not difficult, he assured them, if they would obey his directions. He swung himself out, and Betty was the first to follow him. She sprang with the agility of a cat; her lithe, graceful figure was soon clinging to the overhanging branch, and hand over hand she reached the center of the tree. From this point she again followed Follingsbee's directions, and climbing higher, crawled far out to another branch. "Now let go," he whispered, and Betty found herself on the roof of a low building near the outer wall of the inclosure. Here she waited while Follingsbee returned for the others. It was only the exigency of the moment that induced Mrs. Wabs to attempt this mode of exit, and with difficulty she kept from screaming when she felt herself suspended in mid-air from the high branch of a great tree. Finally she too was successfully landed on the roof. At the farther end of the building its projecting eaves almost touched the wall; it was an easy matter to slip down on to it.

Then hanging by their hands, the men dropped noiselessly to the ground outside of the inclosure. "Jump!" came the command to the trembling women, and Mrs. Wabs landed in the outstretched arms of her husband and Foo-ling, while Betty was caught in Follingsbee's strong embrace. For one brief moment he held her close, then gently placed her on her feet.

"I have but one regret in leaving this place," said Mr. Wabs, mournfully—"that I did not have a chance personally to thank my friend the bonze for the hospitality he forced on us."

"The opportunity may come later. There are many miles between us and Peking." Follingsbee's tones as he spoke were darkly significant.

#### VII

"I AM afraid," said Betty, faintly, when they had gone but a short distance, "that



I shall not be able to walk much farther without food. We have had nothing to eat since tiffin yesterday except a few cakes of millet that Mr. Wabs found on the altar last night."

With a sinking heart, Follingsbee saw that the girl's power of endurance had come to an end, and that even Mrs. Wabs was struggling along feebly, assisted by her husband and Foo-ling. Food must be procured, and that immediately; but how and where was a difficult question.

"Missy makee walk little more; my catchee you chow-chow [food]," said Foo-ling, suddenly. And he explained to Follingsbee that in the outskirts of a small hamlet less than a quarter of a mile away his cousin lived, a good, kindly woman who undoubtedly would help them. Of her husband he was not so sure; he was an ignorant man, afraid of the foreigners' "evil eye." They could slip to the rear of the house and trust to seeing the woman first. The plan was a bold one and full of danger, yet they had no choice other than to attempt it.

"Lead the way," said Follingsbee, shortly, and lifting Betty up in his strong arms, strode silently on. Once only did the girl protest. "It is too much for you," she said feebly, looking up at him with big, tired eyes. He made no reply except to clasp her closer. Even in her disheveled condition and ghastly pallor, Follingsbee could not but note the loveliness of her face as it lay apparently lifeless against his shoulders.

As they approached the hamlet, Follingsbee was struck by an unnatural quietness about the place. In the distance the inhabitants were intent upon a torchlight procession coming down the street.

"We are fortunate," exclaimed Foo-ling; "my cousin's husband will not be home; the people are out praying for rain."

By a small mat-covered house near a willow-tree he stopped. "This is the place," he said, and beckoning them to follow, he entered.

The room in which they found themselves was clean but miserably poor, a table, two wooden chairs, and a kang (brick bed) constituting the furniture. In a smaller room adjoining sat a woman nursing a sickly-looking baby. The place was dimly lighted by two shabby lanterns

suspended from the ceiling. The woman looked up in alarm at the sudden appearance of intruding foreigners in her home; she was about to cry out when she recognized Foo-ling, who, raising a warning finger, slipped to her side and hurriedly whispered in her ear. She listened stolidly at first, then with pity, and placing the infant in its rude bed, busied herself in preparing a meal.

Her husband was out, she said, viewing the procession; he might not return till late, and in the meantime she would give them what food she had.

The repast was simple, but to Betty, propped upon the kang, with Follingsbee's coat serving for a pillow, never had food tasted sweeter. To each of her unbidden guests the woman gave a steaming bowl of tea, a dish of rice, and one containing yam cakes. As they ate, they talked in low tones, yet with cheerfulness, even jesting and making the most of the luxury of their present safety. Once, with half-childish fear lest she was dreaming, and to test the reality of their escape and Follingsbee's close presence, Betty stretched out her hand and touched him timidly on the arm, unnoticed as she thought. The pathetic little action had not been lost on Follingsbee, and this conscious touch of her slim white fingers on his sleeve thrilled him more than when he had held her half fainting in his arms.

"Dear heart," he spoke low in her ear, "you need not fear. You are here safe by my side."

But it was Foo-ling who kept watch by the door.

The procession, which had left the main street to wind slowly about the little fields just outside the village, was now again returning, the fitful flare of its torches drawing momentarily closer to the house where Foo-ling stood on guard.

The pageant was headed by a man sprinkling water out of two buckets hung from a pole across his shoulders, while he cried: "The rain comes! the rain comes!"

He was followed by a band of musicians with gongs, drums, and strange wind-instruments. Next came youths in white, carrying on poles of green bamboo flags of different colors, symbolizing wind, water, and clouds. They waved the flags from side to side, and their voices rose above

the sound of gongs and drums in the wild cry: "Let it rain! let it rain!"

In the center of the procession, borne on the shoulders of a man, was the dragon-king, followed by more white-clad youths holding sticks of burning incense.

Foo-ling, who shared the fondness of his

He had seen the bonze. The recognition had been as sudden as it was mutual.

The appearance of their old enemy at this time was not extraordinary. Summons had come, while he was at Pé Yün Ssü, from the village people, for a priest to take part in the devout ceremonies of the even-



Drawn by Sydney Adamson. Half-tone plate engraved by William Miller

"'TRAPPED!' MUTTERED FOLLINGSBEE" (SEE PAGE 521)

race for showy pageants, forgot his previous prudence, and, to steal a look, partly opened the door. The next instant he boldly stepped outside, closed the door, and leaned his back against it, as though in negligence, while watching the procession.

ing, in which the gods were to be invoked for rain. The reluctance on the part of the saintly brothers to attend these rites, which the poverty of the village people did not render greatly remunerative, caused the bonze to offer his services. No pecuniary

profit was too small for his consideration. Then, too, the opportunity was favorable for further distilling anti-foreign doctrines and increasing the secret ranks of the Iho-chunds. He would inflame a long-smoldering suspicion that the gods were wroth and had sent the drought as a punishment for some wrong the people had committed. That wrong, he would impress on them, was the toleration shown in the land to the presence of those sin-begotten Kuei-tzes, some of whom were even known to lure little children from their homes, to pluck out their eyes and grind them into medicines.

No sooner had the bonze recognized in Foo-ling the native who assisted in the escape of his prisoners, than he turned and called the procession to a halt. Where this man was, he told himself, the foreigners would be not far off. The cheeks of the bonze burned with the fever of unsatisfied revenge; an ominous light glowed in his lustful eyes.

"Hear me again," he addressed the people, "you who have been beseeching the gods for rain. My soul is benumbed in sorrow for you; the millet and kaoliang in your fields are yellow before their time, withering in the dry, heat-baked earth; hunger and death confront you. Why have the gods not harkened to your prayers, nor listened to the great Hwangte's cry for rain? Why does the curse of famine threaten you? Again and yet again I tell you, it is because the foreign devils still pollute the land. The gods are exceedingly angry that you permit these red-haired fiends among you; for many teach your children to revile our deities, even to scorn the worship of our ancestors." He paused a moment.

By the light of the torches it was easy to see with what concentrated attention the villagers listened as he spoke. "And now," he continued, raising his voice till it became almost a shriek, "you are harboring here, here in your village, four of these same white-livered devils, whom the gods had delivered into my hands to deal with according to their deserts, and there stands the shameless thing who aided their escape and brought them here to hide. Thy mother is in hell," he yelled, turning upon Foo-ling and no longer able to restrain his pent-up anger.

The villagers were at first dumfounded

at the sudden accusation of the bonze that they harbored foreigners in their homes; then they knitted their brows and looked at Foo-ling.

The latter had remained immovable by the door, his face expressing the utmost indifference during the bonze's speech. Now, lifting his eyebrows, he scanned him calmly as he said:

"Thou speakest the truth in some things, but in the main thou liest, as it is thy nature to. But what care I? The day is not far off when thou wilt howl in hell for selling sacred wares to foreigners."

With startled surprise, which gradually was quenched in rising passion, the people gazed upon the bonze, not failing to note the livid hue of his countenance and his lively apprehension as Foo-ling finished speaking.

Illicit dealing in temple idols was a crime punished by death in the courts of China, and to sell those idols to unbelieving Kuei-tzes was an offense to these simple country folks too heinous almost to credit.

"Yes," continued Foo-ling, "I know whereof I speak. He says,"—pointing contemptuously at the bonze,—"'propitiate the gods and chase the foreigners from the land,' and yet he seeks them privately to sell, for many taels, small bronze and wooden images of our gods, which he steals from our temples. In the home of the Russian prince in Peking are many such gods, and also in the English compound, and he"—his fingers still directed at the cringing bonze—"he brought them there for money, the low-lived pig."

"How know you this?" asked a deep voice from the crowd.

"I have seen him do it," returned Foo-ling, "aye, many times. Watch out!" he suddenly exclaimed. "He is slinking off."

The peaceful crowd, gathered for the purpose of prayer, now changed into a howling mob thirsting to avenge the gross insult to their gods offered by this greasy, hypocritical man of Buddha. With one accord they sprang upon him, but he, leaving his soiled white garments in their hands, fled past them into the night.

While the crowd with wild execrations pursued him, Foo-ling reëntered the house, where the little party of fugitives were waiting anxiously, listening to the tumult without. He had hardly explained the cause of the commotion when the door

was again pushed open and the owner of the wretched hovel entered. He paused midway in the room.

"So 't is true, then?" he said, anger mingling with fear in his face.

"What is true?" asked Foo-ling, defiantly.

"That you bring foreign devils to defile our homes. Out they go, and that at once, or I call in those who 'll help me thrust them from my house."

Foo-ling pleaded with him in vain to let his miserable roof shelter them for that night. Even the woman joined in begging tolerance for the presence of the weary foreigners, and Follingsbee offered him what money he had left if he would consent to their remaining. But the man was as iron in his determination that they should leave; his dull, clownish mind was aflame with superstitious fear of the baleful foreign "evil eye." One unwilling concession they wrung from him—not to warn the people of their presence in the village.

Forcing money upon the woman for her pitying kindness, the fugitives stole out into the rapidly increasing darkness of the night.

Directly east of the village and ten miles distant lay Peking. If the strength of the women held out, Follingsbee hoped to reach the city gates at daybreak.

On and on they struggled, but in the darkness they repeatedly lost the road, dragging themselves over rough, plowed fields, stumbling against the loosely built mounds of the dead scattered plentifully about, their ghastly contents often only partly concealed by the dry, crumbling earth.

In the vague horrors of this night, even Betty's courage deserted her, and she clung in speechless fear to Follingsbee. A blinding rush of pity for the girl swept over him; in protecting tenderness he wound his arm about her, and half carrying her, hurried on.

The night was far spent when obscurely in the distance they discerned a light. With a final effort at haste, they made this hopeful gleam their destination. Surely, whoever it was who was keeping watch at this late hour would not refuse them shelter. With a sense of satisfaction they noted, as they approached the light, that it came from a farm-house standing alone in an isolated field; but Foo-ling knocked upon the door with something of trepidation in his honest heart. What if the place was a

country gambling-house, and they found themselves thrown in the company of rough, unfriendly men?

All was silent within. If the occupants were asleep or absent, why had they left a light? Repeated knockings failing to procure them admission, Follingsbee leaned his back against the door and deliberately broke it in. Within were the signs of a desperate struggle, while the open doors at the rear of the house indicated a hasty flight.

"This was the home of a native Christian," said the servant softly to Follingsbee. "The Ithochunds have been here," he added, pointing to some sprawling characters on the wall. After satisfying themselves that the house was quite deserted, they prepared to make themselves comfortable. The place was well cared for and evidently belonged to a prosperous farmer. Foo-ling busied himself in kindling a fire, and finding a canister, soon had ready a hot bowl of tea for all. Revived by the refreshing beverage, they lay down to much-needed sleep, the men taking turns in mounting guard. The short night was soon past; dawn broke gray, sullen, but rainless. The sleepers awakened and foraged in the deserted farm-house for such food as had been left.

From time to time Follingsbee scanned the cloudy horizon, a hard-set determination in him to reach Peking that day.

The pallid hillsides in the distance showed him, in the broad prospect of advancing morning, that they had wandered nearer their destination than he had dared to hope; but still the way was a long and weary one for the tired women.

Suddenly Follingsbee's attention was attracted by a cloud of dust on the horizon. The cloud advanced and became larger. With a sharp sense of uneasiness he watched its approach. Soon his keen ears detected the rhythmical thud of horses' hoofs striking the ground in swift gallop. Was the small cavalcade that now loomed in sight returning Ithochunds, pursuing priests, or friends hurrying in quest of them? He was not long to remain in doubt; the bright coats of the English legation guard glistened in the sunlight.

Follingsbee hurried into the house with the good tidings, and as Betty, the Wabses, and Foo-ling rushed forth to assure themselves that it was true, they could distin-

guish a tall, dark figure riding in advance of the escort-men. It was the American minister, dust-covered and worn, leading the way at furious speed. Betty was the first to recognize him; with a glad cry on her lips she tore down the road to meet him. As the little figure flying toward him became more distinct, the minister checked his horse with such suddenness that the animal reared and almost fell backward on its haunches. The next moment Betty was clasped in her father's arms, and a sob rose in his throat as he held her close to him.

Mr. Danford was in Chifu when rumors of the Ihochunds' uprising reached him. He hastened back to Peking, traveling night and day until he reached the capital, where, one hour after his arrival, he was told of Betty's disappearance. Accepting the British minister's offer of a party of English escort-men, Mr. Danford started in search of his daughter. How he met her, we have just seen.

It was a tired but happy party that passed through the gates of the American legation a little before noon that day. Seated at early tiffin, Mr. Danford listened to Betty's recital of their imprisonment and final rescue by John Follingsbee. When she concluded, Mr. Wabs rose, rested one hand upon the table, the other in the bosom of his shirt-front, cleared his throat, and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is my duty as well as my privilege to offer, in behalf of the two ladies present and myself, most heartfelt thanks to our friend, countryman, and rescuer, John G. Follingsbee,"—the initial was inserted by Mr. Wabs for the sake of euphony,—“whose reputation as traveler, scholar, and philanthropist is deservedly world-wide—”

"Oh, I say! not quite so much fiction, please!" expostulated the young man, laughing.

"—who is one of nature's noblemen," continued Mr. Wabs, calmly, "and whose abilities as soldier, strategist, and diplomat have made it possible for us to assemble once more beneath the homelike roof of this United States legation. I am but echoing the sentiments and wishes of all present to-night when I express the hope that ere long he may lead to the hymeneal altar the most beautiful lady in the land, Miss Elizabeth J. Danford,"—again is the initial Mr. Wabs's own,—“and with matrimonial felicity and connubial ecstasy to smooth life's rugged path, live to hoary old age, surrounded by the tender care of his fond children and his children's children.”

But this was too much for Follingsbee, —Betty had already slipped quietly off,—and jumping up with a muttered apology that the necessity of attending to important business matters compelled him to go, he hastened from the room.

The following day the Wabses completed their preparations for returning to the consul's post. Mr. Danford had become so tolerant of their presence that he even invited them to return to Betty's wedding, a few weeks later. But Mrs. Wabs regretfully declined the invitation; she could not bring herself as yet to face the possibility of again having native hospitality thrust upon her in the interior of this barbaric land.

As for Mr. Wabs, he left Peking carrying with him a sense of satisfaction in the knowledge that the bonze had been captured and decapitated by the Chinese authorities for selling idols to foreigners.

But the disturbances of the Ihochunds, although suppressed by the Yamen, broke out again some years later, under the leadership of another organization known as the "Boxers" Society.





LOWER DEAD RIVER AND MOUNT  
BIGELOW



WHERE THE CHAUDIÈRE LEAVES  
LAKE MEGANTIC

From photographs by the author

## THE PROLOGUE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

BY JUSTIN H. SMITH

Professor of Modern History in Dartmouth College, Author of "The Troubadours at Home"

### III. ARNOLD'S BATTLE WITH THE WILDERNESS

#### DEAD RIVER AND THE CHAUDIÈRE

THE western branch of the Kennebec has been given the name Dead River, because in 1775 it was full of drowned soldiers. So one may read, but there is not a syllable of truth in it; and the next picture conjured up by the name, a doleful Styx, turbid and miasmatic, is equally false. The plain fact is that the river flows for a long distance through meadows, and, unless the water is high, it scarcely seems to move at all. That is why it has been called dead. Nothing gloomy belongs to the name. A delectable and captivating stream is Dead River.

Much of the way for thirty miles it winds as if Mount Bigelow were a lodestone and it could not get away. Over and over one says good-by to that lordly range, and faces resolutely to the northwest; over and over one finds dead ahead the same vast wall, buttressed with shadowy bastions, turreted

with peaks. Yet there is no regret; the traveler feels that he should move slowly through such an avenue.

For an avenue it is, a royal avenue. Sixty or seventy yards from bank to bank spreads the black water, profoundly deep, while the almost vertical banks, higher than the height of a tall man, are covered with alders and willows, dogwood and ferns, and the foliage of willows and soft maples, firs, pines, and elms, white birches and cedars, frets the sky above.

Arnold's men found lower Dead River, as we can see from their journals, much as it now is. On both sides luxuriant grass covered the plain, or faded out in the reaches of poorer soil; tall evergreens, rather thinly planted, souged and swayed above it; while here and there a glimpse could be had of goodly mountains, the confines of the valley. The change from the



RAPIDS NEAR SHADAGEE FALLS



ONE OF THE CHAIN OF PONDS



ARNOLD POND



HORSESHOE POND



ARNOLD RIVER AND THE MEADOWS



NEAR THE MOUTH OF  
ARNOLD RIVER



ON THE UPPER CHAUDIÈRE



THE CHAUDIÈRE NEAR  
ST. MARY



fearful difficulties of the Kennebec and the Great Carrying-place delighted everybody. Even the darkest absorbed some radiance from the calmly beautiful scene. Meigs and Hanchet went excursioning to Mount Bigelow. It seemed to all as if the golden highway to victory had been found, and soldier jollity shook its rough sides once more.

#### BEGINNING TO BE HUNGRY

STERN was the awakening; squarely in front rose all at once the hardest of realities—a hand-to-hand struggle for existence. For Greene's division had no bread, and were almost out of flour. They entered Dead River on October 13, and three days later they were put on half-rations.

How this came to pass we cannot quite make out, for on the 15th Arnold wrote Enos that the first three divisions had supplies for three weeks and a half. Perhaps the damage on the Kennebec was greater than he supposed, and perhaps the men had used the stores more freely than he knew; for it was only as they were leaving the Great Carrying-place that a daily ration—twelve ounces of flour and of pork—was fixed. Whatever the explanation, the fact was as clear as an empty cup. Half-way to Quebec, fairly caught in the wilderness, one division could see the bottom of its flour-barrel, and two of the others, as it proved, were not much better off.

At first, indeed, the situation did not appear very alarming, for the rear had set out with an extra store of provisions; and Arnold sent Major Bigelow back, with twelve bateaux and ninety-six men, to obtain supplies from Enos. But all this fleet returned with only a barrel or two of flour—no more could be got; and now there was alarm enough. Clearly it was a desperate case, and the issue was plain: instant retreat or taking the chances of hunger. Greene and his brave officers did not hesitate. It was decided at once to send back all unfit for duty, and the rest of the men, with heavy but resolute hearts, pushed on. One hope remained: the French settlements of the Chaudière valley were not far away, they said to themselves, and supplies were surely to be had there.

Meantime the third division had passed the second, and in this order the troops, well scattered of course, moved on up the smooth, meandering river, past Hurricane

Falls, and past the beautiful point where Flagstaff village now stands on its bluff, reviewing the martial range of Bigelow; while the riflemen in front, leaving Arnold Falls and a whole series of rapids behind, entered the foot-hills. In spite of all, the army was advancing. Hungry? Tighten the belt.

#### THE FLOOD COMES

BUT nature was now ready to open her batteries, for the daring invaders had fairly entered her ambush. Thursday, the 19th, there were "small rains," as Arnold called them; the next day the downpour increased; and Saturday the army had to face a regular storm,—no, an altogether extraordinary storm,—a furious, raging, slashing, intolerable tempest from the southwest. "A windier nor a rainier day I never see," wrote Squier, with grammar quite good enough to be understood. Torrents of rain soaked the poor soldiers laboring to make headway by land or by water, while broken or uprooted trees almost barred the river, and some of them came near falling on the boats. Evening brought an end of toil, but not a beginning of comfort. Little supper could be had without fire, no fires were possible save in tents, no tents could stand except in the shelter of trees, and the trees fell upon the tents instead of shielding them.

Dead River drains a multitude of ponds, natural reservoirs among the mountains. Now the ponds were full; they emptied their waters down the valleys; the streams united. Out of the darkness burst the flood, suddenly, with a sweep and a roar. In the blackness of the blackest night, while the torrents of rain were driving like flails, and the trees were crashing and smashing and shivering, Arnold was awakened by the chill of water. Happily he and his party succeeded in saving themselves; their baggage, instantly seized by the torrent, was rescued; and then, retreating to a small hill that was "very luckily" at hand, they passed the remainder of the night as they could. The riflemen lay about a mile below, on a bank eight or nine feet high; but the flood rose higher than that, poured in upon them, roused them, and forced them back to higher ground. Farther down, where the valley opened, this rise of the stream was less; but it was everywhere enough. Nearly down to Flagstaff Point,



Drawn by Sydney Adamson. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

**WORKING AGAINST THE FLOOD ON DEAD RIVER**

four feet of water stood in the morning where a camp-fire had been lighted the evening before. Barrels of pork and gunpowder were swept away, and bateaux sunk. Many of the troops had no shelter but hemlock boughs. Worn by a terrible day's work, they were sadly buffeted under this nominal shelter, and about midnight the air grew sharp and froze them. With the cold came a searching wind. The clouds broke; a few stars appeared; and the poor shivering wretches, powerless except to think, looked up at their canopy of swift storm-clouds, and remembered sadly the snug quarters in Cambridge.

#### HAND TO HAND WITH THE FLOOD

HOPE revives with the dawn; but it was not easy to hope that Sunday morning. Dead River was a furious lake. Landmarks were under water. In many places the real channel could not be made out at all. For a mile on both sides, it was thought, the lowlands were flooded. Every little tributary had become a river. Dry ravines were now streams. Against the rush of water, oars proved almost useless, and poles were little better, for often they could not reach the bottom. Where the banks rose above the flood, a man would lie down on the bow of a bateau, and pull it along by the bushes, while others went ashore and hauled at the painter; but this was tedious and perilous work. More than one boat was upset in the rapids, and the crew barely escaped. Henry was dragged out almost dead. Dixon, marked for the first sacrifice before Quebec, was carried miles down-stream, but caught on some driftwood, and crawled back. Simpson—afterward General Simpson—was saved by mere chance. Humphreys and his crew lost everything but their lives.

The land parties fared no better. It was impossible to keep along the river. Detours and wide circuits multiplied all distances. Swollen rivulets had to be followed up until a narrow place was found and a tree could be felled across for a bridge. Once, if not more than once, a party marched for miles up a stream only to discover that it was not Dead River at all. At night many of the men were unable to find the boats and had to bivouac as they could, without supper and without breakfast. Captain Thayer and his party lost

their way entirely, kept wading on, uncertain whether they would ever find the army, and rejoined their comrades only at nine o'clock the next morning, thoroughly spent with fatigue, hunger, and cold. Finally, late on Monday afternoon, seven bateaux upset in attempting to ascend some rapids, and the provisions they contained were totally lost. This was a climax of misfortunes too serious to be ignored, and Arnold, then in company with the first and third divisions, summoned a council of war without delay.

#### SHALL THE ARMY RETREAT?

THERE was no flinching on the leader's part, for Benedict Arnold did not lack energy, courage, or enterprise. "Our bold though inexperienced general discovered such firmness and zeal as inspired us with resolution," wrote Stocking; and merely to call the roll of the officers—Meigs, Morgan, Hendricks, Ward, Smith, Dearborn, Goodrich, Hanchet—is to record their feelings. But evidently the plan of the march had broken down. To push on to Lake Megantic, and there decide whether to advance or not, was now impossible, for at that point the army would not have provisions enough to carry it back. The final decision must be made at once.

Most of the men stood as firm as their leaders. They had enlisted for a glorious enterprise, and retreat was the last thing they desired. Fatigue and hardships had by this time broken many a strong fellow and weakened all, and an excuse for drifting to the rear was close within everybody's reach. Yet instead of asking to go back, the men concealed their illness. "When any of their comrades would remark to them," so one of the riflemen recorded, "that they would not be able to advance much farther, they would raise up their half-bent bodies, and force an animated look into their ghastly countenances, observing at the same time that they would soon be well enough." But the menace of actual starvation was terrible. Toil, suffering, illness, half-rations—all these could be charmed away with a laugh, a bit of song, a jest, and a big-hearted thought of honor and country; but no rations at all—who could win a victory over famine? It was time for the leaders to reflect.

The council was held, and the next

morning its decisions went into effect. Twenty-six invalids were sent back; Captain Hanchet, with a picked force of fifty, set out with all speed for the settlements in the Chaudière valley to obtain provisions; and Arnold himself, after exhorting the men to persevere, dashed forward with a small party at the head of all. It was now to be a race—a race with time, a race with famine.

#### ARNOLD IN THE CALDRON

FORCING their way up Dead River, the advance parties under Arnold and Hanchet entered a long chain of ponds, and almost foundered in a violent gale. Beyond the ponds and the "Height of Land," which separated the Atlantic slope from the valley of the St. Lawrence, they arrived at Lake Megantic and its outlet, the Chaudière River. Hanchet

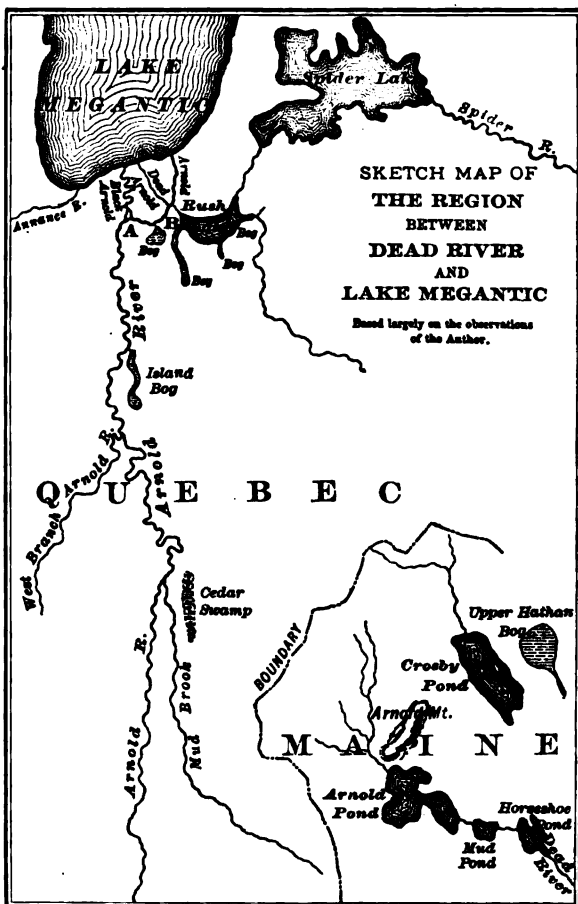
then struck out for the settlements, distant about sixty miles, by land, while Arnold undertook to go down the river with a birch-bark canoe and four bateaux.

"Chaudière" means caldron. It is a short stream, and has to drop more than a fifth part of a mile; therefore it is very swift. Rapid succeeds rapid, and falls are near enough to exchange voices. Worst of all, the rocks are countless.

Death, by good right, should have been the fate of Arnold's party, for what could they expect with their unwieldy bateaux and untrained oars, where the quickest

canoe and the most skilful of paddles barely escape? And this was what they dared when their baggage was lashed to the boats, and the boats pushed off into the caldron. Good fortune alone saved them: they were lucky enough—to be wrecked. Just above the Devil's Rapids, as they have

been called, "we had the misfortune to overset," wrote Arnold, "and stave three boats—lost all the baggage, arms, and provision of four men, and stove two of the boats to pieces against the rocks. But happily no lives were lost, although six men were a long timeswimming in the water, and were with difficulty saved. This misfortune, though unfortunate at first view, we must think a very happy circumstance and kind interposition of Providence, for no sooner were the men dry and we embarked



to proceed, but one of the men who was forward cried out, 'A fall ahead!' which we had never been apprised of, and had we been carried over, must inevitably have been dashed to pieces and all lost."

Would it have cheered Arnold to know that his friend Mercier of Quebec, as he was going to the upper town a little earlier that morning, had been seized by the city major, taken to the principal post, and shut up; and all this because a certain letter had reached the lieutenant-governor instead of Mercier? Had he known that—but he did not know it; and keeping on

more cautiously than at first, though he smashed the canoe in spite of caution, he reached the first inhabitants at the close of his third day on the river. By and by we shall overtake him.

## NOT ALL PROVE HEROES

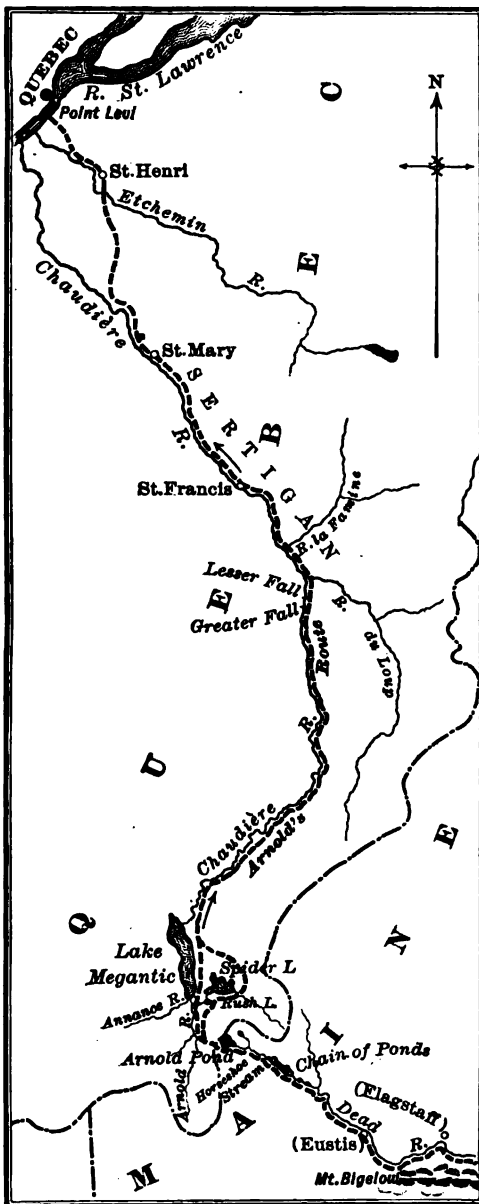
GREENE'S division—the second—lost so much time in its efforts to obtain provisions that it was but little ahead of the fourth. The next day after Arnold and Hanchet pushed on in advance, he was requested by Enos to halt for a conference of the officers; and about noon this meeting took place. No trifle was it that Enos wished to discuss; it involved a momentous question—advance or retreat.

No doubt there was reason enough to be discouraged, and we can easily believe that some of the soldiers were ready to go back. They were now exhausted with fatigue and privations; forty-eight invalid had been sent down the river by Greene this very day. The swift water became constantly harder and harder to combat. The cooking was now done after supper, so that all the daylight could be used for getting on; and yet snails would have scorned the pace—six or seven miles a day, sometimes. The distance to go grew large as rapidly as it was expected to grow small. So far everything had been worse than anybody anticipated, and all the unknown trials that lay ahead were magnified by imagination in the same degree. Many had no tents. Not a few lacked suitable clothing. Everybody was hungry. Only the night before, winter had thrown several inches of snow on their path, as an omen of the cold shroud awaiting them. And what was it all for? A chance to get killed. The end of the march was Quebec, impregnable. As well bombard these black mountains with snowballs. So thought some of the council.

How Greene's dark-blue eyes flamed at all this! "Duty, honor, forward!" they cried. And all his officers were of the same mind. But evidently Enos and his captains had resolved to withdraw, and had asked for the conference merely to get a semblance of authorization.

They failed. Arnold's orders of the day before urged Greene and Enos to press on, taking as many of their best men as could be furnished with rations for fifteen days.

Close calculation shows that at least a hundred soldiers could have been fully supplied for the advance, and the rest with all that seemed necessary for the return. The sec-



### MAP OF ARNOLD'S ROUTE FROM DEAD RIVER TO QUEBEC

ond division was ready to do more than its orders, the fourth division was eager to do less. That was the difference; and after Enos, for the sake of appearances, had voted to go on, he agreed with his captains

to retreat, and at two o'clock the fourth division was ordered to face about.

At least, then, said Greene, a division of supplies. It was promised; but the promise failed. There were tears in Enos's eyes, we are told; but no bread was in his hand. The men, he declared, were determined to keep all they had. At last, however, Greene was given two barrels of flour; and with this mere pittance of bread, his troops, full of "determined resolution to go through or die," girded up their loins. "Received it, put it on board of our boats, quit the few tents we were in possession of, with all other camp equipage, took each man to his duds on his back, bid them adieu, and away"—this is the record. Even the contagion of selfishness and panic was powerless to touch these heroes.

#### TO GO THROUGH OR DIE

THE main body of the army, reduced now to about six hundred men, kept on up Dead River. It was a very different stream here from the deep, slow avenue below. Meadows had given place to hills, and hills began to make way for still bolder scenery. High mountains, bristling with precipices, drew near on both sides. More and more they seemed to bar the way just ahead, though the river always contrived some twist or tumble that let it through. The flood had vanished almost as quickly as it came, for the drainage area was narrow and steep; and now the boatmen were troubled by the shallows. Swifter and swifter grew the current. Closer and closer followed rapids on rapids. Now the falls were like a staircase, with a curling wave for every step, and now they made a sudden pitch several feet high; but they always meant labor and loss of time. Once more, at least, they meant also a loss of bateaux and provisions; and when the boatmen launched finally into the "chain of ponds," they were desperately tired.

The troops on shore, marching still along the southern bank, fared no better. They found the country a tangle of hills and swamps, bog-holes and steeps, ravines and ledges, rocks and ponds, "a direful howling wilderness not describable," "a dreary aspect, a perpetual silence, an universal void," as two of the army wrote. Progress was tedious, dangerous; but at last they too arrived at the first lake.

On steered the wonderful procession of boats, then, through the "chain of ponds," with final glimpses of Mount Bigelow along the way, and next it entered a shallow, meandering stream, found with difficulty, that was really Dead River again, though nowadays we call it Horseshoe Stream. About four weary miles brought the travelers to Lost Pond, as one may name it, for these eighty rods of water have eluded the eyes of the guides. Next, after a portage of about a mile, came beautiful Horseshoe Pond, a butterfly lake; Mud Pond, covered no doubt with lily-pads bleached by the frost; and finally Arnold Pond, a mammoth dragon-fly of glossy green, pinned to the earth with long shadows just below the Height of Land. A bold, high mountain fronted them here on the north; a sea of Appalachian summits piled wave on wave of dark forest toward the south and east; the range of boundary peaks filled the west; and if a horn were blown or a shot fired, the sound would ring and circle, echo and reëcho, die and revive around the green walls of the lake, until the ear seemed almost persecuted by its fugitive sweetness.

But the Provincial troops thought little of woodland beauty here, and saw no charm in dark waters. Shadows enough lay in their thoughts. "The most ferocious and unnatural hearts must shudder," so wrote Captain Thayer in his journal, "at thinking of courageous men taking raw-hide, meant for shoes, from the bottom of the boats, chopping it into pieces, singeing the hair off, then boiling it, and living a considerable time on the broth." This was the reality. This was the way our heroes fared now; yet they had not even entered Canada, and the settlements on the Chaudière, so near ten days before, were still far away.

#### THE TERRIBLE CARRYING-PLACE

YET there was only one thought: advance; and the army set forward as rapidly as possible on the twenty-fifth and longest portage, four miles and a quarter over the Height of Land. For once their misfortunes wore the look of blessings: there was little freight. The provisions weighed only four or five pounds per man. A large part of the gunpowder proved to be damaged, and was thrown away. Tents were not worth carrying; better the face of Jove, however

frowning, than such a burden. The bateaux had broken up one by one, until some of the companies had scarcely any left. Morgan had preserved seven, and was determined on taking them across, for there was no other way to transport his military stores down the Chaudière; but resolution of such a temper was now beyond mere men. An attempt was made to trail the



From the original in the Library of Congress

#### A PORTION OF MONTRESOR'S MAP

bateaux up a brook that enters Arnold Pond; but the attempt had to be given up, and each company, except Morgan's, took only a single boat over the portage.

Even in this light order, the troops were hardly able to conquer the mountain. There was a trail, to be sure, and Steele's pioneers had bettered it; but a mountain trail, even when good, is not a highway, except in altitude. "Rubbish" had been collecting here ever since creation, as it seemed to Morison, and a handful of tired men could not remove it all in a few days' time. Ten acres of trees blown down across the path had to be left there. A wet place half a mile wide could not be rooted up. Rocks, dead logs, gorges, and precipices

had to be stumbled over. The snow, hiding pitfalls and stones, betrayed many a foot into a wrench and a bruise. Those who carried the boats—and no doubt all carried in turn—suffered still more, for bateaux and carriers often fell together pell-mell down a slope into the snow. "The Terrible Carrying-place"—that was the soldiers' name for it.

Saturday, the 28th of October, was a great day for the little army. Arnold completed his voyage on Lake Megantic in the morning, and began to descend the Chaudière; and in the afternoon his faithful troops found themselves together on what is now called Arnold River, six miles, as an arrow flies, due south from the lake.

There was a good deal to gladden their hearts. The spot where they gathered was a beautiful one. There, and there alone in the whole region, could be found a smooth and open interval. No bristling crags were about them, but wide meadows, leveled with gently dropping silt from the spring floods; no hard rocks, but a soil that yielded softly to the foot like the deepest of tapestries; while groups of lordly elms took the place of dense, gloomy evergreens. Hungry, tired, wan? Yes, all that; but still alive and still together, and the spring of life still flowing in "the merry joke, the hearty laugh."

#### NEWS FROM BEYOND

YET the victory was only half won, after all. What lay between them and Quebec? Natanis had told the scouts that there were troops and savage Mohawks on the watch below. Ten days ago they had been ordered to fill their powder-horns, and an attack began to be looked for. Had Arnold's letters gone safely through? Was Carleton, that wary old soldier, asleep? Would not the peasants resent this armed invasion? If they should, some dark passage in the valley below might easily prove the sepulcher of the expedition. And might it not prove a sepulcher just the same, if no human foe were there?

It was certainly a grave situation, but the army must advance, and that quickly. All the provisions were gathered into a common fund and then divided. This furnished each man with four or five pints of flour and a mere trifle of pork. The officers, as a rule, gave their share of meat to



the men, but even then perhaps two ounces apiece was all it amounted to. This meager stock, with possibly a scrap of game and an occasional fish, was to carry the troops through eighty miles or more of hard marching. But the ordeal could be met with patience, as everything else had been, and they calmly prepared to move on.

*Providence went through much suffering  
About 16 miles it is an astonishing thing to  
see almost every man without any sustenance  
But cold water which is much more necessary  
than strengthening I have now been 48 hours  
without vittuals*

From the original in the possession of James G. Topham

FACSIMILE OF A PORTION OF CAPTAIN TOPHAM'S RECORD  
OF NOVEMBER 2

At four o'clock a messenger and a letter came from their leader, and instantly the sky lifted. News had arrived from below, and all was well. The peasants would receive the Provincials as friends. Few or no regulars guarded Quebec, and the city could easily be taken. Provisions would be sent back to meet the troops. The western army under Montgomery was advancing, and had gained some advantages already.

What a burden rolled from the hearts of the ragged fellows on Arnold River! Their hopes, not their fears, were to come true. No doubt it would be a hard march, but, thank God! there was no question about the route. It was a straight, sure road. Lake Megantic lay almost in sight, and out of it flowed the Chaudière all the way to Quebec. Twenty miles a day, and in four days the struggle would be over. True, they had little to eat, but relief would soon meet them; and meanwhile what was left of muscle and flesh, nerve, marrow, and life, would continue to honor drafts. There was a sunburst of joy in the quiet of those astonished meadows. The whole wide valley rang with cheers, and Meigs, warm-hearted Major Meigs, harangued the soldiers lustily on the glory of their mission, and blew their zeal to furnace-heat. The splendid end of their sufferings appeared in sight. Only, they must be quick. Not an hour, not a moment, could be lost.

#### IN THE TRAP

ARNOLD's letter directed the army to avoid the river and march along the high ground on the eastern side of the valley; but one, indeed two, portions of the force did not follow this order. Morgan had boats, and so he went down the river easily and happily

with his men; and several companies, moving on before the letter came, took the bank of Arnold River, the obvious way to Lake Megantic.

Their commander's warning against this course was urgent, but had he understood the lay of the land, it would have been more urgent still. In a word, these weary soldiers journeying down the

river were bound for a miserable trap. The southern end of the lake was two miles or a little more wide, and Arnold River, flowing almost due north, entered it somewhat west of the middle. Still farther to the west emptied the Annance River through a great swamp, utterly impassable. The other side was little better. Far to the east, a stream that we now call Spider River took its rise near the Height of Land, flowed on to Spider Lake, then through a short outlet into Rush Lake, and finally, turning north, entered Lake Megantic half a mile or so from Arnold River. Just after leaving Rush Lake it received an offshoot from Arnold River, that struck across like the bar of an H, and from a point near this junction the bar sent another stream to Lake Megantic. At present the main current and the name of Arnold River pass across the bar and down the outlet of Rush Lake, while the direct continuation of the river is called the Black or Little Arnold, and the middle stream bears the name Dead Arnold; but careful study seems to prove that in 1775 the Black Arnold was the main river. Log-drivers and spring floods, vexed and blocked by its extraordinary windings, have combined to reduce the current there and expand the cross-bar, for the latter meanders very little.

At present the end of the lake where the four streams empty is the picture of

desolation. Nothing could be more doleful. It is neither land nor lake, but a waveless expanse of black water, varied with oozy ground and water-soaked refuse. It is the sink of three rivers, the slimy chaos of delta-building. Swamp-grass flourishes with a luxuriance that hints of a loathsome fertility. Bubbles of tainted gas explode in the hectic pools. Hundreds of dead trees have drifted from the highlands and lie rotting, while over them tower lifeless groves that are toppling into the same horrible grave, but shrink back with every gesture of despair. It is death in life and life in death, the lazaretto of the wilderness, the stronghold of blight and decay. And essentially what this region is now it was in 1775, for the deposits of a century and a quarter have probably raised the earth about as much as the dam in the Chaudière has raised the water.

Hanchet's men fell promptly into the trap, but Arnold helped them off in his boats, and then, supposing that his letter would save the rest, went on. Of the main body, Goodrich came first. Plowing down for several miles through bogs and swamps glassed over with ice, his men waded the cross-bar, though the ground gave way at every step, and pressed on to the lake. Their intention was to follow its eastern shore, but suddenly the Dead Arnold stopped them. When Dearborn arrived, in a canoe discovered in the woods, he found Goodrich "almost perished with the Cold, having Waded Several Miles Backwards and forwards, Sometimes to his Arm-pits in Water and Ice, endeavouring to find some place to Cross this River."

Goodrich's bateau had pushed ahead with all the flour of the company, for no such difficulty was expected; so Dearborn, taking his fellow-officer in, went in pursuit of it. But the bateau had gone too far to be overtaken, and before the captains could return, darkness came on. Their poor soldiers did the best they could. Wading about in the water, they got fire-wood, and somehow made it blaze. Then, eating "a mouthful of pork," they lay down to sleep, Dearborn's men on a hillock so low that a heavy rain would have drowned them out, with their heads close to the water all around. The next forenoon Smith and Ward came up, with one bateau apiece, and at last, after all this exposure and extreme fatigue, the troops were ferried across

the two rivers to solid ground. A day and a half had been lost and a vast store of strength wasted in that frightful mire-hole. A straight, sure road, indeed!

#### LOST IN THE WILDERNESS

THE rest of the troops, retiring from the meadows to the high ground, set out the next morning on a course just east of north, and for a time fared well; but after a while, misled possibly by a small stream that seemed to be flowing toward Lake Megantic, they bore a little to the left, and soon found themselves in a horrible swamp just south of Rush Lake, "the most execrable bog-mire, impenetrable Fluxus of shrubs imaginable," as Dr. Senter described it. A thick growth of low cedars, hackmatacks, and spruces, mixed with alders, choked the swamp, and the slippery roots, hidden under a green moss full of ice and water, threatened every moment a sprain or a dislocation. To be disabled there meant a slow, sure death, as all understood full well; but after a little time the cold took all feeling from ankles and feet, and in spite of caution it was impossible to avoid falling.

At length, working painfully toward the east, the party came to the outlet of Spider Lake. One word was all they needed then. Had they crossed this little stream and pushed boldly toward the northwest, they would have seen Lake Megantic after half an hour of comfortable walking. But the guide sent them by Arnold was not well posted, and Greene, who led the march with a compass, had no clue except Montresor's map, here fatally defective. He dared not leave the water, for he thought the water could be relied upon to bring them somewhere; and so they kept on, following the swampy shore of Spider Lake in and out, in and out; for no spider has more legs than this lake has bays.

At night officers and men alike were thoroughly exhausted and absolutely lost. Where they were, where the rest were, where Lake Megantic or the Chaudière River could be found, nobody had the faintest idea. Scraping the snow away, they built fires, shivering with cold from head to foot, and almost fainting before the heat of the blaze began to warm them. Somebody was lucky enough to kill a partridge, and a little soup was made of it;

but that was only a drop. Each man took a gill of flour, stirred it up with water, and served himself with gruel or shoemaker's paste, according to his preference; or perhaps he made it pretty stiff, and warmed it on the coals or the ashes, though not much, lest a little should be burned. After that all lay down on the ground, with only the sky above their heads. Bears were plentiful; their tracks were on the snow. Wolves abounded; their howls were in the air. What was that—wind? Or was it the distant war-whoop of savages falling upon some other fraction of the army? Nobody could be sure; but every man of them knew that unless the next day should bring them out somewhere, they might as well give up.

#### THEY CHEER, BUT SHUDDER

ON the morrow, Monday, all were afoot as early as light appeared. Cookery was out of fashion, and they were quickly off, many nibbling their breakfast cakes as they marched. No military order had been required the day before, and they still went on in a rambling Indian file. Before long Spider River stopped their advance. At first they thought it possible to go around the stream, and steered more to the south for that purpose; but after a time it seemed a hopeless errand, and they looked for a ford. About three miles from the lake, probably, a crossing-place was lighted upon, and through the water, some four feet deep, they waded, breaking the ice that had formed on each side of the river.

Then the dreary march began again. Here a vast pile of blown-down hemlocks barred the way with a thousand branches as stiff and almost as sharp as spears; to go around meant a weary tramp, to go through meant a battle. Often young firs were planted across the way like a palisade, their lower branches dead and set. Often a dense growth of bushes hid the ground, and any step might mean the fatal sprain. Here and there a leg suddenly went down to the knee between the roots of a tree, and only good luck saved the man from a broken bone. A rotten log that seemed firm broke under his weight, and hurled him twenty feet down into the chasm that it bridged. Now and then he came to a deep, oozy swamp where he could escape miring only, if at all, by rushing across it with all his might. Dead spruce twigs snapping

back into his eyes like steel wires; broken roots catching his ankle under the leaves; moss-grown rocks bringing him to the ground—these were lesser ills. All around him spread the vastness of the forest, stopping his vision and shutting him in, dumb to every question, fatal to every hope, elusive as mist, passive but invincible, boundless because unknown, yielding only as sand yields to the bullet, quenching courage with that blind hopelessness and impotence which often turn brave men into whimpering children, when they realize they are lost; and on through all this—over hill and mountain, through chasm and swamp; now up, now down; dodging, leaping, stumbling, climbing, crawling; slipping on wet sticks, catching vainly at bushes, tripping and pitching against one another; torn, bruised, and breathless—on went the straggling wanderers, some in hope, some in despair, but all in deadly fear of falling by the way and perishing miserably and alone amid the bears and wolves. At last, as the sun was going down, the end came. The leaders halted, and looked earnestly at the ground. Lo, there were tracks in the snow. A thrill went through every heart. They were the tracks of their comrades, men as hungry, as feeble as themselves, perhaps as far astray, but yet men and comrades. Three cheers burst from the van; and then, thinking of the terrible journey they had made, they shuddered.

#### DISASTERS

Now for the Chaudière. That would be all downhill, for even hostile nature could not make a river climb the mountains; and they could not lose their way again, for the river went where they wished to go.

Goodrich's men, famishing, hurried on from the swamp to overtake their bateau. They did not find it, but they found a notice: the boat had been smashed, the crew barely saved, and all the flour lost. The company agreed to break up, and each keep alive if he could. Some of them killed a Newfoundland dog of Dearborn's, ate everything that was flesh, and then pounded up his bones for a soup. What else they had the next few days, Heaven only knows. Another dog was killed, and perhaps a scrap fell to them.

Morgan's boats—those precious boats that wore the men's shoulders not merely



Drawn by Denman Fink. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"PROVISIONS IN SIGHT!"

to the blood, but to the bone—were all smashed, the stores lost, the men, though not all of them, barely saved; and Morgan and his company, gathering wet and exhausted around a fire on the shore, found themselves without a mouthful of food, and had not even a dog to kill.

By the same fire lay McClellan, the beloved lieutenant of Hendricks's company, mortally ill of pneumonia. Gently he had been carried over the portages, one after another, even the Terrible Carrying-place, and he was to be taken down the Chaudière; but here the bateau had been wrecked, and its passenger just rescued from the rapids. Too feeble to speak, he lay there dying. What could be more pitiful than such a scene? Nay, what could be more glorious? For though orders had been given every one to think only of himself, men came and shared with a dying comrade the food without which they were likely to die, and gave him the minutes that meant life or death to them, stooping tenderly to catch the whispered word, "Farewell!" and shedding tears over another's misfortune when on the brink of ruin themselves.

#### STARVATION

THE 1st of November dawned upon a famishing army; very few still had food, many had already been destitute for a day or more, and some, determined to have a full meal for once, had eaten almost immediately the share given out in the meadows, trusting that relief was almost at hand. A kind of wrathful despair began to seize the army. Were they to be defeated, after all? Impossible! Like the Old Guard at Waterloo, they felt a sort of rage gathering inside them—a still, dumb, savage fury, the root instinct of man's will to live and to conquer. Humanity stripped bare is terrible; yes, but it is also magnificent. Some men eating dog-meat offered Thayer and Topham a share, but they declined it, "thinking that they were more in the want of it than what we were at the time."

The 2d of November found the troops one day nearer starvation. Melvin shot a squirrel and a little bird, and possibly some others were equally fortunate; but no one tells us so. All the candles had been used up long ago to enrich the gruel, and now scraps of shaving-soap, lip-salve, and poma-

tum were devoured. A dried squirrel-skin from a pocket made a meal. Cartridge-pouches, leather breeches, belts, and shoes were boiled and chewed. Some of the soldiers knew of eatable roots that could be found in the sandy beaches of the river; behind each of the knowing ones followed a party, and as he sprang to dig at a root with his fingers, they sprang too, and whoever secured the prize devoured it instantly. More than one man looked at his gun, thought longingly of the death it contained, and said to himself, "Shall I?"

The next morning, when the soldiers rose, they staggered about like drunken men; but after a little, aiding themselves with their guns, they got their footing and set out again. Hour after hour they marched. It began to seem wonderful, uncanny. Men gazed weirdly at one another. Were they really more than human, then, that they could march, march, day after day, and eat nothing, like the angels? No, they were not angels; a small stick across the path was enough to bring the stoutest of them to the ground.

#### THE CRISIS

Now came the most dreadful thing of all. Men fell, and could not rise again. Sitting or lying there, with all their life in their eyes, they mutely besought aid of each passer-by in turn. "Fellow-soldier, comrade, friend, help me!" pleaded their long gaze. But a halt could only add another death. Tattered and torn, many barefooted, many bareheaded, pallid, sunken, tottering, buried in misery, those who could march marched on, with heads bent forward, with eyes half closed, with brain in a dizzy stupor, just able to wonder how soon the inevitable fall—the last fall—would come. By minutes and seconds they still lived. By rods, by yards, by feet, by inches they struggled on; nothing save the very core of existence left, but that invincible. Till sky turn black or feet strike root, on, on, on!

"Provisions! Provisions in sight!" Men stopped and looked at one another, dazed. Was there a noise? What was it? "Provisions in sight!" They looked ahead, and saw coming around the next bend of the shore a vision—so it seemed—of horned cattle and horses, driven and ridden by creatures like themselves. The vision approached. It was not a vision. It was real.

Dearborn wept; Thayer wept; Topham wept; many more wept. Many thanked God. Some, now the strain was over, swooned and fell.

But there were comrades to think of, and soon the same shout was heard again, passing on toward the rear: "Provisions! Provisions in sight!" On every hilltop and bluff where the scattered troops were toiling along, the cry was taken up: "Provisions!

but the village contained only three or four little houses besides the wigwams of the Indians, and some time was required to gather men and supplies. An American with a party of Canadians, a small drove of cattle, and a couple of horses laden with bags of oatmeal, went up the river by land, while mutton for the sick, with a few other good things, went in canoes. But the progress of both parties was unavoidably slow,



From the portrait by Rembrandt Peale  
owned by Mrs. E. L. Whaples

COL. RETURN J. MEIGS

From the portrait (copy) by Lincoln  
in Brown University

COL. CHRISTOPHER GREENE

From the portrait by Gilbert Stuart  
in the Calumet Club, Chicago

GEN. HENRY DEARBORN

Provisions in sight!" The stronger stood and shouted, and the weaker looked on and listened, with eyes raised to heaven, with tears coursing their cheeks, with hearts full of brotherly good will; and the tale of cheer, of rescue, of life, thrilling with all their thankfulness, all their tears, and all their good will, sped on, joyous as the beacon-light of a victory, up and down the hillsides, in and out of the river-bends, past the dark woods, through the dim gorges, over and around the meadows, mile after mile and hour after hour—nerving the feeble, rousing the prostrate, guiding the lost, and lighting up that vast solitude, that awful silence, with gladness and with glory. The battle with the wilderness was over; and the battle was a triumph!

#### FRIENDS INDEED

ARNOLD had reached the first settlement, about four miles beyond the mouth of the Du Loup River, on Monday evening, October 30, and made haste to organize a relief party, aided, no doubt, by Hanchet;

and while the van of the army was met November 2, it was not until the next day—the day Montgomery entered St. John's—that a large number of the soldiers were relieved.

The rescuers wasted no time. When a party of the specters was met, as many as possible were gathered, and an ox or a cow fell a victim at once. Sometimes the men could wait for no process of cooking. Raw flesh tasted good, and unbolted oatmeal, stirred up with water, was pronounced "sumptuous." With all speed the Canadians—swarthy little fellows, in truth, with pipes forever in their teeth, but angelic in the eyes of the troops—pushed forward then on their errand of mercy, shouting as they went. When evening arrived they still kept at work, and man after man, found prostrate in the snow, was revived, fed, and brought into camp on the horses. Happily, it was not as if they had been reduced to their state of weakness by disease. Though near perishing, they soon began to revive, and while many were sick and feeble, only a few actually died.

Arnold brought a package of manifes-  
toes in French, provided by Washington's  
thoughtfulness, and these explained with  
persuasive cordiality the intentions of the  
Provincials. The word "freedom" cast its  
usual spell, and we may well believe that  
Arnold's bold and winning manner dazzled  
the natives. At first they gazed in astonish-  
ment at the procession of armed ghosts  
issuing from the forest; but wonder  
changed into admiration when the ghosts  
proved to be men, and admiration into  
sympathy when the men were found to be  
starving. Few could speak English, but  
the ring of a true shilling was a language  
all could understand. "Mighty extrava-  
gant prices" were charged, so the Provin-  
cials thought sometimes; but the patriots  
on the Kennebec, too, had been thrifty,  
and the strangers felt on the whole that  
even in their own country they would have  
fared no better. Sympathy rose to cordial-  
ity when the Americans repaid help with  
gratitude as well as money; and it was jolly  
enough, where the invaders might well have  
expected stones and pitchforks, to see a  
woman quit her loom, and sing and dance  
"Yankee Doodle" with all her might, when  
a party of the soldiers called.

#### ON TO QUEBEC

THE leader, after addressing the Indians  
in his blandest fashion, enlisted some forty  
of them and hurried on. Officers and ex-  
presses were kept hard at work relieving  
and rallying the men; and little by little,  
wading the icy Du Loup near its junction  
with the Chaudière, and saluting the first  
poor cabin with a cheer, they hastened on

through Sertigan, the shady valley, as en-  
ergy came back. It was no longer a wil-  
derness around them. On each side of the  
chastened Chaudière ran a fair line of  
thatched and whitewashed cottages, where  
the peasants lived contentedly on their  
bread, garlic, and salt. Back from river  
and houses and road spread the gently  
rising fields, and the dreadful mountains  
drew farther and farther away.

By the afternoon of November 6 a con-  
siderable force had gathered at St. Mary,  
and the advance began again. About four  
miles below the village, road and river  
turned each a right angle, and turned them  
in opposite ways, and at last the Chaudière  
was left behind. Ahead lay dark billows of  
evergreen, and the Route Justinienne, the  
only road, was twelve miles or so of snow,  
mud, and water half-leg deep. But obsta-  
cles like these were trifles now. Like ships  
the soldiers plowed straight through, and  
at about midnight they reached St. Henri,  
where long white houses group themselves  
cozily now around a Gothic church, in the  
journeying shadow of its lofty spire.

The next day Arnold's van crept heed-  
fully on by a corduroy road in a snow-  
storm, and about two o'clock in the morn-  
ing of November 8 his advance-guard  
stood on the high bluff of Point Levi.  
Below them rolled the great St. Lawrence,  
more than a mile wide, its crisp waves re-  
sounding on a pebbly beach; and yonder,  
lighted up by the waning moon, towered  
that enormous bulk of stone, Quebec.

Long and silently they gazed; and  
they could well see, as we can, that be-  
fore them, not behind, lay the real strug-  
gle, after all.

(To be continued.)



## DURANCE

BY FRANK PRESTON SMART

WHEN four walls bar me out from her  
Who makes the world for me,  
'T is I who am the prisoner  
And she the one that 's free.



# THE POE-CHIVERS PAPERS

THE FIRST AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF ONE OF POE'S  
MOST INTERESTING FRIENDSHIPS

EDITED BY GEORGE E. WOODBERRY

## SECOND PAPER

**C**HIVERS did not remain long in New York in the memorable summer when he met his idol of genius face to face and consorted with him in so mundane a fashion. "The Lost Pleiad," his last volume of verse, was now safely published. Poe noticed it in the "Broadway Journal," August 2, 1845; he describes the volume as the honest and fervent utterance of an exquisitely sensitive heart which has suffered much and long. "The poems," he goes on, "are numerous, but the thesis is one—*death*—the death of beloved friends. The poet seems to have dwelt among the shadows of tombs, until his very soul has become a shadow. . . . In a word, the volume before us is the work of that *rara avis*, an educated, passionate, yet unaffectedly simple-minded and single-minded man, writing from his own vigorous impulses—from the necessity of giving utterance to poetic passion—and thus writing *not* to mankind, but solely to himself. The whole volume has, in fact, the air of a rapt soliloquy." He then gives a long extract from the poem on Shelley, and ends by complimenting the volume as "possessing merit of a very lofty—if not of the very loftiest order."

The correspondence was resumed in August by a missing letter of Chivers from Philadelphia to which the following is an answer.

POE TO CHIVERS

*New York: Aug. 29.*

MY DEAR FRIEND, I sit down, in the midst of all the hurry of getting out the paper, to

reply to your letter, dated 25th. What can you be thinking about? You complain of me for not doing things which I had no idea that you wanted done. Do you not see that my short letter to you was written on the very day on which yours was addressed to me? How, then, could you expect mine to be a reply to yours? You must have been making a voyage to "Dreamland."

What you say about the \$50, too, puzzles me. You write—"Well I suppose you must have it"—but it does not come. Is it possible that you mailed it in the letter? I presume not; but that you merely refer to your intention of sending it. For Heaven's sake do—as soon as you get this—for almost everything (as concerns the paper) depends upon it. It would be a thousand pities to give up just as everything flourishes. As soon as, by hook or by crook, I can get Wiley & Putnam's book done, I shall have plenty of money—\$500 at least—& will punctually repay you.

I have been making all kinds of inquiries about the "broken" money [referring to a commission from Chivers to obtain some paper money of the Bank of Florida]—but as yet have not found it. Today I am on a new scent and may possibly succeed. The "Southern Patriot" is published at Charleston. I have no copy—but you can see it anywhere on file I presume, at Washington. The "Morning News" of this city had, also, a handsome notice, digested from mine in the B. J. Colton's Magazine will also have a favorable one. You may depend upon it that I will take good care of your interest & fame, but let me do it in my own way.

Thank you for the play—poems—and Luciferian Revelation—as soon as I get a chance I will use them. The L. R.<sup>1</sup> is *great*—& your last poem is a noble one. I send on to day the books you mention.

Virginia and Mrs. Clemm send their warmest love to you & your wife & children. We all feel as if we knew your family.

God bless you, my friend.

Truly yours,

Poe.

I have not touched a drop of the "ashes" <sup>2</sup> since you left N. Y.—& I am resolved not to touch a drop as long as I live. I will be with you as soon as it is in any manner possible. I *depend on you for the \$50.*

<sup>1</sup> "Alluding to a MS. work on Poetry, entitled *Lyres Regalis*, then in his possession."—*Chivers's note.*

<sup>2</sup> "This was written in allusion to my having asked him in one of my letters touching his intemperance:— 'What would God think of that Angel who should condescend to dust his feet in the ashes of Hell?'"—*Chivers's note.*

Chivers replied from Georgia, September 9 and October 30 (and apparently at intervening dates), in a cordial, off-hand manner as of boon-companionship, congratulating Poe on his good resolutions and warning him that he must not "flatter" him or "practise lip-service," as his friendship is sincere and disinterested; and he explains why he does not send the money, though promising forty-five dollars soon. Poe, meanwhile, was writing for money to every one he dared—to Kennedy, Griswold, and George Poe, for example—to complete his purchase of the "Broadway Journal," and he made a last attempt upon Chivers.

#### POE TO CHIVERS

*New York: Nov. 15, 45.*

MY DEAR FRIEND—Beyond doubt you must think that I treat you ill in not answering your letters—but it is utterly impossible to conceive how busy I have been. The Broad-

way Journals I now send, will give you some idea of the reason. I have been buying out the paper, and of course you must be aware that I have had a tough time of it—making all kind of manoeuvres—and editing the paper, without aid from anyone, all the time. I have succeeded, however, as you see—bought it out entirely, and *paid for it all*, with the exception of 140\$ which will fall due on the 1st of January next. I will make a fortune of it yet. You see yourself what a host of advertising I have. For Heaven's sake, my dear friend, help me *now* if you can—at *once*—for now is my time of peril. If I live until next month I shall be

beyond the need of aid. If you *can* send me the \$45, for Heaven's sake do it, *by return of mail*—or if not all, a part. Time with me now is money & money more than time. I wish you were here that I might explain to you my hopes and prospects—but in a letter it is impossible—for remember that I have to do *everything* myself—edit the paper—get it to press—and attend to the multitudinous business besides.

Believe me—will you not—my dear friend—that it is through no want of disposition to write you that I have failed to do so:—the moments I now

spend in penning these words are gold themselves—& more. By & bye I shall have time to breathe—and then I will write you fully.

You are wrong (as usual) about Archytas & Orion—both are as I accent them. Look in any phonographic Dictionary—say Bolles. Besides, wherever the words occur in ancient poetry, they are as I give them. What is the use of disputing an obvious point? You are wrong too, throughout, in what you say about the poem "Orion"—there is not the shadow of an error, in its rhythm, from A to W.

I never dreamed that you did not get the paper regularly until Bisco told me it was not sent. You must have thought it very strange.

So help me Heaven, I have sent and gone



EDGAR ALLAN POE

From a daguerreotype owned by the Players, New York, believed to be the last portrait of Poe. It is a copy made by Pratt of Richmond, Va., from an original taken by him.

personally in all the nooks & corners of Broken Land & such a thing as the money you speak of—is *not to be obtained*.

Write me soon—soon—and help me if you can. I send you my Poems.

God bless you.

E. A. P.

We *all* send our warmest love to yourself, your wife & family.

Whether Chivers sent the money remains doubtful, as the six letters he wrote Poe in the ensuing nine months are missing. Meanwhile Poe had been obliged to give up the "Broadway Journal," had fallen ill, and was now at Fordham cottage in a wretched state of health and poverty. The following letter is one of the most courageous he ever wrote and shows him in his best mood.

POE TO CHIVERS

*New-York, July 22/46.*

MY DEAR FRIEND, I had long given you up (thinking that, after the fashion of numerous other *friends*, you had made up your mind to desert me at the first breath of what seemed to be trouble) when this morning I received no less than 6 letters from you, all of them addressed 195 East Broadway. Did you not know that I merely boarded at this house? It is a very long while since I left it, and as I did not leave it on very good terms with the landlady, she has given herself no concern about my letters—not one of which I should ever have received but for the circumstance of new tenants coming in to the house. I am living out of town about 13 miles, at a village called Fordham, on the railroad leading north. We are in a snug little cottage, keeping house, and would be very comfortable, but that I have been for a long time dreadfully ill. I am getting better, however, although slowly, and shall get *well*. In the meantime the flocks of little birds of prey that always take the opportunity of illness to peck at a sick fowl of larger dimensions, have been endeavoring with all their power to effect my ruin. My dreadful poverty, also, has given them every advantage. In fact, my dear friend, I have been driven to the very gates of death and a despair more dreadful than death, and I had not even *one* friend, out of my family, with whom to advise. What would I not have given for the kind pressure of your hand! It is only a few days since that I requested my mother in law, Mrs. Clemm, to write to you—but she put it off from day to day.

I send you, as you request, the last sheet of the "Luciferian Revelation." There are several other requests in your letters which I know you would pardon me for not attending

to if you only were aware of my illness, and how impossible it is for me to put my foot out of the house or indeed to help myself in any way. It is with the greatest difficulty that I write you this letter—as you may perceive, indeed, by the M.S. I have not been able to write *one line* for the Magazines for more than 5 months—you can then form some idea of the dreadful extremity to which I have been reduced. The articles lately published in "Godey's Book" were written and paid for a long while ago.

Your professions of friendship I reciprocate from the inmost depths of my heart. Except yourself I have never met the man for whom I felt that intimate *sympathy* (of intellect as well as soul) which is the sole basis of friendship. Believe me that never, for one moment, have I doubted the sincerity of your *wish* to assist me. There is not one word you say that I do not *see* coming up from the depths of your heart.

There is one thing you will be glad to learn:—It has been a long while since any artificial stimulus has passed my lips. When I see you—should that day ever come—this is a topic on which I desire to have a long talk with you. I am done forever with drink—depend upon that—but there is much more in this matter than meets the eye.

Do not let anything in this letter impress you with the belief that I *despair* even of worldly prosperity. On the contrary although I feel ill, and am ground into the very dust with poverty, there is a sweet *hope* in the bottom of my soul.

I need not say to you that I rejoice in your success with the silk. I have always conceived it to be a speculation full of promise if prudently conducted. The revulsion consequent upon the silk mania has, of course, induced the great majority of mankind to look unfavorably upon the business—but such feelings should have no influence with the philosophic. Be cautious and industrious—that is all.

I enclose you a slip from the "Reveillée." You will be pleased to see how they appreciate me in England.

*When you write, address simply "New York City." There is no Post office at Fordham.*

God bless you.

Ever your friend,

Edgar A. Poe.

P.S. I have been looking over your "Luciferian Revelation" again. There are some points at which I might dissent with you—but there [are] a 1000 glorious thoughts in it.

Chivers replied to this February 21 and April 4, 1847, and possibly at other dates, but Poe seems to have felt less interest in the correspondence. Chivers invites Poe



From the original portrait by C. G. Thompson, in the Athenæum, Providence, R. I., to which it was presented in 1884  
by W. F. Chaunling, M.D. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

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### SARAH HELEN WHITMAN, 1838

Mrs. Whitman, who achieved much distinction as a writer of verse and prose, was born in Providence in 1803. Her literary career followed upon the death of her husband, a lawyer of Boston, in 1833. She and Poe maintained a friendly intercourse, which, after the death of his wife, grew into a conditional engagement of marriage, soon after broken on the insistence of her friends. This occurred in 1848, not long before Poe's death. She wrote a little volume in praise of the poet.

to come to the South to live. "I will take care of you as long as you live—although, if ever there was a perfect mystery on earth you are one—and one of the most mysterious." With the expression of a hope to see him in Máy, in New York, Chivers's part of the correspondence ends. Poe, on his part, wrote one more letter at least, a year later, on which Chivers notes: "The following is the last letter that I ever received from him."

## POE TO CHIVERS

*Fordham—Westchester Co.*

*July 13, 48.*

MY DEAR FRIEND, I have just returned from an excursion to Lowell:—this is the reason why I have not been to see you. My mother will leave this note at your hotel in the event of your not being in when she calls. I am *very* anxious to see you—as I propose going on to Richmond on Monday. Can you not come out to Fordham and spend tomorrow and Sunday with me? We can talk over matters, then, at leisure. The cars for Fordham leave the depot at the City Hall almost every hour—distance 14 miles.

Truly yours  
Poe.

Poe's last reference to his friend occurs in a letter to Mrs. Clemm, September, 1849: "I got a sneaking letter today from Chivers."

It is apparent from the foregoing papers, as well as from the letters of Chivers which are published in full by Professor Harrison, that he was filled with an enthusiastic admiration for Poe and worshiped his genius. It is the more striking a tribute because he was of a religious cast of mind and not a sharer in Poe's weaknesses. He was not one of those who went spurring with Poe; and in spite of what he knew and had seen, he maintained a high respect for his genius and a warm interest in his welfare. Chivers was a hero-worshiper, and he adored the spirit of poetry after that fashion that sees in the poet, whatever he may be humanly, only a great glory. When Poe died, and the trouble arose over Griswold's memoir of him, Chivers, like several others who had known Poe, was desirous to write a life of him and defend his memory. He made some collections for this purpose, and the reminiscences and letters already given are a part of his material. He offered this life to Ticknor,

October 27, 1852, as if it were completed; but as he continued to work on it after that date, it was probably never advanced beyond its present fragmentary condition. Its (manuscript) title-page reads as follows:

## NEW LIFE

of

Edgar Allan Poe,

A

Faithful Analysis of His

Genius as a Poet, the

Publication of Many Golden Letters

(one Poem Never Before Published in Any of His Works), together with some Beautiful

Elegies on his Death

By

T. H. Chivers, M.D.

Dedication.

To the Eternal Spirit of the Immortal Shelley, this work is now most Solemnly dedicated, by one who longs to enjoy his company in Elysium.

The Author.

Its opening pages are a chaotic flow of eulogy in which Poe's mortal weaknesses are fully acknowledged, for Chivers entertained no illusions on that score, but Poe is worshiped as an incarnation of genius. Chivers's point of view is contained in his "Golden Letters," as follows:

## GOLDEN LETTERS

It is not by the objective relationships of a man that we are to judge of his peculiar idiosyncrasies—his essential quality, psychological as even as physiological—but by his subjective experiences—these constituting the true *esse* of the *existere* of his life—the plenary Revelations of his inmost soul. As the tree is known by its fruits; so is a man by his works—these constituting the truly Hesperian Apples of the Paradise of his being in time. This is eminently true of the nature of the Poet whose soul is the crystalline Fountain from which flow all the living, singing rivulets of his life—watering the Vales of Immortality with their pellucid selves, while revealing to the enraptured imaginations of men the virgin gold which lies Sparkling through its amber.

This is true not only in regard to his Prose, and Poetical writings, but more especially to his letters—the most unsophisticated—most natural—truer revealers of the heart—than any or all others, for what he there writes is unpremeditated, intuitive heart histories.

This section of the biography is followed by a summary of the facts of his career given by Griswold. The only value of the

remainder lies in the few original papers which Chivers secured and thereby preserved. Among them is one more letter of Poe's, which is self-explanatory, and illustrates again the care Poe took to have the good opinion of the press if he could obtain it. It is addressed to the editor of the "National Archives," Ithaca, New York.

POE TO J. HUNT, JR.

*New York March 17, 45.*

DEAR SIR, There is something in the tone of your article on "The Broadway Journal" (contained in the "Archives" of the 13th.) which induces me to trouble you with this letter.

I recognize in you an educated, an honest, a chivalrous, but, I fear, a somewhat overhasty man. I feel that you can appreciate what I do—and that you will not fail to give me credit for what I do well:—at the same time I am not quite sure that, through sheer hurry, you might not do me an injustice which you yourself would regret even more sincerely than I. I am anxious to secure you as a friend if you can be so with a clear conscience—and it is to enable you to be so with a clear conscience that I write what I am now writing.

Let me put it to you as to a frank man of honor—Can you suppose it possible that any human being could pursue a strictly impartial course of criticism for 10 years (as I have done in the *S. L. Messenger* and in *Graham's Magazine*) without offending irreparably a host of authors and their connexions?—but because these *were* offended, and gave vent at every opportunity to their spleen, would you consider my course an iota the less honorable on that account? Would you consider it just to measure my deserts by the yelpings of my foes, independently of your own judgment in the premises, based upon an actual knowledge of what I have done?

You reply—"Certainly not"; and, because I feel that this *must* be your reply, I acknowledge that I am grieved to see anything (however slight) in your paper that has the appearance of joining in with the outcry so very sure to be raised by the less honorable portion of the press under circumstances such as are my own.

I thank you sincerely for your expressions of good will—and I thank you for the reason that I value your opinion—when that opinion is fairly attained. But there are points at which you do me injustice.

For example, you say that I am sensitive (peculiarly so) to the strictures of others. There is no instance on record in which I have ever replied, directly or indirectly, to any strictures, personal or literary, with the single exception of my answer to Outis. You say, too,

that I use a quarter of the paper in smoothing over his charges—but four-fifths of the whole space occupied is by the letter of Outis itself, to which I wish to give all the publicity in my power, with a view of giving it the more thorough refutation. The charges of which you speak—the charge of plagiarism &c—are *not made at all*. These are mistakes into which you have fallen, through want of time to peruse *the whole* of what I said, and by happening upon unlucky passages. It is, of course, improper to decide upon my reply until you have heard it, and as yet I have only commenced it by giving Outis' letter with a few comments at random. There will be *four* chapters in all. My excuse for treating it at length is that it demanded an answer and no proper answer could be given in less compass—that the subject of imitation, plagiarism, &c is one in which the public has lately taken much interest & is admirably adapted to the character of a literary journal—and that I have some important developments to make, which the commonest principles of self-defence demand imperatively at my hands.

I know that you will now do me justice—that you will read what I have said & may say—and that you will absolve me, at once, of the charge of squirmishness or ill nature. If ever man had cause to be in good humor with Outis and all the world, it is precisely myself, at this moment—as hereafter you shall see.

At some future day we shall be friends, or I am much mistaken, and I will then put into your hands ample means of judging me upon my own merits.

In the meantime I ask of you, justice.

Very truly yours,

*Edgar A. Poe.*

To J. Hunt Jr.

P.S. I perceive that you have permitted some of our papers and the Boston journals to give you a wrong impression of my Lecture & its reception. It was better attended than any Lecture of Mr. Hudson's—by the most intellectual & refined portion of the city—and was complimented in terms which I should be ashamed to repeat, by the leading journalists of the City. See *Mirror*, *Morning News*, *Inquirer*, *New World*, &c. The only respectable N. Y. paper which did *not* praise it throughout, was the *Tribune* whose transcendental editors, or their doctrines, I attacked. My objection to the burlesque philosophy which the Bostonians have adopted, supposing it to be Transcendentalism, is the key to the abuse of the *Atlas* & *Transcript*. So well was the Lecture received that I am about to repeat it.

[Note on the outside.] Be kind enough to answer this immediately in order that I may know it has been rec'd.

Chivers applied to Mrs. Whitman of Providence, but he obtained no letters from her or other papers in respect to her relations with Poe except a copy of Pabodie's letter to Griswold, which has been often published. With Mrs. Clemm he was more successful. She replied to his request as follows:

MRS. CLEMM TO CHIVERS

*Milford, Dec. 8th '52.*

DEAR SIR, I received yours on Monday, but owing to a violent head ache could not reply to you sooner. I had heard from Mrs. Whitman of Providence, of your intention concerning the work you mention. How much pleasure it would give me to aid you, with any thing relative to my dear Eddie. But I (most unfortunately) have nothing but his own precious letters to myself during his last absence from home. I wish you could see those letters,—they alone would convince you, how falsely Griswold has spoken of him. Oh! that I could see you for an hour, and could tell you of his many beautiful traits of character—of his devotion to my “darling Virginia,” and of his love and kindness to myself. When that hateful and untrue Biography first appeared, I nearly sunk under it, I was confined to bed for a long time with a nervous fever. But God spared my life to endure farther trials. As to Griswold's statement that my poor Eddie ever spoke of you unkindly, [it] is entirely untrue. You were one of the few he *admired and loved*. How often has he recited to me some of your beautiful poetry, and said “I would have been proud to have been the author of this article.” How often has he repeated, with tears in his dear eyes, that sublime poem of yours, “*She came from heaven to tell me she was blest.*” You know, dear Sir, my darling Eddie was not entirely perfect, and when he had indulged in a glass or two of wine, he was not responsible for either his words, or actions. If I had the means I would see you in Boston; but I have not. I have been staying in Lowell some time since my sad affliction, but owing to the severe climate, have been obliged to leave it. How many times I have wished to learn your address. . . . Will you have the kindness to send me your address *when* you are at home? . . . When I heard of my Eddie's death, I was at Fordham, and I then acted as I *well* knew he would have wished me to do. I destroyed all the letters he had ever received from his *female* friends, and many others of a private nature. Griswold told me he *must* see some of his correspondence, and I gave them to him with the understanding that he was to return them to me. Yours were among them. I have never been able to get them from him. Do you not think, dear sir, that God will pun-

ish him, for all the falsehoods he has told of my beloved Eddie?

With many wishes for your happiness I remain, dear Sir, your sincere friend,  
*Maria Clemm.*

Chivers introduces the next letter with this note:

The following letter was sent to me for publication by Mrs. Mary [Maria] Clemm the mother-in-law of Mr. Poe. It is from Mrs. Elmira Shelton, the lady, in Baltimore [Richmond], to whom he was finally engaged to be married, and is, undoubtedly, one of the most beautiful, if not the very beautifullest letter that was ever written by any woman living or dead—being all heart—all soul—the truest, most perfect revelation of her boundless love. The man who could have inspired such love as this in the heart of a woman of such superior talents, possessed qualities far above any thing for which the world has ever given him credit—proving, most positively, that he kept unshewn within his soul a tenderness akin to that of the Angels in Heaven.

There is no Art in this letter, but it is all nature—*fortuitous intuition*—as spontaneous in its unsophisticated purity as the perfect love which inspired it—infinite love chastened now by as infinite a grief. I have never yet been able to read it without shedding tears. The truth is, it is an Epistolary Elegy—a funeral Oration—a pathetic Requiem—or the triumphant victory of his affection over the female heart. A more beautiful Elegy was never written on the death of any man—a Eulogy which not only preaches the truest gospel of the qualities of its subject, but makes immortal its author. It is the most perfect triumph of love over death—making the victory of the grave eternal loss.

MRS. SHELTON TO MRS. CLEMM

*Richmond, Oct. 11th, 1849—*

Oh! how shall I address you, my dear, and deeply afflicted friend under such heart-rending circumstances? I have no doubt, ere this, you have heard of the death of *our dear Edgar!* yes, he was the *dearest object* on earth to me; and, well assured am I, that he was the pride of your heart. I have not been able to get any of the particulars of his sickness & death, except an extract from the *Baltimore Sun*, which said that he died on Sunday, the 7th of this month, with congestion of the brain, after an illness of 7 days. He came up to my house on the evening of the 26<sup>th</sup> Sept. to take leave of me. He was very sad, and complained of being quite sick. I felt his pulse, and found he had considerable fever, and did not think it probable he would be able to start the next morning, (Thursday) as he anticipated. I felt so



wretched about him all of that night, that I went up early the next morning to enquire after him, when, much to my regret, he had left in the boat for Baltimore. He expected, certainly, to have been with his "dear Muddy" on the Sunday following, when he promised to write to me; and after the expiration of a week, and no letter, I became very uneasy, and continued in an agonizing state of mind, fearing he was ill, but never dreamed of his death, until it met my eye, in glancing casually over a Richmond paper of last Tuesday. Oh! my dearest friend! I cannot begin to tell you what my feelings were, as the horrible truth forced itself upon me! It was the most severe trial I have ever had; and God alone knows, how I can bear it! My heart is overwhelmed—yes, ready to burst! How can I, "dear Muddy!" speak comfort to your bleeding heart? I cannot say to you, weep not—mourn not—but I do say, *do both*, for he is worthy to be lamented. Oh! my dear Edgar! shall I never behold your dear face and hear your sweet voice, saying, "Dearest Muddy!" and "Dearest Elmira?"—How can I bear the separation? The pleasure I anticipated on his return with you, dear friend! to Richmond, was too great, ever to have been realized, and should teach me the folly of expecting bliss on earth. If it will be any consolation to you, my dear friend! to know that there is *one* who feels for you, all that human can feel, then, be assured that person is *Elmira*. Willingly would I fly to you, if I could add to your comfort, or take from your sorrows. I wrote to you a few weeks ago; I hope you received the letter. It was through the request of my dearest Eddy that I did so; and when I told him I had written to you, his joy & delight were inexpressible. I hope you will write to me as soon as possible, and let me hear from you, as I shall be anxious about you incessantly until I do; Farewell, my stricken friend! and may an All-Wise & Merciful God sustain and comfort us under this heart-breaking dispensation, is the fervent & hourly prayer of your Afflicted and sympathizing friend.—*Elmira Shelton*—

Do let me hear from you as quickly as possible—

Direct to Mrs. Elmira Shelton—  
Care of A. L. Royster,  
Richmond, Va.

This is the last of the papers directly bearing upon Poe's life; but some further light on his relations with Chivers as a poet is given by the correspondence of the latter with Simms, in which Chivers plainly states his own view of Poe's obligations to himself in the matter of "The Raven." The volume which Simms acknowledges and criticizes is the famous "Eonchs of Ruby,"

published in New York, with the date 1851. It appeared at the end of 1850.

SIMMS TO CHIVERS

*Woodlands, S. C. April 5, 1852*

THO. H. CHIVERS, M.D.

DEAR SIR. I was absent from the city when your letter was received, & many cares, some indisposition & other passing causes, have prevented me from answering till now. I have received & read your last volume, with pleasure & regret. Pleasure, because you have a rare faculty at versification. Regret because you do not do it justice—because you show too greatly how much Poe is in your mind—because you allow your fancies to run away with your muse—because you do not suffer thought to coöperate sufficiently with your faculty for rhyme—and because your rhymes are too frequently iterated, so as to become monotonous. You forget that rhyme is the mere decoration of thought, and not to be suffered to occupy its place. I shall have to say all these things in my notice of your book, and while doing justice to your real endowments, I propose to say these things with some severity. You have too much real ability to be suffered to trifle with yourself and reader; and I shall be severe, simply because I desire to be kind. I have sent you the drama & will send you some other trifles. I am also happy to enclose you the verses you desire. I shall be curious to see your play of C. Stuart & your volume of criticism. You are right to address yourself to labours of length, which may take you out of your mannerisms. Mannerism is a fatal weakness. Give up fugitive verses, which lead only to one form of egotism or another, as Poe, who wrote in jerks & spasms only, & in intervals of passion or drink, contended for fugitive performances. This was his excuse and apology only, for his own short-comings. Do not allow his errors to wreck you as they did himself. Give him up as a model and as a guide. He was a man of curious genius, wild & erratic, but his genius was rather curious than valuable—bizarre, rather than great or healthful. You see that I deal with you frankly. Do not misconceive what I say, or mistake the feeling which prompts me. I would wish to serve you to promote the exercise of your just faculties. In particular, I would keep you from sinking into this sin of mere imitation. Strike out an independent path and publish anonymously. Your previous writings would surely prejudice your new, if they could be identified, in the estimation of readers & critics. Make your book unique—seek for simplicity & wholeness—avoid yourself in your topics—write no more elegies, and discard all pet words, all phrases—discard all attempts at mysticism. Be manly, direct,

simple, natural,—full, unaffected & elaborate. Pardon me this freedom, but a genuine desire to see you successful prompts me to counsel you. I am not well—have been overtaken, —and write with a dizzy brain.

very respectfully

Yr ob. Ser<sup>t</sup>

W. Gilmore Simms.

#### CHIVERS TO SIMMS

*Tontine Hotel, New Haven, Conn.,  
April 10th, 1852.*

MY DEAR SIMMS, For fear that you may probably mistake the purport of my last letter—as it was written in the greatest hurry—permit me to say here that you must disabuse your mind, at once, of the ideas which you entertain of my late book—as expressed in your recent letter.

In the first place, your regrets, as therein expressed, are a “lost fear”—inasmuch as the ornaments about which you speak are the soul of the Poems. I will not stop to prove this here, but merely say you will see it done in my book of *Lectures* entitled *Hortus Deliciarum, or, the Garden of Delights*, in which I have given an analysis of Poetry from its Gothic up to its Greek manifestations. You will therein see a “*New Thing* under the Sun.”

Now permit me to say, once for all, that the Poems in that Volume are all original—my own—not only in conception but in execution. There is not a Poem in that book modeled, as you suppose, upon anything that Poe ever wrote. You, no doubt, think that you will have something to harp upon when you come to speak of *The Vigil in Aiden*; but, my dear friend, you will miss it. I am not able at present, to say *what* your talents are in the field of analysis; but I know, very well, that I am able to answer any man on this or the other side of the water, in regard to the originality of Art—and particularly of that Poem. Why, my dear Sir, I do not, like other Americans, steal the old English forms and then send my imitations forth in the world as *something* achieved. I have too much mother-wit to use this *insulting presumption*. There is not a Poem in that book that is not, *per se*, a work of Art—a work of Art not only as an Art-work, but *fortuitously* so—the Existence of it being coeternal with its Esse. This the glorious Poe saw in my first book, but he was too full of envy to express it *fully*—but *he saw it*—and I have now letters in my possession from the first American Literati, which inform me of this fact. Would to God that he were now living here on earth that he could tell it as no one else can.

The Critic *must* be an Artist—he must understand Art. Poetry cannot be criticized by a mere *ipse dixit* (*Verbum sapienti*).

I wrote you in my last that *The Vigil in Aiden* was founded upon Poe himself. But why do you think it is an “*imitation*” of *The Raven*? Because it contains the word *Lenore*? But is not *Lenore* common property? Mrs. Osgood, as well as the German Poet Körner, made use of it. Is it because I make use of the word *Nevermore*? Is it because it is written in the same rhythm? But all these things are *mine*. I am the Southern man who taught Mr. Poe all these things. All these things were published long before *The Raven*, from which *The Raven* was taken. All these things I will make plain to you in my answer; but do not let this deter you from speaking out—only my answer will go hard with you as a Critic.

But this is what I want to know: Do you conscientiously believe *The Raven* is to be named in the same century with *The Vigil*? Look at the Refrains—the every thing—of the two—and answer me. The “monotony” about which you talk is not in the Poem—but in you—as it is always varying to the denouement. Read it, as you ought, and you will see this.

When I show you how that truly great man, Poe, failed in *The Raven*, in attempting to do what I had already done in the Poem from which he stole, you will then admit that I really “have a happy faculty at rhyming.”

“Mysticism.” Well, this is necessary in Poetry too—as I will show you in my Lecture on Art. Now if you were as well acquainted with the Jackasses of America as I am, you would know, just as well as I do, what a hold all these new inventions of mine have taken upon them—so that they now stand committed as plagiarists of the blackest dye. I have fifty by me now. Yet, I kept locked up for seven years, and gave only a few friends my *Lost Pleiad*. Well, this is some consolation—nay, a very great joy to me—proving that *Magnus est veritas, et prevalebit*.

Never talk any more about “fugitive pieces.” I have an Epic which you will like—I think. I hope so, at least—for there is no man living whose good opinion I value more than I do yours. God bless you. *Esto perpetua*.

Thos H. Chivers.

P.S. I have received and read your Drama, and find it the best thing that I have ever seen of yours—in fact, I am now puzzled to know why you should ever have worn out your faculties in writing Novels. I will give you a *just* and a *true* review in my book—not an *ipse dixit* affair with no soul in it but *envy*—but one founded on a close insight into Art. You have shown in this Play that you are not unacquainted with the *true Dramatic Style*—but the next Play you write, meditate a Theme—have it a worthy one, which this is not—then either write a Poem *proper*, or one entirely

after the Elizabethan Gods. This you must do, or it will not live. Then, again, it is not *necessary* to the Dramatic colloquy, as you seem to suppose, that you should continually double your syllables at the end of your lines. This, it appears to me, you have studied to do, all along through your Play. It also appears to me—(judging from your work—) that you suppose—just as Byron and many others—the Dramatic composition is incompatible with the development of the highest Art. But this is not so—but diametrically opposite to the fact. The truth is, you seem to have a perfect *contempt* for what may be called the *Art of Composition*; but let me tell you that this is the *glory of all Poetry*. You spoke of my *Lost Pleiad* as being but a feeble exposition of my conception of Art; but you did not know, at that time, that that book was the fulfillment of that wise saying of the Latins—*Ars est celare Artem*—but Poe knew it. Lodovico Carracci could not see all the beauties of his brother Annabale's Paintings, because he was a *rival*. But it has always been my misfortune in life not to have had time to feel this passion—having had so much to think about and suffer.

It would give me great pleasure to receive any thing of yours that you may be pleased to send me. *Do not permit your mind to be abused in regard to me by some of my sap-headed enemies, who bray nonsense to the citizens of Charleston—for they do not know me.*

Yours as above, T. H. C.

An earlier letter of the same tenor was addressed to Augustine Duganne. It refers to the same book as the preceding.

CHIVERS TO DUGANNE

No. 118, Leonard Street, N. Y.,  
Dec. 17th 1850.

MY DEAR SIR, I called with a friend yesterday to see you, but you were not in. I thank you for the good opinion which you entertain of my Poems. But I admire you a good deal more for the fearless manner in which you have expressed it—amid this "day of small things"—or, rather, owls of midnight darkness.

There are, however, some things in which you are mistaken. There is not a single Poem in that whole Volume imitative of either Wordsworth, Tennyson, or Poe. Wordsworth is no Poet—Tennyson is entirely devoid of passion—the primum mobile of the true Poet—and Poe stole every thing that is worth any thing from me. This I thought you *knew* perfectly well. If you do not know it, I can very easily make it appear.

The line to which you object and italicise in "*The Lusiad*," is the *best* in the verse. The

Circassians never "shave" their hair. The word "*shaven*" is the most *poetical* that could have been used.

The next verse from the same Poem, is also of the same stamp. I make use of the word "so" to express how *I kissed her*. Its being used in "*Jim Crow*" has nothing at all to do with its utility.

You are also wrong about "*Threnody*." The verse to which you object is one of the finest in the Poem. The use of the word "*Tommy*" is not bathos. This has nothing to do with bathos. It is *pathos*. It is not the *familiarity* of a word which constitutes its bathos; but its unpoetical applicability *per se*. This is *per se* a poetical word, and *so used*.

The verse which you quote from "*Evening*" is not a "gorgeous platitude," but one of the finest in the book, precisely because no man ever wrote any thing like it. I defy you to point me out a finer verse. The *due* do "give God thanks by playing on the hills their pranks."

Any man who would "slur over" any thing in my book because he supposed it was imitative of the writers named, *without* knowing it is so, is a jackass of the "first water" and as far beneath your contempt as mine. I never read any thing of Wordsworth that pleased me. Tennyson is an Epicurian Philologist. Poe stole all his "*Raven*" from me; but was the greatest Poetical Critic that ever existed. This I will prove to you, if you will call and see me.

I have the "*Epic*" of which you speak. I have also a Play, in Five Acts, which I wish to show you—besides many other precious gems.

Wishing you all happiness,

I remain yours, most truly,

Thos H. Chivers.

Augustine Duganne, Esq.

P.S. Excuse this haste—but do not fail to come and see me. You are a man after my own heart.

T. H. C.

The claim which Chivers here sets up is to an originality in metrical effects independent of Poe's example; he asserts that he practised these effects before Poe and that Poe borrowed from him, notably in "*The Raven*." It is only too obvious that what was styled at the beginning of these articles the "*Orphic egotism*" was now fully developed in Chivers. He had, in 1849, corresponded with W. E. Channing and proclaimed himself an associationist. "I am an associationist and glory in the prosperity of the cause," he wrote; "I believe that association is the only Ithuriel spear that can strike dead the mailed tyrants of the land."

He was also in correspondence with Professor George Bush on the candelabrum of the Tabernacle and cognate matters, and devoted somewhat to Hebrew learning. He became, as has been said, a Swedenborgian. His poetic self-sufficiency and illusions were a part of this seething mental state. But if it be thought that his mind had lost its balance in some degree, it is only just to observe that his claim to have developed originality in metrical effects was nothing novel. The character of his reflections on meter may be illustrated by a passage from his prose.

It is the belief of many—fortunately [not] of Poets—that the School books enumerate all the rhythms in which any Poem can be written. But the truth is, by an ingenious combination, infinite numbers can be produced. The old English Poets of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, nearly all wrote in the same rhythm and metre. There is no attempt made by any of the very best Poets of that, and the subsequent Age, to produce any novel effect by combination. They disliked innovation on the old established forms—supposing, or presuming that what was done by their forefathers, was the most perfect and therefore followed directly in their footsteps. What is true of the Lyrical Poets of that day may also be said of the Dramatic writers. Nearly all the Lyric Poets wrote in the obsolescent style of the Iambic pentameter and Dimeter verses. I have long thought that I would write a paper on the various rhythms of the Æthiopians compared with those now in use of the Caucasian race—descriptive of the different idiosyncrasies of the two races—their peculiar modes of passionate expression are as essentially different in every respect, as their complexions—showing that the internal, or subjective, consciousness gives denomination to the outward, or objective expression.

The Homeric expression was spondaic—like the ponderous tread of a mighty army of Elephants—compared with that of the Æthiopian, which is generally Satyric, or lively. The English people write Hymns and funeral elegies; the Æthiopians—trochaic, Drinking-Songs giving a better knowledge of the physiology as well as psychology of the two nations than can be found either in tradition or History—in proof of which I will now proceed to give a few of the Æthiopian native Melodies. The following is what may be called a Jig which must be accompanied by a measured clapping of the thighs and alternately on each other:

“ I doane lyke de cown feeale—  
I doane lyke de cotton-patch;  
I like to ten de tatur-hill—

Too, Mark, a-Juba!  
Juba seed de seed de breed—  
I like to ten de tatur-hill—  
Too, Mark, a-Juba!  
Ole aunt Sary  
In de dairy—  
She cate de meat, she gim me de huss—  
She bake de bred, she gim me de cruss—  
Too, Mark, a-Juba!”

There is no such rhythm as this in the Greek Poetry—nor, in fact, in any other Nation under the sun. There is no dance in the world like that of Juba—the name of that [illegible] provoking jig which accompanies this recitative—the very climax of jocularity—being as far above the Pyrric as the Tarantula in provoking laughter accompanied by irresistible shouts of uproarious hilarity.

He maintained his originality in meter from the first; it was not an afterthought. The following letter to an editorial friend in Georgia exhibits this plainly, while it casts some side-lights on his career.

*Oaky Grove, Ga., Nov. 1st, 1845*

MY DEAR FRIEND, I have just received your kind and good letter, and hasten to reply to it. It gives me infinite pleasure at any time to receive a letter from you. For the friendship manifested to me in it, I will love you as long as I live. I was conscious that your delay, in not answering my letter sooner, was occasioned by some unavoidable circumstance. I am sorry that you have been ill. This you can remedy only by taking physical exercise, and living on a vegetable diet. Most of the diseases in this climate are occasioned by the use of animal food. Although Man is an omnivorous animal, in a *Southern* climate, he ought to make use of more vegetable than animal diet. The kind of exercise which I would recommend to you, is riding out in the evening, and walking about as much as possible. No man, unless he has a very strong constitution, can enjoy uninterrupted health for any length of time, who exercises his brain, as you are compelled to do, without regular exercise. The vocation of an Editor is very trying to the constitution. Very few Editors enjoy uninterrupted health—owing to this fact, that they are too much confined to one place.

I thank you for your good opinion of my book. There is not a man in the State of whose good opinion I am prouder than your own. In 1834 I wrote a Play in Five Acts, which received the commendations of the greatest men in the world, yet it has never been published up to this hour. I always felt an unutterable disgust for the miserable carplings of a certain set of biped Asses, who bray longest and loudest about that of which they know the least. This has caused me to live a

retired life for the last ten years. These miserable wretches I never met in any other State except my own—this sunny, precious land which I love better than I do any on the face of the earth. With such as these my heart was broken in the dawn of my manhood, when my aspirations after the Beautiful and the True first began to glimmer in my soul. Some of these have shrunk, in the satiety of their self-conscious ignorance, into the hopeless oblivion which their vindictive and inhuman souls have merited; while others are now preparing for the same harvest. The very thing that has sunk, and will sink, them into eternal oblivion, has inspired me with emulation. I dislike to speak of myself, but I am compelled to do so, that you may know the truth. There are many who have seen me, but very few in this State who *know me*.

The Play to which I have referred is now in the possession of Mr. Poe, one of the greatest men that ever lived. I have written four others—four Farces—thirteen Essays on different subjects—twelve Lectures on Poetry—and about fifty Tales—every single one of which has been spoken of in the highest terms. I speak of this to you that you may know with what eternal and infinite contempt I look upon those two two-legged serpents who have waylaid the path of my life to poison me with the harmless venom of their polluted lips. No wonder the North looks with such contempt upon the South, when a man cannot write a decent Editorial for a News Paper without being despised by the obstreperous cackinnations of thirty thousand Asses who can neither read nor write. Not only this, but if an individual not only for his own, but the honour of his native State, wishes to redeem her from the curse of being smothered in ignorance, he is absolutely bored to death by ignorant wretches who not only hate every thing good, but seem to think that nothing good can come out of the Nazareth in which they were born. They are so completely lost to all manly feeling and common sense that they do not even know that by so doing they disgrace nobody but themselves. Their wishing to torture others is only a living manifestation of the pangs which their own self-conscious degradation is inflicting upon themselves. There never yet lived a good and wise man who did not wish others to be good and wise. Ignorance is the mother of all the evils that infest mankind.

You say, in the conclusion of your letter, that you sympathize with me in every page of the Elegy on the death of my precious little daughter. My Dear Friend! you do not know how I respect you for your good feeling. The Poems of the Volume which I sent you, will be published in a different form in Boston with other Poems, on different subjects, added to them. They have been spoken well of by

the greatest men in the world. The Poem entitled "To Isa Singing," and "The Heavenly Vision," are both selected by Mr. Poe in his recitations, while lecturing on Poetry in the Stuyvesant Institute, New York. There have been no less than six plagiarisms and imitations of the Poem "To Allegra Florence in Heaven," which I have seen in different papers myself. Yet, there are Asses in this very County who are fools enough to persuade their pitiful souls that a man born in Wilkes cannot write Poetry. There is not in the whole Geography of the earth a more poetical clime than this. There is nothing in which I take so much pride as in never having written a single line in imitation of another. Every line is original. If you will examine my Poems, as they must be examined before they can be understood, you will perceive that they are all artistically my own. Any body of moderate ideality can write a Poem by another rhythm; but it is a task which few ever attempted to originate a style. If you will examine the subject, there is something akin in the rhythmic arrangement of the Poetry from the days of Chaucer down to the present time. In fact, there is not a single Poem, if we except my friend Tennyson's of England, of the present day, that is not modeled after the Poems of the old writers. The very rhythm of my Poems cost me years of study—and are we to believe that any sort of an Ass can understand them? I need not tell you that there is not one man in ten thousand can read a Poem correct. How pitiful then to talk of Criticism. It is shameful!

A poem, "The Lady Alice," seems to me the fairest example of the rhythm which Chivers evolved; and the patient reader who has read these relics of Chivers thus far may welcome one entire poem from his pen.

#### THE LADY ALICE

##### I

The night is serene with pleasure—  
 Balmy the air—  
 For the Moon makes the icy azure  
 Argently clear;  
 And the Stars with their music make measure  
 To mine down here—  
 My song down here—  
 My beautiful song down here.

##### 2

Pale light from her orb is raining  
 On earth—the sea;  
 While I am on earth complaining  
 Of one to me  
 More fair than the Moon now waning—  
 More pure than she—  
 More fair than she—  
 More womanly pure than she.

## 3

She lives in her golden palace  
Beside the sea;  
And her name is the Lady Alice—  
So dear to me!  
And she drinks from her crystal Chalice  
Sweet wine so free—  
White wine so free—  
Because her pure heart is free.

## 4

She sings while the Angels listen  
With pure delight!  
And the Stars with new glory glisten,  
And laughter bright;  
While my heart in its narrow prison  
Doth pine to-night—  
Pine all the night—  
For want of my Moon to-night.

## 5

She smiles while my soul is sorry  
With love divine;  
And the Stars hear in Heaven the story  
Which makes me pine!  
I would give all their crowns of glory  
If she were mine—  
Were only mine—  
Were only forever mine.

## 6

Oh! come from thy golden palace,  
Sweet Lady bright!  
And fill up this empty Chalice  
With wine to-night!—  
I drink to my Lady Alice!  
My soul's delight—  
Heart—soul's delight—  
My ever divine delight!

The likeness to Poe is unmistakable; but in the poem as a whole there is to my ear a Celtic quality in the refrain which Poe never naturalized in his own verse. It may be allowed that, though overlaid with Poe's peculiar myth-names and vocal mystery, Chivers's verse had a music of its own. From the start he had sought the melodic effects of the refrain more markedly than Poe himself, and he had been bred on Coleridge and Shelley, the lyrical masters of sound. He was in parallelism with Poe, so to speak, and was attracted to him till he coalesced. It is no wonder that he himself sincerely regarded his work as the primary one, and Poe's as the derivative, given his egotism. The claim he made in regard to "The Raven" can be defined

precisely. He had employed an iambic meter with three feminine rhymes for elegiac verse in the poem "To Allegra Florence in Heaven," and he had developed the idea of the return of the dead woman's soul to her lover in "Uranothern"—a title certainly pre-Poesque. If one chooses the marvelous lines from the first of these to illustrate the kind of meter, it is easy to give the impression of a *reductio ad absurdum*. No account of Chivers would be complete without them.

As an egg when broken, never can be mended,  
but must ever  
Be the same crushed egg forever, so shall  
this dark heart of mine  
Which, though broken, still is breaking, and  
shall nevermore cease aching,  
For the sleep which has no waking—for  
the sleep that now is thine!

But the absurdity of the substance is not one of the arguments, after all, and the rest of the poem is not like this.

It is not too much to grant that in the many atmospheric influences that surrounded the germination of "The Raven" (and their number was a multitude) these two poems, familiar to Poe, and certainly the last of them, "Uranothern," had a place. The two poets were extraordinarily sympathetic, but what was intense and firm in Poe was diffused and liquescent in Chivers, who was in truth a kind of double to him in what seems sometimes a spiritualistic, sometimes a grotesque way. He was, indeed, to Poe not unlike what Alcott was to Emerson, and the comparison helps to clarify the confusion of their mutual relations, while it maintains Poe's mastery unimpaired. Chivers continued to publish new volumes, and reissue the old, until he died in Georgia in 1858.

Unfortunately, in attempting to reconstruct the image of Chivers it is impossible to escape that burlesque effect, though with the kindest intention in the world, which has proved the most enduring element in his works. He did not really change and lose his balance of mind in poetic egotism; the lack of balance was always there, and only declared itself more spectacularly as time went on. The tumultuous vacuity of Blake is found in him from the start and at the finish; it took the form of senseless sonority of diction and mindless rhyme-echo at the end, instead of visible chaotic

things of line and color. But at the beginning there was the germ. Here is a stanza from one of his early pieces, entitled "To a China Tree."

How gladly I looked through the suckle-  
gemmed valley,  
The grove where the washwoman filled up  
her tank—  
And stood by the well, in the green oakey  
alley,  
And turned down the old cedar bucket and  
drank.  
But farewell, ye oaks! and the trees of my  
childhood!  
And all the bright scenes appertaining to  
joy!  
I think of ye often, away in this wildwood,  
But never shall be as I was when a boy.  
Nor shoot with my cross-bow—my mulberry  
cross-bow—  
The robins that perched on the boughs near  
the gate.

This is something that neither Moore, nor Coleridge, nor even Woodworth, would have been capable of; but in it are the imitative catch, the liking for the refrain, the unconscious dips into bathos, that appear also in the later verses. Many poets have felt that Poe escapes these things only by a hair's-breadth, though his material is finer. The difference was that Poe was a genius, while Chivers only thought he was one. Poe, I think, played with Chivers to make something out of him; but there was nothing to be made of him but a friend, and that was not Poe's game. Apart from Poe, Chivers was an interesting illustration of his times: the vast, unfathomable ocean of American crudity was in Chivers, Alcott, Whitman, Mark Twain—these four. He was, without regard to his poetry, a most estimable man in his intellectual sympathy, his ideals and labors, and kindly and honorable in all his relations with his fellows.



## THE SIXTH DAY

BY EDITH DE BLOIS LASKEY

THE worlds had lain in an age-long dream while steadily to and fro,  
With a force repressed till it seemed like rest, the powers were heaving slow;

And the sentient, fluttering life of things, like a spark when the currents meet,  
Had sprung, youth-strong, from the travail long, and creation seemed complete.

But a nameless want that was past endure, shadow-like, darkened all,  
And the horror tense of a keen suspense held the pulse of the whole in thrall,

And Nature bloomed like a summer bride in the joy of her new-won grace,  
But great, dumb fear of a wonder near swept the beauty from her face.

Lo, still! The hush of a million worlds was piercing as a flame,  
The life-wide breath was clutched, like death, and then the moment came.

(O lips infirm that strive to speak what never a mortal can!)  
The eternal Now touched a shaggy brow, and the beast looked up—a Man!





BY WILLIAM GAGE ERVING

WITH PICTURES BY FERNAND LUNGREN

PART II<sup>1</sup>

AT daybreak of the 17th of July, 1901, I set out from Khartum on my river journey of eighteen hundred miles to Cairo.

A day's soaking in the river and a coat of spar varnish had brought my heat-parched canoe back into perfect condition, and my outfit had been completed by the addition of a few cooking-utensils and an abundance of bread, rice, and canned goods. The baggage occupied the middle of the boat, lashed firmly to floor and thwarts, while doubled up in the bow was my servant, a Cairene, Hassan Mohammed by name.

This man, highly recommended to me for the occasion, had up to this time performed his duties of servant and cook fairly well. Under his charge the canoe had made the long journey by river and desert to Khartum without accident, but now, at the very beginning of the voyage, he "flunked" utterly. Though a son of the desert, he had no sand. A few miles of choppy water, with an occasional wavelet over the gunwale, blanched his face with terror. "Never can we descend into such a high water in this so small a boat!" he declared; and so a little below Omdurman, when he begged

to accompany me along the bank till smoother water was reached, I permitted him to land. Forthwith he girded up his loins and sped in the direction of the city, and as my servant I saw him no more. I heard of him, however. That same night he reported at Khartum that my boat had swamped and he alone survived, whereupon, as he subsequently stated, "for four days was I thrown into prison."

The first day's journey was an uneventful one, the course being through smooth water for the best part of the way. The river was filled with islands some several miles in extent, while the banks were high, usually overgrown with scrub and mimosa, and deserted save for an occasional group of round straw huts with pointed roofs, from which a native now and then emerged to stare at my strange craft. My only map, an old one dating from the days of Gordon, was so full of inaccuracies that I almost immediately lost all account of my location, and it was only toward evening, as I encountered a few stretches of quick water and found the level country giving way to a ridge of blue hills running across the river's course, that I decided that I

<sup>1</sup> See the preliminary narrative, "From Cairo to Khartum," in *THE CENTURY* for January, 1903.

was approaching the head of the Shabluka, or Sixth Cataract. On a little island opposite a bold, rocky height beside the river, and just below the first series of rapids which constitute the Shabluka, I halted for the night. It was a tiny bit of land, consisting of a long, low spit of sand, at one end of which the soil rose some twenty feet above the water and was covered with bushes and rank undergrowth.

Into the very heart of the islet ran an arm of the river, forming a good shelter for the canoe, while a bit of smooth sand among the bushes offered an ideal sleeping-place. The sun had already set, and in less than thirty minutes dusk had changed to night.

Too weary from my first day's run to trouble to build a fire, I regaled myself on bread and cold meat, and, rolled in my blankets, fell fast asleep.

In the Shabluka pass we have one of the

many instances in which the Nile has hurled itself at an opposing mountain barrier and cut its way through. In fact, it often seems to select these unpropitious places for its course, when on each side, a few miles away, there is a tolerably level, unbroken expanse of desert.

For ten miles the river twists in and out before escaping to the open once more. Its current is very rapid, making it well-nigh impassable at low water because of the numerous rocks; but at the time of my descent the summer flood was well along, and all but a few of these barriers were hidden below the surface, their presence being marked only by occasional eddies.

Hence as a cataract the Shabluka was a distinct disappointment, and only the desolate grandeur of the gorge and the wild, swirling current redeemed the situation.

By noon the clouds had disappeared, the breeze had died away, and the rays of the sun beat down upon my pith helmet with a fierceness truly appalling. An al-

most irresistible drowsiness stole over me, and it was only by faithfully counting my paddle-strokes that I was able to avoid falling asleep in the bottom of the boat. At length, late in the afternoon, the heat diminished and signs of life once more appeared.

Nearly every sand-bank that I passed was tenanted by geese, ducks, cranes, and many other smaller water-birds, not to mention families of big, clumsy white pelicans, which abounded everywhere. Rarely did these hundreds of birds evince fear on



ALSO LOOKING FOR A LODGING FOR THE NIGHT

my approach; in fact, more than once an unusually inquisitive pelican swam out to interview the stranger, and after silently observing him for some moments, sedately returned to its company.

At sunset I was floating peacefully in the middle of the river, which seemed to stretch away boundlessly before me. To my left was a good-sized native village, where shouts and the beating of tomtoms proclaimed some celebration. Not wishing to join in these festivities, I began to search for some quieter place in which to pass the night, and presently reached a tiny island that seemed to answer my needs.

Rounding the farthest point, I found

myself in a little cove from which a slope of sand ascended to the underbrush above high-water mark, as in my camping-place of the preceding night. I was about to run ashore when I perceived that, contrary to my expectations, the island was inhabited. Descending the slope in front of me in a nonchalant manner, his enormous head slowly swaying from side to side, his long tail sweeping the sand in graceful curves, appeared the lord of the demesne, that terror of the native, a crocodile, some dozen feet long.

This creature, once so common in the Nile, is now absolutely extinct north of the Second Cataract, and it is only south of Khartum that he is to be found in numbers. Unlike our Florida alligator, he is not an agreeable companion. Instances of his sweeping men off the bank and disappearing with them to the bottom are not rare, and where he is common no native dares approach the riverside after night-fall. My new acquaintance stopped, and after surveying me intently for a moment, turned his head, and seemed to hold converse with friends hidden in driftwood and brush beyond. Having apparently apprised them of the arrival of a guest, he again advanced toward me, a smile of welcome plainly visible on his features.

That toothful smile recalled me to myself, and I abruptly took my departure, leaving him still regarding my strange behavior in open-mouthed surprise.

For fifteen minutes I paddled vigorously, and in the deepening dusk began to search for another and quieter place. A white bird on the shore attracted my attention, and I headed for it, having no objection to such company. But, alas! as I neared the bank I saw a large black object slide from it into the water with a splash. For an instant I stopped, and then paddled hard for the land, thinking that to be the safest place under the circumstances.

Why did this wretched crocodile number two, instead of continuing on his way, stop in the mud not five yards from the bank? Suddenly there was a prodigious scraping along the boat's keel, then a succession of sledge-hammer blows, which shook the little craft from end to end, while spray filled the air and the stork flew screaming away.

For a moment I stared helplessly, expecting to see the brute's nose appearing

through the bottom of the canoe; then the instinct of self-preservation asserted itself, and suddenly remembering that the crocodile does not like the sound of the human voice, I made night hideous with yells, beating the water savagely with the flat of my paddle meanwhile. For a few seconds pandemonium reigned, and then blessed quiet. My friend had left as suddenly as he had appeared. But the desire to possess this land had left me. I steered for the open, and it was not until the danger of capsizing in the darkness became more vivid than the recollection of my last encounter that I again ventured shoreward and hurriedly scrambled up the steep bank, taking the boat's painter with me. My troubles were not at an end, however. A rising gale of wind rendered vain all attempts at lighting a fire, while clouds of fine sand saturated any article of food exposed for a moment. Thunder and lightning, too, gave warning of the approaching haboob, against which there was not the slightest shelter.

Crocodiles or no crocodiles, I must visit the water's edge again; but my visit was not unduly prolonged. Throwing some of my belongings up to the top of the bank, I laboriously dragged the half-emptied canoe to the same place, and, turning it on its side, bottom to the wind, lashed it firmly to the scrub. In its lee I spread my tent and blankets, and though the outer layers were soaked in the deluge which followed, the innermost fortunately escaped, and the rest of that night I passed half buried in sand, sleeping and shivering alternately.

Next morning, three hours after embarking, I approached Shendi, and recognized, in the large tree-shaded building on the right bank, the officers' quarters which had been pointed out to me on my way to Khartum. The river was smooth, and the current carried me rapidly across the broad bend toward this spot. Intently watching it for any signs of civilized man, I paid little attention to a couple of large nuggars which, as I passed, cast off from the shore, hoisted sail, and came swiftly bearing down upon me from behind. Neither did I notice that they were manned by blacks in khaki uniform; nor did I pay special attention to the loud shouts with which I was greeted, but considering them only friendly hails, simply waved my paddle in reply

and continued on my way serenely. Then it was that I saw a partly clad white man rush down the bank pouring forth a volley of commands in Arabic, which was followed by a few sharp orders close to my ear, and hastily turning, I saw the first nuggar about to run me down. "Clumsy navigation!" I thought, and for safety straightway ran full tilt into the bank, where my boat was instantly seized by two armed blacks, while others came running up from all directions. While in blank amazement I was still endeavoring to recover my balance, imperiled by this abrupt halt, the officer came up. "Good morning," said he, civilly enough. "I am afraid I shall have to ask you to stop—orders from Khartum to arrest you." Then he showed me the following astonishing telegram:

commandant shendi an american left khar-tum yesterday in a canoe stop him wire berber

While I gazed at him in utter stupefaction, he continued: "You've got a blooming nerve to run by my boats put out there to stop you. It's good luck for you they had orders not to shoot, but the blackies below and out on that sand-bank might not have been so particular." Then he cheerfully remarked that as the guard-house was unfinished, I should have to be his prisoner at the club, whither we proceeded, followed by a file of soldiers bearing my canoe and kit.

Arrived at the mess, the commandant presented me to the several officers present, who regarded me curiously. Clad as I was in jersey, trunks, and native slippers, my head covered with a sun-helmet, which, though immense, failed to hide my unshaven and begrimed condition, my appearance warranted it. Never was arrest conducted more genially. Bath, shaving-material, and wardrobe were placed at my disposal, and half an hour later, clothed once more in civilized attire, I was enjoying a sumptuous breakfast in the airy dining-room, the walls of which were decorated with flags and weapons.

Three or four officers were lounging about, smoking or devouring the lately arrived weekly mail,—the day (Friday) being the official sabbath,—and my detention formed the subject of conversation. Through an officer from Halfa they had already learned of my plans, and it was

the consensus of opinion that it was on account of their impracticability, from the government point of view, that I had been held up. "But why was he allowed to start from Khartum?" asked one. I suggested that my intentions had not been advertised at that point. "And if he wants to get smashed up and drowned, why should the government interfere?" inquired Bimbashi K—. Before I could reply, the commandant's boy, "Australia," entered, chattering excitedly as he saluted. "There's trouble in the kitchen," remarked the Bimbashi: "we must n't miss it"; and we hastily adjourned thither, meeting on the way the cook, who triumphantly displayed, held at arm's-length upon two sticks, the remains of a five-foot Egyptian cobra which he had just killed among his stewpans.

Though one-time capital of the ancient kingdom of Meroë, and the reputed home of Sheba's queen, Shendi now presents not a trace of its former greatness. A few straw and mud huts amid acres upon acres of ruins are the sole remains of a city which in 1819 defied Mohammed Ali when his son came to collect a tribute of grain which the Shaggia tribe considered excessive. Protesting in vain, at length the wily chiefs feigned compliance, and invited the pasha and his attendants to a banquet, in the course of which the durra would be delivered at the door. In the midst of the feast the crackling of flames was heard, the grain piled about had been fired, and Ismail and his followers perished to a man. Great was the father's wrath. The next year he appeared at the head of an army, burned the town, and slew all the inhabitants.

From this blow Shendi never recovered, and in the days of the dervishes was too unimportant to suffer, while Metemneh, across the river, had become the populous terminus of the caravan route from Korti across the Bayuda desert, one link in the long journey to Khartum, and carried on a prosperous trade. And now Metemneh, its merchants scattered and its fighting-men massacred by the Khalifa, has a population of only seventy-five men and twelve hundred women.

To the south of the barracks are the "married quarters" of the Sudanese troops, scores of straw huts arranged in rows with military precision, outside of each a light straw shelter with the omnipresent angareb,

or bed, beneath it. The Sudanese soldier is enlisted for life, his wage is higher than that of the Egyptian, averaging fifty piasters a month, and as long as he is fighting he is perfectly content. Barrack life, however, is very distasteful to him, and in these days of peace recruits come in but slowly. Nearly every man is married, generally possessing but one wife, who, with his children, receives a regular allowance of durra from the government. This is not an onerous burden upon the commissariat, however, for the number of children is always very small, twenty children to a company of one hundred men being a high average.

A morning gallop into the desert, luncheon at noon in the breeze of a big pun-ka, followed by a siesta till five, when the broiling, choking heat of midday was lessening and we all came together at the tea-table, dinner at eight on the veranda by candlelight, and a round of story-telling until bedtime—such was the program of my first day's captivity.

Khartum was not heard from till the next day at luncheon, when a telegram was brought in to the commandant. This, I was informed, permitted me to proceed on condition that I should not attempt the passage of the Fourth Cataract in my canoe. But I declared that I must go down the river, and I would not make another trip on that railroad. A council of war was held, and Bimbashi K—— finally suggested that with camels I could make a carry round the cataract. "It's a good hundred and fifty miles of rather bad going, but you should do it in a week," said he; and orders were given for a camel to be brought that we might experiment in loading a canoe. This proceeding, which took place in the garden, appeared dangerous to the welfare of the canoe and roused the ire of the camel, which seemed to consider such a burden beneath his dignity. Unwillingly he knelt, snarling, rolling his head from side to side, and continually blowing out of his mouth and sucking in again a red membranous balloon.

Notwithstanding his objections, however, we at length devised a fairly satisfactory way of fastening the craft, and the beast was released, while that same afternoon an order was sent by wire to Abu Hamed to have four camels in readiness for me upon my arrival.

I now hastened my arrangements for de-

parture. Bimbashi N——, who was on sick-leave, invalidated from a surveying expedition up the Atbara, accepted an invitation to accompany me as far as the Meroë pyramids, thirty miles below. The whole mess assembled on the bank to see us off, and so I took leave of the kindest of hosts and the gentlest of jailers. We reached our destination about ten that evening, camped on the sun-baked mud-bank, and early the next morning N—— made his way inland, flagged a "wildcat" engine, and returned up the river.

The difficulty of visiting the pyramids, lying on the hillsides some three or four miles away, now confronted me. However, a scantily clothed native appearing at this moment, I accosted him, and eking out my Arabic, which consisted of the equivalents for "donkey" and "pyramid," with numerous realistic gesticulations, sought to convey to his understanding my desires as follows: a bowl of fresh milk, a place of safety for my canoe and outfit, and a donkey and guide to the pyramids, for all of which he should have a suitable reward upon my return. Strange to say, he comprehended; and in half an hour I had finished a breakfast of bread and milk, my goods had been brought to his straw hut, and one of the women had taken her seat near by, on guard, when he reappeared with two donkeys.

Not far from the river the trail crossed an extensive tract covered with broken bricks, the site of some city of old, among the ruins of which appeared two or three uncouth animals carved in granite, which perhaps once guarded the approach to some now vanished temple. Then followed a ride of more than an hour over a gravelly desert to the nearest of the three groups of pyramids. This consisted of fifteen more or less dilapidated structures, from the top of one of which some forty others could be distinguished, mere heaps of debris. The other two clusters, rising from the hills a mile beyond and numbering respectively seven and eighteen pyramids, were in a much better state of preservation. Faced with carefully hewn black stone, they varied greatly in size, the largest probably being less than seventy-five feet high, and were much more slender than those of Egypt. From the east side of each projected a small temple chamber, the portal, in a few instances, adorned with low reliefs,

while at its farther end, and cut into the side of the pyramid itself, was an apparently walled-up doorway, the Winged Sun carved on its lintel. This had deceived treasure-hunters, who in a few cases had removed the stones, only to find rubble beyond.

Scarcely anything is known of the history of these pyramids, but the old idea that they were an early example of Egyptian art, monuments of the advance of a nation invading Egypt from the south long before the days of the great pyramids, has been abandoned for the less fascinating theory that they date from the days of the Ethiopian kingdom which flourished when Egypt's glory was only a memory. But though their age be but three thousand years instead of double that number, there is something wonderfully impressive in their appearance, rising as they do in the midst of the desert miles from any living thing, while, more fortunate than their nobler and more ancient brethren of Gizeh, their solitude and dignity in the passing of the centuries remain undisturbed by the presence of venal Bedouin or electric trolley-car.

Early in the morning of the third day out from Shendi I was drifting slowly along, watching an enormous crocodile which, having laboriously waddled off a sand-bank, was lazily swimming across my track not a hundred feet away, displaying some six feet of head for my edification. Suddenly there broke in upon the stillness a faint, distant "chug-chug," and, like a flash, the great head disappeared from view. Not half a mile below me, rounding a wooded point and working slowly up the stream close to shore, appeared a little steamer of the type I had seen on the Halfa reach, flying the Union Jack and the star and crescent, emblematic of the joint control of England and Egypt in the Sudan. Though a little surprised by the appearance of a steamboat in this part of the world, I paid no attention to this new arrival other than to get out of its way, and with this intent steered for mid-stream. The steamer went in the same direction. I therefore headed inshore, whereupon the stranger did likewise, bumping her nose into the bank not ten yards from my stranded boat, while a crowd of blacks poured off her deck and came toward me on the run. In far less time

than it takes to tell, I was surrounded, seized, and dragged from my canoe, and in the grasp of half a dozen natives was hustled aboard the steamer. A big fellow in drawers and turban standing amidships appeared to be the captain, but without debate or parley I was stripped of my belongings and unceremoniously dropped into the hold. Hardly had I reached the bottom before the hatch was clapped on and I was in Stygian blackness. In a few moments I heard shouts and the pattering of naked feet on the deck above, and the renewed sound of paddle-strokes indicated that the steamer had backed off the bank and was proceeding to parts unknown.

Through all this not a word had been spoken to me, nor had I uttered one, so surprised was I to find myself attacked by a crowd of black pirates sailing under the British flag. For a moment I was stunned; then dismay was succeeded by wrath, but being unable in the darkness to discover anything wherewith to hammer on the deck above, I was obliged to content myself with shouting anathemas, threats, and commands in all the tongues I could master. With a tropical midday sun beating on the iron deck, it was hot in that hold; and when, after half an hour of this suffocating imprisonment, the hatch was lifted off, I welcomed the air with a gasp of relief.

This did not mean freedom, however, for about the opening was posted a guard of five half-naked men, who stared down at me with curiosity. Among the black faces I recognized the man with the turban, to whom I shouted the names of every British pasha, bey, and bimbashi I had ever met or heard of, coupling them with the words "telegraph" and "Shendi." As I proceeded, a "melanotic pallor" overspread his countenance, a hurried consultation followed, and almost immediately the boat was turned about and began swiftly descending the river. In about twenty minutes we brought up against the bank, and after a short delay I was lifted out and, still under guard, now reinforced by a khaki-clad Egyptian, was conducted ashore.

Here for half a mile we followed a narrow track through the mimosa, which ended abruptly at a line of rails and a mud hut whence came the click of a telegraph instrument, sure token of a Sudan railway station. As we entered the low doorway I

noticed the usual mats, blankets, and angareb, while attached to the mud wall a telephone met my astonished gaze.

Motioning to the Egyptian sergeant, evidently the station-master, I pointed to this, repeating "Bimbashi N——, Shendi," over and over, and then in my most dignified manner sat down on the angareb and awaited developments.

A one-sided conversation in Arabic followed; the sergeant became more and more excited, and presently, turning about, saluted and handed me the receiver. Never was English voice more welcome than was N——'s, although over the telephone and sixty miles away. In a few words he was informed of my predicament, and, as much astonished as I was at the happening, promised to wire the facts at once to the British *mudir* (governor of the province) at Berber, from whom we might expect despatches very soon.

\*All this and the orders to the station-master which followed had a great effect upon my captors, whose arrogance changed to obsequiousness; and when I started to return to the river they were all salaams.

Perceiving that the title of "bimbashi" did not appeal to me, they deferentially addressed me as "bey"; the steamer's tiny saloon was thrown open, and my suggestions regarding food and drink were promptly acted upon. That wretched black, the captain, stood humbly at the farther end of the room, which no one else save the cook *pro tem.* ventured to approach. So I sat in state an hour or more, when the sergeant again appeared with a message for the captain, who thereupon, with a most profound salaam, intimated that my further residence upon the steamer would be of my own volition.

Having no desire to prolong my acquaintance with the steamer *El Tahra* and her ex-dervish crew, I prepared to proceed on my way at once.

A dozen pairs of hands assisted in reloading and casting off my boat, which, notwithstanding its rough hauling over the vessel's side, I found to be uninjured; the hem of my burnoose was lifted to as many lips; and, being once more free, I resumed my interrupted cruise.

At the time I believed the captain to be acting under orders, although executing them in an inexcusably harsh manner; but on my arrival at Berber I learned that he

was entirely without authority in his behavior. His orders were to take his steamer to Omdurman for repairs, but accidentally overhearing directions to the military police to apprehend me, he had unwarrantably taken this upon himself, hoping thus to curry favor with the government, and glad of an opportunity to lord it over a white man. He had played the part of a privateer without letters of marque, of which he doubtless repented later, when, upon reaching Omdurman, he found awaiting him a severe reprimand and a hundred lashes.

That night I camped on the bank of a little back-water not ten miles from Berber. My afternoon's journey had not been entirely uninterrupted. Some boatmen towing a nuggar up the river had raced me along the bank, shouting to me to halt; and a village sheik, a very large man mounted on a very little donkey, had been summoned and had joined in the pursuit with numerous followers. Fortunately, none had firearms; I kept out of reach of other missiles, and after a race of four miles, finally paddled to the other side of a sheltering island, where I lost sight of them. A few miles farther on was the mouth of the Atbara, but my intention to land and inspect the new bridge was nipped in the bud by the appearance of a boat which put out from shore and headed toward me. Here, too, my visitors were unarmed, and, as they had only native oars, I was soon able to distance them.

A haboob arose during the night, and though there was but little rain, the wind continued, the river became very rough, and in the morning I spent over half an hour working my way across into the lee of the shore, where alone my boat could make progress.

Thus I was creeping along under the bank when I saw a white camel speeding up the riverside, ridden by a native who waved a packet of portentous size as he shouted to me. The appearance of the envelop persuaded me to give up my advantageous position on the water and come to land. The camel knelt, the native dismounted, and, salaaming, presented to me a big brown package which was well over a foot across. Inside of this was another envelop of ordinary size, containing a welcome to Berber from the mudir, and stating further that the bearer would conduct me to the town. I



nodded assent, and the black, remounting, started off down-stream at a pace which my canoe was barely able to equal. He was soon joined by several Egyptian soldiers, and the cavalcade, following first the river and then a narrow irrigation canal barely deep enough to float the boat, finally halted beside a deep pool, its high banks covered by a grove of palms. Here I was greeted by the Egyptian governor of the district, who offered me a horse, and together we rode to the government house, not half a mile away.

It is to the mudir of Berber, Bimbashi S——, that I owe in large measure the success of my expedition. Entering with enthusiasm into my plans, he assisted me in every possible way. He it was who furnished me with letters to the various officials below, notifying them in advance of my coming, and even requesting the mudir of the next province, Dongola, similarly to assist me. He it was who provided me with a servant to accompany me to that point, a distance of over four hundred miles. Although recognizing the authority of the instructions from Khartum, and agreeing with them as to the impracticability of descending the Fourth Cataract alone in my canoe, he fully agreed with me as to the undesirability of making the long portage from Abu Hamed by caravan, and all other possible routes or methods of reaching Merawi were considered. The result of the discussion was a compromise by which I was permitted to make the attempt, but under the guidance of government pilots.

Two delightful days were spent at Berber in the enjoyment of the cordial hospitality of the mudir at the government house, or exploring every corner of the straggling and half-ruined town on one of his ponies; and at daylight on Friday, July 26, I set out on the third stage of my journey from Berber to Abu Hamed, one hundred and thirty miles. In the bow sat my new servant, Suleiman Mohammed by name, a lean, black-skinned Sudanese, tall and slender, as are all his race, his thin cheeks disfigured by scars of the deep tribal gashes which every native bears from infancy.

His clothing consisted of white, baggy drawers, a coarsely woven shirt of dark blue, a fancy jacket, and a much battered Turkish fez, of which he was inordinately proud. Unable to speak a word of English,

he watched me like a cat whenever he made any motion, to see if I disapproved of it, and modeled his future behavior accordingly. In the time he was with me he rapidly picked up words, and in the course of a few days knew thoroughly my daily program as regarded cooking and camping, truly not elaborate.

I did not allow him to handle a paddle, though occasionally in rough water he used the boat-hook, and usually he lay sprawled out in the canoe, his bare arms and legs dangling over the sides, his shirt and fez removed, and his shiny skin dripping with perspiration under the blazing sun. But whenever he hailed a native to learn our whereabouts he invariably donned his fez and spoke in most lordly tones. Such was Suleiman Mohammed, faithful and plucky throughout.

On leaving Berber, we reentered the river, by the lower end of the irrigation canal, and early in the afternoon reached the head of the Fifth Cataract, which consists of the El Umar, El Bagara, and Abu Hashim rapids above Abu Hamed, and the Mograt below. Through the first three we managed to pass without incident, sometimes picking a channel, again necessarily running haphazard through the chutes between huge black boulders.

On the afternoon of the second day from Berber we entered a stretch of open water bordered by green-clad banks, a most acceptable substitute for the rocky, inhospitable region, with its fifty miles of rapids, now behind us; and that night our halting-place was a spit of sand where, rising above the universal stillness, could be heard the hideous screeching of the never-resting sakieh.

The sakieh is a Sudanese institution, as the shadoof is Egyptian. The latter is a water-hoist worked by hand, and is never found on the upper Nile. The sakieh consists of a large circular platform on the brink of the river, with a heavy post rising in the center, around which plods a yoke of oxen turning a clumsy wheel connected with a revolving drum. This extends over the water, and carries an endless rope of palm fiber with earthen water-jars attached. The rope is lengthened or shortened according to the height of the river, and the water is taken up and discharged into the irrigation ditch in an almost unbroken stream. This crude contrivance is contin-

ually breaking down, and much of the time of the natives is spent in repairing it. Notwithstanding this drawback, the Sudanese prefers dozing in a sort of hammock slung to the swaying pole, waking at intervals only to prod the lazy oxen, to lifting heavy buckets of water for hours at

carried my boat under cover. The government house was a two-story affair built of mud and whitewashed, but the view from the little hallway where I dined with the mamoor was unsurpassed. To the east lay the limitless desert; in the other direction the broad river swept in a magnificent curve



Drawn by Fernand Lungren

A SAKIEH, OR WATER-HOIST

a time, as his Egyptian brother does. For the Sudanese places nothing before sleep, not even prayer, the teachings of the Koran to the contrary notwithstanding.

On the next afternoon we passed the narrow branch of the river which runs behind the island of Mograt, the banks of which were a wilderness of palms. Here the old maps locate the Mograt rapids, for what reason I know not. Certainly now, at three quarters Nile, there was no sign of them, while of the great cataract which I traversed on the following day, extending a distance of a dozen miles below Abu Hamed, no mention whatever is made. An hour later the white government house of Abu Hamed loomed up ahead, high on the bank, and presently we ran ashore, where the *mamoor*, a young Egyptian lieutenant, cordially greeted me, and several soldiers

around the wooded island of Mograt away to the southwest, as it started on its great loop of nearly seven hundred miles to Halfa; while beyond all rose the mountains of Monasir, a rich purple in the wonderful afterglow of the sunset.

No detail in the arrangements for my onward progress had been omitted by the mamoor. Camels had already been furnished by the neighboring desert sheiks, and were awaiting my arrival, when orders were received from the mudir at Berber announcing the change in plan. Thereupon a messenger had promptly been despatched on the sixty-mile desert march to the island of Sherri, where the Om Deras, first of the series of eight cataracts constituting the so-called Fourth, breaks the smooth water of the river; and doubtless by this time the sheik of the island held

the required pilots in readiness. In this instance the mamoor had obeyed orders, and could do no more; but for the descent of the dangerous Mograt cataract, lying at his very doors, where miles of troubled waters could be seen from where we sat, he considered himself more directly responsible, and consequently decided to have me follow the back channel around Mograt Island, thus avoiding the worst rapids altogether. With this in view, his nuggar had been brought up to the government house, where it lay awaiting the hour of my departure, when, with the morning breeze or, that failing, with the tow-rope, it was to convey me and my boat the five miles back to the head of the island which I had passed that very afternoon. For the last few days, however, the usual north wind had been lacking, and knowing that towing up-stream for that distance would consume many hours, I strongly urged attempting the cataract itself. For some time the mamoor was obdurate, for the Mograt has a very bad reputation. He would permit me to go in a nuggar, but never in an egg-shell; and only after repeated assurances from his river-men that the rapids could be safely passed at this stage of the water, did he at length reluctantly yield to my request, stipulating, however, that a guide-boat should pilot me through.

Shortly after sunrise next morning we set out. First came the guide-boat, of rude native construction, manned by two grinning blacks, bareheaded and stripped to the waist, and the pilot, an elderly man in loose white jacket and trousers, with a turban twisted about his head, who, squatting on the high stern, managed the immense rudder. My canoe, well weighted down by a heavy box of provisions added to my kit at Abu Hamed, followed at a distance of a hundred yards. In five minutes we had rounded the great curve of the river, had shot over the first opposing ridge, and were entering upon the swirling waters of the rapids. An exciting hour followed. Back and forth across the river doubled the boat of my pilots, avoiding the multitude of rocky ledges, and picking out the deep, narrow channels between, with marvellous skill; now pausing for an instant at the brink of a black descending torrent, and in a flash lost in the waves at its foot; now pulling for life to avoid a suddenly

appearing whirlpool; again clinging to the shrubbery in the lee of some tiny islet, while the rowers took breath for the next rapid; I following in their wake till my arms ached and my head swam and the canoe shipped water ominously. Ten miles passed, and at last the river again broadened out, rocks and waves disappeared, and we were gliding over an expanse of smooth water, its low, rock-strewn shores a mile apart, where I was glad to drift awhile and rest.

And now the blacks in the guide-boat ceased pulling. The bad water was passed, they could serve me no further, they were poor men and many miles from home—might they not now return? Receiving my consent, they made for the shore, where the tow-rope was brought out and the long, hard pull back to Abu Hamed began. How they dared leave me thus, with the most dangerous part of the rapids still ahead, I never understood; for they must have known that a word to the mamoor regarding their behavior would have brought upon them a severe flogging. Doubtless, however, they feared the immediate present more than the indefinite future, or possibly concluded that, after all, dead men would tell no tales.

When my faithless pilot told me that the cataract was passed he deliberately lied. I had gone barely a mile, proceeding in the very middle of the stream without a thought of danger, when just ahead a long white line appeared, spanning the entire river. In a few seconds this had developed into a barrier of spray-capped billows from which there was no escaping. In a twinkling I found myself at the top of an inclined plane of water, where the river shot over the underlying ridge in one unbroken sheet, as water over a dam in time of flood. Down this the canoe rushed with the speed of a race-horse, rose sharply on the billows beyond, hurled itself seemingly through space, and fell upon the top of a chaos of foaming waves with a crash truly appalling. A yell of terror escaped the lips of my boy as he frantically grasped the gunwales, a mass of water drenching him from head to foot. For a few moments the canoe tossed wildly about, kept head on to the waves only with the greatest difficulty, and then plunged madly through foam and eddies into the smooth water beyond.

This lasted but a short distance, and scarcely had I recovered my breath when a new danger confronted me. Not a quarter of a mile ahead a ridge of rocks appeared, extending across the river, a mass of black boulders amid foam and spray of dazzling whiteness. Nowhere in this roaring inferno upon which I was being rapidly borne could I discover a sign of even the narrowest passage. Absolute destruction of the canoe seemed inevitable when, catching sight of a great flat rock the front of which, thirty feet in width, rose above the brink of the fall, I seized the last chance and headed directly for it, sheering sharply to the left when not six feet from the granite barrier. As, almost grazing its stony face, the boat sped alongside toward the maelstrom beyond, I caught up the long painter coiled at my feet and made a flying leap, landing on the sloping surface of the rock, worn smooth by long action of the water. Fortunately my bare feet did not slip, and by bracing myself the canoe was brought up with a sharp jerk. Suleiman, who throughout had behaved splendidly, sitting motionless in the bottom of the boat with both hands grasping its sides and his eyes never leaving my face, now rolled out, and in a few seconds canoe and kit were high and dry on the rock, and I was running to the brink to cool my feet, blistered from toe to heel by the scorching stone. Our desert isle stretched some three hundred feet down the stream, and below it the rapids appeared less dangerous. Here, then, we launched the canoe, and at length reached smoother water. The terrors of the Mograt lay behind us.

A few miles farther on we stopped for luncheon and rest in a shady nook on the bank below a small village. Here I was cordially welcomed by the natives, an angareb was brought and placed beneath a palm, my boy procured a gourd of milk, and soon an assemblage gathered about us as he prepared our meal. Then appeared the aged sheik of the village, feeble and blind, guided by two younger men and carrying a palm-fiber dish filled with ripe dates, which, greetings over, he presented to me as a gift of welcome. Unable to converse with him, I could only offer him a cup of tea in return, which he slowly sipped with apparent enjoyment, making as much noise in the process as possible, thereby not only cooling the beverage, but

showing his appreciation in true Sudanese style. Then, with profound salaams, he slowly retired, leaving me to finish my lunch in peace, while several of his company followed my boy to the river's edge, whither he went to wash my limited wardrobe. Taking advantage of that seldom seen luxury, soap, two of the men, when he had finished, removed their own garments and washed them by its aid, while one of the under-chiefs asked me for the remaining soapy fragment as a gift, and departed as pleased as a child therewith, to return presently with a great dish of dates.

Throughout the journey, at nothing in my equipment did the natives gaze with such longing as at my supply of soap. It was unduly large when I left Berber; a week later it was gone. It was almost the only article which had the habit of strangely disappearing by day or night, and to make a present of a tiny piece was to make the recipient a warm friend. The Sudanese river-man is a cleanly animal; he bathes constantly in the river, and washes his clothing frequently, but the white cotton cloth gives little evidence thereof. The water he uses is thick with mud. The scrubbing-board is a rock, and the cleaning is accomplished by treading underfoot for an indefinite period the muddy heap of garments.

At Sherri, which we reached at noon of the following day, we found the mamoor's messenger, an Egyptian army sergeant, and the head-men of the island waiting to receive me. Assured that everything was in readiness for my departure, I remained at the mud "rest-house" only long enough to dine, and then returned to the canoe, surprised not to find any signs of a boat in the neighborhood. Surely these people could not imagine that my canoe could carry a pilot in addition to its present burden! At my approach, two men seated on the bank busily examining a couple of goat-hide water-skins arose and salaamed. Then, having blown up the skins as tight as drum-heads, tied up the mouths with leathern thongs, and stopped up any minute orifices present by whirling around a few handfuls of mud and water inside, they made ungainly turbans of their scanty clothing, and plunged into the river. Their primitive life-buoys, which they held close beneath their chests with their left arms,



Drawn by Fernand Lundgren. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

# PILOTS THROUGH THE CATARACTS

kept their heads a good two feet above the water; and, laughing and chatting unconcernedly, the two hardy swimmers were rapidly borne down-stream by the current, by the aid of which they were to descend the fifty miles of river between Sherri and Berti, where Berber Mudirieh ends and Dongola begins.

Following these cataract *reises*, who had been selected as my guides through the first half of the Fourth Cataract, I was taken, by way of a narrow arm of broken water between the islands of Sherri and Sherrari, into the north channel of the river, where the stream, smooth at first, became more and more broken, until the whole seemed to disappear in black, frowning precipices ahead. My pilots made for a narrow bit of sand at the entrance of the gorge, and signaled me to follow. From this point of vantage I could see the stream descending like a gigantic mill-race between sheer, lofty walls of rock for some hundred yards, to enter again the main channel of the river, which presented a tossing mass of waves over a mile across. Yielding to the importunities of my guides, who begged me not to attempt the descent of this chute, I disembarked, and they took the boat under their own charge. Carefully examining its contents to see that they were firmly lashed therein, they placed their air-skins inside, and, one grasping the bow and the other the stern, plunged again into the water. In a moment they were rushing madly through the foaming waves, which threatened every instant to engulf them; and then, whirling around an angle of rock, disappeared from view. We hastened to follow by land, but to reach the foot of the gorge involved a detour of half a mile over a rocky waste through which a broad roadway had been cut by nature in some bygone age. Arriving breathless at the water's edge once more, we found the two pilots seated on a low rock which rose out of the water, the canoe floating placidly beside them. The excitement of such tobogganing was too great an attraction to forgo, however; and during the remainder of the day, through the succession of similar chutes which followed, I handled the boat myself, to the great perturbation of my *reises*, whose equanimity was restored only after several successful descents.

Pushing on early the next morning, after

a night's sleep at the "rest-house" of El Kirbekan, thirty-five miles below Sherri, in two hours' paddling we reached the island of Berti, where two natives, one borne on an inflated skin, the other on a palm log, took the places of my former *reises*. Berti lies in the midst of the Fourth Cataract. Above it are the Om Deras, Tuari, and Kubenat rapids, through which I had already passed, while from the island's foot extend the rapids of Edermi, Bahak, Kandi, and Terai, an almost unbroken stretch of cataract terminating at the island of Owli, twenty-five miles below. Throughout this distance the river is broken by the large islands of Ishishi, Kandi, and Owli into numerous channels, all difficult, some impassable. In compliance with instructions from the mudir of Dongola, my new guides were to select the most practicable of these for my descent.

From now on these pilots were continually changing. They were native sheiks, each, with a *reis*, accompanying me to the limits of his jurisdiction, and then handing me over to the sheik of the adjoining territory; and under their guidance I followed all that day a series of narrow, tortuous channels, keeping for the most part close to the right bank. In three places there was insufficient water for the passage of the canoe amid the labyrinth of rocks; but this had been foreseen by my guides, and at each point I found collected some eight or ten men, who carried canoe and kit several hundred feet around the obstruction. In the third instance, in order to avoid a series of three rocky ledges absolutely barring navigation, a longer portage became necessary; and for half an hour I proceeded on a donkey across the scorching desert, followed by my troop of carriers. Of these the four who bore the half-emptied boat, soon wearying of the labor, impressed into service an unfortunate donkey, upon whose shoulders fell the whole burden, while the former bearers, who now had only to balance the craft, grinned triumphantly at their less fortunate brothers, still loaded down with kit and provisions.

The delays incident to changing escorts, making portages, and picking a way through the rock-infested shallows consumed so much time that it was noon of the following day before I reached the foot of Kandi Island and shot the Terai rapid. Here I took leave of my faithful

friends, the cataract sheiks, and entered upon the ten miles of more open water extending to the Gerendid, last of the rapids of the Fourth Cataract.

Here the frightful desert through which I had been journeying since leaving Abu Hamed, its desolation unbroken save about Sherri, where palms and sakihs gave proof of life, if not of prosperity, began slowly to recede from the river's edge. The tracts of golden sand and the even more forbidding crags of black gran-

moored to the bank, and groups of natives appeared working in the fields. Ahead rose conspicuously the dark-blue peak of Gebel Barkal, at the foot of which once lay Napata, capital of the kingdom of Ethiopia, and which to-day overlooks the district of Merawi, the only fertile and prosperous region in the northern Sudan. The Fourth Cataract lay behind me, and ahead extended for two hundred miles the Merawi-Dongola reach of the Nile, its whole course uninterrupted by a single rocky ridge.

It was already dusk when I reached Merawi, a collection of hamlets extending several miles along the river front, with the religious center at the new mosque rising conspicuously on the edge of the desert, and the political headquarters at the government buildings two miles farther down the stream. In the old campaigning days it was an important advanced post, and was the point from which, in the summer of 1897, Hunter's flying column set out on its



Drawn by Fernand Lungren. Half-tone plate engraved by T. Schussler

THE PYRAMIDS OF NAPATA (MERAWI)

ite, rising sheer for scores of feet above the water, unbroken for miles by a single habitation, were succeeded by a belt of bright green durra, interspersed with villages of brown mud huts. The occasional doom-palm and the thorny mimosa fringing the banks were replaced by hundreds of date-palms, among the great green leaves of which hung enormous clusters of ripe fruit. The monitor, that great lizard of the Nile, a yard in length, which loves to sun itself clinging to the brush upon the bank; the flocks of ducks along the water's edge; the cranes wading in the shallows; and the gazelle timidly approaching the river for water, were to be seen no more, while in their places sheep, goats, camels, and sakihs oxen, under the charge of naked children, slaked their thirst at the water's edge. The sakihs along the bank became more frequent, until, after passing the Gerendid, they were often but a few rods apart. Here and there a nuggar, unseen heretofore below Abu Hamed, lay

brilliant succession of night marches, culminating in the surprise and annihilation of the dervish garrison at Abu Hamed. Thus was made possible the completion of the desert railway and the carrying of the war into the enemy's country. Now only a single company of troops garrisons Merawi, while the mud barrack buildings and the ruinous cavalry inclosures, with their row upon row of mud mangers, are spread over acres of ground.

The mamoor welcomed me most hospitably, and after dinner at his own house conducted me to the "palace," the residence of the mudir during the winter, when New Dongola, the other capital of the province, is rendered unendurable by swarms of black flies.

That night the moonlight flooded the garden of palms and fragrant flowers, and displayed the great stuffed crocodile hanging above the palace entrance. A light evening breeze rustled in the tree-tops, and, beyond, the broad, silvery Nile murmured



drowsily, as if resting from its fierce struggle in the rocky gorges above. Half hidden in his blanket, Suleiman lay stretched on the gravel path at the foot of my angareb, and the stillness was broken only by the pacing of the sentry before the palace entrance. Such were my surroundings, in pleasant contrast to many previous camps.

The next morning at sunrise, while I was still at breakfast, the mamoor appeared to escort me to the antiquities of Merawi, an excursion for which he had made elaborate preparations the preceding evening. Starting out forthwith on two donkeys, their clumsy wooden saddles covered with soft sheepskins, we soon were ambling along over the hard, smooth sand of the desert to the pyramids of Sherri, eight miles up the river. These pyramids, eleven in number, rise upon a sandy ridge commanding a view over the valley of the Nile for many miles. Constructed of small stones of poor quality, many of their companions have disappeared, only shapeless mounds of rubble remaining to mark their sites, while the survivors are much battered and worn by time.

Not only in ancient days was this spot a burial-place for the surrounding country: even now in all directions extends a Mohammedan cemetery, and above the chaos of mounds rise three tombs of revered sheiks, rude beehive-shaped structures of brick thirty feet high, which appear almost as venerable as the near-by pyramids. Beside the open entrance of each a pious hermit has taken up his abode, who watches over the low mounds of earth within and the coarse white flags which adorn them, and occasionally fills with grain the pottery bowls lying about, making a feast for the birds. Such liberality, however, is not shown in the durra-fields below, the owners of which, knowing that in a single day these winged creatures can easily strip an entire field, erect scaffolds and post watchers thereon, who from morning till night wage war on the depredators with shouts and missiles.

Descending, we rode through fields of durra, which waved high above our heads, and halted for a time in the shade of two enormous trees by a well of crystal water. Here during the heat of the day we were entertained by two village head-men, or *omdahs*, till word was brought us that the only ferry-boat of the neighborhood was

ready. Embarking to the great disgust of a waiting caravan, who thus saw dissipated all hopes of crossing the river that day, we proceeded down-stream half a dozen miles, landing on the opposite bank, where a motley crowd of Egyptian soldiers, natives,



Drawn by Fernand Lungren

#### PROTECTING THE CROPS

camels, and donkeys was awaiting our arrival. Mounted now on running camels, of which the government keeps a detail at every post throughout the country, we sped over the sand toward the foot of the mountain, still a couple of miles distant. As we approached it, we encountered at more and more frequent intervals heaps of debris, until we found ourselves in the midst of a confusion of rubble and quarried blocks of stone of all sizes and shapes. Here we dismounted and for an hour wandered about, pausing now before a gigantic ram of polished granite, or the colossal figure of some ruler of olden time, whose features still remained as clear-cut as when first they were chiseled out of the unyielding stone thousands of years ago.

Two columns still stood erect amid the confusion, and close beside the steep face of the Gebel could be traced the ground-plan of a temple, the sanctuary of which, cut into the living rock and adorned with much battered reliefs, still remained, sole witness to a departed grandeur. Not quite alone, however; for half a mile away, behind the isolated mountains, rose a group of six pyramids which, in spite of the silting in of sand and the destruction of their tips, still averaged fifty feet in height.

Returning to a native village beside the river, we were received by the omdah, who escorted us to his mud hut, in the veranda of which he proceeded to entertain us in true native fashion. On both sides of the low table were placed angarebs, upon which we reclined, and, after performing our ablutions Moslem-wise, proceeded to "negotiate" the meal laid before us. This consisted of two large bowls of soup, one of vegetables, the other of small bits of mutton. Before each was also a rolled-up bundle of native durra bread, thin pancakes, some two feet in diameter, of coarsely ground meal mixed with water and baked over a hot fire. Neither knife, fork, nor spoon was to be seen, the method of procedure being to break off a piece of pancake, roll it into a cornucopia, scoop up some of the stew therewith, and convey the whole to the mouth. To seize the bits of meat in the boiling liquid required, however, more skill, and I owned to scalded finger-tips at the end of the course. Again came pitcher, basin, and towels; again we washed, and then regaled ourselves with juicy dates, while tea, served in tiny glasses, completed the repast. On leaving, I received from the omdah as a parting gift a basket of big yellow limes.

On the following morning I resumed my canoe journey to New Dongola, now only one hundred and seventy miles distant, and for two days made but little progress in the face of a strong head wind, which culminated in a terrific sand-storm. This was succeeded by a clear, calm day, but with scorching heat. Nevertheless, when I ran ashore that night near Urbi, one of the scores of villages which line the river-banks throughout the Merawi-Dongola reach, it was after a day's run of over seventy miles, with only twenty more between me and my destination. At the water's edge I was met by a dignified old

native, his face almost hidden by enormous turban and long beard, who presently made me understand that he was the omdah of Urbi, and wished me to accept his hospitality. As I declined to go to the village, but expressed my willingness to camp on the bank, he at once sent off messengers, who returned shortly with an angareb, fuel, milk, and dates. Having seen the preparations for my comfort well under way, he retired, to return at daylight bearing a great bowl of milk, and wishing me God-speed on my voyage.

Throughout my journey in the Sudan every white man was my friend, and I was continually the recipient of kindnesses from all to whom I bore letters or messages from resident British officers; while at the hands of many native sheiks and omdahs, to whom I came an utter stranger, I experienced spontaneous, unobtrusive Arab hospitality.

At noon on the 6th of August I reached New Dongola, where I had the pleasure of again meeting the mudir, D—— Bey, who brought me to the "palace," an exceedingly pretty brick building half hidden in a grove of noble palms. Dongola is not, however, an ideal place of residence; there is rarely a suggestion of a breeze, swarms of gnats abound, and only the night before the governor's library had barely escaped destruction by white ants. Here, as arranged with the mudir of Berber, I started Suleiman homeward, a roundabout journey via Halfa. Henceforth Suleiman will be the much traveled man of his native village. All the officers at the post took a lively interest in my expedition, and Bimbashi H——, who was about starting on a tour of inspection through the northern part of the province, to my great gratification arranged to join me at Kosheh for a week's canoeing.

The duties of the British official on these circuits of inspection are both arduous and onerous. His is the position of the "just kadi," to whose court the natives flock with their supplications and grievances; and the patient care with which their petitions are investigated, and the absolute justice of the decisions rendered, are a revelation to the Sudanese, accustomed for centuries to the all-powerful influence of bakshish. Several sessions of one of these simple courts attended by me were full of interest. The British, ever pioneers in sup-



Drawn by Fernand Lungren. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

WRECKED IN THE RAPIDS

pressing the slave-trade, had that great problem to face on their reoccupation of the Sudan—in this instance the more difficult as it was the chief industry of the country. Already the traffic has been broken up, but no attempt has been made toward general emancipation. Any slave, by showing cause before the court, can, however, obtain his freedom, an attempt rarely made because cruelty of master toward slave seldom occurs in Mohammedan countries.

Most of the cases concern title to property. The Arab loves litigation, and contentedly squanders his time and wealth over a rod of land or half a date-tree. Some of these trivial affairs were so involved that their solution by ordinary procedure was impossible; they were generally referred to a board of arbitration consisting of native omdahs. If this was under British supervision, the result was cheerfully accepted.

Aside from the Third Cataract, and the Kaibar and Amara rapids, nothing breaks the open water between Dongola and Kosheh, one hundred and sixty-five miles below. Of these only the first offered any difficulty, and, with a government reis in the bow of my canoe, I was able to pick my way through its five miles of rock-strewn rapids. As I proceeded, the country became more barren, and villages, durra-fields, and palm-groves grew more infrequent, until I entered upon a mountainous waste rivaling the country of the Fourth Cataract in desolation.

Here, not a quarter of a mile from the river, arose the ruins of the temple of Soleb, a picture of dazzling whiteness in a framing of yellow sand. A dozen mighty columns remained standing, their varied capitals uninjured, while the plan of the structure was indicated by the ruined bases of the others. On columns and walls were reliefs and hieroglyphics, among which could be frequently distinguished the cartouche of Amenophis III. The temple is a beautiful example of the architecture of the Eighteenth Dynasty, its impressiveness increased by the solitude.

At Kosheh, a village near the battle-field of Firket, and the last of the government posts in the province of Dongola, I found H—— awaiting me, and the following day we loaded the canoe with our kits and began the descent of the Second Cataract. Shooting the formidable Dal rapid in safety that same afternoon, we were borne into the

grim rocky portal at its foot, fit entrance to the appalling Batyn-el-Hagar (Belly of Rocks), that seeming remnant of primeval chaos through which the Nile rends its tortuous course in a succession of cataracts extending one hundred and fifteen miles to Halfa below.

For a day all went well. The Akasha, Tanjour, and Ambukol rapids were passed successfully, though not without shipping quantities of water into our heavily laden boat, and the next afternoon found us descending through a gorge the lofty sides of which cut off our sunlight. Here our government maps became useless, the river being indicated by indefinite dotted lines; and so, carried by the swift current, we came entirely without warning upon the cataract of Semneh. The frowning walls closed in upon us as, rounding a sharp curve, we came suddenly upon the brink of the fall, where a jagged crag divided the river into two narrow channels.

Into the right-hand one at a venture we headed, and I suppose it all happened in a few seconds, although at the time it seemed deliberate enough. The canoe safely shot the first fall and apparently breasted the breakers beyond, only to be caught by a whirlpool which inexorably drew it backward again into the foot of the fall. On the instant that we were once more in the full power of the cataract, our boat was caught up, spun about like an egg-shell, and hurled into the wall of waters beyond. A huge wave struck me in the face and chest, the canoe seemed to melt away beneath me, and I was struggling in the water. As I came to the surface the water-filled canoe, with H—— clinging to one end, appeared a short distance to my right. By good fortune I managed to reach it, and, half submerged in the swirling torrent, the canoe and its recent passengers tore wildly down the river.

Minutes and miles passed, and the dusk deepened. In vain we endeavored to divert the boat from its course and tow it toward the shore; and in one of these attempts the painter was wrenched from H——'s grasp, and as I was whirled around a jutting rock I caught a final glimpse of a khaki helmet on the crest of a distant wave. It was probably a couple of miles below when, still clinging to the boat in spite of waves and rapids, I was drawn over another fall and sucked into a whirlpool beyond. The

sensation of sailing under water, even for a short distance, is distinctly unpleasant; but almost instantly I was shot to the surface out of the eddy's reach, and, by great good luck, in the direction of the shore. Throughout I had maintained my hold upon my paddle, and now, catching the painter in my teeth, I swam my best toward the rocks, on which I gained foothold before the slack rope was exhausted, and thus reached a spit of sand, dragging the boat after me.

I immediately made the best of my way up-stream, alternately shouting and listening. After half a mile or so I was rejoiced beyond measure to hear H——'s distant answering hail, and presently our meeting was ratified by a simple Anglo-Saxon handshake; whereupon we sat down and proceeded to extract the mimosa thorns from our bare feet. Regaining the canoe, we discovered that the false floor, which had been screwed to the ribs of the boat and to which our belongings were firmly lashed, together with the added thwarts, had been torn away bodily, and not a vestige of our equipment remained. Aside from this, however, the stanch little craft was apparently intact. At this moment I thought I saw, describing large circles around the whirlpool, an object resembling the waterproof bag which contained certain smaller items of my kit. Venturing out in the canoe the next time it appeared, I managed to secure it to the painter, and so towed it to land; but the rest of our outfit doubtless lay at the bottom of the Nile.

Our camp on the sand that night, without blankets, food, or fire, was a sorry affair; and at length, in desperation, H—— set out

in the darkness in search of human habitation—a forlorn hope. About midnight he returned, footsore and weary, followed by three natives whom he had chanced to discover at a squalid hut some miles down the river. We welcomed the use of their sheepskins and the warmth of the fire which they kindled with flint and steel; but their commissariat was nearly as lean as our own, all the food they were able to furnish us being a handful of dates and a bit of durra bread.

The next morning, there being no other course open, we again embarked in the canoe, now certainly light enough, for the remaining stretch of thirty-five miles to Halfa and civilization. By noon we had reached the head of the great Abkeh, where the reis of the cataract, according to previous appointment, was awaiting us with two companions, all furnished with swimming-skins. Under their pilotage we safely traversed the nine miles of rapids, winding in and out among the hundreds of islands with which the broad torrent is studded, and keeping well to the right shore, until the rock of Abusir, which guards the last chute (the Bab-el-Kebir), arose to our left, and we entered smooth water once more.

Late that afternoon, thirty days from Khartum, the canoe reached Wady Halfa, where we received the warmest of welcomes from our friends, the officers stationed there. Four days later, at Assuan, two hundred and twenty-five miles below, where H—— was obliged to leave me and return, I reluctantly parted from that most delightful of friends. Resuming the voyage to Cairo, I reached my destination one month later.



A REFLECTION





Drawn by Sigismund Ivanowski. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE POPPY-WITCH

# THE POPPY-WITCH

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

SHE gave me bread wherein was blent  
The poppy's ivory seed ;  
She gave me wine, of deep content, —  
The poppy-laden mead.

I sought but sleep—she gave a dream,  
A dream so passing fair,  
It makes the shadow substance seem,  
And substance empty air!



# THE ROSE-TREE

BY ALICE REID

HE builded him a little cot  
All white without and white within ;  
He builded him a little cot  
To put his bonny lassie in.  
And by the door-step planted he  
A rose, that it might climb about  
The door, and frame enchantingly  
Her going in and coming out.  
"One bonny rose upon my hearth  
And another beside my door," said he ;  
"In all this happy, happy earth  
'T was never June before," said he.

Oh, many, many Junes have fled ;  
The lover and his rose are dust :  
But o'er the crumbling ruin spread  
The ancient rose-tree keepeth trust.





Drawn by William L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"YOU 'VE GOT TO BE JUDGE, PA GLADDEN"

# KNIGHTS TO THE RESCUE

BY ELIZABETH CHERRY WALTZ

WITH PICTURES BY WILLIAM L. JACOBS

"Persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed."

I

"**E**F ever mortal man had good occasion ter be jealous," observed a small and busy man who was sewing a large button on to a pair of overalls in a rough barn room, "it air yer Pa Gladden when misforchin comes visitin' the Crossroads. It air Ma Gladden here an' Ma Gladden over yonder. The worst of it is, she plumb enjoys it. The miser'ble steals Drusilly's heart clear outen her bosom, an' she takes no account o' her lawful duties ontill death er returnin' health allows her ter take a thort further. Drusilly hain't been home much fer purty nigh a week."

Bitter cold it was, a January day—in the midnight of the year. Old snow lay upon the ground—snow upon which were traced the weird hieroglyphics of the sun finger, the broad sweeps of the wind brushes, delicate marks of bird foot and beak, and firmer impressions made by hunger-driven vermin from the woodland. It had upon it the priceless glaze of old porcelain. With fierce winds and landlocked streams the winter held to its sternest phases.

Pa Gladden, the farmer, talked and sang over his lonely work in the barn. It was no hymn, no carol, only a bit of folksong caught from the vagrant negroes that went up and down the valley:

Possum up a gum-stump,  
Cooney in a hollow;  
Wake, snake and June-bug,  
Give ye half a dollar!

At the end of this stanza, sounds afar made him pause in his hammering and eagerly listen. Sheila, the collie, barked

shrilly outside. There came the sound of the feet of horses in the lane.

"Air the Crossroads settlement plumb broke loose?" queried pa out loud. Then he stepped to the door.

"It air Doc Briskett," he announced at once, "an' it air Elder Becks from Pegram, an'—an'—I take t' other man fer Noey Hyde from over Sinai way. I wonder whut in Sam Hill air up ter bring all thet congregation here at this time o' day?"

Standing hospitably at the barn-yard gate, bareheaded and smiling, he was met by a chorus of "Howdy, howdy, Pa Gladden!" hearty and frank.

"We know that Ma Gladden's away, pa," cried Doc Briskett, "so we came right out here to see you."

"Thar's fires covered up," stated pa, "ef ye'd ruther go up ter the house."

"This is good enough for us," said Elder Becks, "and we'll come right in. Horseback-riding is cold work this weather, if it is only from Ritter's over here."

"Waal, I swanny!" cried Pa Gladden, helping to hitch the horses, "thar air shorely suthin' on hand ter make ye young fellers go gallopin' 'roun' the country like a circus. Don't ye warnt the hosses put inter the barn?"

"Ain't got the time," cried Doc Briskett, rubbing his hands over the old stove in the harness-room; "but there is something on hand, Pa Gladden, that needs you and your contriving brain."

Pa skipped about to seat his visitors. His mind grasped the fact that here was something beyond the passing of Elkanah Ritter, had that long-deferred event actually taken place.

Why was Noel Hyde here from over

Sinai way? Doc Briskett took an old chair and tilted it against the wall. Truly this was what Pa Gladden called "an occasion."

"Take the rocker, elder. Noel, you're used to a milk-stool. Now we're going to hold a court of inquiry for about half an hour. You've got to be judge, Pa Gladden."

"Waal, now," smiled Pa Gladden, from his judicial perch on a corn-basket, "ye do set my lights purty high. I been 'most everything but a jedger, an' now thet air 'p'inted ter me."

The elder, however, gazed at him with most anxious eyes.

"Don't be toolight-minded, my brother," he began; "there is a matter fairly racking me."

Pa Gladden at once looked grave.

"Knowin' ye, elder, I'm plumb sorry I did n't notice thet afore. Jokes don't sot any better on anxiety than a hen on snake's eggs."

"The worst of it all is," sighed the elder, "that we can't decide whether we should interfere in this matter or not."

"To meddle or not to meddle," struck in the burly doctor—"it is a ticklish business."

Pa could not resist a twinkle of the eye.

"Doc air not usually mixed up much with church businesses."

"This is not church business," said the elder, "but it will be if something is not done. I want to get down to the bottom of it first. I cannot sleep at night."

"Better explain it all, had n't ye?" broke in the younger man. "Ye see, Brother Gladden air in the dark yet."

"Yes, Noey; court's opened, but thar hain't no case been stated yet—jes some wild talk."

"As I was saying, it is a trouble that we have n't any real clue to, Brother Gladden," began the elder.

"Wull some one, without so much circumlution, jes make it plain ter me whut air up?" Pa Gladden said with emphasis.

"We're discussin' on Persephone Riggs," broke in Noel Hyde, shortly.

Pa collapsed immediately and fairly fell into the corn-basket. He was evidently disappointed, and made no comment.

"I don't know how much ye know," pursued Noel Hyde, "but it's bein' buzzed over at Ritter's, I tell ye."

"We came straight from there," added Doc Briskett, significantly.

"The whisperin's clumb over the ridge two weeks 'ago," observed Pa Gladden, "an' they've run like a fores' fire ever sence. Folks don't in no wise remember thet he thet uttereth slander air a fool, so the Scriptor says. Waal, an' then whut, elder?"

"I buried the mother two days ago," returned the elder; "she used to be in my church years ago, and she asked for me. It was a moving burial. You all know Sinai custom. They carried the coffin to the graveyard, and they sang hymns at the regular stops. There was only one mourner: that was Persephone; and when the funeral was over, she walked down the road alone. I have seen her going alone in my thoughts ever since, and it seems to me that I really must do something for her. I was on my way there this morning when Brother Ritter's messenger stopped me. Doc was at the house, and I talked to him. He and I were speaking about it when up comes Noel Hyde on the same errand."

"Ye've finally made a plain story, elder," said pa, gravely, "an' I begin ter see daylight. Now, doc, put in yer say. Whut d' ye know?"

Doc Briskett looked uncomfortable.

"Lord, I can't talk slop, pa! There is something wrong, that's all. The woman may have heard all this talk going round."

"Sence the neighborhood air hard at her, tooth an' nail, it's probable," said Pa Gladden. "Now, Noey, it's yer turn ter speak up."

The short, red-faced man grew redder and most uneasy. He cleared his throat several times before he blundered into a lame explanation:

"Sis Vi'let an' me went over thar yestiddy. We could n't git in, but we felt shore she was there. So I rode over Pegram way ter see Elder Becks. We all warnt ter be friendly ter Persephone, on'y pap has had the roomatics all winter an' Sis Vi'let has been kept closet ter hum. It air hard fer a man ter do much when folks air as cold as Persephone has been o' late."

"So 't is, so 't is," said Pa Gladden, heartily; "but let's get ter a p'int o' reason ter oncet. The case air thet a sittin pore young widder we knows hez had money when it stan's ter reason she hain't got a cent."

"That 's it," cried Doc Briskett; "that is the point—and Persephone will not explain."

"Pore soul," said pa, gently, "pore soul! Ye may lay it down thet she air in mortal trouble."

"That 's what I felt yesterday," added Elder Becks, his gaunt face really eloquent with feeling—"felt it to my soul."

Pa nearly tumbled from his cushion of meal-sacks in his great earnestness. He laid off his speech by patting his forefinger into his hard palm.

"Yer see, it air jes this way: Persephone Riggs has money unaccounted fer. Whar did she git it—this surprisin' ermount? Thar 's only five ways o' gittin' money—ter come by it nateral, ter airn it, ter borror it, ter steal it, er ter find it. Now let 's fit this petic'lar widder inter them ways. She hain't got nothin' nateral; thet is, she hain't an inheritor o' nothin'. She hev been nussin' her mother, an' hain't airned much. She hain't no relatives ter help her. She hain't been anywhar ter steal er ter find money. So thar ye air: she hez sutlinly borried it, er it 's been give ter her."

Noel Hyde drew a quick breath.

"The thing we air boun' ter peruse an' consider next," continued Pa Gladden, still more earnestly, "air the p'int as ter who 's got any money. It hain't been flowin' in streams erbout Sinai, Pegram, er the Crossroads this year. Now who air got it convenient ter Persephone ter give her er ter lend her? Doc, yer orter be able ter strike us a leetle light thar. Who hev got money ter give er ter lend over Sinai way?"

"Mighty few," sighed doc, regretfully; "just about two fellows—old Squire Bald-rock and Bad Luttrell. That brings us back to Luttrell and the talk. Persephone was seen going over there after dark."

"Turrible, turrible thing it air," commented pa, "fer tongues ter git ter runnin' on a good-lookin' woman like a pack o' houn's arter a red fox. Jes let 's suppose thet Sinbad Luttrell gives er lends the widder thet money. I warnt t' add right here, outhen the deeps o' strong conviction, thet he never did give nobody nothin'. He air a blot on all creation fer exactin' an' extortin' intrust. I had some dealin's with him myself one year, an' only yer Pa Gladden's good hoss-sense ever got him out o'

thet turrible clutch. Ef Luttrell don't give nothin' ter nobody, it stan's ter reason thet Persephone hez borried it from him, an' so he 's got a holt on her thet he 's goin' ter push ef she lets on erbout it at all. Waal, I don't see no way fer us ter do, only ter go over an' rescue the perishin'—to set thet pore female on ter her feet ag'in."

Noel Hyde's deep eyes shone like stars, Elder Becks's light ones softened, and Doc Briskett's brown ones fairly laughed.

"I believe ye air right," broke in the Sinai man, "fer, yer see, I 've known Persephone from a leetle gal up. She was raised up among us, an' married the school-teacher over there. Bad Luttrell allers hung arter her, though she never liked him. Yer on the track, Brother Gladden, I feel shore. She was more like a mother ter Mrs. Marx than a darter, anyhow, an' she 's a real good woman."

"Spoken like a man, Noey," beamed Pa Gladden, again; "I am shorely pleased ter meet ye in the valley. Nor must we all be too hard on young Luttrell. His name 's been ag'in' him from the start. I kin recollect thet his mother would hev him named thet way, from hearin' the women talk when I war a big lad, sneakin' eroun' doors. Sinbad! It war shorely a name ter ruin him. He war n't ten year old afore he said it war no use ter be good. He war either 'Sin' er 'Bad,' an' mought jes as well be both. So he hain't had quite a squar' deal, an' mebbe he hain't so black as he 's made out ter be. Now this here court of inquirin' thet 's holdin' a meetin' air a strong workin' force fer the Lord. I moves thet we all goes an' calls on Persephone, real perlite an' Christian-like. I 'm plumb shore thet the hull endurin' thing will onfold. The Lord air watchin' Persephone. He moved the elder, he 's moved Noey, he 's nudged old doc here, an' he 's stirred me up most pow'rful. Let 's all go ter the rescue. I 'm shore thet we 'll come back glorifyin' God an' plumb regenerated in the speerit."

Elder Becks arose, his dark face earnest and calmed.

"When shall we go?" he asked.

Pa Gladden hopped down from his seat of judgment at once.

"We 'll go right now," said he, decidedly; "it 's an eight-mile ride, but it 's airly yet, an' a-hossback we kin make it. I 'll fly roun' an' feed a leetle, an' ef we

don't git back till midnight the dumb creatures won't starve."

"Jee-whiz!" exclaimed Doc Briskett, coming down to the floor as the weak chair-leg finally succumbed, "what do you suppose my patients will do? Lucky there's nothing serious on hand but Elkanah Ritter's determination to die. Pa Gladden, you would put enthusiasm into a tombstone. I'll stop and give Elkanah something to hold him on earth until we get back, and we'll all ride to the rescue of fair femininity, if we freeze doing it."

## II

BEHOLD, in another hour, a cavalcade wending its way across frozen fields by short cuts well known to Pa Gladden. It was no gaily caparisoned train, with jingling spurs, embroidered capes, and plumed helmets, but merely a bundled-up quartet of burly countrymen past hot-headed youth. Their earnest souls, however, were fired by exactly the same purpose that sent forth gay lordlings centuries ago. Beauty in distress called, and there went to the rescue the manliness latent in the dyspeptic preacher, the hard-worked doctor, and the two commonplace farmers. Persephone Riggs, in no remote past, had been one of the prettiest girls of the county. She had been won by a young schoolmaster who had felt himself destined for a great career, but for whom Providence had a place in the higher order. He died of typhoid fever, the rural plague, and the bride of a year returned to her mother and a life of toil.

From the farm-houses near and far could the four men be seen, and dogs flew out with bark and growl. Colts, cows, and horses scattered across frozen pastures where brown weeds rose above the snow and birds hopped and twittered. The horses these knights rode were saddled and blanketed beneath, giving them a bulky appearance. Earnestly the party pressed forward, and soon were climbing the hill road, where they went slowly and conversation was possible.

The elder was most often in the van. Doc Briskett's horse was never known to hurry uphill, so he generally hung behind. Between them Pa Gladden on his good Cephy and Noel Hyde upon a three-year pride of his heart rode and turned and backed in conversational efforts. Their

talk was of things at hand—passing farms, road repairs and needs, local politics and events. Their errand, though the first in their thoughts, was the last on their tongues, for not one of the four men but was at sea as to future action and anxiously uncertain as to the outcome.

From the summit of the hill ridge there was a splendid view of the farm valleys for many miles, the scattered hamlets, the dwellings, and the streams, the courses of which were marked by dark tree-forms. The cavalcade stopped a few moments to rest their horses. Pa Gladden patted Cephy reflectively.

"Three mile more, ain't it, Noey? Down-hill all the way, so we'll soon git thar. It air an impatient business."

"What's your plan of campaign, pa?" asked Doc Briskett. "You have been judge, and now must be general."

"We're all a-goin' visitin'," smiled pa, "an' we'll be durrected by the p'intin' o' the Lord's finger. Ef Persephone hain't ter hum, I ain't goin' ter turn back till I find whar she air."

The possibilities in this idea made the party silent again. They wound down the long hill road with little more conversation. At last Doc Briskett sang out:

"There ought to have been some adventures on this ride to keep a fellow's blood warm. I'm about frozen. Ain't there any place we can turn in, Noel?"

"Not until we reach Beven's," said the Sinai man, "fer in these leetle hill cabins thar's mighty leetle fire an' less room. Let's ride on."

They urged on their horses, whose flanks smoked, and rode over the sloping valley road down to the broader farms, and then toward the place where the Sinai church spire showed against the murky gray sky. Presently Noel Hyde waved his hand to one side. A large white house stood far back from the road, with an avenue of trees leading to it.

"Bad Luttrell's house," he said tersely; "but you must ride clear round thet hill ridge ter git ter Persephone's. She hed ter come over the ridge ter the house, if she come at all."

"Who seen her?" asked Pa Gladden, eying the steep hill-slope. "Thet air an uncommon bad way fer a woman ter come over thet air in mortal misery er want."

"The convict's folks thet hez a cabin in

the next holler," replied Noel; "they passed the word that she ran up them hillsides like a deer."

"She war in mortal misery, shore," repeated Pa Gladden, "an' I am seein' my way cl'arer every minute, Noey."

But Doc Briskett was to have his adventure before he met the lady of his anxieties. As the cavalcade climbed a long hill-slope they met a man fairly plunging down on mule-back, and who, as they drew nearer, reined up sharply.

"Air thet Doc Briskett? Oh, doc, doc, fer the love o' yer Maker, hurry ter my house, right up thar! The baby 's got the croup—it 's dyin', doc, it 's dyin'! chokin'—chokin' ter death! Hurry, hurry, doc! I war jes goin' fer some one. Hurry, hurry up!"

Tears were on the rough cheek, and Doc Briskett could but follow. A short way up the slope the man led into the forest.

"Go on, go on!" shouted back the doctor to his late companions, "and I'll come up with you in a short time. I may not be needed long, but I must see what I can do here."

"Waal, ef thet air not a leetle startlin'," said Pa Gladden, "as doc air shorely wuth a whole army. But, elder, you an' Noey an' me wull hev ter git up our nateral spunk an' look fierce ef anything comes in our way—meanin' Bad Luttrell. Whut d' ye say ter thet?"

"I never felt more anxious in my life," confessed the elder. "I know you think the Lord speaks directly to man, and I almost can hear that woman calling to me now for help—honest."

"Wull, we 're cōmin'," retorted the small man; "an', ef my toes air 'most frozen, my speerits air warm enough; an' Noey here—why, he 's one o' them kind thet, when he gits mad, fights like a wild-cat, an' never knows whuther thar 's any finish er not. Noey's grandpap fit in the Mexican War, an' his pap fit with the Johnny Rebs. Noey ain't had no chance ter show his fightin' qual'ties, but it air shorely in the blood. He knows more 'n raisin' hosses an' tendin' stock."

"I intend to see Persephone after coming over here in this weather," announced Elder Becks, stoutly.

"I ain't petic'lar fer a fight myself," jerked out Pa Gladden, "but thet last converse I had with young Luttrell stirs

up my blood yit. He 's been ter the city an' he 's studied lor—an' ye all know thet air the nighes' way ter shake hands with Satan. Ef a man air bad an' don' know lor, the murder comes out; ef he 's studied lor, there never was any murder ter come out—it 's all lor."

"You air hard enough on the loryers," smiled Noel Hyde, bumping out his words brokenly.

"I war erbout ter observe," resumed Pa Gladden, a little severely, "thet a loryer thet does right air fit ter walk inter the courts above without a word er any questions ast. But thet proves thet Bad Luttrell knows how ter circumvent us, an' he 'll do it either by fist er by fact, er I 'm not old Pa Gladden. We needs grit, we needs wit—an' both, Elder Becks an' Noey."

"Here 's Beven's store," said the Sinai man, in a few moments; "but, ef ye 'd jest as soon, let 's keep on an' warm at our house, elder."

"Much better," said the elder; "I never cared much for Beven's store. It always seemed the gathering-place of rough characters."

"As ter thet," commented Pa Gladden, "ye must really remember, elder, thet thar hain't any other place fer these pore creeters thet live in wuss places than any holes in rocks ter go, 'cept in thar. They ain't got much hum ter be cheerful in, an' man air allers huntin' up the cheerful."

"I feel rebuked," replied the lean elder. "I often find my charity small when I think of your thought for all men, Brother Gladden."

"We hez ter think o' all the world er jes think o' ourselves, elder,—me an' Drusilly, —'cause we ain't got no special childern. I feels actoolly called on ter look arter folks in misery."

Elder Becks, riding ahead, pointed forward. A child ran toward them along the road—a small girl, hatless and stumbling, breathlessly crying in the cold.

"Oh, please do come," she gasped, "for my ma is so sick an' my pa sent me out fer help! Please do come! It 's right on the road."

Pa Gladden gazed at this small maid silently. In a moment he said:

"Elder, ye 're shorely cold an' tired. Go in an' see whut this trouble is. Noey an' me rides right on, fer it grows late in the artemoon. Ye can come arter us."

The elder, his face solemn enough, dismounted at the door of the small log house near the roadside.

"I will follow you as soon as possible," he said, "and I beg you to hurry on with true courage."

"I never seen the elder so anxious-like," said Pa Gladden, as they moved on, "an', ef ye 're agreeable, Noey, we won't stop ter warm anywhar, but rack right on ter Persephone's ter oncet. Cephy air doin' his level best, an' ye kin let out yer nag a leetle."

Before they reached the fences which marked out the Hyde farm, a negro ran hurriedly across the fields, and, recognizing Noel, waited for the two men to come up.

"Lan', Marse Noel, Miss Vi'let 'll be plumb glad! Yer-all's grandpap's mighty bad ter-day. I'm jes gwine fer moah medicine down tuh the stoah."

"Go right erlong in, Noey," said Pa Gladden, with a ring in his voice that meant an earnest conviction; "I see plain that it air meant fer me ter go ter Persephone's by myself. Ef ye all kin come arter me in a leetle while, mebbe ye 'll find out the reason; but it air meant fer me ter go on alone, Bad Luttrell er any one else. Go in an' 'tend ter yer grandpap, Noey. It air yer bounden duty."

Then Pa Gladden dug his knees into Cephy, and departed up hill and down dale for another mile. He was raised to the highest pitch of expectancy. He did not look behind him to see if the other knights, belated by adventure, came riding to his aid. His old heart beat fast, his senses were alert. He did not know how bitter cold was the late afternoon, nor did he think of the colder night to come. The whole adventure centered in him, and there lay the zest and spice of these solitary moments.

Up hill and down dale, past Sinai church and the graveyard where the dead woman lay all unknowing, down the pike where the mourner had walked in her awful bereavement, and up a country road toward the hills again. In the distance showed a small brown house that was his goal, a three-room cottage that had been ther refuge of the old and the young widow. The murk and darkness of the day lifted a little, and the western sky was tinged with a saffron light. Pa Gladden saw the small brown house with its steep snow-covered

roof very plainly, but upon the roof was a dark spot that puzzled him from afar. Was it a window or an opening? Pa Gladden could not decide, but he felt that it was neither. It became the one concentrated question of his soul as Cephy galloped nearer. The gold in the west grew brighter; a luminous shaft shot straight from the heart of the saffron duskiness and traveled across the world to that brown house. For the first time in Pa Gladden's existence he struck Cephy heavily with his palm to hasten him, and the horse clattered gallantly on to the very gate. Then, and only then, Pa Gladden saw that a horse and buggy was hitched within the open shed, and also that upon the roof sat and clung Persephone Riggs, wrapped in a bed-comfort, and crying to him piteously to come and help her.

### III

Down Button Mold Hill came Doc Briskett's sturdy saddle-horse at a breakneck pace. Up he mounted over Strawberry Ridge and down into the Sinai Valley. His hoofs struck fire on the loose rock, his nostrils and flanks fairly smoked. From cabins and houses on each side looked the farm-folk to see and wonder why the good Crossroads doctor rode so fast and so furiously. The events of the last hour proved the mettle of the man. In the hill cabin he had found a child in extremity. It was action or death. The ever-ready pocket-case came out, there was a quick flash, the screams of the mother and a hoarse welcome cry following a gush of blood from the child's throat. Death was averted, at least for the moment. In twenty-five minutes all that could be done was done, and the father despatched for the Sinai doctor. For the time a little life was saved, and Doc Briskett went helter-skelter after his company, in hot pursuit of the climax of the adventure. As he rode, there came into sight a like desperate figure hurrying forward on the road; in time it resolved into the tall Pegram parson, who moderated his pace after a most lusty hallooing and waited for the breathless doctor to come up.

"Saints and sinners, elder! You did n't give out?"

"Like you, I was seized upon to aid humanity," returned the elder, soberly. "It proved to be a dying woman. I soothed



her passing soul with a last prayer. How did you come out?"

"The child lives," said the doctor, shortly, "but it was quick work. We must ride hard, elder. It grows colder every minute."

Faster they rode by field and by farm, through a creek-way where the road made a short cut. Soon they saw the steep roof-slopes of Noel Hyde's horse-barns and cattle-sheds.

"I'll eat my hat, elder, if that is n't Noel Hyde riding down the lane! Now where do you suppose Pa Gladden is? He would n't stop as long as Cephy held up, or I don't know him at all. He has gone on alone, and that's a fact."

Noel Hyde met them at the tall red gate and explained matters.

"Grandpap is a leetle better now," he announced, "but it was a close call about noon. I'll run down with ye, seein' it is so near, an' Sis Vi'let's jes as anxious as I am about Persephone."

So over the road went the three belated knights in the strange saffron and golden light. Against this glow all objects took on weird color-effects. The distant woods were as somberly purple as splendid pansy blooms, the near-by hills were violet in tone, with red and orange splotches of old foliage upon their slopes. Distant white farm-houses were even pink-tinted, and their steeper roofs, where the snow was gone, showed velvety dark green. Each tree ahead of them in the lane stood up sharply in sepia tints, the tiniest twigs well defined, while last year's nests swung loose in the sharp winds from the north.

As Pa Gladden had noticed from afar the roof of the small house, so now did the three riders note it.

"There's people on that roof," said Noel Hyde, "an' one is movin' around. Don't yer see that, doc?"

"I believe you're right," bumped out Doc Briskett, rising in his stirrups; "it looks like Pa Gladden to me. Now what on earth took Pa Gladden up on that roof? Is the house on fire?"

"There's something else there, too," added the elder, "but whether it is a bundle or an open door, I can't say. Let's all hallow, to let him know we are coming."

Before they dashed into the small house-lot through the open gate, they knew that the bundle was a woman with a small shawl

over her head and wrapped in a dark-blue bed-comfort. Pa Gladden was on the roof of the little porch just below her, with a piece of heavy timber in his hand. Cephy, running loose, stood as if on guard below. There was no one else in sight, but in the woodshed stood a horse and buggy that Noel Hyde knew to be Bad Luttrell's.

The three men rode into the lot with loud shouts of encouragement.

"What's the matter, Pa Gladden?"

Pa danced about in great exultation. He was half frozen, but enjoying himself.

"Luttrell air inside, so we war waitin' outside fer the fightin' force ter come up. Persephone hez been settin' on this roof, holdin' down the trap-door, so Luttrell can't git up ter keep her comp'ny. Call Luttrell out, doc. He's feelin' very peart an' bump-tious. He's got firearms, an' says he's goin' ter shoot my Cephy. Call 'im out."

Doc Briskett tied his horse with a grim look, and tried the house door. It was locked.

"I'll kick it in if he does n't open it," said Noel Hyde, who was at his elbow and very red.

"Thar's really no call, Noey," shouted out Pa Gladden, "ez Luttrell air climbin' outen a winder on this other side. He's comin' aroun'."

A tall and fairly well-dressed man of thirty-five appeared around the corner of the house. He surveyed the four rescuers with cynical scorn. Black-browed and handsome, he was distinctly aggressive.

"What's up here, Luttrell?" asked Doc Briskett.

"Nothing that you Pegram and Cross-roads folks have any business interfering with. I've got a right here. Go home and keep warm."

"We came over to see after Persephone Riggs," replied Elder Becks, "and evidently not an hour too soon."

"Persephone is very foolish to act as she is doing," returned the man. "She was n't afraid of me a week ago."

"She had her dying mother for protection," retorted the elder. "But her action now needs no explanation to us. It shows that she needs the protection of Christian people."

"You shall not interfere!" cried the Sinai man. "I've got the house-key, and Persephone can sit up there until she comes to her senses. I will look after her."

"No, you won't," called down Pa Gladden from the roof; "she don't ast ye ter look arter her. She says she air in debt ter ye, but she wants a chance ter pay it off."

Bad Luttrell cast an angry glance roofward.

"Ef it air all the same ter ye, Luttrell," went on Pa Gladden's mildest voice, "we all wull jes go inter the house an' discuss the hull matter. Ef ye hev got any note er mor'gidge on Persephone, we wull give ye a fair hearin'; but we air eenymost froze jes now. Doc, take thet key, an' we'll build up a good fire an' git warm."

"You can't have the key," retorted Luttrell, "and you Pegram and Crossroads folks might as well go home first as last."

"We wants ter treat ye squar," young Luttrell," pursued Pa Gladden. "Now wull ye give up thet key? I 'm pow'rful cold."

"Freeze, then," said Luttrell, coldly. "You have no business over here."

"But I have," said Noel Hyde. He had stationed himself behind the dark man, and now threw strong arms around his waist. Doc Briskett and Elder Becks each seized an arm, and there was little left for the astonished prisoner to do but to kick backward, which he did most emphatically.

"Jes hold him good an' tight," called Pa Gladden, "fer I 'm comin' down ter oncet ter git thet key an' the pistol. Thar 's nothin' like perventin' trouble by removin' the cause. Raise up, Persephone, an' let me go down the ladder fust, wull ye? Ez soon ez I 've made thet contradictin' human down thar realize thet he hain't the hull earth, I 'll build ye a fire thet wull thaw ye out."

Pa's voice was lost in the inner recesses of the attic. In a moment or two he ran around the corner, and, without ceremony, removed the stout reins from Luttrell's own horse and buggy and brought them over.

"Ye 're truly a vicious kicker, Luttrell," he announced as he came nearer, "but we 'll jes run this boey constricter eroun' yer soople legs an' tame ye down. We wull give ye a chance afore we does it. Wull ye give up thet key, an' go in the house, an' discuss this matter in all its bearin's like a man orter do?"

"No, I won't!" cried Luttrell, "an' if I could get free, I 'd show—"

"Tut, tut, tut!" cried Pa Gladden, "ye air cock-whoop ter the core. Wull, ye had

yer chance, an' the Lord hisself knows I tried ter be mild with ye, an' ye would n't hev it thet way. So here goes.

"I hate ter tech ye enough ter git me thet key," he went on, "ez it makes my dander rise ter think how ye war persecutin' thet gal, so she would ruther freeze than not. Noey, ye hev got a pow'rful good b'ar-hug. Here 's the key. Now wind this other rein eroun' his arms good, an' we wull hunch him inside an' warm him up with sound advice. Don't cut his wrists, ez he air human in sufferin' if not in feelin'."

"I wish you would let me give him a good whippin'," growled Noel Hyde, his fingers fairly twitching with excitement.

"Oh, no, Noey; he 's helpless now; thet would n't do. We 'll make a kitchen ornament of him. Kiver up our hosses, Noey, with them heavy robes o' hisn."

Luttrell was unceremoniously bundled into the kitchen and deposited on a chair.

"Struggle away," said Pa Gladden, at the stove; "ye shorely should be made ter feel how it is ter be held in a net. Yer harness is of the best leather, I 'll be boun', an' ye kin thaw out well, temper an' all. While I 'm heatin' up a leetle coffee ye kin git up yer tale. Whut holt hev ye on Persephone Riggs? We knows ye lent her money ter keer fer her old mother."

Luttrell laughed bitterly. "Yes; I was her bank."

"How much war it?" snapped Pa Gladden.

"Several hundred dollars."

"Did she give you any notes?" asked Elder Becks.

Luttrell looked savage, but did not reply.

"We must hev Persephone right here," said Pa Gladden, "fer we air boun' ter git the hull truth."

He rose and tiptoed to the bedroom door. First he peered in, then he entered more boldly. There were sounds of wild weeping and of most gentle expostulation. Finally Pa Gladden led in Persephone, a touching figure. Above her black gown her wan white face startled the men into a profound pity.

"Come in, Persephone," said Doc Briskett; "your friends are here. I wish you had told me you were in trouble long ago."

"Yes, come in, Sister Persephone," went on Elder Becks; "and speak out freely to us—speak the truth."

"An' Sis Vi'let would be over, only



Painted by William E. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Eberlein.

"A Desperate Persephone, Scarlet and Ashamed Before Those Bearded Men, Confronted Him."

grandpap is mortal bad, Persephone. I wisht ye knew how we all feel fer ye."

For answer Persephone put up her arm on the door-frame and wept into its protection.

"Don't ye see, my darter," soothed Pa Gladden, tenderly stroking her hand, "thet yer Pa Gladden spoke the truth when he told ye thet ye air shorely forgiven all thet air behind this trouble? Whut holt hez this man got over ye? Tell doc, an' the elder thet knew yer mother, an' Noey thet played with yer, an' yer old Pa Gladden. Whut holt hez he got over ye?"

Still Persephone wept.

"D' ye owe him money?"

"Yes, yes."

"Waal, pore gal, thet 's no real crime. Hez he any notes from ye?"

"A paper."

"Can't ye tell us erbout it?"

"Oh, hush up bothering her!" called out the prisoner. "The paper is a promise to marry me; that 's all."

But a desperate Persephone, scarlet and ashamed before those bearded men, confronted him:

"Tell the truth! It says if I cannot pay him—and I mean to pay, if he will give me time. Oh, Doctor Briskett, and Elder Becks, and Noel, and Pa Gladden, you are all good men. Can't you understand? My mother lay starving, and I had not time to work. I was crushed and heart-broken. I was mad to do it, but I had to have the money. It did so much for my mother that I cannot bear to see Luttrell there—though he frightens me. Unloose him, doctor; I do ask it of you. I must thank him a thousand times for my mother's comfort, but my heart is in two graves."

Into the silence that followed Pa Gladden's mildest tone broke:

"Jes ye onloose him, Noey." Bad Luttrell sat, a few moments later, a free and silent man.

"This air a movin' tale, Luttrell. Have ye anything ter add?"

The man gave a shrug of his shoulders.

"She signed it willingly. She knew what it was."

"I did," added the pale woman. "He seemed like an angel, and I was desperate. It was wrong,—all wrong,—but I cannot marry him."

"Have you got that agreement here, Luttrell?" asked Elder Becks, very gravely.

Slowly Luttrell produced it and passed it to the elder. He read it aloud:

"I promise to marry Sinbad B. Luttrell in default of payment of the sums indorsed on the back of this agreement."

"So, you see, I was only asking my rights, gentlemen," said Luttrell, with something of a sneer in his tone. "It 's money or marry. I can do more for her than any one around here—can give her a good home and plenty. She cannot pay it, and it is money or marry."

He took a few stiff steps in Persephone's direction. Like a bird to its nest in a rock crevice she fled to the shelter of Pa Gladden's uplifted arm.

"Ef it 's marry er money, it wull be money, Luttrell. Thar air suttinly a lor in Kentucky ter kiver this invention o' yourn. Give me a look at thet leetle docymment, elder."

"Three hunderd an' forty dollars," read Pa Gladden from the back of the note. "Ef it air marry er money, it wull be money. This leetle paper air of no use. It air one o' Satan's contraptions, an' must be come up with accordin'."

Quick as a flash he lifted the stove-lid and thrust the promise into the blaze. Then he laughed as gently as ever.

"Jes ye dror up a note o' hand, Noey, ef ye kin find a bit o' paper. Make it ter Luttrell, an' from the four o' us—fer a year an' bearin' legal intrust. Leave Persephone's name clean out. Ez soon ez I kin git word down ter Elder Torrence in the city, we 'll take up thet leetle note o' ourn, Bad Luttrell. The elder hez got the cash ter help all sufferin' folks, an' he 'll do it fer yer Pa Gladden. Now I warnt ter give ye a solemn thort ter wrastle with on yer drive hum, Luttrell. Ye hev been hevin' too free a rein in affairs over roun' Sinai, but ye won't hev it no more. We wull see ter it thet ye don't scare women eenymost ter the freezin'-p'int on January days, never no more."

Elder Becks signed the note, and turned to the silent man with a terrible scorn in his voice:

"This matter must be made public for Persephone's sake. Otherwise I would leave you to your Maker."

"I, too, have got a word to say," added bluff Doc Briskett. "No one knows better than I do that Persephone is much too



Drawn by William L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

#### KNIGHTS TO THE RESCUE

good a woman for you, Luttrell. She has had the escape of her life, and you had better take a warning by this affair."

These last words caused Luttrell to beat a precipitate retreat. Noel Hyde ran after him, and thrust the joint note into his hand. When he returned, Persephone was again sobbing, this time with her head down on the table.

"Ye must come right home with me, Persephone," he said warmly. "Sis Vi'let told me ter be shore ter bring ye right back."

"Whut air ye talkin' erbout, Noey?"

broke in Pa Gladden. "D' ye s'pose Cephy an' me come cl'ar over here not meanin' ter take Persephone hum with us? I should calkilate not. She air goin' with me, an' Ma Gladden 'll chirk her up in no time. Ye kin ride over our way on Sunday, Noey, an' be tellin' us how things air over here. But Persephone air a darter sent from the Lord ter me, seein' thet ma an' me hez no special childern. Thar, thar; don't ye cry so, Persephone! Shet up the leetle house, an' wrop up warm, an' we 'll git away hum ter the Crossroads Farm with ye ridin' up behind me."



## THE SEER

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

ALONE on his dim heights of song and dream  
He saw the Dawn, and of its solace told.  
We on his brow beheld the luminous gleam  
And listened idly, for the night was cold.

Then clouds shut out the view, and he was gone,  
And though the way is dubious, dark the night,  
And though our dim eyes still await the Dawn,  
We saw a face that once beheld the light!



Drawn by Anna Whelan Betts. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"THIS MAID OF FORTY YEARS AGO"

# THE MAIDEN WITH THE VALENTINE

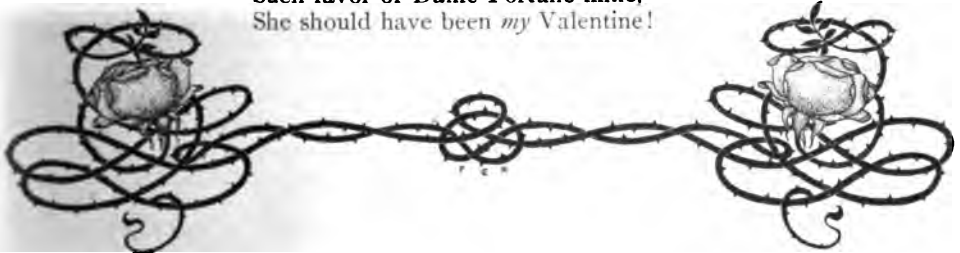
BY CATHARINE YOUNG GLEN

I KNOW not who she was. They keep  
Her confidence—the paneled wall,  
The picture and the silhouette,  
The whispering roses and the shawl;  
Nor tell what mansion in the North  
She may have graced, what stately hall  
In old Virginia saw her so—  
This maid of forty years ago!

I cannot say what words she found  
Among the Cupids and the lace  
Of that quaint missive in her hand,  
To bring the dream-light to her face;  
What daring offer of a heart,  
If hers should be exchanged in place;  
Nor whether, forty years ago,  
She answered it with yes or no.

Nor who the lover was who sent  
His heart upon that embassy;  
Or if he were a grand milord,  
Or baronet, across the sea;  
Or if mayhap, among us here,  
He fought for her and victory,  
In that great conflict of her day;  
Or if he wore the blue or gray.

I know not if her charms have lived  
In many a rhyme, on many a tongue,  
Or whether, some sweet household belle,  
Her praise was ne'er by poet sung;  
But this I know: had I but been  
A gallant then, when she was young,—  
Such favor of Dame Fortune mine,—  
She should have been *my* Valentine!







Drawn by Granville Smith

## MY OLD MAID'S CORNER

### II. A WINTER NIGHT

BY LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH

Author of "Hezekiah's Wives"

**O**NE of the worst of our winter storms is raging. No one will be here to-night. My eastern windows shake against the blast, and their panes run with streams of melting flakes, while the woodwork of their sashes is piled inch-deep with snow. The houses across the street are half hidden by the driving storm. I get only in suggestion and as a mass the line of the roofs, capped with their ugly water-tanks and their chimneys. Below this line are the lighted windows. I know them to be windows, although I can distinguish nothing through the falling snow but oblong surfaces of white or yellow, according to the color of the window-shades, all set in walls of blackness. Below these, again, I see, but more distinctly, the big uncurtained windows of the little shops—those of the plumber, of the fruit-dealer, and of the man who makes on an upper floor the antique furniture which he sells below. Streaks of yellow gas-light edge a way through

these frosted panes, and fall on bent and muffled figures driving their open umbrellas straight into the very face of the biting storm, and again on the owners of the shops at work with shovels before their doors.

In the middle of the street the cars make their way with a ceaseless clanging of bells. Then the snow-plow, filled with men and brooms, comes behind, puffing, noisy, bustling, and invincible. It cuts a way through the drifts, and tosses the fresh-fallen snow from side to side, leaving a clean-swept track. It will be an ugly streak of muddy brown to-morrow when the traffic of the day has begun to defile it, like that which civilization, following the pioneer path, makes through a forest—civilization that leaves in its wake so much that is ugly and defiled.

When I look out of my southern windows the scene changes. No wind strikes here. That is the advantage of a corner. Storms may beat on one window, but quiet

is sure to look in at the other. You have only to stand still and look both ways, or the other way, when trouble comes.

I have opened one of these southern windows so that I may lean my elbows on the sash, as I love to do, and fill my lungs. At no other time, except when some heavy rain has washed all the dust out of the air, is the atmosphere of a city ever so fresh as when snow is falling. It comes in tonight like a brisk and energetic friend who thinks that the pleasures of our firesides have begun to enervate our senses, and who bustles about among our possessions, urging us to be up and out among the miseries.

I can feel the cold air rush by my cheeks and dart away into every corner of my room. It stirs my fire; the smell of burning hickory comes to me, puffed, I know, in an angry protest against the invading presence. But I do not turn my head. Vigorous outside influences are good for us all at times. At least, I have a friend who always tells me so. She comes into my room with just the manner of the snowy air tonight, driving all repose before her. She wants nothing quite as she finds it, even the atmosphere; but her presence usually changes *that*.

It gives me a strange sensation to stand here by this open window during such a storm, a few stray snowflakes deflected from their course and falling about my head. Now I can feel the air of my room, full of its soft warmth and its conviction of comfort, pass by me on its way into the stormy night, while the winter air rushes in—two currents passing and repassing, like spirit flames in eternal blendings and interblendings that make for growth and purity. First I catch, as it steals out and into the cold, the perfume of a rose that stands on a table; then the fragrance of mignonette; and again, though fainter than at first, the delicate acrid aroma of hickory logs; and, quite distinct from any of these, something subtle and indefinable which only book-lovers would recognize—a faint suggestion, brought out by the warmth, of many volumes in leather that have stood for years on their respective shelves.

Across the street from this southern window of mine there are no shops or business places, if I except the small room of a school-teacher, and another small room occupied by a dressmaker, and a house farther

on where a widow and her daughters take in boarders. You will find women like these everywhere in a great city—lone creatures stranded on the highway of life, with tents pitched where they fall, since they are never able again to catch up with the procession of the married ones. My more prosperous neighbors are all on my side of the street. I look out of their windows sometimes, but not into them—up at them now and then when a child raps on a pane as I pass. Before their doors tonight I hear the ceaseless scrape of the snow-shovel. Snow never brings silence in a great city. The snow-shoveler announces it with his incessant scrape on the pavements long before you are awake, and you can tell without lifting your head from your pillow that winter has come and that the ground is white. The shout of the milkman to his horses forcing a way through the drifts at dawn, without the sound of his wheels on the cobble-stones, will also convince you of this.

These southern windows of mine interest me only as they serve to bring the sun into my room or as they give me a chance to look down toward the apothecary's shop on the corner below. I get all my weather reports in this way, from the red and green lights of his windows reflected in the wet of the pavement. If there is the least suspicion of dampness on a paving-block, these vigilant green and red lights are after it at once; and if there are puddles, or the rain is falling, they take up their station by every pool, and signal to me on the instant, so that I know without further question whether both umbrella and overshoes are necessary. I can see, too, from my southern windows the undertaker's shop, with his gas-jets always burning through the night,—the saddest beacon-lights I know,—never extinguished even after every other window except the apothecary's is dark on their side of the street and I can tell that ten o'clock has struck and all honest workmen are sound asleep.

In the houses that directly face these southern windows there is never any life to be seen. It is all indoors, as is proper, behind curtains conventionally draped. Even in summer the front steps are deserted, for when summer begins these of my neighbors are all away. It is on the other side of my corner, there to the east, where the wind and the snow beat so fiercely against

the panes, and where the struggle for existence is a different one, that I get the life of the people who dwell there. It is all in evidence on the sidewalks when the season begins. The daily toiler knows few reserves.

How good a fire is on such a night! When I have shut out the cold and the falling flakes once more, and drawn a chair close to my fender, I throw on some extra logs,—so soon do we all want to recover from influences that are too brisk and energetic,—and I give myself up to the pleasure of an increasing warmth, which gradually brings out again the sweet perfume of the rose and the mignonette. But as I sit here, tongs in hand, tapping my logs, I realize that there is one thing which, as an old maid, I must always miss with my fire—some other fire-lover to dispute with me any liberty I may choose to take with it. I have everything my own way,—the more sorrow mine!—shovel and tongs, kindling-wood and paper. But I can remember how every fire that was lighted at home—and they were lighted every day and several times—was always made a subject of discussion between my mother and her son-in-law. Both thought themselves authorities, but my mother boasted traditions. They came from a time long before coal was much used in our houses and before the abominations of steam-radiators had begun. She used to insist on a deep bed of ashes; and no hearth in her day, for all the brightness of its appointments, was emptied every morning, made spick-and-span for a new beginning, like fireplaces in our city drawing-rooms—even the soot washed away, until the whole chimneypiece looks like one in a museum, with all of its records closed. Her fireplace, with its bed of ashes and its backlog always standing ready, was like an open chronicle in which the history of each day could be read—a living history, never without an entry marking some happy household memory. To rob this bed of ashes of a single shovelful was as difficult as robbing a Kimberley diamond-mine. No one escaped her vigilant eye.

In these ashes she always had some embers of the night before concealed, hidden away there for lighting new fires. All you had to do was to scrape away the ashes and bring out the embers with your tongs. That was why she always insisted—as her

grandmother and great-great-grandmothers had all done before her—that at most only three sticks of kindling-wood were necessary, placed in front of a backlog that took a month to burn out. But this was exactly the point which my brother-in-law, when he saw her at the fireplace, always felt called upon to dispute. He insisted on four sticks, or a dozen if he wanted them. I can see them now, on each side of the brass-trimmed Franklin, facing each other in a laughing dispute that began with the first fire of the season and ended only when the winter was done, my mother with a pair of tongs in her hand, my brother-in-law with an extra stick of kindling-wood. And when the fire did not burn—and it seldom did until doctored—it was always because one or the other had won the battle by violating some rule or obeying some direction, or because my brother-in-law had poked the logs, as I am poking mine to-night. Poking was not allowed in my mother's day, but he loved to see the sparks fly. Most sons-in-law do. His hair turned white, however, without his having yielded his right to an extra stick; only now, alas! there is no one to care what he does with his fires.

Here, on my corner, I have now and then, and just for the luxury of it, permitted a man my shovel and tongs to do what he would with my fire, and I have sometimes found myself moved to a strange delight when I found his methods opposed to mine, and my fire, perhaps, refusing to burn—my fire, that has never failed *me* once when I had the handling of it! For on these occasions I have ventured an argument on ways and means with him. But men are not quick to understand. One man thought, when I opposed his system, that, being an old maid, I was fussy and set in my ways. He told me so laughingly. How could I explain after that that what I wanted was the delight of some such argument as I remembered? Perhaps old maids *are* queer. We want so many things. But how empty and without savor the whole question of fire-building became after that—like the pleasantries of some one making his jokes to order! I have submitted since then to seeing my cleaning-woman carry whole scuttlefuls of ashes away without my venturing a protest. I even ring for my maid when that same man comes and my fire needs replenishing,

although in my heart I believe that he has missed something by it. There can be no poetry about a fireside, it seems to me, in which all the labor about it is left to one's servitors and no one has the privilege of tossing on an extra log when he wills. I mean, of course, a fireside where hickory is used and "the flapping of a flame" means something more than merely the heating of one's room when the wind is sharp. But being nothing but an old maid, what can I do?

Nobody associates fires with spinsters in any pleasant way. I have often wondered at it—wondered why it was that to sit before a blaze and dream has been by a common consent pictured as the privilege of very young girls who, chin in hand, rest there, or as the privilege of bachelors building castles that are one day to shelter the lady whom they love. When a woman is past twenty she is always represented, when before a fire, with a baby on her lap, or as an old grandmother thinking of the babies that have been but who now hold children of their own before other and brighter fires far away. Or she is some very, very old grandmother of the fairy-tale crooning over her embers. When an old maid is pictured by a hearth, she is made a witch dreaming, not of love or of children, but of mischief! Love and children, it would seem, are not seemly subjects for old maids to dream of over fires. Yet I ask myself, "Why not?" since of all things else in the world they are the most beautiful. Still, even as I question, I realize that I would not speak of them as abstractions to that young girl who lies sleeping there in my spare chamber, dreaming of her own lover, whom she is to marry within a few weeks. She would think me "queer," as if at my age I should not be thinking of such things. And yet I wonder if a woman has really ever done with thinking of them, and if she is ever as nice when she has.

I remember an old maid—a very, very old maid, so prim and correct and withered—with whom I would not have dared to broach any subject more vital than chrysanthemums. She lived in a New England town, and carried to her eighty-first year an air of almost girlish shyness. But when she was eighty her mind went, and then, for the first time, we all knew what the hidden thought of her long-sequestered life had been. For she bought a cradle,

and ordered made some little fine dresses and petticoats and caps, and a basket in which all the pins and sweet powders and soft white flannels are kept; and so sat ready and waiting for that which was never to come, poor soul, and about which she would rather have died than speak, had her mind retained its vigor.

I do not know why I think of her on such a wild, tempestuous night—that poor old maid long since gathered to her fathers, with all her fruitless hopes and gentle ways; for she never knew a storm in her life. The calm of the well-ordered and the correct surrounded her all her days and dried her up at last. I doubt whether she ever whispered to herself the deep-seated longing she betrayed to all the world when second childhood came. Yet why should any one have laughed or she have been ashamed to have let us know that that which she had wanted all her days was nothing less worthy than a crown? Is it so funny, then, to have starved affections, and is it not worse to have had none? We old maids hide our hearts until they are built all over with crusts of tradition and prejudice, and of false ways of looking at natural things, and of fears of our neighbors' opinions. But when all the crusts covering mine are broken through, until only that which is the real in me is laid bare, I shall be glad if the desire God finds there be worthy to rank with that of this old maid of eighty, arranging those soft white flannels and little caps.

That young girl who lies asleep there in my spare chamber would open her eyes wide with something close akin to horror were I to tell her this story, which I never will. She would have to be older and understand more. Now, as it is, being young and in love, she is privileged to feel that every flutter in her little heart is her individual possession, direct from the source of all that is holy and undefiled, where it has been hidden from the rest of us until the beauty and wonder of it, the majesty, the mystery, and all the glory of it, were for the first time revealed to her. No suggestion must be made in her presence of a universal pulse beating now in her veins as it has throbbed in others'. And who is there who would enlighten her? Not I, certainly. The fountains of the eternally virginal spring in every human heart, and keep the world of new emotions perennially

fresh and beautiful; and to each of us is given the right not only to possess them but the obligation to cherish them. Yet in love, as in all things else, there is a universal and there is an individual; but it is the privilege of the young not to know it. So I would not open any door for my little friend. Hers is the right to open them all for herself, the hand of her lover close pressing hers. But when they *are* opened, it will be to read other hearts better, not her own alone.

I wish that I might have had such a daughter as the one in that room—tall and *svelte* (I like that word): a long-stemmed rose, some one described her. My pleasure would have been to see her grow; beauty after beauty develop; always a fresh surprise coming from I did not know where, unless, as I believe at times, angels drop new beauties into certain souls. We are apt to believe, we older ones, that we have sown all the seeds of excellence which we see growing in the young. The tares and the weeds are other affairs, however, for which we can never account unless they sprang from some branch on the other side of the family. But such a daughter as this one could have done so much for me: kept me, as I grew older, from queer ways—all those tricks of speech and manner of which I have such horror; and from narrow-minded views and prejudices that grow so upon us old maids who relax for an instant our vigilance with advancing years. The counsels of the young are good for us when middle age begins. If we heed them we spinsters need never be dethroned. That is why I like to listen to young people's suggestions. I want to guard against habits that may repel them or bring me to the horror of that time when children are sent to pay me a visit with a "You must go, my dear. She was your father's old aunt."

Since that young girl has been here my door-bell has rung all day; messenger boys have brought flowers and telegrams, letters have arrived by every mail, while she has been borne aloft on the waves of a great exaltation. All the world in which she and her fiancé have been nurtured are interested in her, and their interest will go on for her through all the successive stages of her joy, until she has daughters of her own, and that which has been given with such bounty to her she turns about and gives

to others. And all this would be hers even were she less lovely than she is, because the human heart loves the spectacle of certain joys—that of a first engagement, a first marriage, a first-born; never the second of anything. But for us who are the old maids there are never any successive stages, never any epochs. We are never heroines of special occasions touching universal sensibilities. Even the coming to us of some great desire—when indeed such desires do come—would mean the need of apologies and explanations, and the sympathy we received would be the sympathy of the few, like that which a second marriage sometimes inspires. Were I to wake Marion now, and bring her to a seat by my fire, and tell her that to me, too, had come a joy like her own, that with me, too, one was to walk hand in hand even as she is to walk with her lover—poor Marion! I know just what your disenchantment would be, little girl.

You would be sorry for me were I to tell you that I had nursed a hidden sorrow all my life: that I had once had and lost that which you now possess. How your heart would ache for me! How sympathetic and gentle you would be! How full of a hushed, awed joy in your own condition! Out of the fullness of a great ecstasy it is so easy to be generous, and you would fail me in nothing that could soothe. But that I was to have it all! I, old as I am—oh, little Marion! I would not dare tell you, even if it were so. You must have your joy all to yourself, and mine would put too great a strain upon you. You would have to revolutionize too many of your ideas. There would be, too, I know very well, a little touch of pity, of compassion, in your tone, as though you were wondering if I knew that it had all come so late—too late, you would say to yourself, as though love belonged to the young alone. I should detect in your tone a great and vague misapprehension, which I could not endure any more than you could endure my telling you—that which you would have a right to resent—that your own love-affair, sweet as it is, is yet very much like the love-affair of every other young girl. For you know how different it is. Have you not, indeed, told me so? His eyes are not like those of the man who is to marry your friend. His ambitions are not the same. He is not half

so rich, and you are so willing to suffer for the man whom you have chosen privations which your friend will never be called upon to endure. He is likely, too, with his genius, to be more misunderstood than the gay and pleasure-loving young fellow whom your friend is to marry, and you are glad of the chance which it will give you to prove your own unfailing knowledge and understanding of him.

When I listen to you telling me these things with that long indrawn breath of a beautiful resolve, your gray eyes shining with tenderness, and your pretty hands clasped about your knees, I know very well that there is, as you say, everything to make your love-affair unique, to set it apart from all the loves of all the other women, like a gem for which we make a special casket. And I would not dare to ask if you knew how hideous this old and time-worn world would be if yours had been the only fresh and sweet affection born in it. Knowledge will come to you, and with it a great appreciation; and there will come a time, too, when you will bow your head in thankfulness that to others as well the eternally beautiful has come. This will be when your own daughters have grown and the sons who have disappointed you find love at last.

In the meantime would you want to talk to me as freely as you do now if I told you that, just as you courted dreams

there in your sleep, I too had nursed them alone here by my fire? I doubt it. One of the charms of an old maid's corner, as I know very well, is that to each newcomer the ground seems untrodden, unencumbered by other experiences with which those that each brings are to be measured. When one thinks a room is empty, one can talk about things just as they happened, and so get nearer to the truth of them, as one does who discusses them in the open air.

And, after all, it is a little thing to put aside one's own dreams and aspirations, to empty one's heart altogether of one's self, if by doing so girls like the little Marion who lies asleep there will bring into our lives the freshness and beauty of young hearts. They could not and would not enter if they found the place full of ourselves. We cannot do much for the world, we old maids, but we can do this: we can keep an atmosphere about us in which the best of young hearts can grow.

Ah, there you are, little Marion! You could not sleep! You have been writing, and you want some one to carry out your letter, and in all this wind and snow? Your heart was so full, and you want to sit here on the floor, your head on my knee, and talk about him—how good he is, how happy you are, how beautiful it all is, how new! And you think I will understand as no one else understands?

Yes, dear, I understand.

(To be continued.)







Drawn by Granville Smith

THE MOATED MANOR-HOUSE

## THE YELLOW VAN

BY RICHARD WHITEING

Author of "No. 5 John Street" and "The Island"

x

IT was Augusta's first house-party at Allonby—a great trial. She was responsible as hostess, and a mere onlooker, as one new to the whole thing. If her first country season failed, she failed with it. To make it succeed, she had to keep hundreds of persons amused, in relays counted by the score, for weeks at a stretch. A great gathering of this kind is, no doubt, Liberty Hall, but it must still offer only a freedom of choice in enchantments. And for these the host and hostess are responsible, say what you will. Whatever happens, their guests are never to know a moment of weariness, except by their own default. Think of the responsibilities of it, as a sort of variety-show in excelsis, with lightning changes of program, and something to suit everybody's taste.

And all tastes were there: of statesman, soldier, sportsman, artist, light of literature, and mere man or woman of the world—some of them doubling their parts with

the sport. They came down in sets, for three or five days, usually the former; and for each in his turn Allonby was to be a realized fairy-tale. Augusta had never dreamed of the like of it, for the descriptions accessible to her had failed altogether in their rendering of its atmospheric effects. What she wanted to do was stand in the corner and look on, in speechless curiosity, at the best of England, and even of the rest of the world, in its best moment of social expansion. What she had to do was take her place as leader of the revels, and give the note. The task might have been beyond her powers but for precious aid. Aunt Emily was there, as duenna, for counsel in the higher proprieties; and, for the others, there were any number of the ministers of household state who held office under the duke. Happily, both ministers and their masters are permitted to qualify by a sort of impartial ignorance of the work of departments. Allonby could only be governed like an empire, it was such a big affair. For her



first season, at any rate, our duchess, née Augusta Gooding, was content to do as she was told, and she was as submissive to her bureaucracy as a sultan or a czar.

The style of it, the luxury, the wealth, the very extravagance—well, no words will serve! As in London the triumph of entertaining is to make extremes meet by bringing the fruits of summer to the winter board, so here you have to overcome the natural quiet of a scene formed for introspection and repose by the importation of all the bustle of town. Out of its season, Allonby was as magnificently dull as a peak in the Andes. It was a peak itself, for that matter, but a host of the most brilliant figures were to dance on it in the most glittering panoply of revel, with nothing to put them out of countenance but the occasional solemnity of the sky. What a business—to get the right people, and to put them in the way of keeping each other amused! As Augusta sped or failed in this task, so might the family influence wax or wane in the remotest parts of the earth. For every parting guest took his report to the next house of call on his ceaseless round of pleasure, until it became smoking-room talk in Ultima Thule, and giant headline in the neighborhood of the Golden Gate.

It was an unusually large party this year because of the marriage. The fame of the duke's strange adventure in love had gone forth, and every one wanted to see his conqueror. The tiny station could hardly cope with the traffic, fortified as the manager was by the assistance of an emergency gang. At night, especially, it suggested the arrival of distinguished company in Hades, with its many cries indicative of souls in travail, and strange flashings of light in the gloom. For every newcomer had to be supplied with carriage accommodation according to his needs, even if these went no higher than the station fly; and many, as an additional courtesy due to sex or rank, exacted a ducal carriage, with a brake for the piles of luggage that strewed the platform. The luggage was distracting. The men's was bad enough in its litter of the gear of sport. The women's—well, it is only to be imagined in its lavish provision for three or four complete toilets a day, and no day like the last. And with many of them came their body-servants: the English valets perfect in their studied vacuity

of expression; the French maids watching over huge sarcophagi of basket-trunks, or grasping headless "shapes" in palls of brown holland which seemed to have been denied a portion of their funeral rites. For the moment the maids were more in evidence, as they clubbed their way through the press with jewel-cases and hardly less precious dressing-bags which they kept in their own charge. The servants, of course, had to be lodged as well as their betters; and their life in the great, cavernous halls below stairs was only less wondrous in character and variety than the life above. The others seemed to claim every nook of the vast superstructure for the needs of their state in bedrooms, dressing-rooms, and even sitting-rooms for the married pairs.

The stately and elaborate routine of it begins from the moment they enter the castle gates. To-morrow most of the men go after partridges, and most of the women after the devices of their own hearts. The pheasant remains sacred and inviolate till the first of next month. It is still being coddled for the gun in its preserves of rich bracken—watched against poachers for the early market by men who lie out all night; fed, almost as with a spoon, with huge smoking messes of Indian corn which the keepers carry to its haunts, whistling a call to dinner as they go. The shooting people are early afoot, and they breakfast by themselves. The regular meal is later, when the ladies come down in charming morning toilets, and the ladies' men are in attendance. The meal is wholly devoid of form. The guests straggle down in any order of time that pleases them, and, as often as not, help themselves from the sideboard to the more solid fare. They eat as our ancestors ate in the German woods; and no one smirks, hands a dish, or takes any ceremonial notice of his neighbor. All keep their places, even when Augusta comes down to take hers at the head of the table. She had to get used to that. You are perfectly free in every respect, even to fast or feast in your own room.

Some of the ladies will presently change to tweeds to join the guns, perhaps to take a shot, if they like. The duchess draws the line here in her duties of patronage, but not for want of knowledge of the game. She can go as straight to the mark on a target as the others on a bird. The wild

life of the woods has been about her from childhood, but she has never drawn trigger on a living thing. But, now and then, she joins the shooting-parties at their luncheon in field or farm-house, wherever the program of the day's sport may lead. The meal is sometimes spread in one of the little rustic lodges that dot the domain. It is Watteau without the artificiality, if also without the rather incongruous grace. The birds are the business. Every incident of this part of the day, new to Augusta's eyes, attests the pomp and circumstance of sport: the lordly keepers, rulers of the hour; the obedient "guns"; the silent line all working to signs, lest a bird should hear a whisper or a footfall where it is presently going to die to something like a roar of artillery; the rustic beaters driving the game on to its fate, and their hang-dog air as of creatures who have all their lives been driven on to theirs in much the same way—all so manifestly a growth of law, custom, class supremacy, and class pride, maturing through centuries of time.

The other arts of life must await their turn till the tea-hour unites most of the party at the castle—perhaps in the vast hall, for the greater freedom of movement and incidentally the greater brilliancy of effect. Augusta is here again, in another change of toilet, and as a matter of duty—the only one in bonds, because it is her part to see that the others have their perfect liberty. For, if they do not like any of these things, they may sketch the ruins, bury themselves in the library, play billiards, ride, drive, or what not, or even take a nap. It is her part to see that they have no hindrance in such pursuits, especially in the subtlest and most disagreeable form of a too manifest solicitude for their comfort. In fact, she has to make everything occur according to desire for everybody, without seeming to have any hand in the matter. The dowager is invaluable here, and not the least so with her occasional "My dear, just let 'em alone." Most of them unconsciously second her efforts by their usage of the mode of life, and by their knowledge of their own minds. For the burden of ceremony in England you must attend a tea in the suburbs with muffins for four. At this reunion it is soothing, to Augusta at least, to find that women do enter a little more fully into the scheme of things. Some sports, like some faiths, do

not tend to give the sex an indispensable part in life. Manu, it is said, was produced without female assistance, and was but an emanation of the austerities of prayer. Live and let live: for one half of the world, at least, it can never be his best title to regard.

After tea it is again Liberty Hall till the first bell sounds for dinner, when you enter into community life. It is much the same with the hours that immediately follow. Nothing seems to happen by contrivance, but everything occurs at the right time—even the impromptu charades. Augusta knows. The artists from the Français who have come down from London for the duologue are admittedly a matter of pecuniary arrangement, but they are received on a footing of social equality with a *nuance* which might leave all but themselves ignorant of the fact. The thought-readers, though they seem so spontaneous, are a put-up job. The dowager suggested the man of letters who is now writing his autobiography. Her life is spent in little services of this sort, and she prides herself on being able to "get" anybody in the world of notoriety that the world of fashion may at any moment wish to see. All she asks is a little backing from those in whose interest she labors. "Certainly I can get him if you want him; but you must take the trouble to read one of his writin's. It makes him look like a fool; and, if that does n't so much matter, only think of me! It is so awkward to have people starin' at him, and talkin' about the weather, as if he was a mere gun."

The people know each other,—that is the great point,—and they blend. They meet so often at this or other houses that they all seem to belong to one great family. Yet they are deliciously catholic in their tastes, interests, and ways of life. They have a selectness of habit, training, and privilege rather than of race, and they very much answer to the description of that most ancient of aristocracies who had great domains, spoke a separate language, and were held incapable of crime. The particularism in the mode of speech may go no further than slang; but there it is as a sign of independence. They are a law unto themselves. Apart from those of their order who merely make a dash at it, and then run back to work, they form a class who live to purely recreative ends, and they are

apt to die with something like a feeling of resentment at the carelessness of Providence.

Their life has been magnificently organized for active indolence by the labor of ages. They are after the partridge now; presently they will be after the stag or the fox-cub, the salmon, or anything else to their mind in water, earth, or air. It is house-party after house-party, with London in between for a sort of snap shot of a winter season, or southern Europe or the Nile, and the strenuous toil of pleasure all the way. They believe that most people—that is to say, the mass of mankind not in their set—are but half alive, and feel as sorry for them as we all do for the babies born in that condition in the slums. To keep up the sense of vitality, they shrink from no experience that offers the promise of a sensation.

One of the countesses keeps a bonnet-shop in Bond street—by deputy, of course, but still without any attempt to conceal the matter from her own set. Another dabbles in socialism: not that she believes in it, for she believes in nothing in particular; but it is at least an experience and—a pose. And then she is so absolutely ignorant of the a-b-c of her heresy that even the National Democratic Federation might be moved to tears. It is only baby, and the gun is not charged. A little raconteur of standing, of that tattling sex which physiologists now say is the male, tells stories of his order that even socialists might like to hear. The rule of the professional secret makes it all safe. An informal dance may belong to the amusements of this hour, but as a rule the men are too dead beat after their day's work with the gun for anything of that sort. They revive for the smoking-room when the ladies have left for the night, and there they swap the lies of anecdote until the small hours of the morning. When it is not scandal it is the rigor of the game in sport: pointer or retriever, the old style against the new; aiming with only one eye open, or with both, one school maintaining that nature has shown her wonted prodigality in the supply of this organ; schools of shooting; have your guns cut to measure, though you buy your coats ready-made; soft shot, chilled shot, hard shot; how best to lay out a wood for a day's sport; poachers, polecats, pin-fires; and so on until the head

fairly spins with it, if one is not to the manner born.

On Sunday the birds have a day off, and time to count their missing friends. Their enemies go to church, stroll through the stables, the kennels, and even the picture-galleries, if they can find time for the last without any breach of the divine ordinance of repose for the day.

All this to make a poor young duchess feel that the world is a bigger and a stranger place than is dreamed of in the philosophy of the geography class, bigger even than the all outdoors of her wildest conceptions. Her brain throbs with the sense of it. What a wonderful scene! And what wonderful things she is going to do in it, and for it, as lady of Allonby! They marveled as much at her. She had made no mistakes worth mentioning, and her talk beat a book.

## XI

THERE is but one check to the duke's serene satisfaction in things as they go, namely, the odious self-satisfaction of one of his neighbors—Mr. Kisbye of the Grange.

It is true enough that you may walk for miles at Allonby without touching any land but the duke's. Yet must you choose your path with care. There is one way of going wrong, if only one.

Years ago, in a fatal moment when the agent happened to be looking the other way, Mr. Kisbye snapped up a bit of property that impaired the rounded integrity of the ducal domain.

It cut right into the estate, and spoiled the amenity of it. The intruder got it by an extravagant bid to a needy owner, at a time when his Grace's solicitors were opening their parallels in the usual impious way that assumes the eternal duration of the world. He wanted a country settlement, and here it was within a stone's-cast of one of the greatest estates in England. So he sneaked it by purchase—much as the duke's forefathers might have sneaked it in another way. His Grace offered to pay handsomely for his mistake through the solicitors, but Mr. Kisbye smiled derisively at every bid, and stuck as close as a horse-fly with a lodgment.

It was a speck of a property—no more, of course; but it was enough to make the other less than perfect. It established this

"boulder" from town—this nondescript without a pedigree, and without any means of getting a living that could be known and traced—as country gentleman, as farmer, and even as landlord in his small way. Worst of all, it established him as a dispenser of hospitality, and brought down into the country at stated times the most fearful persons of his set.

There they were, there they are at this moment, holding high revel, as of some witch's sabbath, over against the Towers. And they have come to stay. They are landowners of the future, the people who are to win the country, as they have already won the towns, by sheer weight of metal. They are to win it from the old families, and, like them, to use it more than ever as a mere pleasure-ground wherein neither corn may grow nor man may live but by their good leave. The worst of it is, they are beginning to be sufficient to themselves. They join hands across counties, and the motor-car brays their progress from house to house for midnight revel. All that money can do—and what can it not do now?—is theirs in costly guzzle, and what they esteem the other comforts of home. They furnish in a night and a day, and not only in upholstery and dinner services, but in people to sit at the meal—people who, like the bric-à-brac, are only to be distinguished by an expert from the genuine article. Their leaders in low finance are at least as rich as those who rule in high. Their "swells" are sometimes positively real—for younger sons and needy elders, who do not always find it easy to get to Allonby, are welcome here. The bed and board are as good as the duke's, being of the best; and you are free to laugh at the "caterers" behind their backs when the visit is over. It is a fair bargain on both sides: they are as free to laugh at you; and, after all, which has made the best use of the other?

And besides, to tell the truth, there is a "go" in their mirth which is sometimes wanting in the statelier establishments. Their stars of the variety stage are livelier than those of Bayreuth, and they import an up-to-date wickedness of the asphalt which puts the historic and legendary sort in the shade. They can get art and literature of a kind, even poets of the minor constellation, and thinkers—for metaphysics and the love of a good dinner are

still as closely allied as ever they were in Byron's day. If they do not always know what to do with it all, they will learn in time. There are West End tailors to rig them in the costume of sport, though on some of them it sits about as gracefully as the court-dress at waxwork shows; game-keepers to teach them to point a gun and even to carry it; crack billiard-players for their object-lessons in the mathematics of amusement; and, for the golf, the costliest importations from St. Andrews, who are canny enough to reserve the bad language of uncontrollable disgust for the safe side of the bunker. Their motto is that everything may be picked up. They don't mind consulting the groom of the chambers as to the amount of the tip, and offering to toss him for the difference between his estimate and their bid. The thing hums. They buy the old halls, sometimes only as sites and names, and put up new ones of marble and plate-glass in their places, with the armor still on the premises, and the turret-chamber in communication by telephone with the Stock Exchange. They mean business,—that is the humor of it,—and they are going to fight it out on this line till the judgment-day.

And if there is sometimes a second-best in their humankind, it is apt to be funnier than the other variety. At this very moment there are barons at Mr. Kisbye's who seem to have stepped out of comic opera. They bear titles unknown to Burke, but they get over that by telling you that Burke does not know everything. Their only secret is that, after somewhat aimless wandering on the Continent as circus riders, they declined into billiard-marking in a momentary delay of fortune due to a broken leg, thereafter gave lessons in the tongues at eighteenpence an hour, and, in that capacity, wooed and won the relicts of publicans or pawnbrokers, whom eventually they conducted to the grave as magnificently as they had led them to the altar, after ennobling them at their own expense by transactions of a confidential nature with the ruler of a petty principality. Most of them are now understood to be looking round for other alliances, for their funds are again low. In spite of their outlandish cut, they might boast with that monarch of the Georgian line who finally achieved a birthplace on English soil, that they glory in the name of Briton. The rest is all

aboveboard. The local paper publishes, by arrangement, interviews supplied by themselves in proof, in which they narrate lives of romantic adventure rare in our day. They figure as rollicking blades who have sung their own compositions by moonlight under the balconies of Italian countesses, fought pitiless duels with their lords, out-riden and outdrunk the Magyars, and generally led a deuce of a life. Their pose is the union of a Norman pride, in their bearing toward equals, with a British bluntness which at once charms inferiors and keeps them in their place. It is fascinating to surprise them in one of their familiar haunts in town, after a hard day's work in pursuit of the widow of the moment, as they sink into a seat with the order for a pint of beer. It is a sign that they have thrown off the great noble for the enjoyment of a well-earned rest. And should any seek to reimpose it on them by an untimely recitation of titular honors, they will be as likely as not to cry: "Hang the baron; call me Bill!"

Such is the Kisbye set, another wonder of experience in Augusta's wondrous lot. In her exalted station, of course, they are heard but not seen, and she has to piece them together from the confidences of the smoking-room,—as revealed by the duke,—the chatter of her maid, and the scornful comment of Mary Liddicot, whose disgust for their host is now intensified by the rumor that he has hung in his sitting-room a portrait of herself of which he has managed to possess himself by surreptitious means.

The strongest contrast with the older order comes one day when the duchess has to carry out a long-deferred visit to Mary, and indirectly to Mary's father, in one of the moated halls that still survive in this amazing land.

## XII

SIR HENRY LIDDICOT at home is the British squire in his most rare and precious and exquisite survival. For a full thousand years the family has been there, not precisely at Liddicot Manor, of course, but there in ownership, and in the county in settlement—one race winning, holding, and sitting tight. The Conquest was an innovation to them. They read of Norman William, as one might say, in their morning papers, wondering what was up now, and

feeling full sure it would not be very much. The rumor of his ship-building was brought to them by runners from the south, and they set out with their quota to join the Saxon king in obedience to royal messages from the north. They were a most respectable family in Alfred's time, and they had shaken their heads over the extension of the empire when a later king took Manchester. Dim rumors of the Mohammedan invasion of India were brought by pious pilgrims to the ale-bench of their hall fire.

Their halls, of course, have changed since then. They have been rebuilt half a dozen times in every style of domestic architecture, each of them—Saxon block-house, Norman keep, Elizabethan manor, with Jacobean or Palladian notions to follow, in turn the smartest thing of its kind.

Here or hereabout have been the Liddicots, taking their share of every good thing going in all that time. Think of it only. It may be simple enough to win the luck, but to keep the luck in the family for a thousand years! It is rare even in this land, with an average peerage which is but a mushroom growth. Families rise and fall as the sap of mastery within them has a nimble or a sluggish flow. So little will do it—a touch, they say. The founder toils; the founder's son takes it easy; the son's son makes a fool of himself, and then, with the Jews as brokers, the many come into their own again.

The Liddicots did it, in the first instance, by their judicious mixture of the attributes of tiger and fox. When they were not snatching, they laid a finger to the nose—not defiantly, as in one of the many varieties of that expressive gesture, but as in mature reflection on the next step. They made their submission to the first William at the right time and in the right way, and he gave them grace. They sided with the greatest of the Edwards in his struggle for domestic mastery, when all the other wiseacres of their part of the country were putting their money on the other horse. They made an equally wise choice with the last Henry, who gave them a monastery or two for their pains, and with Dutch William. After that, though not all at once, the premonitions of the long sleep that overtakes all of us at length came over them. They drew slowly toward the conclusion that there is nothing more

to do but keep a sort of perpetual balance with things as they are. The problem of perpetual rest is as trying as that of perpetual motion, and it has engaged the attention of whole generations of the most respectable families time out of mind.

So they invented a sort of philosophy of fatigue which, in their present representative, has reached its finest flower. The good old baronet has an honest impatience of every kind of thoroughness of thought and action which makes him the perfect Englishman of his time. His whole line in life is determined by a rooted suspicion of first principles. He lives by a glorified rule of thumb, and moves from event to event with the pious ejaculation of "Sufficient unto the day—" He is incurably suspicious of all attempts to get to the bottom of things in "politics, literature, science, and art." "Lord, how the world is given to fads!" is his cry of protest. He shivers at the thought of new departures, unless they are reasonably old, and he is sure that when they started they went beyond what was necessary. He accepts them as soon as they are there, just because they are there, for he is the very genius of submission to the accomplished fact. But if he had been asked his sanction in advance, they would have had long to wait. He is for moderation in all things; even moderation "must n't go too far, you know"—the man of the unjust *milieu*, in a word.

He has elaborated his theory of life as a mere rubbing along in the old house on the old estate, both slowly wearing to decay without discomfort and without shock. All he wants is to live by the land, as his fathers did before him, making it pay for all their mistakes. His farmers farm stupidly, his laborers fly to the towns, he has a spendthrift son in the army—like his sire, one of the best fellows in the world. Yet it never strikes him for one moment that his wasteful housekeeping, his mortgages, his entails, his huge system of patriarchal dependence, is anything less than in the nature of things. He is everything such a man may be expected to be: not a Tory, only a Conservative, in favor of "reasonable reforms," such, for instance, as the one affecting the precedence of baronets; not a Protectionist,—the name brings a shock to his mind,—but only a person desiring a moderate duty for the encouragement of agriculture. He is a

moderate churchman—certainly not High, undoubtedly not Low, one capable of tempering the rigor of the demand for the eastward position by the offer of an east-by-north. He compounds for the confessional by now and then asking his vicar to dinner, and casually putting points of conduct to him over the wine. There is nothing wrong with him in the world but his horoscope: he is Sir Roger de Coverley born just two centuries too late.

To have everything in keeping, his home is his castle in the most literal sense of the term. Where else could he live but in one of the beautiful old moated halls still to be found in England, with living water in the moat? He still raises his drawbridge every night and lowers it every morning, just because his fathers have done the like for centuries, and he really is not equal to the effort of beginning to leave off. His habits are not to be affected by anything so transient as the new dispensation of a county constabulary. What joy in the thought of this continuing city amid the eternal flux of things! You may enter without difficulty by a stone bridge on the other side,—the tradespeople do so enter every day,—but that does not count.

### XIII

THE house comes in view at last, peeping forth from its belt of trees as the duchess approaches it on this summer day. The trees were part of the old scheme of fortification. You might pass them without suspecting that they screened an abode of men. The garrison lay in hiding, or pounced forth in sudden aggression, according to circumstances. Now that concealment is no longer necessary, they show a gable at need, or even a whole façade, through the gaps. On one side you catch sight of a whole range of domestic Tudor rising sheer from the moat, where parts of it, resting on columns of solid stonework, stand like a man in water up to the knees. In another façade the owners before building have manifestly been at peace with the world. The struggle of the more elemental kind is over. No one is going to disturb the Liddicots. The architect therefore plans for lawns sloping to the water's edge, treats himself to the stone bridge aforesaid, and cuts down the trees to give a fair view of his handiwork.

The drawbridge is lowered now, "for fun," as Mary promised, and that young person is seen waving joyous welcome from the castellated porch beyond. Augusta answers the signal with her handkerchief, and, at the same time, becomes aware of the master of the house. He is fishing in the moat from his study window, and he decamps in some confusion to take his place at his own door, where he is seen in an entirely suitable framework. He is of middle height, sturdy, square to the four winds—still like his dwelling. He looks engagingly dense, obstinate, unideal—and golden-hearted where he likes, but only there. The manner is blunt—one can hardly say to a fault. He has a singular brevity of conversational style, due to a desire to "get it over" with the smallest possible delay. His broad face is now all melted out of its ordinary lines of character by his unaffected joy at the sight of his guest. He bows his bare head low over her hand in courtly style, leads her to the foot of the great oak staircase, and then, surrendering her to his daughter, turns aside into the dining-room to await her return.

"Mary, what a place!" murmurs Augusta, as they come down-stairs. "What a lavendered memory!"

"Wait till you have seen it," laughs the girl. "Dad, you had better let me be guide: you are too slow. I'll show you over at the same time, if you behave yourself."

"All right, my dear. I shall be here when you want me. Don't trust to her dates, duchess: whenever she gets beyond the Restoration, I have to dig her out."

A great peace steals over Augusta's mind as she strolls through the black oak galleries, the low bedrooms, the lofty reception-rooms of these strata of the past, with their furniture, folios, armor, gear of hall, and gear of bower all in perfect keeping.

"We have everything a genuine old place should have, I think," says Mary, simply, "including the entire absence of a bed slept in by Queen Elizabeth. Those beds are only for the new-fashioned show-houses, and Wardour street can hardly keep pace with the demand. If you want something real in that line, we can show you a bed stuffed with rabbit's fur, the down of its day. Don't look so serious, father dear."

"Don't be foolish, Mary."

"Well, never mind about the bed; but

please, Mary, I want a ghost—only a little one."

"Nothing of that sort here," said the squire.

"Father!"

"Oh, you mean the noises. All fancy, that! They hung the wrong man,—pure inadvertence,—and they thought he walked. They fidgeted—that was all. Besides, it was hundreds of years ago, and what's that to do with us?"

"Yes; but they hung him up-stairs, dad."

"Up-stairs?" shuddered Augusta.

"Old times, you know, duchess. We had to do everything on the premises then, even the judging and—the rest. Modern improvements since—circuits, jails, and what not. Every man's house was his workshop, too. We've a suit of Saxon armor, all steel, and all made in the place."

"All very well for the armor, Sir Henry, I dare say. But for the hanging—who gave them the right?"

"Manorial courts, you know—every lord of a manor his own judge, jury, executioner. I assure you, there was no other way. Great improvements now, and all for the best, I've no doubt."

"The duchess wants to see the room, father."

"Mary!" "Mary!"—from both host and guest. Yet, somehow, one led the way, and the other followed. There was really nothing to see but a long, bare attic immediately under the roof, with huge white-washed cross-beams, which looked little more than a streak in the artificial gloom. The squire seemed to feel that some apology was expected.

"You see, it was very hard to keep the field-laborers from passing out of their class and place of settlement and going to the towns to pick up a trade. It is a difficulty even now, I assure you. Our people were hard sometimes—I can't deny that. We have funny entries in the old register down-stairs—burning on the forehead, and what not. Shocking! I hate all that excess. But I suppose this really was a bad case. It's the only one on the family, so far as I know. My grandfather's grandfather used merely to put 'em in the stocks, and he would be called unreasonable now. We must march with the times."

"Oh, we have been a disreputable gang in our day!" laughs Mary. "We can show you a turret-chamber in the other wing



where one of our remoter grandmamas had to pass her honeymoon behind bars and bolts, after she had been stolen from her father's house."

"They went too far; I've told you, they went too far," says the squire, testily, as he turns from the room. "What can you say more? But we might still learn a thing or two, even from them. I'm going to offer you a carp at luncheon, duchess, caught in the moat this morning, and own brother in point of dressing and flavor to one that was stewed in wine for King Henry VII when he passed this way four hundred years ago."

"You must give me the receipt for Allonby, Sir Henry."

"Mary will turn it into plain English for you. It is in our old buttery-book—one of the best bits of reading in the library. You have to know how to read it, though. It is all in monkish script, and it looks as spider-webbed as a writ of Edward III."

"And all illuminated, if you please," adds Mary, "with an initial letter showing one early Liddicot at dinner helping himself with thumb and finger, and another wiping his mouth with his sleeve and looking as though he had done no evil. Oh, we really were a disreputable set once upon a time! Please don't ask questions about the plate, duchess. Some of it was no better than what the dreadful housebreaking people nowadays call 'swag'—bagged from the looted châteaux by a Liddicot who served under the Regent Bedford in the French wars."

"Mary, don't tease," says her father.

After luncheon they generously leave him to his nap, on pretense of a stroll through the rooms. There is the usual mixture of good and bad in the picture-gallery, most of it old indeed, but not all genuine. Some of the Titians were never seen by that master. Yet they were entirely adequate for wonder and delight to earlier Liddicots who had acquired them on the grand tour. Mingled with these are the family portraits—dames and damsels of many epochs (some, in which the family expression reappears after temporary eclipse, looking like Mary dressed for a masquerade), judges and soldiers, with here and there the kings they served. Both the ladies stop before the effigy of a cavalryman of our time, still glistening with the glories of varnishing-day at the Academy,

fair, yet well tanned by field-sports, well groomed, square-chinned, round-headed, close-cropped, and with a look of satisfaction in the joy of being, characteristic of those spoiled children of Fortune whom she has never put to the trouble of saying "No."

"That's my brother Tom," says the girl, fondly, in answer to the other's glance of inquiry, "and he's coming down next week."

"What a lovely man—I mean what a fine, handsome fellow. Is n't he just perfect!"

"Oh, he's not so bad, though I say it, and the most good-natured thing in the world. But he's just a little costly for poor father. Not that he can help that: it's a crack regiment, you know."

"I suppose he's hard at work at his military studies, with all this trouble ahead at the Cape."

"I don't think so. You see, he had to pass, and all that sort of thing, before he got in, and they don't trouble them much after that. And, besides, he knows where he is on a horse, and he's quite a beautiful shot; so there does n't seem much more to learn."

"One sometimes fancies there might be," says the duchess, gravely. "But I dare say he has quite enough to do."

"Never a moment to spare, I assure you, and four house-parties ahead. It was a terrible London season; in fact, he's coming down to rest."

"Please bring him to Allonby, dear, before the week is out. I hope I shall have a brother to show you soon. I've written for Arthur, who has just left college. The baby, I call him, because he's three years younger than I am; but he's a bit of a man, all the same."

"That will be nice."

The girl is for hurrying on; but the duchess insists on stopping to look at another portrait that hangs by the side of Tom's. It is Mary herself. She is very handsome, tall and finely built. She has dignity—a courteous and gentle dignity, not by any means the terrifying "hauteur" of the melodramatic heroine, though the head is held very high and the whole posture is strong and quietly self-possessed. The dress, so far as one can see it beneath the big cloak, seems to be a sort of lace tea-gown, freely flowing. The face is a full oval (not a peaky egg-shape), the nose straight and somewhat

Grecian. Large brown eyes, frank and kind, and beautifully curved, full lips, give the face an expression of truth and sweetness. Over the brow, which is broad and high, the hair descends in little films and curls, and is piled up on the head in light masses. Resting on these clouds of brown, a large black hat with plumes sweeps upward in a bold slant. It reminds one of the head-gear of some Velasquez portrait—a Spanish general or monarch; and the folds of the dark mantle, lightened as it is by creamy satin and lace, voluminously falling from the shoulders and down the front, add to the rich and flowing effect. It is pleasantly free from the frightened, unimaginative stiffness of ordinary modern costume. Yet Mary is no Velasquez lady with mysterious eyes that look at one straight and brimful of meaning, yet will not reveal one of their myriad secrets. In spite of her great mantle and sweeping hat,

Velasquez would either have refused to paint her, or he would have given her different eyes and a different expression. Her attraction thus transformed might, to some tastes, be more powerful, but she would have lost her simple English quality, and the grand, free, modern look that belongs peculiarly to our day—if portraits truly represent the women of the past.

At their leave-taking Mary gives her guest a bunch of rare and precious ferns that might have suggested a whole course of lectures to a professor of botany—maidenhair, spleenwort, three-leaved saxifrage, hart's-tongue, ivy-leaved snapdragon, even umbellated chickweed, picked from the crannies of wall and roof, or from the crumbling brickwork of the moat.

The duchess wonders as she drives away whether men or mosses have anything more to fear when once they have turned the corner of a thousand years.

(To be continued.)



## ALICE FREEMAN PALMER

BY R. W. G.

WHEN fell, to-day, the word that she had gone,  
 Not this my thought: Here a bright journey ends,  
 Here rests a soul unresting; here, at last,  
 Here ends that earnest strength, that generous life—  
 For all her life was giving. Rather this  
 I said (after the first swift, sorrowing pang):  
 Hence, on a new quest, starts an eager spirit—  
 No dread, no doubt, unhesitating forth  
 With asking eyes; pure as the bodiless souls  
 Whom poets vision near the central throne  
 Angelically ministrant to man;  
 So fares she forth with smiling, Godward face;  
 Nor should we grieve, but give eternal thanks—  
 Save that we mortal are, and needs must mourn.

NEW YORK, December 7, 1902.

# LOVEY MARY

BY ALICE CALDWELL HEGAN


Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"

WITH PICTURES BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN

## VIII

### A DENOMINATIONAL GARDEN

"Oh, mickle is the powerful grace that lies  
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities;  
For naught so vile that on the earth doth live  
But to the earth some special good doth give."

HE following Sunday being decidedly cooler, Lovey Mary was started off to Miss Viny's in quest of yellowroot. She had protested that she was not sick, but Miss Hazy, backed by Mrs. Wiggs, had insisted.

"If you git down sick, it would be a' orful drain on me," was Miss Hazy's final argument, and the point was effective.

As Lovey Mary trudged along the railroad-tracks, she was unaware of the pleasant changes of scenery. The cottages became less frequent, and the bare, dusty commons gave place to green fields. Here and there a tree spread its branches to the breezes, and now and then a snatch of bird song broke the stillness. But Lovey Mary kept gloomily on her way, her eyes fixed on the cross-ties. The thoughts surging through her brain were dark enough to obscure even the sunshine. For three nights she had cried herself to sleep, and the "nervous sensations" were getting worse instead of better.

"Just two months since Kate was hurt," she said to herself. "Soon as she gets out the hospital she'll be trying to find us again. I believe she was coming to the factory looking for me when she got run over. She'd just like to take Tommy away and send me to jail. Oh, I hate her worse all the time! I wish she was—"

The wish died on her lips, for she suddenly realized that it might already have been fulfilled. Some one coughed near by, and she started guiltily.

"You seem to be in a right deep stiddy," said a voice on the other side of the fence.

Lovey Mary glanced up and saw a queer-looking old woman smiling at her quizzically. A pair of keen eyes twinkled under bushy brows, and a fierce little beard bristled from her chin. When she smiled it made Lovey Mary think of a pebble dropped into a pool, for the wrinkles went rippling off from her mouth in ever-widening circles until they were lost in the gray hair under her broad-brimmed hat.

"Are you Miss Viny?" asked Lovey Mary, glancing at the old-fashioned flower-garden beyond.

"Well, I been that fer sixty year'; I ain't heard of no change," answered the old lady.

"Miss Hazy sent me after some yellowroot," said Lovey Mary, listlessly.

"Who fer?"

"Me."

Miss Viny took a pair of large spectacles from her pocket, put them on the tip of her nose, and looked over them critically at Lovey Mary.

"Stick out yer tongue."

Lovey Mary obeyed.

"Uh-huh. It's a good thing I looked. You don't no more need yallerroot than a bumblebee. You come in here on the porch an' tell me what's ailin' you, an' I'll do my own prescriptin'."

Lovey Mary followed her up the narrow path that ran between a mass of flowers. Snowy oleanders, yellow asters, and purple

phlox crowded together in a space no larger than Miss Hazy's front yard. Lovey Mary forgot her troubles in sheer delight in seeing so many flowers together.

"Do you love 'em, too?" asked Miss Viny, jerking her thumb over her shoulder.

"I guess I would if I had a chance. I never saw them growing out of doors like this. I always had to look at them through the store windows."

sort of soil you goin' to work with, then you have to sum up all the things you have to fight ag'inst. Next you choose what flowers are goin' to hold the best places. That 's a mighty important question in churches, too, ain't it? Then you go to plantin', the thicker the better, fer in both you got to allow fer a mighty fallin' off. After that you must take good keer of what you got, an' be sure to plant something



Drawn by Florence Scovel Shinn

"STICK OUT YER TONGUE"

"Oh, law, don't talk to me 'bout caged-up flowers! I don't b'lieve in shuttin' a flower up in a greenhouse any more 'n I b'lieve in shuttin' myself up in one church."

Lovey Mary remembered what Miss Hazy had told her of Miss Viny's pernicious religious views, and she tried to change the subject. But Miss Viny was started upon a favorite theme and was not to be diverted.

"This here is a denominational garden, an' I got every congregation I ever heard of planted in it. I ain't got no faverite bed. I keer fer 'em all jes alike. When you come to think of it, the same rule holds good in startin' a garden as does in startin' a church. You first got to steady what

new each year. Once in a while some of the old growths has to be thinned out, an' the new upstarts an' suckers has to be pulled up. Now, if you 'll come out here I 'll show you round."

She started down the path, and Lovey Mary, somewhat overwhelmed by this oration, followed obediently.

"These here are the Baptists," said Miss Viny, waving her hand toward a bed of heliotrope and flags. "They want lots of water; like to be wet clean through. They sorter set off to theyselves an' 'tend to their own business; don't keer much 'bout minglin' with the other flowers."

Lovey Mary did not understand very clearly what Miss Viny was talking about,

but she was glad to follow her in the winding paths, where new beauties were waiting at every turn.

"These is geraniums, ain't they? One of the girls had one, once, in a flower-pot when she was sick."

"Yes," said Miss Viny; "they're Methodist. They fall from grace an' has to be revived; they like lots of encouragement in the way of sun an' water. These phlox are Methodist, too; no set color, easy to grow, hardy an' vigorous. Pinchin' an' cuttin' back the shoots makes it flower all the better; needs new soil every few years. Now, ain't that Methodist down to the ground?"

"Are there any Presbyterians?" asked Lovey Mary, beginning to grasp Miss Viny's meaning.

"Yes, indeed; they are a good, old, reliable bed. Look at all these roses an' tiger-lilies an' dahlias; they all knew what they was goin' to be afore they started to grow. They was elected to it, an' they 'll keep on bein' what they started out to be clean to the very end."

"I know about predestination," cried Lovey Mary, eagerly. "Miss Bell used to tell us all those things."

"Who did?"

Lovey Mary flushed crimson. "A lady I used to know," she said evasively.

Miss Viny crossed the garden, and stopped before a bed of stately lilies and azaleas. "These are 'Piscopals," she explained. "Ain't they tony? Jes look like they thought their bed was the only one in the garden. Somebody said that a lily did n't have no pore kin among the flowers. It ain't no wonder they 'most die of dignity. They 're like the 'Piscopals in more ways 'n one; both hates to be disturbed, both likes some shade, an'—" confidentially—"both air pretty pernickity. But, to tell you the truth, ain't nothin' kin touch 'em when it comes to beauty. I think all the other beds is proud of 'em, if you 'd come to look into it. Why, look at weddin's an' funerals! Don't all the churches call in the 'Piscopals an' the lilies on both them occasions?"

Lovey Mary nodded vaguely.

"An' here," continued Miss Viny, "are the Unitarians. You may be s'prised at me fer havin' 'em in here, 'long with the orthodox churches; but if the sun an' the rain don't make no distinction, I don't see

what right I got to put 'em on the other side of the fence. These first is sweet-william, as rich in bloom as the Unitarian is in good works, a-sowin' theyselves constant, an' every little plant a-puttin' out a flower."

"Ain't there any Catholics?" asked Lovey Mary.

"Don't you see them hollyhaws an' snowballs an' laylacs? All of them are Catholics, takin' up lots of room an' needin' the prunin'-knife pretty often, but bringin' cheer an' brightness to the whole garden when it needs it most. Yes, I guess you 'd have trouble thinkin' of any sect I ain't got planted. Them ferns over in the corner is Quakers. I ain't never seen no Quakers, but they tell me that they don't b'lieve in flowerin' out; that they like coolness an' shade an' quiet, an' are jes the same the year round. These colea plants are the apes; they are all things to all men, take on any color that 's round 'em, kin be the worst kind of Baptists or Presbyterians, but if left to theyselves they run back to good-fer-nothin's. This here everlastin' is one of these here Christians that 's so busy thinkin' 'bout dyin' that he fergits to live."

Miss Viny chuckled as she crumbled the dry flower in her fingers.

"See how different this is," she said, plucking a sprig of lemon-verbena. "This an' the mint an' the sage an' the lavender is all true Christians; jes by bein' touched they give out a influence that makes the whole world a sweeter place to live in. But, after all, they can't all be alike. There 's all sorts of Christians: some stands fer sunshine, some fer shade; some fer beauty, some fer use; some up high, some down low. There 's jes one thing all the flowers has to unite in fightin' ag'inst—that 's the canker-worm, Hate. If it once gits in a plant, no matter how good an' strong that plant may be, it eats right down to its heart."

"How do you get it out, Miss Viny?" asked Lovey Mary, earnestly.

"Prayer an' perseverance. If the Christian 'll do his part, God 'll do hisn. You see, I 'm tryin' to be to these flowers what God is to his churches. The sun, which answers to the Sperrit, has to shine on 'em all, an' the rain, which answers to God's mercy, has to fall on 'em all. I jes watch 'em, an' plan fer 'em, an' shelter 'em, an' love 'em, an' if they do their part, they 're

*bound* to grow. Now I 'm goin' to cut you a nice bo'quet to carry back to the Cab-bage Patch."

So engrossed were the two in selecting and arranging the flowers that neither thought of the yellowroot or its substitute. Nevertheless, as Lovey Mary tramped briskly back over the railroad-ties with her burden of blossoms, she bore a new thought in her heart which was destined to bring about a surer cure than any of Miss Viny's most efficient herbs.

IX

LABOR DAY

"And cloudy the day, or stormy the night,  
The sky of her heart was always bright."

"T WOULD N'T s'prise me none if we had cyclones an' tornadoes by evenin', it looks so thundery outdoors."

It was inconsiderate of Miss Hazy to make the above observation in the very face of the most elaborate preparations for a picnic, but Miss Hazy's evil predictions were too frequent to be effective.

"I 'll scurry round an' git another loaf of bread," said Mrs. Wiggs, briskly, as she put a tin pail into the corner of the basket. "Lovey Mary, you put in the eggs an' git them cookies outen the stove. I promised them boys a picnic on Labor Day, an' we are goin', if it snows."

"Awful dangerous in the woods when it storms," continued Miss Hazy. "I heard of a man onct that would go to a picnic in the rain, an' he got struck so bad it burned his shoes plump off."

"Must have been the same man that got drowned, when he was little, fer goin' in swimmin' on Sunday," answered Mrs. Wiggs, wiping her hands on her apron.

"Mebbe 't was," said Miss Hazy.

Lovey Mary vibrated between the door and the window, alternating between hope and despair. She had set her heart on the picnic with the same intensity of desire that had characterized her yearning for goodness and affection and curly hair.

"I believe there is a tiny speck more blue," she said, scanning the heavens for the hundredth time.

"Course there is," cried Mrs. Wiggs; "an' even if there ain't, we 'll have the picnic anyway. I b'lieve in havin' a good time when you start out to have it. If you git knocked out of one plan, you want to

git yerself another right quick, before yer sperrits has a chance to fall. Here comes Jake an' Chris with their baskets. Suppose you rench off yer hands an' go gether up the rest of the childern. I 'spect Billy's done hitched up by this time."

At the last moment Miss Hazy was still trying to make up her mind whether or not she would go. "Them wheels don't look none too stiddy fer sich a big load," she said cautiously.

"Them wheels is a heap sight stiddier than your legs," declared Mrs. Wiggs. "An' there ain't a meeker hoss in Kentucky than Cuby. He looks like he might 'a' belonged to a preacher 'stid of bein' a broken-down engine-hoss."

An unforeseen delay was occasioned by a heated controversy between Lovey Mary and Tommy concerning the advisability of taking Cusmoodle.

"There ain't more than room enough to squeeze you in, Tommy," she said, "let alone that fat old duck."

"T ain't a fat old duck."

"T is, too! He sha'n't go. You 'll have to stay at home yourself if you can't be good."

"I feel like I was doin' to det limber," threatened Tommy.

Mrs. Wiggs recognized a real danger. She also knew that discretion was the better part of valor. "Here 's a nice little place up here by me, jes big enough fer you an' Cusmoodle. You kin set on the basket; it won't mash nothin'. If we 're packed in good an' tight, can't none of us fall out."

When the last basket was stored away, the party started off in glee, leaving Miss Hazy still irresolute in the doorway, declaring that "she almost wisht she had 'a' went."

The destination had not been decided upon, so it was discussed as the wagon jolted along over the cobblestones.

"Let 's go out past Miss Viny's," suggested Jake; "there 's a bully woods out there."

"Aw, no; let 's go to Tick Creek an' go in wadin'."

Mrs. Wiggs, seated high above the party and slapping the reins on Cuba's back, allowed the lively debate to continue until trouble threatened, then she interfered:

"I think it would be nice to go over to the cemetery. We'd have to cross the city, but when you git out there there 's plenty

of grass an' trees, an' it runs right 'long-side the river."

The proximity of the river decided the matter.

"I won't hardly take a swim!" said Jake, going through the motions, to the discomfort of the two little girls who were hanging their feet from the back of the wagon.

"I'm afraid it's going to rain so hard that you can take your swim before you get there," said Lovey Mary, as the big drops began to fall.

The picnic party huddled on the floor of the wagon in a state of great merriment, while Mrs. Wiggs spread an old quilt over as many of them as it would cover.

"'T ain't nothin' but a summer shower," she said, holding her head on one side to keep the rain from driving in her face. "I 'spect the sun is shinin' at the cemetery right now."

As the rickety wagon, with its drenched and shivering load, rattled across Main street, an ominous sound fell upon the air:

*One — two — three!* "ASIA HELD OUT HER HANDS, WHICH WERE COVERED WITH WARM RED MITTS"

*One — two!* Mrs. Wiggs wrapped the lines about her wrists and braced herself for the struggle. But Cuba had heard the summons, his heart had responded to the old call, and with one joyous bound he started for the fire.

"Hold on tight!" yelled Mrs. Wiggs. "Don't none of you fall out. Whoa, Cuby! Whoa! I'll stop him in a minute. Hold tight!"

Cuba kicked the stiffness out of his legs, and laying his ears back, raced valiantly for five squares neck and neck with the engine-horses. But the odds were against him; Mrs. Wiggs and Chris sawing on one line, and Billy and Jake pulling on the other, proved too heavy a handicap. Within

sight of the fire he came to a sudden halt. "It 's the lumber-yards!" called Chris, climbing over the wheels. "Looks like the whole town 's on fire."

"Let 's unhitch Cuby an' tie him, an' stand in the wagon an' watch it," cried Mrs. Wiggs, in great excitement.

The boys were not content to be stationary, so they rushed away, leaving Mrs.

Wiggs and the girls, with Tommy and the duck, to view the conflagration at a safe distance.

For two hours the fire raged, leaping from one stack of lumber to another, and threatening the adjacent buildings. Every fire-engine in the department was called out, the commons were black with people, and the excitement was intense.

"Ain't you glad we come?" cried Lovey Mary, dancing up and down in the wagon.

"We never come. We was brought," said Asia.

Long before the fire was under control, the sun had come through the clouds and was shining brightly. Picnics, however, were not to be con-

sidered when an attraction like this was to be had. When the boys finally came straggling back, the fire was nearly out, the crowd had dispersed, and only the picnic party was left on the commons.

"It 's too late to start to the cemetery," said Mrs. Wiggs, thoughtfully. "What do you all think of havin' the picnic right here an' now?"

The suggestion was regarded as nothing short of an inspiration.

"The only trouble," continued Mrs. Wiggs, "is 'bout the water. Where we goin' to git any to drink? I know one of the firemen, Pete Jenkins; if I could see him I'd ast him to pour us some outen the hose."



Drawn by Florence Scovel Shinn



"Gimme the pail; I 'll go after him," cried Jake.

"Naw, you don't; I 'm a-goin'. It's my maw that knows him," said Billy.

"That ain't nothin'. My uncle knows the chief of police! Can't I go, Mrs. Wiggs?"

Meanwhile Chris had seized the hint and the bucket, and was off in search of Mr. Peter Jenkins, whose name would prove an open sesame to that small boy's paradise—the engine side of the rope.

The old quilt, still damp, was spread on the ground, and around it sat the picnic party, partaking ravenously of dry sandwiches and cheese and cheer. Such laughing and crowding and romping as there was! Jake gave correct imitations of everybody in the Cabbage Patch, Chris did some marvelous stunts with his wooden leg, and Lovey Mary sang every funny song that she knew. Mrs. Wiggs stood in the wagon above them, and dispensed hospitality as long as it lasted. Cuba, hitched to a fence near by, needed no material nourishment. He was contentedly sniffing the smoke-filled air, and living over again the days of his youth.

When the party reached home, tired and grimy, they were still enthusiastic over the fine time they had had.

"It's jes the way I said," proclaimed Mrs. Wiggs, as she drove up with a flourish; "you never kin tell which way pleasure is a-comin'. Who ever would 'a' thought, when we aimed at the cemetery, that we 'd land up at a first-class fire?"

# X

## A TIMELY VISIT

"The love of praise, howe'er concealed by art,  
Reigns more or less, and glows in ev'ry heart."

WEEKS and months slipped by, and the Cabbage Patch ate breakfast and supper by lamplight. Those who could afford it were laying in their winter coal, and those who could not were providently pasting brown paper over broken window-panes, and preparing to keep Jack Frost at bay as long as possible.

One Saturday as Lovey Mary came home from the factory, she saw a well-dressed figure disappearing in the distance.

"Who is that lady?" she demanded sus-

piciously of Europena Wiggs, who was swinging violently on the gate.

"T ain't no lady," said Europena. "It's my Sunday-school teacher."

"Mrs. Redding?"

"Uh-huh. She wants Asia to come over to her house this evenin'."

"Wisht I could go," said Lovey Mary.

"Why can't you?" asked Mrs. Wiggs, coming to the open door. "Asia would jes love to show Mrs. Reddin' how stylish you look in that red dress. I 'll curl yer hair on the poker if you want me to."

Any diversion from the routine of work was acceptable, so late that afternoon the two girls, arrayed in their best garments, started forth to call on the Reddings.

"I wisht I had some gloves," said Lovey Mary, rubbing her blue fingers.

"If I 'd 'a' thought about it I 'd 'a' made you some before we started. It don't take no time." Asia held out her hands, which were covered with warm red mitts. "I make 'em outen Billy's old socks after the feet's wore off."

"I don't see how you know how to do so many things," said Lovey Mary, admiringly.

"T ain't nothin'," disclaimed Asia, modestly. "It's jes the way maw brought us up. Whenever we started out to do a thing she made us finish it someway or 'nother. Oncet when we was all little we lived in the country. She sent Billy out on the hoss to git two watermelon, an' told him fer him not to come home without 'em. When Billy got out to the field he found all the watermelon so big he could n't carry one, let alone two. What do you think he done?"

"Come home without 'em?"

"No, sir, he never! He jes set on the fence an' thought awhile, then he took offen his jeans pants an' put a watermelon in each leg an' hanged 'em 'crost old Rolie's back an' come ridin' home bare-legged."

"I think he's the nicest boy in the Cabbage Patch," said Lovey Mary, laughing over the incident. "He never does tease Tommy."

"That's 'cause he likes you. He says you've got grit. He likes the way you cleaned up Miss Hazy an' stood up to Mr. Stubbins."

A deeper color than even the fresh air warranted came into Lovey Mary's cheeks,

and she walked on awhile in pleased silence.

"Don't you want to wear my gloves awhile?" asked Asia.

"No; my hands ain't cold any more," said Lovey Mary.

"I 'spect they have turkey every day, don't they, Asia?"

Before Asia's veracity was tested to the limit, the girls were startled by the sudden appearance of an excited housemaid at the side door.



Drawn by Florence Scovel Shinn

"MASTER ROBERT REDDING WAS RIGHT SIDE UP AGAIN, SOBBING HIMSELF QUIET IN LOVEY MARY'S ARMS"

As they turned into Terrace Park, with its beautiful grounds, its fountains and statuary, Asia stopped to explain:

"Jes rich folks live over here. That there is the Reddin's' house, the big white one where them curbstome ladies are in the yard. I wisht you could git a peek in the parlor; they've got chairs made outer real gold, an' strandaliers that look like icicles all hitched together."

"Do they set on the gold chairs?"

"No, indeed; the legs is too wabbly fer that. I reckon they're jes to show how rich they are. This here is where the carriage drives in. Their hired man wears a high-style hat, an' a fur cape jes like Mrs. Reddin's."

"Simmons! Simmons!" she screamed. "Oh, where is that man? I'll have to go for somebody myself." And without noticing the girls, she ran hastily down the driveway.

Asia, whose calmness was seldom ruffled, led the way into the entry. "That's the butter's pantry," she said, jerking her thumb over her shoulder.

"Don't they keep nothing in it but butter?" gasped Lovey Mary.

"Reckon not. They've got a great big box jes fer ice; not another thing goes in it."

Another maid ran down the steps, calling Simmons.

Asia, a frequent visitor at the house,

made her way unconcernedly up to the nursery. On the second floor there was great confusion; the telephone was ringing, servants were hurrying to and fro.

"He'll choke to death before the doctor gets here!" they heard the nurse say as she ran through the hall. From the open nursery door they could hear the painful gasps and coughs of a child in great distress.

Asia paused on the landing, but Lovey Mary darted forward. The mother instinct, ever strong within her, had responded instantly to the need of the child. In the long, dainty room, full of beautiful things, she saw only the terrified baby on his mother's lap, his face purple, his eyes distended, as he fought for his breath.

Without a word she sprang forward, and grasping the child by his feet, held him at arm's-length and shook him violently. Mrs. Redding screamed, and the nurse, who was rushing in with hot milk, dropped the cup in horror. But a tiny piece of hard candy lay on the floor, and Master Robert Red-

ding was right side up again, sobbing himself quiet in Lovey Mary's arms.

After the excitement had subsided, and two doctors and Mr. Redding had arrived breathless upon the scene, Mrs. Redding, for the dozenth time, lavished her gratitude upon Lovey Mary:

"And to think you saved my precious baby! The doctor said it was the only thing that could have saved him, yet we four helpless women had no idea what to do. How did you know, dear? Where did you ever see it done?"

Lovey Mary, greatly abashed, faced the radiant parents, the two portly doctors, and the servants in the background.

"I learned on Tommy," she said in a low voice. "He swallowed a penny once that we was going to buy candy with. I did n't have another, so I had to shake it out."

During the laugh that followed, she and Asia escaped, but not before Mr. Redding had slipped a bill into her hand, and the beautiful Mrs. Redding had actually given her a kiss!

(Conclusion next month.)



## HER FREEDOM

BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE

**J**UDGE EVERETT was holding court at Holly Ridge and the boys were away on a fishing-trip when the robbers came, so nobody was in the house but the madam and Aunt Nancy.

Now the madam was as deaf as a post and could n't see a blink without her glasses; so Aunt Nancy, who had the eye of a bird and the ear of a mouse, was detailed to sleep in the dressing-room during the judge's absence. Not that the madam was afraid or that any need for protection was considered, for the madam did not come of fearful stock, and, besides, such a thing as a marauder had never been known on the plantation.

Nevertheless, Aunt Nancy had been

looking for robbers for nearly forty years, and this night was not an exception.

Of course it would never have done for her to hint of her chronic fears to Ole Miss, nor to have told her how many hundred times she looked under her bed with her heart in her mouth; for Ole Miss would bear no trifling, and Aunt Nancy knew that she might be deprived of her post of honor in a twinkling.

The falling of dusk found her very restless, for there was so much more of the "Big House" to be anxious about than there was of her cabin. Personally she superintended the bringing in of wood for a possible cool morning, and Pete and Milton, the luckless little "toters," each received a hearty cuff when they finished their minis-

trations by overturning a basket of chips on the hearth. All the time, under her breath, Aunt Nancy talked, for there was nobody near but the madam, and she could not hear.

"Don' you think as how we mought mek S'lim sleep on de front po'ch ter-night, Ole Miss?" she screamed at last into the madam's ear.

"La, dear, no, Nancy!" said Ole Miss, looking up sharply from the crewels she was sorting. "I don't want any nigger to sleep on my front veranda, or back one, either; and if you are that scary in your old age, just send Rebecca to me."

This was enough, for Rebecca was the only rival in Ole Miss's good graces that she had ever known.

So Aunt Nancy held her peace; but while the madam was at table she slipped young Ashbel's rifle from behind the door in the hall and asked Selim to load it with bird-shot. Now Selim was something of a joker in his own fashion.

"Hain't yo' 'feared hit kick yo', Aunt Nancy?"

"Dat rifle hain't neber gwine kick Nancy; you min' you' own business an' load 'er up."

"What fer?" queried Selim.

"Possum," answered Aunt Nancy, laconically.

"Huh! possum hain't ripe by two mont's yit"; and Selim proceeded to load with a purpose.

"Ole Miss know you got it?" asked Selim, when he had finished.

"Yas."

"Wall, we 'll sho hear dat when you aims at you' possum," said Selim, and he laughed.

Guiltily Aunt Nancy wrapped the rifle in her apron, for she knew that the negroes were not permitted to have firearms without special permission, and she had just put the gun behind the door in the dressing-room when the madam came across the hall.

If there was anything that Nancy appreciated, it was the confidence in which she was held by the madam, and she spoke very superciliously to Martha as she made her mistress ready for bed; but when the last touches had been given, and Ole Miss had said good night, the lights put out by Martha, and the door of the dressing-room closed save by half an inch, Aunt Nancy

prophetically felt the "goose-bumps" rise in the dark.

"Hain't gwine ter tie up my head dis night, 'ca'se I got ter leabe dese ye'rs out sho, an' Nancy des haf ter trus' de good Lord 'bout ketchin' cole in de head. Ay me! ef Ole Miss had er des let S'lim sleep on de po'ch, hit 'd er eased ole Nancy powerful!"

Then unintentionally Aunt Nancy drew the covers over her head and slept. It might have been two or three o'clock when the old negress woke with a start; she thought or dreamed she heard a sash being raised. Then the clock in its niche on the stairs finished striking.

"Humph!" grunted Aunt Nancy, in disgust, "I sho 'peared ter smell er strange body. But I got my dander up now, an' des es well git up an' look."

The half-light before the dawning filled the room with vague, uncertain figures, but through the crack Aunt Nancy, with her keen eyes, saw enough, for the low window was wide open, and a tall figure stood beside the madam's bed.

"O my Lord!" moaned Aunt Nancy, "he done kim, after all dese years, an' I des sho knowed he would! Po' Ole Miss! But I cain't go in dar—no, I cain't!"

She tried to raise the rifle to her shoulder, but the strong arm was nerveless and trembling, though she knew there was no living soul within a mile to call for help, not even a negro.

Again the window-space was darkened, and another figure came through.

"Po' Ole Miss! But I cain't go in dar—no, I cain't!"

The two figures were moving noiselessly about through the madam's room.

"O my Gord! yo' coward Nancy! Yo' better git up 'om dar an' do erbout!"

And self-spurred, with knees knocking together at every step, she put a chair in front of the door and brought the rifle to a stand across it, with the long barrel in the crack.

The robbers were overturning everything while Ole Miss slept peacefully on, and Aunt Nancy, at random, pulled the trigger with fingers cold and shaking; but the rifle did not fire.

One, two—there were three of them now, actually daring to invade the sanctity of Ole Miss's wardrobe! But in her haste Aunt Nancy had forgotten to cock the rifle.

Now, closing both eyes tight, with a prayer for her eternal happiness, Aunt Nancy pulled with all her might.

There was a reverberation that would have done credit to a masked battery, and it was some little time before Aunt Nancy could gather herself and her wits together from the other end of the room, for Selim had loaded better than she knew, and had loaded for bear.

"Close the windows, Nancy! Don't you hear it thundering?" the madam called querulously from her bed.

"Ole Miss, hit were robbers, an' I shot Marse Ashbel's gun!" shouted Nancy from her stronghold, for she was afraid to enter the other room.

"Pish! if you are afraid of thunder, send Rebecca to me!" called Ole Miss, petulantly; and Aunt Nancy, fearful and breathless, sat up on her pallet and waited for daybreak.

When daylight came at last, Aunt Nancy was a heroine indeed, for the negroes, rising early, had traced bloody tracks from down in the quarters up to Ole Marse's door, and midway, in the bushes, found one of the robbers desperately wounded. Then Aunt Nancy brought the rifle out to show them how she fired. Ole Miss could n't do enough for Aunt Nancy then, and for the dozenth time, before the day was over, the old negress had to curtsy over gifts until she was fairly embarrassed with them.

"I did n' do nuffin' but des shoot de gun; but ef I eber gits shet er de kickin' er dat rifle, I lay I gwine git eben wid dat S'lim."

When the judge and the boys came home, Aunt Nancy was set free, and the whole plantation had a breakdown in honor of the event, Aunt Nancy even straightening out her bandaged knee to dance with 'Rias, who, with a record of five wives, suddenly became very partial to the heroine.

At the first, freedom was blissfully sweet, particularly as it was haloed with heroism, which entitled to special consideration; and Aunt Nancy was very happy in her little cabin, with her garden-spot, her chickens, and her pig. But after the newness wore off, and her fickle admirers sought a fresher novelty, her extra chair was not occupied so frequently, nor the pattern of her quilt asked so often, and the spirit of envy was not in the least hidden. Aunt Nancy her-

self felt an inward unrest. Perhaps it was the routine of a lifetime that she missed, for she could rise when she chose, and keep a light in her cabin all night without a reprimand, a procedure which was very tempting, for Aunt Nancy lived alone, without "chick or child," and her fears were in no way abated. Then, too, the added responsibility weighed heavily upon her unwonted shoulders, for she actually had to make her own living.

At the beginning it was all very queer and novel to sell the cotton from her patch to Ole Marse, and her vegetables to the Big House, and to be paid in real money for them, and plenty of it, too; but, alas! her name was not on the list in the sewing-room now, and Susan never sent for her to measure the girth of her belt; for Aunt Nancy, as a free woman, had to make her own garments.

"I ain' min' pickin' out two hundud er day—I kin do dat proud an' easy-lack," sighed Aunt Nancy, with her lap full of "blue checks," as she struggled with her needle and thread; "but hit 's de keepin' er de fread in de eye (an' hit won' go frough ef I ties hit in), an' de hitchin' er de body ter de 'coat, dat beat my time. Ay Lord! ef Ole Marse wanten do sumpen fer me, ef he des guv me two half-dollars dat I mought show ter de res' er de niggers, an' lemme 'lone 'bout dis here freedom, I be er sight better off dis day! I des bardaciously cain't stan' dis! I des go out whar I belong an' hoe my cotton!" And Aunt Nancy threw needle, thread, and goods contemptuously under the bed.

"I des cain't see what good dis here doin' uv me, nohow. I 's mighty painful ober hit, an' I hain't got nobody ter leabe hit ter, nuther," grumbled the free woman later, over her solitary supper. "An' dar kim dat 'Rias, dat worfliss ole 'Rias, sparkin' roun' powerful since I sot free. Hain't no fool lack er ole fool, an' dis one lack de shape er my pig."

"Ebenin', 'Rias. Kim in an' tek er bite?" called Aunt Nancy, setting the extra chair.

"'Bleeged; don' keer ef I does, 'ca'se you 's er mighty fine cook, Nancy"; and the lazy, shambling body sank into the vacant chair.

"I des hab er little piece er business wid you dis ebenin', Nancy, an' ober dis table er mighty comferble place ter tell hit."

"I does set er nice table, ef I does des set hit fer myse'f," said Aunt Nancy, with pride.

"Dat des what I were er-thinkin'," said 'Rias, clearing his throat. "Ah—hit 's powerful lonesome down my way, an' hit 'pear lack de owls an' de whup'wills holler dar mo' 'n dey eber holler erfore, des 'ca'se hit 's lonesome. I hangs de 'coats er de five t' other uns, dead an' gone, on dey pegs all roun' de cabin fer comp'ny, but hit cain't do any good, an' my heart des keeps er-mo'nin' an' mo'nin' fer 'em all. I tells you, Nancy,"—there was a rising quaver in 'Rias's voice now, and he pushed back his plate,—"*I 's mighty ca'm on de outside, but de inside mo'ns fer all de five, long an' sad es de sweepin' moss on de trees. Ef you des mought look on de inside er dis here chist, you 'd see er sight dat 'u'd mek you cry; sho 'nough, Nancy, hit 'u'd mek you cry!*"

"Cheer up, Br'er 'Rias, cheer up! Why n't you kim an' tek er peaceable smoke wid me when you feels dat way?" asked Aunt Nancy, touched by the pitiful recital.

"'Ca'se dat des mek me de lonesomer," sighed 'Rias.

"Den I kim down ter you' cabin an' pearten up fer you some. Hain't no usen to feel dat way 'bout Rachel dyin'. You donelos' fo' befo', an' 'pear lack you mought be uster hit by now," said Aunt Nancy, unguardedly.

"But I hain't, an' my heart gittin' powerful disjinted-lack ever' day; ef hit go on dis erway much longer, I feels I hain't gwine tarry in dis sinful worl' but er mighty little spell. Dey hain't nobody but you kin hope me, Nancy, an' dat what de little business am erbout."

"Whar ail you?" asked the old woman, peering into his face. "'Ca'se I 's er mighty good doctor, ef I does haf ter say hit fer myse'f, an' my yarb tea 'll cure anybody's ailments, ef dey time hain't kim fer dem ter die."

"Ay Lord! dey hain't no yarb tea ner truck dat kin retch my ail, Nancy! What 'll cure me 's fer you ter fetch de pig an' de chickens down ter my cabin an' let 'em stay dar, an' you stay wid 'em. An' I des wants you ter tek dem five 'omen's 'coats down f'om dey five pegs an' w'ar 'em ever' day, I does; an' I won' ax ter die no longer, Nancy, arter we is maireyed. I has er call, sho, fer ter tell you dis, 'ca'se I 's biddin'

hard fer de grabe ef you don'. I done ax Ole Marse, an' he say 'Yas,' an' now I axes you; an', 'fore Gord, you got ter do hit, Nancy! Is yo' ready?"

A harmonious scale in the gamut of human emotions had been run by the wily 'Rias, but this last note was a miserable discord, from which the sympathetic soul of Aunt Nancy recoiled.

"Who say I got ter do anything when I 's free? Go 'way f'om here, yo' covetin' ole houn'! You des want my pig an' my chickens—yo' des wan' ter fedder you' nes' wid 'em! *You* gwine maireyin', wid one foot in de grabe an' t' other huntin' fer hit! Yo' gwine mek ole Nancy "number six," ter kill 'er off fer what she got! Git out f'om here, yo' bag er ole soap-bones! Naw, I hain't ready!"

But having relieved his mind and eaten a good supper, 'Rias shambled off in a measure content, for he believed that he knew the ways of women.

Nancy's freedom bore an added sorrow, for this was the beginning of a series of petty persecutions on the part of 'Rias. Nothing was secret from him, nothing was private. Nancy might be hoeing in her patch, singing a good old-fashioned song at the top of her voice, when suddenly the angular form of 'Rias would appear before her, as though he had dropped from the clouds. Into her window by daylight the insinuating face would be thrust, through the doorway at midnight, waking her from a sound sleep, at the "meetings" on Sunday, on her visiting rounds on week-days, and even through the keyhole, the chinks between the logs, and the cracks in the floor, a sepulchral voice would ask the often-repeated question, "Are you ready?"

"Hit des bardaciously worse 'n bein' 'feared er robbers," said Aunt Nancy to herself, "an' ef I don' git 'tection f'om him somers, I 'll be er-uppin' an' er-maireyin' of him some day, des ter git shet of him."

Aunt Nancy had a plan, but there was no use in saying anything to Ole Miss about it, for the whole matter was a secret, and to make Ole Miss hear, it would have to be shouted over the whole plantation. So when Aunt Nancy thought she could bear it no longer, she sought Ole Marse.

She had planned it all out in her own mind what she was to say, but once before Ole Marse, her speech was gone, and she

stood nervously twisting the corner of her apron.

"Well, Nancy?" said Ole Marse.

"I don' like bein' free, Ole Marse," Aunt Nancy stammered at last.

"Pshaw!" said Ole Marse, laughing. "Freedom's all right. Tell Bithie I say to give you a pound of white sugar, and tell Susan to cut you out a dress." Then Ole Marse took up his paper again, and the opportunity was lost.

But the persecution of 'Rias was intolerable. Twice of late there had been a stormy remonstrance, and finally, unable to stand it longer, Aunt Nancy again sought Ole Marse, and this time, through sheer desperation, she was able to find her tongue.

"I don' want hit nohow, Ole Marse," concluded Aunt Nancy, "'ca'se I 'll go des plumb 'stracted ef I cain't git shet er 'Rias, an' ef I don' git 'tection f'om him somehow, I sho gwine mairey 'im des ter git shet of 'im!"

"Then go and marry 'Rias, Nancy. Older women than you have turned fool and married," said Ole Marse, reflectively.

"But I hain't tu'ned fool, an' I don' want er mairey," said Aunt Nancy, positively.

"Then what do you want? Here I have gone and done the very best thing I could imagine for you, and you come back dissatisfied. Don't they pay you enough for your garden-truck?"

"Lord, Ole Marse! dat hain't what I 's drivin' at! Hit 's de inside, not de outside, dat 's er-pesterin' er me, an' hit wa'n't de bestes' thing, arter all, 'ca'se 'Rias hain't lemme hab er minute's peace sence he knowed hit. I needs 'tection—'tection f'om 'Rias, an' 'tection f'om myse'f, Ole Marse, 'ca'se when 'Rias git ter talkin' his hyper-crick talk, he know how ter mek er 'oman mighty pitiful in 'er feelin's, Ole Marse, an' I sho ain' want ter mairey 'Rias!"

"Then what do you propose for me to do?" asked Ole Marse, biting his mustache to repress a smile.

"Des dis, Ole Marse," said Aunt Nancy, twisting her apron-string hard. "Ef you done gib freedom ter me, an' you cain't

tek hit back 'ca'se you done gub hit, ef I is de mistis er my own se'f an' my boss, buy me back, please, sah, f'om myse'f, so 's I kin hab de 'tection an' er marster lack I use' ter hab, an' put me ter wuk in de fiel', lack I use' ter was, an' tek 'way de chickens an' de pig wid de freedom. Den when 'Rias see I hain't nuffin' but er po' ole nigger wid er marster ober 'er, he stop dat sparkin' roun' quick 'nough!"

"Buy you from yourself?" queried Ole Marse.

There was an anxious look in Aunt Nancy's eyes.

"Cain't you do hit, Ole Marse?"

"Well, I suppose so, if you want me to do it," said the judge, deliberately. "What do you think you are worth, Nancy?"

"Not mo' 'n five hundud dollars, Ole Marse; but I won' be wuth five hundud cents ef 'Rias keep on."

"Well, I could n't pay that much cash for you down," said Ole Marse, seriously. "Would you be satisfied with fifty dollars and my note at ten years for the balance, giving you the privilege of giving up the contract at any time that you pay back the fifty dollars?"

"Yas, sah; des so 's I kin git clean shet er 'Rias."

"I wisht you 'd tek keer er dis fifty, Ole Marse, twels I needs hit," said Aunt Nancy, when she had put her mark to the contract and the judge had signed the note, "an' keep de note wid hit, 'ca'se I 's er mighty good han' ter disremember."

"Very well. It 's all done fast and hard now, Nancy," said Ole Marse, taking the papers, "and I 'll keep these in my safe until you call for them."

"Thank de Lord! I feels free once mo', now dat I got er marster ober my head an' done git shet er 'Rias!" And Aunt Nancy curtsied and turned down the lane to her cabin.

The judge watched the retreating figure with twinkling eyes, then broke into a merry laugh; for, when well past the house, Aunt Nancy could restrain her feelings no longer, but threw her bonnet into the air and shouted lustily.





# STRANGER THAN FICTION

BY LAURENCE HUTTON



HE was a man of about the usual age,—anywhere between fifty and sixty,—and he did not show his years in his face, in his figure, or in his manner, whatever his years may have been. He came to this country during the middle of the last decade of the nineteenth century, bearing excellent letters of introduction from influential men of the British Isles to certain literary men of our own continent. He was an essayist, a reviewer, a translator, a historian, but not a writer of romance; and he was evidently highly regarded by his many friends in London and in Edinburgh. He had the bearing of a gentleman and the charm of a scholar. He spoke several languages besides his own; he spoke them correctly and fluently; and what he said bore always the stamp of sincerity and truth. He was put up at the best of clubs, he was met in the best of houses. He never assumed. He was, if anything, rather shy of expressing his views, or his knowledge, concerning men and things. He gave no hint of Münchhausenism in his general conversation, and yet he succeeded once in almost paralyzing one man who was naturally and proverbially credulous.

They were looking over a private collection of objects of various degrees of art of more or less interest and value,—certainly of more value and interest to their possessor than to anybody else,—when they came upon an indifferent little water-color drawing of "Tom-All-Alone's." It contained the steps which the Jo of "Bleak House" kept clean, for the sake of the dear friend whom he had seen thrown roughly into a hole just beyond the iron gates at their top—the steps upon which the prostrate form of Lady Dedlock was found after that long, weary, heartbreaking search by Esther and Mr. Bucket.

The visitor recognized the scene at a glance, and he pronounced the sketch cor-

rect and true in all its minor details. He remembered meeting Dickens while the story was appearing in its original serial form in "Household Words." He and the creator of Jo and of Mr. Bucket had been dining one evening with John Forster, in what had been Mr. Tulkinghorn's chambers in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and together they had strolled in the misty moonlight toward Wellington street and the Strand, stopping to look for a moment or two at the deserted, dreary little graveyard in Russell Court, just off Drury Lane, where the unfortunate Mr. Nemo was to be buried. Dickens explained his great difficulty in finding the proper place for the interment, because "Tom-All-Alone's" was not in the parish in which Mr. Nemo was to die, and because the authorities of one parish will never receive the pauper bones of the man who dies in a parish adjoining.

All this was intensely interesting to the owner of the sketch, who was also a great lover of Dickens, and it was a little startling, for Dickens himself had been dead a quarter of a century, and "Bleak House" was quite forty years old. But still it might have happened.

The next object which attracted their attention was an engraving entitled "The Last Return from Duty." It represented the old duke, *the* duke, the hero of Waterloo, on an old war-horse, perhaps a veteran of Waterloo itself, as leaving the Horse Guards for the last time, and going slowly home, in his ripe old age, to die. The print is not a common one, and to the visitor it had been unknown. He stood before it in an attitude of respectful silence for a moment or two. Making a semi-unconscious military salute, he said: "It is very, very like the duke, the dear old duke, the magnificent old duke, the ever-grand old duke, as I remember him so well at Walmer Castle, toward the close of his life. He must have been over eighty then, and his equestrian days were past; but he walked

about the grounds unattended, petting the steed he could no longer ride, but still clear of mind, erect of body, quick of step, bright of eye, full of good talk. It is very like him."

This, too, was a little startling, and also very interesting, to the collector, who had a dim recollection of standing by his father's side as a small boy, in 1852, at a window of Morley's Hotel on Trafalgar Square, and watching the body of the ever-grand old duke carried in great funereal pomp from Chelsea Hospital to St. Paul's Cathedral. But that was a long time ago; and the black-bearded, unwrinkled man by his side to have been a friend of Wellington's must have been a good deal older than he looked. But still it might have happened.

And then they stepped up to the library table, upon which, lying in state, was a bronze replica of Dr. Antomarchi's death-mask of the first Napoleon. This of all the things he had seen was to the visitor the most realistic and the most impressive. He had never heard of Dr. Antomarchi or of the death-mask. He inspected it with an intense gaze; he looked at it from all sides and in all lights. He asked permission to take it in his hands, to carry it to the window. He touched it reverently; he put it back in its place with a long-drawn sigh, and he whispered: "It is the very face and head of Bonaparte as I saw him in the flesh!"

This was more than startling. Bonaparte had died in St. Helena in 1821, and here in 1895, seventy-four years later, was a middle-aged man who had seen him in the flesh!

The intimacy with Dickens, who had not been in the flesh for five-and-twenty years; the friendship with Wellington, who had been out of the flesh for nearly fifty years, might both be accepted, but not the personal acquaintance with Bonaparte, who had put off his flesh a good many years before the man could possibly have been born. So the man was steered carefully away from a colored print of Garrick, whose death had eclipsed the gaiety of nations nearly a century before; away from a pencil drawing of the mural tablet to the memory of Tom D'Urfey which Sir Richard Steele had placed on the walls of St. James's, Piccadilly, in 1723; even away from an engraving of St. Jerome, who put the Bible into Latin at the close of the fourth century of the Christian era, for fear the man would tell tales of his personal knowledge of them all. The painful story of the

sudden collapse of Ananias was recalled, and it was felt that it would be much more comfortable for all concerned if the present phenomenal economizer of the truth might be permitted to suffer his own inevitable collapse in a public street, or a public conveyance, rather than in a comparatively humble private house.

Therefore, gently but firmly, and, it is to be hoped, imperceptibly to himself, the modern Ananias was conducted from the library to the hall, from the hall to the front door. But, hat in hand, he paused on the threshold, and remarked casually that it had just occurred to him that some of his statements might seem a little surprising to his listener. This was acknowledged with polite hesitation, and the visitor was permitted to come back to explain. It may be stated that the explanation was made in the hall.

It seems that the visitor's family was connected in some way, by marriage, with the family of Dickens, and that he had, naturally, as a young man, seen something in his own house and out of it of the head of the Dickens family. That might have happened.

It also seems that the visitor was the son of an officer who had served on Wellington's staff on the Peninsula; that the Iron Duke had, in consequence, acted as sponsor to the visitor at his christening, and that, spending his childhood at Sandwich, in Kent, near Walmer Castle, the official residence of Wellington as Warden of the Five Ports, he had, as was natural, noticed, and been noticed by, his father's old chief. That also might have happened.

Then followed the most remarkable explanation of all, at the close of which the visitor was once more invited into the library.

It seems that while still a very youthful person he chanced to have been with his father in Paris, in 1840, when, by order of Louis Philippe, the embalmed body of Bonaparte was carried to France to be entombed in the Invalides. Out of pure sentiment, the boy, as a godson of the Duke of Wellington, Bonaparte's conqueror, was permitted to be one of the very few favored persons who were present when the inner coffin was opened in order to identify the remains. He then saw Napoleon in the actual flesh; and the fact had made an impression upon him, mere child as he was, which he never had forgotten and never could forget.

And that *did* happen!

# THE BABY FROM RUGGLES'S DIP

BY KATE W. HAMILTON

**T**HERE 'S somethin' got to be done about that kid," said Barney, impressively. "Knowin' Jim's feelin's about things the way we do, 't ain't right to let it go."

"Sort of sackery-dotal—if that 's the right name for it," commented a younger man, uncertainly.

No one volunteered an opinion on the appropriateness of the word; they were too intent upon the main problem, which appeared as intricate as the maze of iron tracks in the grimy yard where they were standing. The great railway-yard wore a vaguely depressing atmosphere that gray November afternoon. Its network of rails looked like an immense spider-web for the entangling of unwary victims. The locomotives puffing and steaming here and there, moving and stopping with sudden jerks and discordant noises, had something sullen and malevolent in their might; and the massive walls of the shops, in their sooty, greasy somberness, seemed stained by the toil and mourning of generations. Outside the grounds a chain of low hills, showing a fringe of straggling, skeleton-like trees against the cloudy sky, shut in the little settlement. Toward this boundary more than one of the knot of men about Barney turned meditative eyes, but apparently received no inspiration from the outlook. "Ruggles's Dip" was, indeed, not an inspiring location. It was said that the railroad company had bought the tract and located its shops there, three miles out of the city, because the ground was cheap. It was sufficiently malarial to account for its cheapness.

Still it was probably the lingering shadow of what had occurred two weeks before, rather than anything in the place itself, which accentuated its dreariness that au-

tumn afternoon. It was scarcely the unexpected, certainly not the unusual, which had happened—"only what is likely to come to any man if he stays on the road long enough," the veteran yard-master had remarked philosophically. There had been wrecks in plenty, and many another man had been brought home as Jim was; but everybody liked Jim, and he was young yet: he had not had time to grow grizzled in the service. He had just been promoted to a regular place on the engine, and this was to have been his last "wild" run—this that was his last, when he had been called after only three hours' rest, and hurriedly sent out with no time for the bite of breakfast Lizzie begged him to take. No one knew the details of what came afterward, except as the crushed form beside the rails, with a tin cup still tightly clasped in the lifeless hand, told the story—an attempt to get some coffee at a little station, and a misstep in the darkness of the early morning.

No, it was not a singular occurrence, only death never grows common enough to lose its element of surprise, and always there were the peculiar features which set each case apart by itself. Here were Jim's wife and baby and the old mother. Women and babies were exceedingly rare at Ruggles's Dip, for the same reason which made the land cheap made it also undesirable as a residence for those who could afford a choice. Most of the men with families had their homes in town, or in little cabins scattered along the line; but Jim's crippled mother sorely needed the aid of his strong arm whenever he was off duty, and so his little household had been established at the Dip.

"But he was joined to a big church up in the town, my boy Jim was—big a church as any there is, with pretty red-and-blue glass winders and a great organ,"

wailed the old mother, in mingled grief and pride. "And he was goin' to have his baby baptized there. James Willie Kerley, that's what they'd ha' called him, all writ in the church books, and everything. And now he can't never, never do it—my poor Jim! Seems like I could stand it better if he'd done for the baby the way he'd planned 'fore he was took."

That was another of the peculiar features in Jim's case, his connection with that up-town church. The priest and confession upon occasions were familiar and easily comprehended, and even a distant relationship with a mission chapel was nothing unheard of, but a wealthy church up in the heart of the city! The "boys" had accepted such a state of affairs with a silence born of mingled respect and perplexity. It had been Lizzie's doing, of course—Lizzie, who had belonged there before her marriage and had coaxed Jim to go with her. But now when he had gone for the last time it had been alone; she lay ill and unconscious, and the words that were spoken above his quiet sleeping were heard by neither wife nor mother. But because the speaker was a man with a heart warm with brotherhood for other men, his eyes grew moist at the scene before him, those brave, rugged men who ran their race with death each day, and he had some words for them also—words which held the strong cheer of a trumpet's call.

"Seemed like," said Big Dan, wonderingly, on the homeward way—"seemed like that preacher had an idea that a feller tryin' to run accordin' to schedule, and dyin' with his hand on the throttle rather 'n jump his engine, might be one of the upper sort all the same as if he'd gone missionaryin' to Injy and been killed by the heathen."

Barney thoughtfully reviewed the situation as he stood looking down upon the old mother, who daily renewed her plaint. Her constant reiteration awakened certain qualms in his own loyal heart, and he spoke with sudden determination:

"Don't worry, Mrs. Kerley. Just wait a bit, and you shall have it."

A gleam of hope came to the dim eyes, but faded again.

"No; I've got the rheumatiz, ye see," she explained wearily, as if all the Dip did not know. "I hain't stepped a foot for

years. I can't git out of this chair nowheres, and likely Lizzie 'll never be no better 'n she is."

"All the same we 'll fix it, and don't you worry," repeated Barney.

It was a vague promise, but a rash one, and its weight pressed more heavily as the days wore on, for Lizzie showed no sign of recovery, and the childish mother urged more persistently:

"I wisht somebody'd do what's right by Jim's baby! I wisht they would!"

Barney's honest brow was growing care-lined.

"Somethin' 's got to be done about that kid," he repeated to the knot of men he had gathered about him in the yard.

"He 's got a mother and—grandmother," suggested one of the men, with an uneasy desire to shift responsibility. He became instantly abashed as Dan's reflective gaze fell upon him, and hastened to add, "such as they are."

"And the grandmother's a cripple, and the mother's took sick,—nobody knowin' if she 'll ever be better,—and both of 'em a-wailin' every time ye set eyes on 'em how Jim meant to have that boy baptized," supplemented Dan.

"That 's aisy enough—jist the praste an' a dhrop of holy wather," said Mike.

Barney shook his head.

"The church Jim was joined to ain't that kind," he explained tolerantly. "It's some other way they do. But I don't know a blame thing about baptizin'."

There was a moment's silence, and then the man who had mentioned the mother and grandmother again ventured into the breach, somewhat hesitatingly:

"I was to a baptizin' once. The baby was all rigged out in white flummery, and there was a lot of guardians or responsors—somebody that answered questions. They promised, nigh as I could catch on, to trounce the world, the flesh, and the devil, for the baby."

"Begorra! we 'd do that same, ivery one of us!" declared Mike, delighted at having the matter assume a militant aspect. "We 'd trounce all t'ree of 'em together if they laid a finger on Jim's kid."

Barney still looked doubtful, and the man who had volunteered his experience searched his memory for further details.

"I reckon there 'd be things to learn—a collict or something," he said.

"It's this way," said Barney, earnestly. "Some folks take to church, and some don't. Most of us don't, but Jim he did, and was joined to that one up-town. He was countin' on takin' the kid up there to be baptized, whatever that may be, and we all know it, for we heard him sayin' how it had had to be put off. One Sunday it rained, and one Sunday he had to make a run; but we all know what his plans was. Now he's gone, and the mother can't 'tend to it. There's nobody left but us, and knowin' his feelin's—" Barney paused and looked about the group once more. "If somebody that's had some experience—"

The man who had contributed all the information at hand drew back hastily.

"Bein' just inside the doors when a thing's goin' on don't give no one experience," he asserted with great positiveness.

"I move that Barney be appointed a committee of one to look after this thing—go and see the parson and find out how the game is played, and what's the cost, and all the rest. Then we'll divvy up and push her through," said Dan, with a sudden inspiration.

This proposition met the prompt and unanimous favor which always greets an opportunity to shift uncomfortable responsibility, and Barney, at the end of the conference, found himself, as at its beginning, with the knot still left for his own unraveling. He walked by Jim's house that evening with a vague hope of receiving some enlightenment, but there reached him only the screaming which revealed the vigor of a pair of infantile lungs, and sent him on his way with the perspiration standing on his forehead.

"If it should go a-shriekin' like that!" he muttered.

A week's cogitation brought no new light; but at the first "off day" Barney marched away to town without a word to any one, only fortifying himself with the historic remark: "The way to resume specie payment is to resume."

The Rev. John Kendall, sitting in his study when the dull firelight and dying daylight made the combination of gleam and gloom that his musing soul loved, was scarcely aware of a servant's tap at the door, or of his own response, until a powerful form loomed up in the book-lined room. Mr. Kendall's chair whirled quickly about,

and he arose to his feet; but the visitor promptly took the initiative.

"You're the preacher, I reckon. My name's Barney."

"Glad to see you, Mr. Barney. Will—"

But Barney, having for three miles concentrated his mind on the thing he was to say, could not pause for distracting preliminaries until the main issue was at least before the house. He did not see the offered seat, and cut short the question unheedingly.

"It's about the ki—the baby. He's to be baptized."

"Oh, your child, I suppose?"

"Mine?" Barney's tone was reproachful. "You buried his father three weeks ago."

The three weeks had held many things for the Rev. John Kendall. His parish was large, and the outlying world larger still. Calls upon him from within and without were many, and even the sorrowful service referred to in no wise identified either his visitor or the baby. He did not say so; he prudently waited.

"After he was killed on the railroad," added Barney.

"Oh, poor Kerley's child? Yes, I remember."

It did not seem to loyal Barney a thing to be speedily forgotten, and he pondered over the last word a moment before he returned to the subject.

"Jim he had his mind set on bringin' the—child up here to have him baptized and started off on the church track, as you might say; but he's dead."

"The child dead?"

Again Barney paused in momentary bewilderment. It seemed difficult to explain things to this man of much learning; but probably so many books had a tendency to dull the brain.

"No; 't was Jim you buried; the kid's lively enough. What we want to know about is his bein' baptized. He ain't side-tracked on account of not havin' his father to 'tend to it?"

"Oh, no. The mother can—"

"She can't," interposed Barney. "She's been sick quite a while, and out of her head most of the time since Jim went; she don't seem to get any better. And the grandmother she's crippled up, and can't stir out of her wheel-chair. She's sort of childish, anyway, and irresponsible; that's

how the thing stands; but she wants him to get his baptizin' all the same."

"She may understand more than you think, and the mother may rally in a few days," suggested the minister. "They are at Ruggles's Dip, I think? I can go there."

Barney moved uneasily.

"That 's kind of you," he said, "but 't ain't just what we want. Jim counted on bringin' that kid to the church, to have it done up all orderly and reg'lar. If you say 't would be all right, so 't would pass, if them rites was performed at the Dip, I ain't questionin' that it 's so. It 's likely you know all the ins and outs of the business, and I ain't persumin' to put my hands on the throttle, as you might say; but it 's this way: we knew Jim's feelin's about it, and we 'd like it to be in the church. He had hard times enough himself makin' wild runs before he got a steady place, and it sort of seems as if he 'd like the ki—boy to be entered proper for a reg'lar run. But winter 's comin' on, and there 's no time to wait for folks to get well—if they ever do get well. What we wanted to know is, seein' there 's no folks of his own to 'tend to it, if some of us who knew his father—"

There was perplexity in the clerical face, and Barney scanned it anxiously. He was making a marvelously long speech for him, but he had thought the matter out amid shrieking of whistles and puffing of engines, and he had not come here to have his argument easily overturned.

"If it 's anything that ought to be done—the way Jim thought about it—don't seem like it would be fair to bar the kid out just because there 's none of his own kin to stand up for him. There 's a lot of us willin' to do our best at it, if you can make us do instead."

The faces of the men, grave, strong, and resolute, whom he had seen file into the church three weeks before, arose before Mr. Kendall's vision in severe contrast to some of the airy christening-parties that claimed his services in due order. It might not be "reg'lar," but his sympathies went out strongly toward Barney's proposition.

"Yes, you shall stand up for him. Bring the boy," he said with sudden resolve.

"Next Sunday afternoon, say?" questioned Barney, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. It was a chilly day, but his task had been arduous.

The preliminaries of day and hour were

arranged, and again the ambassador hesitated with an anxious thought struggling for utterance—a foreboding suggested by the man who had had experience.

"Would there likely be any collict, or anything, we 'd need to get ready for?"

"Colic?" The minister's thoughts reverted to certain disturbances in his own nursery, but he shook his head. "I hope not. If he is warmly wrapped up, and—and—no, I think not," he concluded helplessly.

"Collict," repeated Barney, with a patience almost pathetic, "sort of general orders, or somethin' we 'd have to learn?"

"No—oh, no. I 'll explain it all when you come, and you just answer to the questions that are asked you then."

Barney breathed a long sigh of relief.

"The boys ain't much on studyin', most of 'em," he confessed. "We 'll be here."

There was a subdued buzz of excitement and preparation in Ruggles's Dip during the four days that ensued. The old grandmother affirmed herself "all of a tremble," and wore her cap more awry than usual; and though the boys, whom Barney had gathered to receive his report and be coached in their duties, would not have admitted any great interest in the forthcoming event, their deeds betrayed them. Every day three or four of them would slip into the house, each alone and shamefacedly, with some gift purchased for the baby's wardrobe. They were generous in expenditure, but their widely varying tastes and great diversity of views in regard to the size of garments made the outfit, as a whole, bewildering, particularly as a delicate regard for the feelings of the donors rendered it expedient to use as many of the offerings as possible when the important occasion arrived. Still, on the authority of one who assisted at the robing,—no great authority, since she was only the wife of the station-pumper,—it may be stated: "If the choild looked like he 'd l'aped through the bargains on a rimnant counther, it did n't hurt him any, bliss his swate sow!"

The Dip had not many inhabitants, but the few it possessed were all sauntering about the station when Sunday afternoon came. They would not have betrayed such undue interest in the christening expedition as to watch its departure, but, chancing to be on hand at the time, it was natural to bestow a glance upon what was going on. A hand-car stood upon the track, a wheel-

chair and its occupant forming the center of the little knot of passengers, while Barney, standing straight, held a blanketed bundle in his arms. The relays of men who began working the cranks of the hand-car were in unwontedly white shirt-sleeves, and a rusty crape veil floated like a pennant behind.

"To think of it seemin' so unpossible, and bein' so easy!" said the old mother when she found herself finally in the city and the car was lifted from the rails.

There was a straightening of collars and donning of coats, and the odd little procession took its way up-town—the brawny men, somewhat awkwardly aware of the restraints of Sunday attire, propelling gravely the chair and its black-robed figure.

"Hello! Seven nusses all out for a' airin', with only one young baby in arms an' one old un in a go-cart to the lot of 'em!" yelled a street urchin.

The men were too intent on their mission to heed any glances that followed them. Arrived at the church, they paused in the vestibule and looked anxiously at their charges. One was blissfully unconscious of all about him, but the other was somewhat fatigued. One of the men brought her a glass of water, and Big Dan, with clumsy tenderness, smoothed back the gray hair and straightened the black bonnet before the party filed up the long aisle and into a front pew.

The great church was quiet at that hour, and empty but for themselves,—the Rev. John Kendall had planned the time,—and the afternoon sunshine streamed through the "pretty red-and-blue winders" and gladdened the old grandmother's heart. She spread out her thin, wrinkled hands on her lap as if she would bathe them in the glow of colors, and breathed a sigh of content as the minister took his place.

"Stand up, boys," whispered Barney, solemnly. "You've all got to be responders in this business, and help promise the promises without any shirkin'."

They did not look like men accustomed to shirk as they lined up at his side, and the minister, looking into the steady eyes and set faces, was not dissatisfied, even though his ritual had undergone some strange adaptations and innovations for their sakes. "We're willin' to promise all we honestly can," Barney had plaintively forewarned him, "but you'll bear in mind we ain't none of us his mothers and fathers."

"Amen!" piped the grandmother as the tender prayer ended.

The light from the beautiful windows caught the water and changed the drops to rainbow hues as they touched the little head, and so the baby from Ruggles's Dip was baptized into the name of the Highest.

"Oh, I wisht there could be singin'!" quavered the old woman, with eyes wandering to the great organ and the singers' seats. "I wisht there could be singin' at my Jim's boy's baptizin'!"

The place was empty but for one slender, shrinking figure. The shy young wife of the minister had stolen in to witness this ceremony of which her husband had spoken. She was no musician; she stood in awe of the grand choir, and would not for the world have lifted up her voice before them: but standing there alone, with that pleading old face before her, she softly began the psalm, comfort of generations, with which she rocked her own babies to sleep:

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want:  
He makes me down to lie  
In pastures green; he leadeth me  
The quiet waters by.

The men stood with bowed heads—the minister's a little lower than the others—until the words died away.

"And now he's had it all, Jim's baby has—the prayin', the singin', the baptizin', and seven godmothers!" murmured the grandmother, in beatific satisfaction. "They've done for him what's right, and his name'll be all writ out in the books—James Willie Kerley—jest like anybody's."

The sun had dropped out of sight behind a mass of gray clouds when the special car ran into the grimy yard at the Dip once more. The guardians of the wheel-chair hurried its occupant away, for the dun sky portended storm; but Barney, carrying the white bundle, lingered a little. He cautiously pulled away a corner of the enveloping blanket, and the first snowflake of the season fell on the little sleeping face. Barney looked down at it.

"We've done our best for you, kid," he whispered. "You're mighty little and soft and white-like, and I ain't responsible for how long you'll hold to the track; but nobody can say we did n't give you an all-round good startin'."



# THE LITERARY LOSS OF THE BIBLE

BY ROLLO OGDEN

**O**NE cannot well deny that the battle has gone against the Bible as "the only great literature" (in Huxley's phrase) within reach of the common people. Too many archers have pressed it sore. Cheapened and multiplied newspapers and magazines and books of all kinds have fallen in with, if they have not fostered, an extensive in the place of an intensive reading habit, so that the Bible must now struggle for existence as literature, instead of being the "one book." Bible-reading has been bowed out of the public schools, while the home, to which it was again kindly commended, has politely passed on the unwelcome guest to the Sunday-school. But that institution, with the best will in the world, cannot recreate the heaven which lay about the infancy of those who, at a mother's knee, made their young imagination familiar with the racy, piquant English of the King James version, and with that wealth of Oriental trope and allegory and parable and pastoral and drama which, from the Bible, has passed into the masterpieces of our literature. The evidence is too strong, and comes from too many quarters, that the old saturation with biblical phraseology and imagery and illustration is a thing of the past. An arid and astounding ignorance has too often succeeded it. Tennyson and Browning, to say nothing of Milton and Dryden, are already in need of scholiasts to explain to ingenuous minds in school and college echoes and reminiscences of the Bible which were second nature to an earlier generation. All this is a twice-told if still sorrowful tale. And

there seems no present hope of turning back the tide of battle. We can but sadly reckon up our losses.

Grievous as these are, they are sometimes overstated, oftener misstated. The Vulgate, for example, once held in general European literature a place very like that which the English Bible has so long maintained, though it is now losing it, in English literature. The Latin Bible, that is, was a kind of *lingua communis* to the learned world. It was a storehouse of illustration and allusion, of orotund phrase and proverb, upon which all writers drew. But they do so no more. Papal encyclicals have now almost a monopoly of the citation which was once well-nigh universal. It would be a curious study to mark the disappearance of the Latin Scriptures from general literature—from books and plays and poems and letters. Voltaire was mighty in the Vulgate. He could not allow his *Candide* to give the famous counsel, *Cultivons notre jardin*, without a slanting reference to the original gardener and that Eden which was given him *ut operaretur eum*. Perhaps there was a touch of Voltaire's fleering humor in this use of edged ecclesiastical tools, but it was still a literary custom to which he was bowing, even if mockingly. Vast is the difference by the time we get down to Matthew Arnold and his flinging about of *unum est necessarium*, and other turns from the Vulgate. In him this verged on affectation, though its main design, no doubt, was to heighten the jaunty and superior air with which he lectured the bishops. But we arrive at pure archaism when we come to a living writer like Mr. Bodley, for instance, who cites his Latinized Bible with obvious awkwardness

and effort. The old fluid, natural, and quickening literary use of the Vulgate is seen no more.

It would be rash, and I certainly have no intention, to argue that the English Bible might disappear as completely, for literary purposes, and leave no greater void. But the analogy is at least close enough to enable us to see what the process of disappearance is, and what the resulting literary loss will be. The Vulgate, as common property of all who wrote and all who read, was swept away by the new learning, by modern education, by the march of democracy, by the multiplication of writers and readers, by a whole new world of knowledge swimming into the ken of mankind. It meant an undoubted loss, even if but temporary, to the general stock of ideas. Writers were deprived, for the moment, of their old way of appealing to that which their readers all did know. But literature survived. It found other meeting-grounds for author and reader. Other personal references which all would understand, other sayings which would come home with familiar and proverbial force, other conceptions in widest commonality spread, arose to make good the absence of the older. In a similar way, we may look for compensatory weights to put into the literary balance as the English Bible is taken out. The loss is great; let there be no denial of that: but let there be no exaggeration of it, either.

The pregnant allusion, the winged word, the appeal to the deepest and most devout associations—no wonder that many an orator or writer feels crippled indeed when he sees such literary resources, new and old, drawn from the biblical treasure-house, now slipping from his fingers. But the process of finding substitutes is going on before our very eyes. Take the orations, the essays, the poems, especially the novels, of the last twenty-five years, and though you will find in them not one biblical illustration to a hundred that you would have found a century ago in similar writings, you will see that English literature, while it has undoubtedly suffered by the increasing withdrawal from it of the English Bible, and while it has lost much of that *enflure asiatique* which Voltaire thought that Shakspeare and Dryden had copied from the Hebrew writers, has yet retained its vitality. If old associations of ideas are de-

cayed, it creates new ones. New types and turns of thought it invents to become the possession of all. Science and art and music have loaned their terms, as they have their services and aspirations, to the general mind. I am not minimizing the loss we have undergone. It is to English letters very much what to Spanish literature would be a sudden falling insensitive of the Spanish reading public to allusions to "El Campeador" or to "Don Quixote." Yet even such a loss would not be remediless. Spanish writers would find, as ours are finding, fresh ways of putting themselves *al corriente* with their readers.

Such trusting of the larger hope becomes fainter, I must confess, when it is a question of measuring our literary loss in the dulling of the common acquaintance with the mere language and phrasing of the King James version. New lamps for old we may indeed get, in the shape of new notions, images, personal references, allusions, to replace the old biblical store; but what balm is there in Gilead for the hurt caused by the lost speech of the English Bible? The Pilgrim Fathers in England, said Lowell, were so unfortunate as to have no better English than Shakspeare's to carry away with them. In his notes to the "Biglow Papers" he developed the thesis, and showed how the sinewy and expressive diction of the Bible had become a part of the Puritan fiber. *Elle était nourrie de la Bible*, said M. Hégér of his English pupil Charlotte Brontë. The saying goes far toward explaining the literary phenomenon of the Haworth rectory. It was a favorite contention of Wordsworth's, to which Coleridge gave his philosophic consent and explanation, that simple and uneducated minds, fed on the English Bible as staple food, would insensibly acquire a vivid and majestic speech peculiarly fitted for the uses of poetry. No one can doubt this who will mark how that man of small reading, Abraham Lincoln, won the grand colors of Bible diction for his lofty second inaugural. "I have been acquainted with David Hume and William Pitt," said the Duchess of Gordon, "and therefore am not afraid to converse with any man." A similar proud consciousness of having known the best goes well with deep draughts of the strong and noble English of our Bible. "If you want to be eloquent, young gentlemen," an old pro-

fessor of rhetoric used to say to his classes, "learn long passages of the Bible by heart." It is to this *verbal* sublimity of Bible English that Ruskin, in those well-known passages in "Præterita," seems to me to be paying his tribute; yet they are often quoted as the sufficient key to Ruskin's prose style.

But here, I think, we come to another matter. Professor Cook, in his little book on "The Bible and English Prose Style," makes too large a claim for the influence of biblical English on the style of the best writing of to-day. This, of course, is more than a matter of vocabulary, and involves structure, method, movement. Look at Ruskin more narrowly. Professor Cook stops short with his citation, omitting what is, to my mind, the highly significant confession by Ruskin of an "affectation of trying to write like Hooker and George Herbert." It is, at any rate, the fact that if you take a thoroughly characteristic page of Ruskin, you will discover in its architectonics, its mass, its wholeness of design and cumulative sweep, more likeness to the style of Hooker than to the style of the Bible. I should like to cite the sections of "The Crown of Wild Olive" which Professor Charles Eliot Norton selects for especial praise as being "one of the most impressive passages of modern English writing." I mean the place where Ruskin puts into ten pages of grave and pathetic eloquence what Matthew Arnold suggests in a single line:

Hath man no second life? *Pitch this one high!*

But a shorter extract will be as convincing in kind. Let it be the close of Ruskin's description of Verona, in "A Joy Forever":

And this is the city—such, and possessing such things as these—at whose gates the decisive battles of Italy are fought continually: three days her towers trembled with the echo of the cannon of Arcola; heaped pebbles of the Mincio divide her fields to this hour with lines of broken rampart, whence the tide of war rolled back to Novara; and now on that crescent of her eastern cliffs, whence the full moon used to rise through the bars of the cypresses in her burning summer twilights, touching with soft increase of silver light the rosy marbles of her balconies,—along the ridge of that encompassing rock, other circles are increasing now, white and pale; walled

towers of cruel strength, sable-spotted with cannon-courses. I tell you, I have seen, when the thunderclouds came down on those Italian hills, and all their crags were dipped in the dark, terrible purple, as if the wine-press of the wrath of God had stained their mountain-vestment—I have seen the hail fall in Italy till the forest branches stood stripped and bare as if blasted by the locust; but the white hail never fell from those clouds of heaven as the black hail will fall from the clouds of hell, if ever one breath of Italian life stirs again in the streets of Verona.

Now it is little to say that one would look in vain for a parallel to this style in any of the biblical passages which Ruskin himself named as high-water mark in his favor, and which he is commonly thought to have meant that he had taken as model. Not in the thirty-second chapter of Deuteronomy, or the One Hundred and Nineteenth Psalm, or the Sermon on the Mount, or the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians, or the Apocalypse will the most careful, if unprejudiced, scrutiny find a suggestion of the balance of parts, the rising buttresses and walls, and the spire crowning all, which one perceives to be of the essence of Ruskin's soaring style. Exalted diction reminding you of the Bible, yes; piercing epithet, bold leap of words, truth fused into a flame—all these, surely, and surely of a true biblical savor. But style is more than these; and it is, I believe, to Hooker more than to the Bible that one must trace Ruskin's indebtedness for command of such a long roll of utterance—every sentence, as Grattan said of Fox's oratory, breaking on you like a wave of the sea with three thousand miles of the Atlantic behind it.

Besides Ruskin's, there have been three or four outstanding English styles in the last half-century. None of them can be said clearly to derive from the Bible. To take a simple case, read this bit from R. L. Stevenson's "Ordered South":

Many a doleful vignette of the grim wintry streets at home returns to him and begins to haunt his memory. The hopeless, huddled attitude of tramps in doorways; the flinching gait of barefoot children on the icy pavement; the sheen of the rainy streets towards afternoon; the meager anatomy of the poor defined by the clinging of the wet garments; the high canorous note of the northeaster on days when the very house seems to stiffen with cold.

What is the essential difference between that style—style, as distinct from mere diction—and Bible style? It lies, I think, in the minute realism and feeling for language as such, which we perceive in Stevenson but never encounter in the biblical writers. The Hebrew nature notoriously had no talent for metaphysics. That is another way of saying that it was not prone to nice analysis, to close observation, to "angelical hair-splitting." Hence the speech best expressing it was not subtle, shaded, nor delicately precise, but large, grand, vague, majestic. In so far as the tendency of modern English style is toward a use of the parts of speech as weapons of precision, giving to every nuance of thought its glove-fitting expression, it is a tendency away from the style of the English Bible. That is finely called by Professor Cook a style of "noble naturalness." It is the large plunge of a mountain stream over the cliff into the sea. The modern English style is, rather, the tide itself falling away so as to uncover in sharpest outline every scarred and creviced rock, every bit of weed and fragment of shell, which lie at the foot of the headland. It is attent, alert, picturesque naturalism instead of noble naturalness. I am not saying that it is better, only different. It may be the result of a deliberate turning away from the grand simplicities, the large figures looming gigantic through a mist, which we see in Bible English; or it may be a kind of rueful and pitiful attempt, by displaying our keen feeling for words, to make up for our lost feeling for things. All that I do is to note, without either approving or condemning, the change, and to say that it has come, that it apparently has come to stay, and that it marks a pretty complete diversion of the tradition of English style from that which is embodied in the Bible.

It can scarcely be necessary to labor the point, but a citation from Walter Pater will make my contention clear if it is yet in doubt. Pater was almost a professed artist in words, and the delicate way in which he beat his meaning out was well fitted to make his readers think less meanly of language. This is a sentence from his description of the bearing of Marius:

It was, in truth, the air of one who, entering vividly into life, and relishing to the full the

delicacies of its intercourse, yet feels all the while, from the point of view of an ideal philosophy, that he is but conceding reality to suppositions, choosing of his own will to walk in a day-dream, of the illusiveness of which he, at least, is aware.

That is whole diameters away from biblical style; yet does it not, in its aim and tone, represent the strongest and conquering tendency in deliberate and consciously cultivated modern English prose? Sometimes, it must be admitted, the "feeling for language" is painfully like a groping in the dark, and you wish that the writer had found his words before he showed you how he had first tapped and tried them with his sensitive antennæ. I quoted Pater at his best; here he is at his worst, and farthest from Bible limpidity:

That Sturm and Drang of the spirit, as it has been called, those ardent and special apprehensions of half-truths, in the enthusiastic and, as it were, prophetic advocacy of which, a devotion to truth, in the case of the young—apprehending but one point at a time in the great circumference—most naturally embodies itself, are leveled down, surely and safely enough, afterwards, as in history so in the individual, by the weakness and mere weariness, as well as by the maturer wisdom, of our nature—happily! if the enthusiasm which answered to but one phase of intellectual growth really blends, as it loses its decisiveness, in a larger and commoner morality, with wider though perhaps vaguer hopes.

But when all and the best has been said that can be said, it amounts to little more than a plea in abatement. The damage has been done—that stands confessed; all that is left is to inquire what are the mitigating circumstances. Some think, by various shifts, to be able to restore the English Bible to its old place and prestige as nursery of thought and style. A conscious and scientific enthusiasm for Bible-reading, as a part of literary discipline, they hope to awaken. But that way small hope seems to lie. The sting of our loss lies in the perishing of the young associations which used to be entwined about the felicities and majesty of biblical phraseology. The mature and preoccupied mind will in vain seek deliberately to assimilate the purely literary charm and power of the Bible. Later and colder studies cannot give what must be drawn in almost with mother's milk. The accumulated impres-

sions of childhood, the familiarity with sounding phrases before they are understood, the play of young imagination, of awe and even of superstition, about the sacred page, together with the daily repetition and use of the rich English of the King James version, seem necessary to the surest and most enduring grasp on the Bible merely as a great writing. There is a certain disillusionment in studying the Bible in too cold and dry a light of reason, and though it may be a critical gain it is a literary loss. The rugged old Hebraisms lose something of their craggy grandeur when we come to see what they really mean. If we have learned to love them in our youth, we resent their being made too intelligible and unimaginative to our manhood. It was on this ground, in part, that Matthew Arnold based his dislike of the revised version; it made havoc of some of the puzzle-headed but impressive phrases of the King James translation—frequently, of course, *mistranslation*—which had the undying charm of early association clinging to them.

Literary fashions come and go. We know how Shakspeare had to be redis-

covered. John Quincy Adams innocently remarks in his diary on the "something strange" in Shakspeare's language, and adds that the poet's "uncommon words" would be thought "very affected now"—namely, in 1829. We know what Johnson wrote of "Lycidas"—that poetical touchstone, as Tennyson thought it. Tastes and standards and studies change, and critics change with them. It may be, therefore, that there will yet be a return to the Bible as a treasure-house and starting-point of English style. But, to be really effective, it must be a thing not of school or college, not of lecture or text-book or magazine article, but of the home, of the fireside, of the closet with door shut, of those hours of life when the memory is wax to receive and marble to retain. Until we see once more those old conditions, we shall not again see the English Bible impregnating the minds and quickening the speech of a whole race, nor need we expect coming generations to respond with instant and delighted recognition when meeting, in the great literature, with that line of the Bible which has gone out into all the earth, as have its words to the end of the world.

## BAUER SIEBERT'S FIND.

### A COLLECTOR'S ADVENTURE

BY W. LEWIS FRASER

**A**NTIQUE, Fred, sure as you're born! German of the sixteenth century. I wonder where our landlord got those glasses?"

"Oh, you can never tell. Old family possessions most likely," answered Fred.

"Would n't they look stunning in that cabinet of yours, eh?" remarked the "boy."

"You bet. I wonder if we can capture them?"

A thunder-storm had interrupted our walking tour over the Pfitscher Joch, and made us seek shelter in a Tyrolean inn,

where, as compensation for our occupation of the *Gastzimmer*, we ordered a *Halber* of red wine.

"Let's call the landlord in and ask if he'll sell them."

"You'd better go easy and not show your hand. He probably does n't value the things at all; but if he sees any anxiety to get them,—these peasants are pretty shrewd,—the price'll go up," suggested Fred.

"I'll order something to eat, and get him into conversation. Are n't you fellows hungry?"

The boy confessed that he was, and the

landlord was summoned. He was the typical *Wirt* of the Tyrolean, out-of-the-way valley, tall, spare, muscular, dressed in blackened buckskin knee-breeches, scarlet vest with silver coin buttons, antique belt of leather worked in arabesques of metal points, and thick-soled, hobnailed boots.

Oh, yes, he could give the *Herrschaft* American something to eat, if the *Herrschaft* had a good appetite such as a Tyrolean had. His wife and nine daughters were up the mountain, on the Alm, haying, but there was some *Jägerwurst* (hunters' sausage) in the house, and bread. That was the best he had. Washed down with good Tyrolean wine, it was good enough for *men*.

We two adults smilingly assured him that we cared for nothing quite so much as for *Jägerwurst*, and the boy muttered something in English about iron-clad teeth.

When our host had put upon the cross-legged table the *Jägerwurst*, a black, dried, shriveled sausage, and a round cake of three-months-old rye bread, as is the manner of unspoiled Tyrolean landlords, he sat down, and put us at our ease by eating the sausage and the bread, while we drank the wine.

After a few preliminaries, Fred, cunning fellow, began the attack:

"Wirt, why do you have such thick, clumsy, old-fashioned glasses? Wine-glasses are cheap enough now."

"The *Bauers* don't find any fault with them, and you're the first gentlemen I've had here this season."

"Well, I'm a painter, and I think I could make some use of them in my pictures. I'll give you new ones for them, if you like."

"Oh, no; those glasses were my wife's great-great-grandfather's: they're the only old family things she has now. They're thick and heavy, and don't get broken. Our *Bauers* don't mind the glass if it's filled with good wine. But if you're a painter and want old things, my neighbor Siebert plowed up last spring a Hun helmet."

"What!" we exclaimed in one surprised voice, "a Hun helmet!" and then recovering ourselves, gave each a warning glance.

"Oh, yes. This is an old battle-ground where Roman and Hun fought more than once. The Romans used to come over the Jofon yonder"—pointing through the

window at the somber old mountain, wrapped in storm-clouds—"and the Huns over the Brenner. We often plow up something—a broken sword or something of the kind. Why, I think there's an old rusty spur somewhere in the cellar now that Andreas picked up. Next time I draw I'll look for it. Are you coming back this way?"

The boy nudged Fred, Fred threw a meaning glance at me, and I looked at the weather. It was still storming, so I said:

"Wirt, I think you might bring another Halber, and draw it fresh—mind, fresh; and while you're down cellar you might look for that spur, eh?"

Our host soon returned, bearing the leather-covered wine-bottle in one hand, and in the other the half of a rusted spur, so corroded that it was not possible to determine its age or make.

"Rot!" said the boy. "That's no good; it's nothing but an old crooked nail."

"A nail! Father Glück, the pastor, says it's a Hun spur; but you may keep it, and when you get home you can show them the kind of nails the Huns nailed down our beautiful mountains with, for you to come and look at," laughed the landlord. "But the helmet, that's a good one, almost perfect."

"The helmet?" said Fred.

The landlord's soft blue eye rested for a moment on us. "Mein Gott! did n't I tell you my neighbor Siebert plowed up a Hun helmet last spring?" he asked.

"Did you? Well, where's the guide? Will you please hunt him up, and ask him if it's safe to start, and—what's the reckoning, landlord?"

"What did you have? Two half-liters of wine, *Jägerwurst*, and bread. You won't think half a gulden too much?" As the coin was dropped into his hand, he added: "Thank you, *Herrschaft*, for coming to my poor house; and God be with you!"

Outside, Fred remarked: "Let's go and take a look at the church; it seems promising."

"That was a trying walk of a minute and a half which took us beyond the hearing of the landlord. Then I burst out:

"A Hun helmet! What a chance! A Hun helmet!"

"Just think of it," cried Fred—"a Hun helmet! Such a thing must be excessively rare. Did you ever see a Hun helmet,

either of you, in any museum? I don't believe I ever did. Just think of the luck of stumbling on such a find in this out-of-the-way place!"

"A Hun helmet?" I replied. "No; I've seen Roman helmets, and Goth helmets, and Rhinegold caps; but a Hun helmet! Boys, think of it! A Hun helmet!"

"Hurrah!" shouted the boy. "We'll do the act, and bear away in triumph a fiery Hun helmet. 'Where furious Frank and fiery Hun'—say, has n't some blooming peasant plowed up a shout? We ought to have a shout. In the dreadful—"

"Boy," said I, sternly, "the wine's gone to your head, and that simple old Tyrolean landlord'll hear you, and then the jig's up."

"Yes," added Fred; "we'll have to go easy, or we'll awaken their greed. What do you suppose the fellow'll want for it?"

"Oh, of course I don't know, but he can't have any idea of its value. How can he—a Tyrolean peasant in this remote valley? But, Fred, we must n't stick him. Oh, no, to be sure. It has no value to him, and it might be years before anybody would come along who'd give him a price for it."

"Well, I want to be fair; we all do. Of course we know that, but it's knowledge that establishes value. Yet we ought n't to salt him, an innocent, honest, industrious farmer, wresting a living from among the stones of the mountain-side, carting his farm on his back—"

"You mean his wife's back," interjected the boy.

Fred turned and repeated slowly: "Carting his farm on his back, uphill to the place whence the storms have washed it, every four or five years." Fred's voice softened as he continued: "It's a hard life of brave, honest toil. Oh, no; we must be fair to him. If it's a regular stunner in good order, and all that sort of thing, well, I g-u-e-s-s I'll—yes—I'll go two dollars and a half for it."

"Two dollars and a half? Let's see; at the present rate of exchange that's six gulden twenty kreutzers. Hum! that's a good deal of money to a mere peasant—about the price of a week's work, and the cost of two or three weeks' living. Yes, I guess two dollars and a half's a fair price," I replied. And after a moment's pause:

"But, Fred, if you've fixed your limit at two-fifty, and he won't let it go for that,—of course you understand I don't want to interfere with you,—but I think I'll raise you a dollar. That is, if the thing is as fine as we think."

"All right; two and a half's my limit. I don't go in for armor, you know, as you do." And so it was agreed.

"COME in, gentlemen, come in! Rosel, my girl, told me there were some Herrschaft in the village, and the Wirt had spoken about my helmet. You've come to see it, eh? Well, it's a queer bit of old iron. When my father was out with Hofer he saw Frenchmen with things on their heads something like it. One of 'em—oh, he was a big fellow—stayed here. He's over there, along with a lot of his friends, in the *Moos* yonder. And as my father gave him a nice soft bed to lie in, he thought he might make him a present of a feather from his head-gear." Going to an old press gaily decorated with rose-garlands, he opened it and said, "Here it is."

"What?" said Fred. "The helmet?"

"Oh, no; not the helmet,—that's only a rusty old iron pot,—but the Frenchman's pretty bunch of feathers." The man drew from a drawer and held up for our admiration a cavalryman's plume.

"What!" queried the boy, in a horrified voice, "did your father kill him?"

"Oh, as he had come a long way to see our beautiful Tyrol, he gave him a pressing invitation to stay with us."

"But I don't understand. Did he give him the plume?"

"Well, he did n't object to his taking it."

"Well, Bauer," said I, in a conciliatory voice, "thank God there are no Frenchmen in the Tyrol now except summer tourists, and your land is at peace."

"At peace!" he echoed. "Yes, at peace." And then between his teeth, while his face grew livid, "And Hofer—what of him? Ach, Gott im Himmel!" Then from his lips there came such a volley of fierce imprecation, such bitter invective on the invader, that the boy sought the open, and when at a safe distance hurled back some boyish slang that sounded like, "Oh, mummy, buy me that!" And this was the gentle, simple, innocent peasant who had plowed up the helmet!

After a minute or two he calmed down



and asked in a sulky tone, "Do you want to see the helmet?"

"Yes, please," I answered very meekly.

"It's up-stairs. I'll go fetch it."

Surprise is a mild word in which to express our emotion when, upon his return, he bore into the room an Italian helmet of the cinque-cento, without doubt of the cinque-cento, beaten and chiseled all over in strong relief in a wonderful battle-scene. Of course its beauty was somewhat marred by rust, but it was still glorious—a master-work.

As, lost in amazement, I turned it in my hands, Fred gasped, "I'll give five dollars for it."

"Will you?" I gasped back. "I'll give six."

"I'll give eight."

"And I'll give ten."

"You will, will you?" replied Fred, with a wild glare. "I was to have the choice."

"Yes; but you said you'd go only two-fifty—two dollars and a half for a work by Cellini. I believe it's a Cellini—pshaw! you've no right to raise your bid; it is n't fair." And I returned the glare.

"Is n't fair! Is n't fair!" screamed Fred. "I tell you the helmet's mine, and I mean to have it."

"You do, do you?" And I added, in a voice which I intended to be full of withering scorn, "For two dollars and a half?"

"At any price, at any price. I tell you it's mine! It's *mine*!" in crescendo.

"Don't make an ass of yourself. I am going to have it at any cost." Then to the peasant: "What do you ask for it?"

"I did n't say I wanted to sell it. You gentlemen think a peasant would sell anything. There was a time when you would n't ask, but take. Your spirit is still the same. The helmet was buried in my land; my cows plowed it up. I have some pride, some romance. I'm poor, but, thank God! I'm a free man. I can do what I like with the thing. I'll keep it."

"W-h-a-t! you won't sell it?" we exclaimed in unison.

"Why should I?"

I did not know, and as Fred had declared that the helmet should be his, I thought he ought to answer; but he did not.

The Tyrolean, after waiting a few minutes, resumed:

"Why don't you answer, Herrschaft? Why don't you say, 'Because we are rich

and you're poor'? That's what you think. Ach, if you were of land Tyrol you'd say it. Yes, I am poor, and you think a beautiful thing like that's out of place in my home. Well, perhaps it is. You think: 'Foolish fellow, he'll keep that bit of rusty iron on a shelf, and every time he looks at it he'll know it's worth the price of four cows, and he needs the cows, for the emperor's taxes are unpaid, and the tithes are in arrears. Stupid man!' Now that's what you think, is n't it?"

"Whew!" puffed Fred. "So that's the lay, is it? The price of four cows."

"Fred," said I, "do I look very silly?"

"Oh, no; not at all. You know you were going to have it 'at any cost.'"

I did not think this was quite fair, and, goaded by the taunt, I said to him: "And so were you." And to the peasant: "Well, so you want the price of four cows for it?"

"I did n't say so."

"But you would take that price?"

"I might."

"And how much less?"

"Nothing less."

"Fred," I murmured, "I must ask your pardon, old fellow. I'm sorry I forgot myself. It belongs by right to you; take it."

OUR four days' tour was over; we had returned to our hotel in the town. The helmet haunted me. It was not worth three hundred dollars; of that I was sure. I questioned whether it would sell for that even in Paris, London, or New York; but it was a master-work, and who knew? Perhaps it might be bought for much less. Even so, a quarter of three hundred dollars was a large sum to a poor painter. In this frame of mind I went into the shop of the village goldsmith. He had found antiques for me, and I had proved him honest.

After the usual salutation, "Baumgärtner," I said, "I saw the other day at Unfer Thuns a helmet that Bauer Siebert plowed up last spring. Have you seen it?"

"What! has Siebert got another one? He's sold two this season already."

"What do you mean? Does his farm grow helmets?" I asked.

"No; but an antique-dealer in Munich keeps him supplied with fake copies of the celebrated one in the museum there."

"But you must be mistaken; he said he plowed it up."

"So he did—where he had planted it."

# TOPICS OF THE TIME

## Two Methods of Public Corruption

**T**HERE are two ways in which money is being used in American politics that are, each in its own relation, supremely vicious. One of these is the use that selfish, sinister, and wealthy demagogues make of it to give themselves a standing with the working-people. Such use of money seldom fails to succeed in its purpose—up to a certain point. The laboring-man would be, perhaps, more than mortal if he scanned very closely the real aims and true characters of allies who come to him with eager indorsement of every program which “labor” has adopted, and who have unlimited financial resources as well.

But to those who watch events with true sympathy for the laboring-man, yet with an abiding sense of the depravity of such allies of theirs—to those, we say, the alliance is as pitiful as it is monstrous, and full of danger to the workingman and to the whole community.

Another misuse of wealth is at the other end of the political ladder, and has to do with the virtual purchase of high public office by the corruption of legislatures or otherwise. There are men in the United States Senate—let us hope not many—who, while they have not purchased their places by the direct use of money, yet owe their presence in the Senate Chamber to means as scandalous as if they had actually done so; for they came to our highest lawmaking body by practices which men of conscience everywhere regard as corrupt.

If the best public opinion in one of our oldest States is to be regarded as trustworthy, there has taken place within its borders, during recent years, the most shameful attempt to reach a high public office by corrupt means that this country has ever witnessed. The effort of conscientious citizens, in both the great parties, to prevent this degradation of a sovereign State, has

won the admiration and applause of good men throughout the Union, as in the days when the righteous citizenship of Louisiana was aroused and the octopus of the lottery was torn from its victim, the commonwealth.

Here is the situation with regard to these two vicious uses of wealth: on the one hand, wealthy and utterly reckless demagogues stirring up a bitter class feeling in America in order to forward, in the most unblushing manner, their private fortunes and ambitions; and on the other hand, a branch of Congress in which laws are made and capital is served either by men of wealth whose attainment of power is sometimes questionable, or by superserviceable tools of capital who owe their positions to methods essentially corrupt.

Such a state of affairs, at a time when great economic questions are to be settled, when labor and capital face each other, often in a suspicious and menacing mood—such a state of affairs induces to serious reflection. Every good citizen owes it to the public peace and the lasting success of our institutions to do his individual part in holding high the standard of public office, for justice cannot be built upon corruption.

## Nature and Human Habitation

UNPEOPLED nature is almost always beautiful—beautiful often not less when it has something violent and terrible about it, as John Muir has so well set forth in his delightful books, and notably in his recent article in *THE CENTURY* on “The Grand Cañon of the Colorado.”<sup>1</sup> When man comes upon the scene it needs the exercise of art on his part to preserve, restore, or recreate the beauty that nature is capable of bestowing. He can indeed, in some conditions, train nature to surpass her own wild effects. This art requires to be exercised in two interblending fields: one,

<sup>1</sup> See *THE CENTURY* for November, 1902.

namely, in connection with communal groups, and another in connection with private premises; that is, with the lay-out and formation of villages and towns, and also of individual homes.

We had written thus far when our eyes lighted upon a passage which falls so appropriately into this line of thought that we can do no better than to quote it:

The scenery of the earth was made for man, not man for scenery. Civilized man enjoys natural scenery as the savage cannot, and he permanently preserves what he may of it in parks and public forests. Elsewhere he is necessarily a transformer and destroyer of nature. The landscape of civilization is an artificial landscape, and as such it may be either beautiful or ugly—beautiful when it is the blossom of use, convenience, or necessity; ugly when it is the fruit of pompous pride or common carelessness.

The same writer truly says that "a constantly increasing number of Americans are desirous of securing some measure of beauty in the surroundings of every-day lives. These people are not content with things as they are. They want more and more of pleasantness in and around their own houses, and about their village, town, or city as well."

The fortunate hunger for the beautiful in a land the very prosperity of which tends in places to the creation of ugliness, is, indeed, more and more marked, as is attested not only by individual strivings after the beautiful in architecture and the surroundings of architecture, but by the increasing efforts of communities to attain what has been called civic beauty. This magazine, from the beginning, as our readers well know, has endeavored to keep in touch with this wide-spread movement; and Mr. Sylvester Baxter's highly useful, and still to be continued, papers on civic improvement will be followed by other contributions of a kindred character.

A memorial work has recently appeared dedicated to the late "Charles Eliot, Landscape Architect," and inscribed by President Eliot of Harvard: "For the dear son,—who died in his bright prime,—from the father." This work, from which we have quoted above, gives, in minute detail, the method of the making of a highly useful and successful landscape architect: by means of general intellectual culture and

special and congenial study; by professional training (under that artist of originality and force, Frederick Law Olmsted); by foreign travel; by the cultivation of the art of literary expression; and by practice of a profession, if not new, at least not popularly understood in the sense intended by its few leading American practitioners.

So fundamental in principle, governed so thoroughly by a broad and cultivated taste, were the opinions of young Eliot—expressed in his private letters and public writings, as well as in the work actually accomplished by him—that the record of his short career is not only a moral incentive, but a storehouse of sound views and suggestive examples. It is a book that will inform and encourage the lover of nature, and all interested in the problem of the relation between nature and human habitation. Said the writer:

Our country has her Russias, her Silesias, her Rivieras, and many types of scenery which are all her own besides. Are we to attempt to bring all to the English smoothness? Rather let us try to perfect each type in its own place.

In a letter to Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, whose own lucid writings on these subjects have been so important a factor in bringing in a better day, he said:

The scope and breadth of my profession is not often recognized; it is not comprehended even by architects, much less by the public. As I understand it, all conscious arranging of visible things for man's convenience and for man's delight is architecture. . . . The building of convenient and beautiful structures is thus but a part of the art of architecture. The arranging of these structures in streets, in neighborhoods, on sea-coasts, in the valleys of the hills, the careful adjustment of the structure to its site and its landscape, the devising of ways and roads so that they may be either impressive through order and formality, or charming through their subordination to natural conditions, the development of appropriate beauty in the surroundings of buildings, whether by adding terraces and avenues, or by enhancing natural beauty—all this is, or ought to be, at least one half of the art and profession of architecture.

Since young Sargent began his professional career the work of the landscape architect is better understood in America. Architects, in building private houses, are more and more permitted and desired by

their clients to bring the surroundings into harmony; either through the resources of the architect's own office, or with the coöperation of the so-called landscape architect. The civic movement, also, is rapidly advancing, the most conspicuous evidence of the spread of the sentiment in favor of civic adornment being the adoption of the well-considered and magnificent plans for the capital of our country.

It is an interesting, as well as a pa-

thetic, fact that the forward movement of which we speak has been greatly accelerated by young men of prominence—like Codman and Eliot, landscapists, of Boston, and Stewardson and Cope, architects, of Philadelphia—who have been removed untimely from the scene of their enthusiastic labors. But their influence will long be felt, and other youths are working in the same spirit, encouraged and inspired by their example.



#### Some Atmospheric Phenomena Observed at Point Barrow, Alaska

**P**POINT BARROW, situated in latitude  $71^{\circ} 16' 40''$  north, longitude  $156^{\circ} 40' 2''$  west, is the most northern point in the Territory of Alaska. Here the writer was stationed from August, 1897, until August, 1898, conducting scientific researches, and during that time many remarkable atmospheric conditions were observed. I will mention in as brief a manner as possible a few of the most remarkable of these observations.

The phenomenon illustrated by Figure I occurred on the morning of March 24, 1898, between the hours of 9 and 10:30. During this time it went through many changes, the one given being the highest development attained.

The sky for most of the time was cloudless, but often numbers of cirrus clouds would hurry across it, driven by a brisk northeast wind. The thermometer stood at  $-32^{\circ}$  F. The snow was drifting along the ground, and occasionally flurries would be whirled high in the air.

The explanation of Figure I is: The dotted circle represents the horizon, and the letters N, S, E, and W represent the cardinal points of the compass. A is the sun at 9:30 in the morning. BB is a broad band of bright golden light extending through the sun parallel to the earth. CCC is an arc of very bright white light connecting the ends of the shaft of light BB and reaching three fourths of the way across the sky. DD and FF are two arcs of white light extending on opposite sides of the sun, from the horizon to a brilliant rainbow GG. If the arcs DD and FF had continued, they would have met and formed a circle.

At the intersection of the arcs DD and FF

with the shaft of light BB were formed brilliant rainbows in the shape of crosses H and I. A third rainbow, J, in the shape of a cross, was formed on the rainbow GG directly above the sun. The arc KK was indistinct white light.

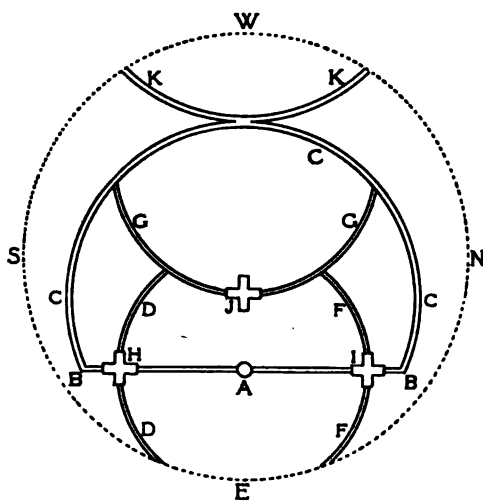


FIGURE I

The phenomenon illustrated by Figure II occurred on the morning of April 17, 1898, between the hours of 9:30 and 11, its greatest perfection being at about 10 o'clock.

The thermometer stood at  $-2^{\circ}$  F. The wind was strong, varying from northeast to east, and the snow was drifting badly near the ground. Occasionally flurries of snow would be whirled high in the air.

The explanation of Figure II is: The

dotted circle represents the horizon. The letters N, S, E, and W represent the cardinal points. A is the sun at 10 o'clock in the morning. DDD is a broad white circle of light, very bright, having its center at the zenith, and passing through the sun. BB are two parhe-

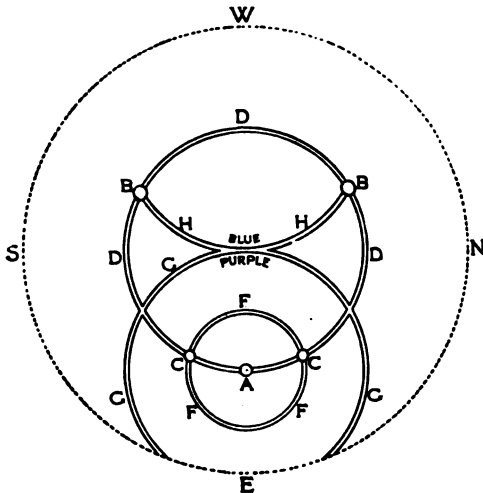


FIGURE II

lia, or mock-suns, of a brilliant silver color, and each is a little larger than the sun. They, with the sun, divide the circle DDD into three equal portions. FFF is a small circle of brilliant white light having the sun as a center. CC are two very bright golden parhelia formed by the contact between the circles DDD and FFF. GGG is an indistinct circle of white light having the sun as its center and passing through the zenith. HH is a broad and very highly colored rainbow connecting the mock-suns B and B, and passing through the zenith, touching the circle GGG.

In this bow the purple edge was toward the east, and the blue toward the west. The mock-suns B and B were so brilliant that a person facing them, without knowing the points of the compass, would readily have mistaken them for the real sun.

During the occurrence of both of the foregoing phenomena, and for some time previous to their appearance, the wind had carried the snow, which was very light and dry, in considerable quantities high in the air. These minute crystals of ice, having reached the upper air-strata, there formed a condition of the atmosphere through which the light of the sun was refracted, and caused the phenomena here described.

The aurora polaris, or polar light, was of almost nightly occurrence at Point Barrow. It often covered the whole sky, and sometimes moved and trembled as if worked upon by some strong air-current. By far the most com-

mon form of the aurora was a mass of clear yellowish light most frequently seen in the northwestern heavens, although it often appeared in the southeast. One of the rarest forms of aurora observed was one in which the light appeared as great curtains suspended from the sky in parallel lines running from east to west. These great curtains of light were constantly in motion, being let down and drawn up as if by an invisible hand.

A number of the explorers in high Northern latitudes state that the aurora is usually lower than certain cloud-strata. It is worthy of note that all auroras observed by the writer were above the clouds. Many auroras were seen in cloudy weather through rifts in the clouds, and several were observed reflected on the clouds, but none was under the clouds. Unless of the hanging-drapery order, all auroras were apparently above cloud-limit.

Whenever there was an unusually bright aurora there appeared on the horizon a cloud of mist precisely as if a fog-bank were rising. This mist was so thin, however, that the stars could easily be seen through it, they always having a dull red color, as if seen through smoked glass. Whenever an aurora was observed having parallel arches, the direction of these arches was from west to east or from east to west. It is generally supposed that such arches have for a common center the magnetic pole.

Figure III illustrates an aurora which oc-



FIGURE III

curred on March 16, 1898, beginning at 7 P.M., and lasting with many changes until 11 P.M., when it disappeared. At 8:30 it seemed to reach its perfection, and at that time the accompanying diagram was made. The night was perfectly clear, and the moon was shining brightly. There was absolutely no wind. The thermometer stood at  $-41^{\circ}$  F. The writer

was out watching a number of Eskimos playing foot-ball. Suddenly they stopped their play and began to whistle. On being asked why they were whistling, they pointed to a small bright spot near the southeastern horizon, and said they were calling the aurora. In a few moments from this spot in the southeast shot out a ray of bright, rosy light, and then began the most marvelous display of lights conceivable. At times the whole sky was covered with brilliant lines and eccentric figures; then they would gradually draw back to the starting-point in the southeast, only to flash out again with a rolling, waving motion, and with a beauty beyond description. All during the height of this exhibition could be heard a dull, roaring, rushing sound, as if a great wind were blowing high overhead, and at times there were crackling noises, as if thousands of electric sparks were snapping near at hand. The colors in this aurora were brilliant, but the moon and stars could plainly be seen through it. Scientists generally believe the aurora to be caused by electrical discharges through the air between the magnetic poles of the earth. These discharges leave the north or positive magnetic pole in the form of sheets of electrified matter, which travel slowly southward at a great height from the earth. Great streamers of electricity are thrown out from this mass, rising almost vertically, then gradually bending south and downward, until they attain a corresponding position in the southern magnetic hemisphere, and in this way become the pathways by which the electric currents finally reach their destination.

*E. A. McIlhenny.*

#### **Compensations of the Minister and his Wife.**

IN the ministry, service and salary are not co-equal terms. The high office was not created for the advantage of the holder, and the calling is degraded into a mere profession when it is made the subject of money equivalents. The work of the ministry is more especially in the realm of the moral and spiritual, and therefore can never be "financially compensated in any exhaustive commercial sense." Nevertheless, the minister adapted by conduct and learning to his high calling ordinarily does have, and should have, a salary proportionate to the demands of the field he is tilling, and compensations far more satisfying and worthy of consideration than salaries.

Superstitious veneration for the ministry has gone, together with "reverence for the cloth." What compensations are left to the clergy no longer "hedged with reverence exacted by sacerdotal caste," no longer compelling obedience, no longer "ends to themselves," but rather means to ends? Character is still revered. Ministers, like other men, are

judged (rightly, too) by daily conduct rather than by ecclesiastical garments and the exceptional display of piety. They are worth what they are worth in fruit-bearing. Graduates of theological seminaries, full of book-learning, a theoretical knowledge of mankind, and almost no knowledge of womankind, are obliged to come down among us and be of us in order to do us good. There is no "fruit-glory" for a clergyman whose aim is to reconcile a comfortable living with a new theology or an old one. But the minister, as liberal of himself as with his theology, who has no fear for the changed conditions and conceptions that have come about naturally in the evolution of society; who fears neither hard work nor kindly, just criticism; who delights to get so close to men that he may restore to them faith in themselves, as well as in God and their fellow-men; who begrudges not the time spent in really knowing his people, what they are thinking, reading, doing, and not doing, will have the reward of the knowledge that helps a preacher to think "toward men and not away from them." "I want the minister to tell me what he finds in the Book that concerns my life," says the business man. The minister who has the privilege of spending one third of his waking hours in his study, alone with God and good literature, can well afford to spend another third of his time down in the workaday arena of his people, close to the constant struggle between nobleness and meanness. The minister who sits too much on the "cushion of advantage," and compares the door-bell to the devil, goes to sleep,—and this is not saying but that he must have a reasonable amount of sleep in order to keep his people awake. It is one of the laws of compensation that when a man is pushed, interrupted, or defeated, he has a chance to learn something. It is then that he is put on his wits—on his manhood. With the defeat or the interruption there often comes unlooked-for compensation, like the following note:

"I felt very guilty in interrupting you at that Sunday morning hour in your study. But I must tell you what your janitor said. Coming into the church shortly after I had entered, he asked me if I had seen you, and I replied that I had not; that you seemed busy, and I did not wish to interrupt you; that it would make an ordinary man very angry to be disturbed at such a time. 'Well,' said he, 'he is n't an ordinary man,' in which sentiment I heartily concur, after a very profitable visit, and after listening to that sermon which gave me a better reason for doing better things in a better way."

Sometimes it is the unusual—absence, illness, anniversary occasions, or even death—that reveals the compensations of the minister. "There is nothing like separation to teach us

how much we love our church and our pastor. How little I thought, twenty years ago, you would be with me (and so much to me) in all the deepest experiences of my life—my first communion, my marriage, the christening of my three babies, and my greatest sorrow," writes an absent member to her pastor.

Many a minister has the inexpressible satisfaction of knowing that the work of the church does not languish, nor the audience diminish, when he is temporarily laid aside by illness. In the emergency, the people rise to the occasion, loyally banding themselves together for service. With restored health he finds no weakening of his influence, but rather a general rallying of all the forces of the church to assist him as never before. Now and then a spontaneous celebration of a long pastorate by a united, devoted people comes as an unexpected reward to a minister carrying heavy burdens and responsibilities resulting from years of continuous associations in one community. In the delightful anniversary days of reception and reminiscence, one point is made clear, namely, that "permanency in the pastorate, other things being equal, is a tremendous source of power to the pulpit and the pew." The church is congratulated equally with the pastor, who is surprised at the strong hold he has on the affections of the people, including the young people and the dear children, who gather in one great family to do him honor. While they express their love in encouraging words, fragrant flowers, and substantial gifts of gold and silver, the pastor looks beyond these to the more significant compensations—to the living witnesses of his labors all about him, to the trained youths who have become, and are becoming, the "élite of the Christian laity"—and says to himself, "Any minister who, like a Jowett, a Tholuck, or a Mark Hopkins, takes pains to supplement his teaching with the personal acquaintance of young men in their lodgings, homes, or in his own home, has the precious reward of adding to the church what it most needs—noble manhood."

Not long ago a well-known clergyman in one of our great cities died suddenly. He was loved by the humanity he loved—the whole city. While living it was said of him, "There's a man we men outside of the church take stock in!" Inside the church, for thirty years, he was the spiritual father of a great and ever-growing family that branched off from time to time into other church plants. The growth of the old church had been so quiet, normal, and evolutionary that when its leader was snatched from sight without a moment's warning, nothing collapsed. The people did not even stop to gaze at the "chariot of fire," but immediately redoubled all their old energies and instituted new lines of work—a better tribute to the dead than eulogies.

But, you say, what about the minister excessively sensitive to praise and blame, the restless, complaining, ever-resigning-and-looking-for-a-job minister, who cannot wait for seed to root, leaf, bud, blossom, or fruit? Alas, alas! he illustrates the sad words, "Men took me to be what I said I was, and I came to be what they thought I was." But he is exceptional, and has no idea that the compensations of the minister are, after all, in the nature of his own soul. If, instead of using the ministry, he is willing to be used by it, he will find that not only is he greatest who serves most, but that he receives most.

The compensations of the minister's wife are also in the nature of her own soul, and depend upon the largeness of the spirit within her. First, last, and always, she has a share in the rewards of her husband, whom she assists, encourages, but, if wise, never coddles.

In the last years of Wendell Phillips's life, a friend said to him, "How is it that you have had the uncomplaining courage all these years to work so hard and to face frantic mobs at the risk of health and life?" The old hero-ordinator, with moistened eyes, drew from his pocket a worn bit of paper, saying: "Here is the secret of my uncomplaining courage. Once I was afraid. I had been escorted by soldiers to Faneuil Hall. The audience was furious. Just as I was to speak, a messenger handed me this: 'Wendell, no shilly-shallying to-night! Your wife, ANN.'" Mrs. Phillips, as the reader perhaps knows, was a pitiable and incurable victim of spinal disease, and during the later years of her husband's public service might have said to him from her invalid couch: "Don't go to-night; I need you. They won't appreciate you or what you say." But no; her husband had espoused a worthy cause, and to be the self-sacrificing wife of a patriot was reward enough for her. To stimulate him to do his best was her offering to her country.

The very first lesson the minister's wife learns is that her husband is wedded to a cause as well as to her. Though sometimes tempted to say to her minister husband: "Stay with me. They don't appreciate you or your work," yet, if wise, she refrains, stimulates him to go forth and do his best, appreciated or unappreciated, and finds her reward "in love's unselfishness." She learns that even the "fierce light" that beats upon the minister's household is but the natural curiosity of kind-hearted people, which need not make her miserable. Much of the talk and voluntary pity in behalf of the minister's wife has been wasted. Considering the natural mistakes she makes, it is really quite remarkable that she is so generally honored, happy, and beloved. The far-sighted minister's wife appreciates her husband and his mission and



her privileged part in it, but, as I said, she never coddles him. For two reasons she expects him to do his fatherly part in the family, especially in the instruction and discipline of the children: first, because no man has a right to a family unless willing to be the responsible head of it; and, second, because "he that knoweth not how to rule his own house" cannot properly take care of the church of God. In the exigencies of domestic life, her husband has even been seen "peeping at the rice or examining the potatoes with the air of a monarch," like the magnificent Hawthorne, or walking the floor evolving a "preparatory lecture," the "*angelico riso* on his face," totally oblivious of two little children tugging at the skirt of his dressing-gown, "playing horse."

The Mrs. Clericus who does not demoralize her husband by entirely shielding him from "the bore, the butcher, and the baby" has the reward of recognizing some of the best illustrations in his sermons and of knowing that he is neither effeminate, sensitive, nor self-conceited in public or private life. Wendell Phillips was as ardent an old lover as a young lover, proving it by night journeys from lecture appointments in order to give his wife a morning greeting. A minister in love with a righteous cause is not handicapped, nor is he a shilly-shallier, by being in love with his wife and children, and showing it in practical ways. The Mrs. Clericus who never thinks that she is the "minister's wife," who never gages her activities, passivities, and benevolences by her "position," but rather by the blessed opportunities of Christian womanhood, has all the

compensations that any woman could ask for, chief of which are the enduring fellowships and friendships of co-workers and the dear shut-ins, who give her far more than they receive from her of what makes life worth *living*—faith, hope, and love.

Thus far we have considered the more immediate, parochial rewards of the ordinary minister and his wife. What shall I say of the extraordinary missionary ministers and their wives, who, in the newer States of our country, have been and are a "moral dynamic," giving power to all other forces that make a great, self-governing people, and in other countries have "vindicated the highest standards of their beneficent calling," in peace and war, siege and famine, according to the voluntary public testimony of diplomats and vice-roys? What shall I say of the never-ending compensations of clergymen and their wives who have given to the world an Emerson, a Lowell, a Holmes, a Bancroft, an Edward Everett, and a Francis Parkman—"ministers' sons" against whom there is no cavil? What shall I say of the rewards of an Edwards, a Porter, a Dwight, a Channing, a Bushnell, a Beecher, and a Brooks,—not only founders and managers of colleges and composers of word-symphonies, but ministers of the gospel, and an American gospel,—stalwart American citizens, who lived to see the fruit of their labors in "religious liberty, popular government, universal education, and the trusteeship of the world"? I shall say, with Tennyson, "My idea of heaven is to be engaged in perpetual ministry to souls in this world and in other worlds."

*Kate Kingsley Ide.*

## IN LIGHTER VEIN

### A Song of Lost Loves

TRINITA, Crucita, Anita!

Through the gathering mist of the years,  
With the infinite graces of dimpled brown  
faces,

How roguishly each of you peers!  
Have I not said, "Get thee behind me"?

And long since forgotten the roll—

Trinita, Crucita, Anita—

Of the liquids which captured my soul?

Trinita, Crucita, Anita!

Why, the day of our passion is dead.

My thoughts must not waver from themes that  
are graver

Than busied my idle young head;

Yet there, like a trio of dryads,

Half hid in a trellis, you smile—

Trinita, Crucita, Anita—

With lips that were made to beguile.

Now, know you not, truant Trinita,—

Soft sylph whose delight is to lave

Where the warm Caribbean sings ever a pæan

Of praise as you mount on the wave,—

That time has brought Marys and Sarahs

And many more homelike in sound

Than Trinita, Crucita, Anita,  
However the liquids abound?

And know you not, cruel Crucita,  
Who quickened my heart to a flame  
Like some sulphurous crater beneath the  
equator

In far Ecuador, whence you came,  
That the years on their wings have brought  
healing—

Spelled Helen, perchance, who is fair,  
Trinita, Crucita, Anita,  
With not a dark strand in her hair?

And you so much earlier and sweeter  
That your name I enmask in my rhymes—

You know that love varies, though toward the  
Canaries

I once worshiped, vespers and primes;  
No more of that wreathing with roses  
Those glossy black ringlets, for thine  
(With those of Trinita, Crucita)  
Have sprinkled the silver in mine.

Trinita, Crucita, Anita!

Even now I grow weak in my will:  
Were all of you Circes whose kisses were curses,  
I know I should welcome you still.  
For under your languorous lashes,  
And in every dimple's soft mold,—  
Trinita, Crucita, Anita,—  
The dreams of my youth I behold.

*Charles J. Bayne.*



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**Hang On.**  
*Coffee Topers as Bad as Others.*

"A friend who lived with us a short time was a great coffee drinker and a continual sufferer with dyspepsia. He admitted that coffee disagreed with him, but you know how the coffee drinker will hold on to his coffee, even if he knows it causes dyspepsia. "One day he said POSTUM FOOD COFFEE had been recommended and suggested that he would like to try it. I secured a package and made it strictly according to directions. He was delighted with the new beverage, as was every one of our family. He became very fond of it and in a short time his dyspepsia disappeared. He continued using the POSTUM and in about three months gained twelve pounds. "My husband is a practising physician and regards Postum as the healthiest of all beverages. He never drinks coffee, but is very fond of Postum. In fact, all of our family are, and we never think of drinking coffee any more." Written by the wife of a physician of Waterford, Va. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.



Beginning "The Great Northwest"

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MARCH, 1903.

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# THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE



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## TEDDY ON HAND SAPOLIO

I'm awful glad that those good men  
Made Hand Sapolio,  
Because it's just the stuff for boys,  
My mamma told me so.

When in the dirt I used to play  
(And sometimes in it fall),  
Mamma would say, "Look at that grime!  
It won't come off at all."

Or when, if just by accident,  
I got in tar or ink,  
Mamma would sometimes get a switch,  
To help to make me think.

But now she often quite forgets  
About the switch, but low  
I hear her say, "Oh, thank the Fates  
For Hand Sapolio!"

# HAND SAPOLIO

IS UNLIKE ANY OTHER SOAP  
IN EXISTENCE

SOFT  
SMOOTH  
BLAND

Keeps the skin in perfect condition.  
Works miracles in preventing  
roughness and chapping



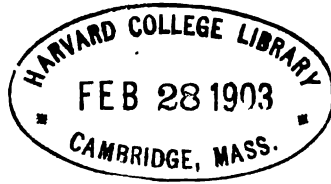






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Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

EXAMPLES OF AMERICAN PORTRAITURE. VIII: WILLIAM M. CHASE,  
BY JOHN S. SARGENT



# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXV

MARCH, 1903

No. 5

## THE GREAT NORTHWEST

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER

Author of the companion series, "The Great Southwest"

WITH PICTURES BY ERNEST BLUMENSCHNEIN

WHEN the new settler crosses the Rockies, the altitude, or the rarefied atmosphere, or some vapor of the West yet unnamed by science, seems to endow him with the roseate vision, so that ever afterward all that he beholds is good and beautiful—and bigger than anywhere else. There is something refreshing and edifying in the way the Northwesterner shows off his town to the stranger: his boundless admiration for the new Episcopal church; his pride in the paving of Main street; his brotherly interest in the development of the First National Bank; the imagination with which he prophesies the glorious future of the place, and exhibits the acres and acres of desert and hillside which the town is presently to populate. It is an adamant visitor indeed who goes away without taking a deed or two for hopeful corner lots in the residential district.

I recall a little town in western Washington where the train stopped for a twenty-minute breakfast—a dusty road, and a

distant spire rising above a row of dry cottonwoods. Fate had set the town back from the railroad, where its charms were invisible from passing trains; but the people, proud of their place, were not to be outdone. Close to the platform, where it could not escape attention, they had set up an enormous frame hung with photographic views of the town: the Cascade Hotel with a row of arm-chairs in front, the residence of the Hon. John Smith, the interior of Roe's hardware-store, prize apples raised by Joseph Jones, Esq., and so on. In the corner they had placed a little pocketful of circulars labeled, "Take one."

I took one. It gave a beguiling picture of the hopes of this new, struggling, ambitious, engaging town. I wish now that I had stopped and walked up the dusty road and found out what was under the spire and the dry cottonwoods. I might have been disappointed in the Hon. John Smith's residence, and even in the interior of Roe's store, but I should have felt, at least, the irresistible spirit of these towns—youth,

enthusiasm, health, hospitality. You never go amiss for a friend in a Western town.

Seattle, Tacoma, Spokane, Portland, throb with enterprise and rivalry. Nor can they be called boom towns—not now. Ten years ago they were in the very heyday of municipal intoxication, expanding in a most extraordinary manner; and they were shortly sorry for their excesses. The crisis of 1893 left them all prostrate, their rich men poor, pretentious buildings half completed, and boom additions to towns behind for taxes. Unlike the mushroom towns of early Kansas, however, they had genuine reasons for being, and a superb natural strength that brought speedy convalescence, so that to-day the visitor finds them reveling in the full joy of life. There is something immensely attractive in the pugnacity with which Seattle advances her fine new shipyard, while Tacoma counters with a low death-rate and enormous wheat shipments, and Portland opens her batteries with an unequaled fresh-water harbor. One soon enters into the spirit of the animated population combats and climate battles and prevalence-of-crime skirmishes. With what enthusiasm

Spokane, acquiring a new flour-mill, hurls it, figuratively, in the teeth of her rivals! Fairhaven offers battle with its salmon industry, and no one who visits Washington can escape the belligerent banner of Everett—the smoke from her manufacturing chimneys. Every city on the coast has made up its mind firmly, if not quietly, to become the metropolis of the West.

Oftentimes the rivalry has its humorous side. While in Seattle I heard much of Mount Rainier, the splendid volcanic peak which rises cloud-white southeast by south of the city. It is one of the most magnificent of American mountains, now set apart, with wise forethought, as a national reserve. The people of Seattle are proud of Mount Rainier; they regard it as a special Seattle attraction, and have even named a certain brew of beer after the

mountain. When I reached Tacoma one of the first things to which my attention was called was Mount Tacoma, rising gloriously in the southeast. It struck me that it bore a singular resemblance to Mount Rainier, and I said as much.

"It is sometimes called Mount Rainier," said my informant; "but if you call it anything but Mount Tacoma over here you can't get anything to eat."

And so the mountain is the dear scenic possession, under separate names, of two cities.

Here in the Northwest one encounters the living representation of the strenuous life. Here men work together in a way unknown anywhere else. The East is insular, every man for himself. The Northwest—indeed, the whole West—has learned the value of coöperation and community interest. Migrating to a new country with difficulties and dangers on every hand, the people have been forced to combine and stand with solid front to the world. As a result, innumerable organizations have sprung up having for their purpose the advancement of some community interest. Here the chamber of com-



Drawn by Ernest Blumenschein

A FRONTIER TOWN HOTEL-KEEPER

merce is seen in its true glory—an organization of the leading business men of the town, supported by voluntary but liberal contributions, the object being to "boom" the city. A Western town that begrudges an appropriation of a hundred dollars for repairing the pavement of the main street will cheerfully empty its pockets of a thousand dollars for heralding the glories of the place. Let's grow, they say; never mind the patches—a youthfulness that we can't help liking. So the chamber circulates broadcast advertising matter showing the superiority of its town over all rivals, the purity of its waters, the sweetness of its air, its unequaled business opportunities, until the fluttering visitor, dazzled by this display of charms, casts here his fortunes. And it is the curious and wonderful property of this expansiveness



Drawn by Ernest Blumenschein. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington.

BUILDING THE NEW HOME, MOUNT RAINIER (MOUNT TACOMA) IN THE BACKGROUND

that, once within its spell, the unwary one remains bedazzled for ever and ever, so that he sees no longer wood and stone, but marble and gold and precious stones.

The chamber of commerce engages itself in gathering plums. A plum, in the Western sense, is a new railroad, a new coaling-station, a new manufacturing plant; it falls to the most energetic shaking. Behold, then, these associations bringing down

such expenditures are looked upon as reasonable and even necessary. The legislature is asked for an appropriation to construct a building, all of native woods, to be located near the depot in a certain town and to contain a permanent display of prize fruits and grains; and, what is more, the appropriation is granted. While I was in Portland the chamber of commerce was preparing to send a man East with a fine



Drawn by Ernest Blumenschein

AN OLD SEATTLE INDIAN

plums to the right joyous cheering of their respective constituencies, and you will appreciate one factor, at least, in the Western joy of life.

And then there are numberless lesser organizations—to advance Oriental trade, to secure wheat shipments, to boom the mines of a certain county, to prevent the shipment of poor fruit, to kill jack-rabbits. It would be difficult indeed to imagine the State of New York—much less private individuals—appropriating money to advertise the resources of Oneida County for watermelon-growing; but here in the West

mineral exhibit to boom the mines of Oregon. The fruit-growers, the cattlemen, the irrigation farmers, all have organizations which direct in a really amazing degree the methods of the industry, the shipment of products, and so on.

A whole farming community may turn out, at a day's notice, to help kill jack-rabbits or catch grasshoppers, and with a zest and hilarity that would astonish an Eastern farmer. While I was in Utah the ranchers were giving what they called "grasshopper balls." The price of admission to these was a bushel of fresh-

gathered grasshoppers, a part of the jollification being a huge bonfire in which the grasshoppers were cremated.

As a result of this spirit, it requires only a breath to raise a crowd in a Western town, whether for a wedding, a barn-raising, or a lynching. An Eastern village may continue a century without being stirred with a moment of crowd enthusiasm, but the people of the Northwestern town are constantly rising and doing things, sometimes amusing, sometimes serious, always interesting. People work together naturally. An expression of this social helpfulness is manifested by the prevalence of the secret society. In the hotel at Tacoma I met a jovial man with a double chin, who had a singularly hearty way of shaking hands. He asked me at once, in a big,

husky voice, if I was an Eagle. I was not.

"Then perhaps you are a Concatenated Hoo-Hoo?"

I was not a Hoo-Hoo, and there was real anxiety in his voice when he inquired further as to whether I was an Elk, a Mason, a



Drawn by Ernest Blumenschein

A FRONTIER LAWYER

Forester, or a Knight of Pythias.

"If you stay long in the West," he said, "you 'll have to join something or other."

Indeed, nearly every man in the Northwest wears the badge of some order, often several of them. In one extreme case I counted six badges on one person, four on the coat lapels, one pendent from the watch-chain, and one worn as the seal-setting for a ring. Imagine this man going about with his grips and passwords; he could not long escape brothers in any direction in which fate led him. In some comparatively small towns the lodges are numbered by scores, some of them housed in resplendent club-rooms. At Butte City, for instance, I counted the announcements, in the daily papers, of no fewer than twelve lodges of Masons, fifteen of Odd Fellows, nine of Knights of Pythias,



Drawn by Ernest Blumenschein

A PROSPECTOR

ten of the Ancient Order of United Workmen, and thirty-eight lodges of other orders, to say nothing of the Elks and Eagles, nor forty lodges and branches of labor organizations. The importance of the place which these societies occupy in the life of the country is indicated by frequent and often gorgeous parades, street fairs, carnivals, balls, the record of which in the newspapers is given an importance quite unfamiliar to the Easterner. Several new orders have had an extraordinary recent growth in the West, notably the Elks. No Western city of importance is now without its Elks' home, often one of the finest buildings in town, where the Elks resort for their



Drawn by Ernest Blumenschein

A TRAVELING PHOTOGRAPHER



Drawn by Ernest Blumenschein. Halftone plate engraved by J. W. Evans

**A FOREST RANGER. ONE OF HIS DUTIES IS TO PREVENT FOREST FIRES FROM SPREADING**

mystic and hilarious rites. Combined with their social features, these organizations usually possess a distinct benevolent purpose—the relief of unfortunate members and their families. In short, they express one of the most engaging characteristics of the country—in Western parlance, its “good-heartedness,” its “good-fellowship,” its willingness to help and be friendly.

A traveler in the West soon becomes aware of this infectious spirit of good humor. Your neighbor in the car or in the hotel lobby is much more likely to speak to you than he would be in the East. Ride anywhere in the country, and every man you meet will salute you with a “Howdy” or a “Fine day.” If you give him half a chance, he will stop, throw one leg over the pommel of his saddle, and “swap lies.” The distances are so great that he has probably come a long way without seeing any one, and he wants to talk a bit. Meet a Connecticut farmer, and he begins at once to ask personal questions; but the Westerner, traditionally shy of confidences, much prefers to talk horse or the lore of the road. And the very necessity of crowding a good deal of stored-up cogitation into brief talk-

ing opportunities has developed a singular sententiousness and picturesqueness of speech. Meeting a genuine Westerner, I always felt that he was just ready to burst with an epigram. I recall the reply of an irrigation farmer when I commented on the evident prosperity of the ranches of the neighborhood.

“They ‘re doin’ well, all right,” he said, “but you ‘ll still find a good many of ‘em jumpin’ sideways for a hot biscuit.”

A country virtually without millionaires, and with none of the rooted aristocracy that comes from the long continuance of a wealthy family in one neighborhood, it is free from many of the formalities of the East. Your waiter at the hotel tells you enthusiastically about the last base-ball game or prize-fight; your bell-boy asks what might be an impertinent question in an older community, but without impertinence here. I inquired of the conductor of a car in Seattle if I was on the right way to the university. “You bet your life,” he said heartily. Even when a man intends to hold you up, the next moment he will be good-humored about it. And if you are truly Western, you will be equally good-humored in return, even though you ex-



perience an uncomfortable sensation at the pit of the stomach. An Idaho rancher, Lon Daw by name, told me of an experience of his. It seems that, when driving through the country, he always kept a Colt's army revolver—one of the old ugly, long-barreled guns—on the seat beside him, within easy reach of his hand. One day a masked man stepped out of the bushes at the roadside and laid his hand on the bridle of one of Daw's horses, stopping the team.

"I was always waiting for just such a chance," said Daw, "so I threw my gun over my arm and drew a bead on his stomach."

It must have been a moment of some embarrassment to the outlaw, for he had been careless in getting his revolver up. But he was not at all disconcerted.

"Excuse me, pardner," he said. "I reckon I've got the wrong outfit."

To which Daw replied:

"Sure, neighbor; we're all liable to make mistakes."

And then they both laughed, and the outlaw stepped back into the bushes.

In the Northwest everything seems to have happened within the last ten years; events which would be of epoch-making importance in any country at any time have here crowded one upon another with wanton prodigality, so that the Northwesterner, plumped down in the whirl of great things, can himself hardly grasp their full significance, contenting himself with confused superlatives.

Think of this march of events! It was barely eight years ago that the gold-fields of the Klondike were brought to the knowledge of the world, causing a rush of Americans to the Northwest, and building up suddenly a new and important business for the Puget Sound ports, where the miners outfitted and took ship. Following the Klondike excitement, came the various Alaska discoveries, and Seattle and Tacoma were and are the natural headquarters for most of the supplies shipped northward, as well as the entry point for the returning miners with their treasure, not a little of which is left to enrich the people of the ports.

Hardly had the gold excitement calmed to the paces of a steady business enterprise when the Spanish War broke out, and these Pacific cities were thrown into the turmoil

of visiting battle-ships and of provisioning and transporting the army of the Philippines. Then came the opening trade with our new insular possessions in the Pacific, the Chinese War and its call for equipment and its stir of soldiery and transports, followed by the recent commercial expansion of Japan, with its trade demands. And now an element has just entered into the calculations of the coast—the construction of the Panama Canal—which will revolutionize whole departments of the world's trade and exercise a profound influence for good or evil on the cities of the Northwestern coast.

Many of the events, it is true, notably the opening of the door to the far East, are mostly promissory assets; and yet their prophecy of a golden future has not been without its profound effect on the growth of the Pacific cities and the attraction of energetic men with money. To the Pacific ports will ultimately come most of the trade of the Philippines, worth sixty million dollars annually, and a growing share of the billion dollars or more of the annual business of China, Japan, Siberia, and the Dutch East Indies, to say nothing of the large foreign trade of Australia and New Zealand. Alaska, once regarded as a hopelessly distant and irreclaimable waste of mountains and snow, is also progressing with wonderful rapidity, not only in its mines, but in the development of its fisheries and in the utilization of its forests and its agricultural resources, so that to-day the Alaskan trade is of much importance.

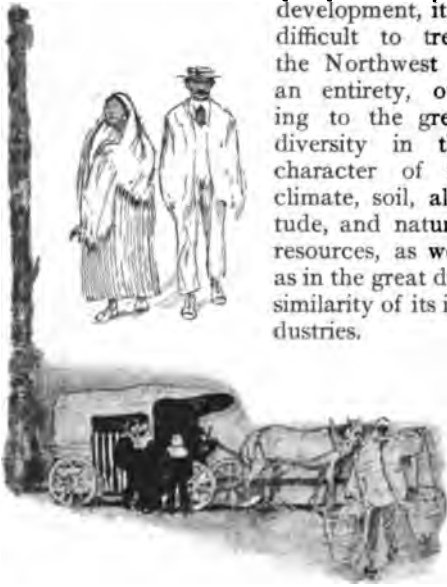
While these world-events were crowding upon one another, the development of the country tributary to the coast, upon which the solid progress of the cities must ultimately rest, was going forward with unprecedented rapidity. Western Canada was opening to settlement, is opening now, in a marvelous manner; railroads were building; schemes for irrigating the arid lands were in course of development; crop production was increasing; timber was being cut from an almost inexhaustible supply, to supplement the waning forests of Maine and Michigan; coal-mines were being opened, and salmon caught—all the forces of industry working together with a rapidity which must always remain a world's wonder.

Except in the general phenomena of its

development, it is difficult to treat the Northwest as an entirety, owing to the great diversity in the character of its climate, soil, altitude, and natural resources, as well as in the great dissimilarity of its industries.

and Wyoming, the coastal strip contains a good deal more than a third of the population (roughly, 604,000), with Portland, Seattle, and Tacoma as its chief cities. The only towns exceeding 25,000 inhabitants in the arid or semi-arid Northwest, to the east of the Cascades, are Spokane and Butte, the entire population of the immense territory of Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, and the eastern three quarters of Washington and Oregon being less than 900,000.

At present the range of the Rocky Mountains is the real boundary between



It would not be easy to imagine two regions in the same zone more different in character than the low, rainy, heavily forested, richly productive coastal regions of Oregon and Washington and the high, barren, arid or semi-arid plains lying only a few miles to the eastward on the other side of the Cascade Mountains. Western Washington and Oregon, though of the latitude of northern New England and New Brunswick, the city of Seattle being of higher latitude than the northernmost point of Maine, are warmed by the Japan Current, so that the climate is wonderfully like that of southern England, while the country beyond the mountains possesses many of the characteristics of the Great American Desert, of which it is, in reality, a part. Comprising less than a twentieth of the area of the five Northwestern States of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana,

the East and the West; it is the continental divide of commerce. The business of Montana and Wyoming, generally speaking, flows to the eastward, while that of



Drawn by Ernest Blumenschein

SKETCHES OF TYPES IN SEATTLE



Idaho, Washington, and Oregon takes its course to the Pacific coast. But with the development of Oriental markets, the opening of Alaska, and the increase of manufacturing industries, the coast cities will draw from regions more remote, crowding the commercial divide to the eastward until it approaches more nearly the geographical center line of the country. This, at least, is the great ambition of the coast cities—a unified Northwest.

Indeed, the conditions which account for Seattle and Portland are exactly those which built up New York, Boston, and Chicago. Most Western towns trace their origin to a gold-mine or a cattle chance. If great gold discoveries had been made in the Northwest at the time Marshall found gold in California, Portland and Seattle would to-day be cities as large and important as San Francisco. But the storekeeper, the ship-builder, the manufacturer, is never so venturesome as the miner, and the cities of the Pacific Northwest had to await the growth influences exerted by their natural advantages as ports, distributing-points, and manufacturing centers. The miner, always lured by the vision of gold, crossed the mountains in the face of every obstacle; the trader, the lumberman, and the fisher awaited the railroad.

In the Southwest, where the settlement is much older and the conditions those of the arid land, one is able to distinguish a type, not yet fully outlined perhaps, but readily recognizable—a type that may some day be as distinct as the Kentucky colonel or the Connecticut Yankee. A somewhat similar type may also be traced in the arid Northwest—the descendant of the cow-boy and the miner, a product of desert, mountain, and irrigated valley, with the free life which is even to-day a distinctive feature of all this great country. But it would be difficult indeed to discern any special type-differentiation in the Pacific Northwest, and there is no indication that the American of Portland, Oregon, will ever be specially different from the American of Portland, Maine. The people of western Washington and Oregon present a wonderful mixture of Americans, largely from the Middle States, but with no small sprinkling of the far East and South. Recently a good many Scandinavians have been coming to the farms, and a few other foreigners to the cities, and there is a large substratum

of Japanese, Chinese, negroes, and Indians; but the population thus far, as in the Southwest, is to a singular degree pure American. Chicago seems, somehow, to possess a German cast of countenance,—an impression that has deepened in the writer's mind with recent visits,—and St. Paul is distinctively Scandinavian; but these far-Western cities give one the impression of being intensely American: I mean Anglo-Saxon. The reason for this is clearly to be found in the fact that the Anglo-Saxon American is the real pioneer, with a training in the opening of new countries that reaches back to the days of the *Mayflower* and of the Virginia cavalier.

One finds it difficult to tell of the wonders of the coastal Northwest without in some degree sharing the enthusiasm of the American of Puget Sound and the Willamette valley. In the words of an old writer describing California, it is "a country of diverse and manifold blessings, designed by Almighty God for a perfect and complete State." Compared with the enormous stretches of the Northwest as a whole, or even of the States of Washington and Oregon, it seems a mere strip of land crowded between the mountains and the sea. Though five hundred miles in length, the extent north and south of the two States of Washington and Oregon, it is only from fifty to one hundred and twenty-five miles in width, and much even of this comparatively small territory is made up of rugged mountains. Nature has blessed it with a singularly equable climate—few really hot days in summer and a winter which better deserves the name rainy season. Most of the moisture of the entire Northwest falls on this favored coastal strip, for heavy rain-clouds, floating in from the sea, meet the barrier of the Cascade Mountains, and the country to the eastward is left arid, a part of the Great Desert. Portland has five times as much rain as Umatilla, one hundred and sixty miles to the east on the other side of the mountains, and at Astoria, near the mouth of the Columbia River, it is said to rain most of the time, so that the people of the coast are sometimes called "web-footers." Despite the universality of the umbrella, however, statistics show that the annual rainfall in Portland and Seattle is not greater than that of Boston and New York, but there is this difference: Portland

drizzles; New York pours, and is done with it. The prevailing condition of moisture and the mild climate have combined to produce an unmatched vegetation throughout the whole region. No visitor can fail to be impressed with the luxuriance of the trees, shrubs, crops. Here the dandelion grows in thick clumps as high as one's waist; the dogwood is here a large and beautiful tree; clover grows rank beyond belief. Here are the greatest and most valuable forests on the continent, if not in the world, an apparently inexhaustible supply of timber. While the trees do not grow as large as the big trees, the sequoias of California, they are very much larger than any in the forests of Maine or Michigan, splendid firs and cedars, four hundred years old, often two hundred and fifty feet tall, twenty-five feet or more in circumference at the base, without a branch for one hundred and fifty feet from the ground. Though lumbering has become so important an industry in Oregon and Washington that the product of the mills is shipped to New York and even to Maine, to say nothing of the cargoes sent to foreign lands, yet one may travel for days through the primeval forests and see not the slightest evidence of men. So dense is the timber that an entire logging crew will work for months on a few acres of land.

In the great lumbering districts of Maine and Michigan the land is often of poor quality, so that when it is denuded of timber it possesses small value for agricultural purposes. But in Washington the decay of centuries of rich vegetation has left in some of the heavily forested districts a singularly deep and productive soil, so that farmers have come in and planted apple-trees and clover among the stumps. These little

farms are a constant marvel to the visitor: a little log house, hardly larger than many of the great stumps, sometimes even built against a stump, a rude barn, a fence, and a rich green field. In many places where the great trees stand close above-ground, coal deposits have been discovered underneath, the remains of the forests of an earlier day. At one favored spot I saw land which had yielded a large return in

lumber, was then being farmed on the surface, while a coal-mine was in process of development underneath—a sort of threefold increment, which must remain a marvel of the far Northwest. The mills of Oregon and Washington to-day produce one fourteenth of all the lumber manufactured in the United States, a percentage which will increase largely within the next few years.

It is a region, also, of almost unbounded agricultural advantages, the meadow-like valleys of the streams having already reached a high state of cultivation. Indeed, the Willa-

mette valley, in Oregon, is not only the oldest cultivated region of the far West, but it is one of the most beautiful agricultural valleys in all America. It was first settled as far back as 1843 by emigrants from Missouri, and for years was the chief source of food-supply for the early mining-camps of the California gold-fields. Portland, at the mouth of the Willamette, was its business city. To-day railroads run down each side of the Willamette River, and the valley supports a score of beautiful towns.

So rapid, indeed, has been the development of Oregon and Washington in recent years that few people realize the important part they now play in the agricultural production of the country. Washington, including the production of the semi-arid east-



Drawn by Ernest Humenschein

A COW-PUNCHER

ern part of the State,—the Spokane country,—has become one of the great wheat States. Twenty years ago Washington produced no wheat worth mentioning; in 1900 the crop of the State was over twenty-five million bushels—nearly equal to that of California. Only three States—Minnesota, Kansas, and California—exceed it in production. In the same year Oregon produced sixteen million bushels. And none of the great wheat States averaged so many bushels to the acre as Washington, which shows the remarkable fertility of its soil. The average for the crop of 1900 was twenty-three and a half bushels to the acre, while Minnesota, which has long been the very name for wheat, produced only ten and a half bushels, and Kansas seventeen and seven tenths bushels. Of all the wheat exported from the United States, Washington and Oregon to-day furnish about a quarter, mostly shipped around Cape Horn to Cork, Ireland, and to England and Scotland. Corn, the great crop of the Middle West, is not raised to any extent in Washington and Oregon, owing to the absence of continued hot weather; but both States produce large quantities of alfalfa, which in the far West, especially in the irrigated districts, has assumed first importance as a cattle-food.

Compared with the arid regions, the coastal strip is not a great cattle country, though it is building up considerable dairy interests. Hop-culture on a large scale is also assuming great importance, Oregon being the greatest producer of all the States, and Oregon and Washington together shipping more than half the American crop. In the hop season there are sections of the Willamette valley which remind one strongly of the fields of Kent, England. Both States are also taking an important part in the development of the new American beet-sugar industry. And Oregon and Washington fruit has a reputation only second to that of California.

It is a somewhat singular fact that most of the great fisheries of the world are located off coasts which are rocky and inhospitable and often scantily and meanly populated, but the favored American Northwest furnishes an example of a rich and fertile land washed by a hardly less fertile sea; for the salmon-fisheries of Puget Sound and the Columbia River must now be numbered among the great fishing in-

dustries of the world. Every year millions of salmon, swarming from the ocean into the rivers to spawn, are taken in nets and traps, canned, and shipped the world over. In the Columbia River salmon-fishing has long been an important industry, with numerous canneries at Astoria and at other points up the river. More recently the fisheries of Puget Sound have been developed until they are of first importance. In 1901, a phenomenal year, Washington packed over seven million dollars' worth of fish and Oregon over two million dollars' worth.

But the sea, and not its fisheries,—nor even the wonderful resources of the soil, nor mines, nor lumber,—is the great hope and opportunity of the Pacific Northwest. For here is the gateway of empire; here on the sea-edge, in magnificent harbors, cities have sprung up which will take toll on the products of a million farms and ranges. Without its harbors the coastal strip would still become a densely populated and prosperous land, but with them it will become great in cities and great in commercial power. It is the characteristic of the Pacific shore of the continent that it turns a rude shoulder to the sea. Here are mountains, and here at their base is the sea, abrupt, final, inhospitable, unlike the Atlantic shore, which runs out tentatively in bars and sheltering headlands, with scattering islands and wide-opening deltas where ships may easily run to shelter. Only in three or four places in fifteen hundred miles of coast are there indentations in the rude mountain wall where vessels can find safe haven, but these harbors make up in excellence what they lack in numbers. The three chief openings are at the bay of San Francisco, at the mouth of the Columbia River, and in Puget Sound; and here the greater cities of the coast have naturally sprung into existence, and are struggling with fine spirit for supremacy in the growing trade of the far East. Each harbor-opening has been made a terminal point for one or more transcontinental railway lines, and already most of the ports have their own fleets of ships ready to carry the products of the empire behind the mountains and return with the goods of far countries. As an example of the world-wide extent of their commerce, nothing could be more striking than the record of the foreign grain-fleet which went out loaded from Portland in the year 1901.



Drawn by Ernest Blumenschein

#### COW-BOYS

There were seventy-seven British vessels, two Danish, one Dutch, eleven French, thirty-four German, two Italian, and one Norwegian, and their cargoes went to nearly every part of the world.

The Eastern visitor finds the cities of the Northwestern coast brimful of life, color, significance, picturesque interest; and though the forces which have combined in their making are somewhat similar, each has a distinct character and individuality. "Lively," a word of the West, may well be applied to them—a sort of brisk activity, youthfulness, ozone. They have the rather unusual capacity of doing big things and talking about them lustily at the same time. It is the cry of the street corners: "Just watch us grow. See us getting to the front."

Portland (90,426 people in 1900) and Seattle (80,671 people in 1900), the largest of the Northwestern cities, are about the size of Scranton, Pennsylvania, or Lowell, Massachusetts, but they give the impression of being much larger, more important, more metropolitan. A Western town of twenty thousand makes more noise than an Eastern city of several times the size. One invariably overestimates Western populations. Seattle and Tacoma, spread out on hillsides, with chimneys smoking, buildings looming above the sky-line of the hills, and harbors full of busy ships, seem at first glance to be Chicagos, at the very least, and when one is actually inside of them there seems a sort of conspiracy to keep him so busy that he will have no opportunity of correcting his early impressions. Last spring, when I arrived in Seattle, the ships were loading for Nome and the Klondike, and it seemed evident that every one was going and had only ten minutes to reach the dock. But when the ships weighed anchor and sailed away into the sunset, the people

were still hurrying, and I began to see why they had accomplished so much in twenty years.

Every citizen possesses an extraordinary knowledge of his city; in five minutes he will give you fifty reasons why it is to be, shortly, the very greatest in the world. He has such a hearty way of rubbing his hands and telling you he likes it out West that you are almost convinced that you ought to come out and live beside him. He is perfectly invincible, indisputable, the Northwesterner. In Seattle he convinces you beyond argument that Seattle is the only port of any consequence on the coast; at Tacoma he causes your memory to blot out Seattle as completely as if you had never heard of it; and at Portland you are certain that the Columbia River is the only true inlet from the Pacific Ocean. Even the smaller towns, Everett, Fairhaven, New Whatcom, and ancient Astoria, will give you convincing proofs of future greatness. And there is quite enough truth to assure each of these towns its share of bigness.

The Easterner who visits Portland usually has his mind made up to see a new, crude Western town; what he really sees is a fine old city, a bit, as it might be, of central New York—a square with the post-office in the center, tree-shaded streets, comfortable homes, and plenty of churches and clubs, the signs of conservatism and solid respectability. And yet no decay, for if there are signs of the order which comes of long settlement, there is an equal show of brisk energy. Few cities of the size of Portland can exhibit finer store and office buildings, a better street-car service, or more comfortable residences. Unlike almost any other Western town, save San Francisco perhaps, it has got beyond its first generation; it has acquired the momentum of stored riches and passed the

stage of pioneer crudities. The sons of the pioneers are now coming into power. They have been educated in the East, have traveled in Europe, and they have come back to make homes in their beautiful city. Wealth and education have blossomed, as always, in conservatism and comfort and a greater attention to society, art, music. Portland is noted for the solidity of its financial institutions, its fine clubs and hotels, its good schools and libraries. It is beginning to take a solicitous interest in its history, a true sign of the self-consciousness which comes of assured success. Pioneer societies spring up only when the pioneer has become a curiosity. They will tell you that there are two classes of society in Portland, each as proud as the sons of the *Mayflower* themselves: one the descendants of those who came around Cape Horn in pre-railroad days, the other the descendants of those who crossed the plains.

Portland is in no sense a boom city; it is probably less known in the East than any other important Western town: it has had little advertising compared, for instance, with Seattle and Tacoma, and for many years its growth was slow, though substantial. Yet during the ten years ended in 1900 only three important cities in the United States had a greater percentage of gain in population. In 1890 it had only 46,385 inhabitants; in 1900 it had 90,426, nearly double. In the same time San Francisco increased only 14.6 per cent. But the exposition of 1905, by which Portland will celebrate the centennial of Lewis and Clark's discovery of Oregon, will probably make the city thoroughly known in every quarter of the land.

Portland is a singular combination of the seaport and the inland town. Probably seven out of ten Eastern people, with the question suddenly put, would place Portland on the Pacific Ocean, and a considerable proportion of the remainder would have it on the Columbia River. But it is one hundred miles from the ocean, and several miles from the Columbia, in the Willamette valley, the region of fine farms and orchards. The Willamette River at Portland is a majestic stream, so deep that great ocean vessels come from all the world to load at its docks. Portland is the fifth city in the United States as a wheat-exporter, the total shipment for 1901 being over thirteen million bushels—nearly equal

to that of San Francisco, and largely exceeding those of Seattle and Tacoma put together. It also has a large lumber, flour, fruit, and fish business.

Two views in Portland stand out in the writer's memory above all others: the first, the wide, busy river as seen from one of the bridges, the city rising on both sides, and tall-masted ships moored at the docks; the second, the view at sunset of the rose-colored, snow-capped peak of Mount Hood from the beautiful drives in the outskirts of the town.

The cities of Puget Sound give a very different impression from Portland. Puget Sound is one of the finest harbors in the world, if not the finest—a deep bay, over a hundred miles long, cut off from the ocean by the mountainous western peninsula of Washington. The waters nearly everywhere are deep, the shores abrupt, and the tide is moderate. Ships may go from Tacoma half-way to Alaska without passing out of this great sound and its extensions northward.

From Olympia, at the south, to Blaine, on the Canadian boundary, a dozen ports have sprung into existence along this great landlocked harbor, and two of them have become important cities—Tacoma, at the head of Commencement Bay, with 37,714 people (in 1900), and Seattle, thirty miles northward, with a population of 80,671 (1900); then, farther north, Everett (7838 people), Fairhaven (4228), New Whatcom (6834), and several other small but ambitious seaport towns. Still farther to the north, just over the Canadian line in British Columbia, on the northern extension of Puget Sound, is the growing and important town of Vancouver (13,685 people), destined to play the part of rival to the American cities below. Across the sound, on Vancouver Island, is the quaint old British capital of Victoria (16,841 people), full of soldiers, Indians, and Chinamen, but wonderfully well built and well kept, with a solid British conservatism and respectability.

Seattle clings to a steep hillside; a little shake, it seems, would send it sliding down into the sea. A shelf of piling has been built out into the water at the bottom for docks, and here, also, run the railroads. The main streets are notches cut in the hillside, and it is a wonder indeed, and a source of alarm to the visitor, to see



the little flat-topped cable-cars running up and down the perilous grades of the cross-streets. Loaded teams go tacking zigzag up these hills like a sailing-ship in the wind, and pedestrians are given cleats and railings on some of the side-walks to help them make the climb. But, in the face of these difficulties, Seattle has built a fine city, a great harbor and docks, a ship-building plant, a coaling-depot, a navy-yard, and many manufacturing industries. No other American city that I know of gives such an impression of boundless activity, such a stir of enterprise and noise, as Seattle, such a determination to grow and be big. They will tell you of the "Seattle spirit," the willingness of the citizens to pay their money to help the town. Desiring a railroad terminal, they promptly collect a hundred and fifty thousand dollars by popular subscription, and build a branch from the rival town of Tacoma; they give their ship-builder a hundred thousand dollars outright to enable him to secure the contract for a United States war-ship. A city of many beautiful homes and schools, it has also a large floating population always in evidence on the streets, young men mostly, for it is the gateway to the Alaska mines. Here the miners outfit, and here they return either poverty-stricken or with gold to spend, giving the town some of the freedom and spirit of the mining-camp. Living expenses, a few years ago so high that they were a national marvel, are now not more exorbitant than in the East, a reduction due to the development of the surrounding agricultural country.

Tacoma, like Seattle, is located on a hillside, a bright, clean, attractive city, a great lumbering and shipping center, with a growing flour-milling business and a prospective smelting industry. Its docks are a marvel to the visitor: one of the warehouses is nearly half a mile long, so arranged that the railroads come in at one side and the ships at the other—a system which renders the handling of goods remarkably cheap. Being the chief outlet for the wheat-fields of eastern Washington and the vast forests and coal-mines to the south and southeast of Puget Sound, it has built up a great commerce both domestic and foreign, its total foreign business exceeding that of any other Pacific port except San Francisco. In the far West wheat is shipped in sacks instead of in bulk, as in

the East, and the method of handling by electrically operated conveyors is a revelation to the visitor, great ships loading for far-away ports with a rapidity simply astonishing. Here, also, come the vessels of the Orient. I walked through long warehouses packed with tea and matting and hemp and other products of the far East, brought in exchange for American bread-stuffs. Here lumber-schooners back up to the very doors of the sawmills and receive their cargoes. Here, also, are great coal-docks where steamers can fill their bunkers within a few rods of the place where they take their cargo. All this business is growing at a rate hardly conceivable, the entire commerce of Puget Sound having increased four hundred and seventy-four per cent. in ten years' time.

We now come to the consideration of the greater arid and semi-arid Northwest beyond the Cascade Mountains, differentiated as it is from the rich coastal strip by the lack of sufficient rain, but already possessing great importance in agriculture,—chiefly irrigation farming, stock-raising, and mining,—with the promise of a greater future. A large part of this territory is made up of high plateaus, rising in Montana, Idaho, and Wyoming to the stupendous, rugged heights of the Rocky Mountains. The mountains were at once a help and a hindrance in the settlement of the country—a help because they are full of rich mineral deposits, with plenty of game in the wilder uplands, streams full of fish, and scenery of unmatched grandeur, attractive to adventurers from every part of the world. But by delaying road- and railroad-building the mountains held back for long the settled occupation of the country. A few years ago both the Rockies and the Cascades might well have been classed as "only scenery and rocks"; but it is typical of modern development that even the snow-clad peaks should now be made to serve the practical purposes of man. For they furnish the water for the irrigated fields of the valleys below, and render possible the habitation of plateaus once regarded as irreclaimable deserts. The Federal government has wisely taken possession of a large portion of the summits of both the ranges, creating vast national forest reserves and parks in extent comparable only to small States, so that the sources of the life-giving waters of the western half of the



Drawn by Ernest Blumenschein. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

HELENA WOMEN ON HORSEBACK

continent may be forever protected and conserved. In no part of the entire United States has the Federal government such large interests as in the Northwest, for it controls not only the area of the forest reserves, but vast tracts of land yet unclaimed by settlers, and immense Indian and military reservations. It is probable that the people of the United States still own or control over three fourths of the entire territory of the five Northwestern States, and much of it will be forever a wilderness and a national playground. But the habitable parts of the country are large enough to support an immense population, the development thus far having barely begun.

More than a century ago hardy, wilderness-loving trappers and hunters had entered this country, laying the foundation for the free life which followed. Then came the inevitable prospector tramping the hills, the real though unintentional founder of empire; for every pan of gold he washed from the mountain gulches brought in a settler from the East. The trappers were pure nomads, passing on, and leaving only the burnt embers of their camp-fires; but with the pioneers came ugly shack towns, ragged and boisterous, but the virile germs of advancing civilization. In Idaho and Montana many of these mining towns still exist, Butte City itself being only an overgrown mining-camp. Indeed, new ones are constantly appearing, exact prototypes of the old, and hardly less reckless and free. Only yesterday the Thunder Mountain country of Idaho was opened; a dozen little camps sprang into existence, the

stories of the doings of which brought back memories of the fifties in California and the sixties in Montana. Even to-day the prospector is one of the familiar figures of the Rocky Mountain Northwest, for while settlement has been rapid, the country is immense and rugged, with vast areas of free land, even unsurveyed land, to be had

for the taking, and the prospector has as good a chance now as he ever had—perhaps better, for low-grade ores that were worthless ten years ago can now be worked with profit. Parts of the interior of Idaho to-day are as much a wilderness and almost as difficult of access as the gold-fields of Alaska.

Following the miners, came the cattle and sheepmen, swarming up from Texas, spreading widely over the free range, building up the unique cow-town of the plains, and molding that most distinct of Western types, the cow-boy, with a civilization as quick on the trigger, as wild and free, as that of the mining-camps themselves. This life still exists, to a large extent, in the arid Northwest, but much toned down, it is true, much more businesslike,

with an eye always open to the Chicago market reports, and cattle too valuable to "punch." Even to-day the chief industries of Wyoming, Idaho, and much of western Washington and Oregon are cattle- and sheep-raising. In Montana, though the cattle and sheep business is of high importance, it is overshadowed as an industry by the copper, silver, and gold of the mines. The cow-town still exists; not quite the cow-town of the older West, but spirited enough to satisfy the most exacting Easterner. Wyo-



Drawn by Ernest Blumenschein

FULL-BLOODED BANNOCK INDIAN JUST  
RETURNED FROM SCHOOL



Drawn by Ernest Blumenschein. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

A COPPER-MINE AT BUTTE

ming has changed the least of any of the Western States: it is still distinctly a cattle State—rolling plains, mountains, desert, with a few rich and fertile valleys, and a population so scattered that one may sometimes travel for days without seeing a sign of human habitation. Twice the size of Pennsylvania, it has a bare one seventh as many people, or only a fraction more than one inhabitant to each square mile of territory.

Yet in Wyoming, as in all other parts of the arid Northwest, ranchers are crowding into the irrigable valleys, many of which have become thickly populated and wonderfully well cultivated and beautiful to look upon. The Big Horn basin of Wyoming, for instance, only a few years ago an Indian wilderness and a resort for hunters, is now rapidly settling up; so is the valley of the Snake River in Idaho and in Washington, the Yellowstone and the Missouri and their branches in Montana, the Yakima in the west, and also many lesser streams. These new ranchers are helping to revolutionize the cat-

tle and sheep industries, which will probably be long the most important of any in the arid West. The old wild, long-horned cattle have all but disappeared, and their places have been taken by well-bred Hereford, Galloway, and Shorthorn stock, which is carefully fed and well protected. The herds are not as large as they were, nor are they dependent entirely upon the free range, to survive or starve as the snow is shallow or deep, or the grass rich or poor;

for the irrigation farmer's chief crop in all this region is hay—alfalfa mostly. He cuts several crops a year; his yield is as certain as the water in his ditches, and his profits sure. He feeds his own small herds, and sells the remainder of his crop to the big ranchmen; and the cattle go to market

in good condition. Sheep are increasing in numbers, though the cattlemen wage unremitting war upon them for the possession of the free range, even to exterminating large flocks, and sometimes killing the herders. A third of all the sheep in the United States are owned in the Northwest, and Billings in Montana and The Dalles in Oregon are the greatest initial wool-markets in the country.

But agriculture in the dry Northwest is by no means confined to cattle and sheep, with the dependent industry of hay-raising. One of the important discoveries of recent years, relative to this region, is the fact that there are varying degrees of aridity. There are vast stretches of land where little or no rain ever falls, where no crops will



Drawn by Ernest Blumenschein. Half-tone plate engraved by J. Tinkey

BUFFALO JONES, FAMOUS IN WYOMING

ever grow except under irrigation; but in certain localities a little heavier rainfall enables the settlers to practise what has come to be known as "dry farming," a development of the first importance. Between the Cascade Mountains and the Rockies a large territory in eastern Washington, northeastern Oregon, and northwestern Idaho is thus farmed. Here there is double the rainfall of most of the arid Northwest, though the total precipitation is



Drawn by Ernest Blumenschein. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

**AN EPISODE OF THE SHEEP AND CATTLE WAR—FIVE THOUSAND SHEEP  
DRIVEN TO DEATH OVER A PRECIPICE**



only a small fraction of that in humid western Washington. This is the famous Palouse, Walla Walla, and Lewiston country, which has become, within a few years, one of the most important wheat centers in the United States. The soil is exceedingly rich, raising without fertilization often as high

of 36,848 (1900), an increase of eighty-five per cent. over that of 1890, and it is yearly growing in importance as a railroad and business center. Other towns of this notable district are Umatilla and Pendleton in Oregon, Walla Walla and Colfax in Washington, and Lewiston in Idaho.



Drawn by Ernest Blumenschein

#### A MAIDEN OF THE TETON MOUNTAINS

as thirty-five bushels to the acre, though the country is often so dry that it seems as if the fields must blow away in dust. In some regions water must be hauled for miles, often by railroad, for culinary purposes. Yet here grow these wonderful wheat crops, and here has sprung up a fine new civilization, with many prosperous towns. Spokane, in Washington, is the great center of this agricultural district—a beautiful, clean, well-ordered town, with fine water-power, flour-mills, electric lights, and car lines. It has a population

One may safely prophesy that here will grow up ultimately one of the important agricultural districts of the Union.

Fruit-raising is also becoming yearly a more valuable resource of the arid land. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the orchards and fields of such irrigated valleys as the Yakima in Washington, Hood River in Oregon, the Boisé and the Snake in Idaho, the Yellowstone in Montana, and others. In half a dozen years the strawberry-raisers of Hood River have made themselves famous, shipping their product for hundreds





Drawn by Ernest Blumenschein

#### MAIN STREET IN A PLAINS TOWN

of miles in every direction. Indeed, it is to irrigation that all this region must look for its greatest future development. Alfalfa hay, as I have said, is now the chief crop, and a very profitable one, but the farmers are gradually working out into other lines. Most of the smaller streams are now utilized pretty fully, but almost nothing has so far been done to take out the almost limitless supply of water from the Columbia, Snake, Yellowstone, and Missouri. With the storage reservoirs assured by the now promised assistance of the Federal government, and the more careful distribution of water already in use, the irrigated area of all the arid Northwest can be greatly increased.

In mining the arid Northwest occupies a place of first importance. Montana is today the third State in the Union in mineral wealth, and the greatest copper-producing center of the world. The value of its output of copper, gold, silver, and coal is nearly seventy million dollars a year, Butte City being the center of the industry, a city so full of picturesque interest that I shall

write about it more fully in another article of this series. Idaho is the eleventh State in the Union in mineral wealth, with an annual product of nearly ten million dollars. Wyoming has important coal deposits worth nearly six million dollars a year.

This, in barest outline, is the new Northwest. An instantaneous photograph has been almost a necessity, so rapidly is the country changing. Two things the visitor is sure of: immense basic resources and a superb activity of growth. What he sees today will be different and better tomorrow, and he can only faintly foreshadow the ultimate greatness of the country. As an enthusiastic Westerner has asserted, "the development of the United States began at the back door" (meaning the Atlantic coast); "you shall see one day what the front door is like."

And so the Northwesterner, looking never behind, has anchored his confidence firmly in the unmatched resources of his country and in the surety of reaching in trade the millions of Asia and the new population of Alaska.

## "TEARS, IDLE TEARS"

BY R. H. S.

EYES, weep no longer. Heart, be strong.  
Seek not to borrow the secret sorrow,  
But wait the morrow,  
And end thy sorrow—and song.



Drawn by H. M. Walcott. Half-tone plate engraved by J. Tinkey

# THE BOY IN THE CHURCH

# SANTA MARIA MAGGIORE

BY STEWART WHITE



ONCE upon a time there was a boy and a city. As for the city, if you were trees, you were silhouettes, and pretended to have very dark-colored shadows, and were very full of birds; and if you were gardens, you had fountains and dusky bypaths, and square, low, yellow buildings, and your natural features looked just artificial enough and your marble statues just natural enough to be neither nature nor art, but something much more charming; and if you were streets, you were narrow and winding and unexpected, and lighted only by rare lanterns; and if you were the lanterns, you stuck out from the walls on iron arms; and if you were churches, you were rich and big and dim and impressive; and if you were priests, you wore long red or lavender or black or brown or white or party-colored gowns, and wandered about the narrow streets in flocks; and if you were the sun, you shone warm and bright all day, and tried to set as near as might be behind a great soaring dome; and if you were the dome, you were much loftier than the skies; and if you were bells, you were innumerable and musical, and given to tolling at all times of the day and night; and if you were soldiers, you either wore three-cornered hats and long azure cloaks and looked dignified, or round tarpaulin hats with flowing cock's plume and short dark cloaks and looked jaunty, or stiff derby hats with a tricolor and a single long feather and looked funny, or a miscellaneous variety of less important toggery and looked ashamed; and if you were rich people, you drove funny little dog-carts rapidly around corners in a beautiful park, being careful to have your mustache at forty-five degrees, or your hat and veil well over your nose; and if you were poor people, you sat on

long stone steps in the sun, or dickered for vegetables, or otherwise had a good time; and if you were hackmen, you drove very small baby-carriages and wore brigands' clothes; and if you were their horses, you carried many red and glittering and jingling things to catch the tourist's delight; and if you were the tourist, you consulted red books; and if you were the red books, you knew more about it than ever I will; and if you were the city in general, you were very old and dirty and interesting and incongruous and lazy; and if you were the people, you were perfectly satisfied to be a great big comic opera with all the costumes and stage-settings; and if you were the sky, you were blue, blue, blue. For the city was Rome.

As for the boy, his name was James Madison Griggs.

His coming to Rome was purely fortuitous. In fact, he did not know that it was Rome. He had crawled into a peasant's cart at a little seaport the night before, and had been awakened by officials poking him and the vegetables at the gate of the wall. They were appraising the city customs, but he did not know that either, and he thought they looked enough like policemen to warrant an insulting "face" and dance when he had withdrawn sufficiently. After this he looked about him. A small boy presenting himself, James Madison Griggs asked him a question.

"Soy, kid, what's the name of this way-station?" he inquired through the corner of his mouth.

"Non capisco Inglese," replied the other, showing his teeth in a friendly smile.

Whereupon James Madison smote him sorely for being a Dago, and marched on with his hands in his pockets and his cap on one side. Near the center of a large square rose an obelisk like that in Central

Park. Beyond it was a rectangular building with columns, on the top of which hovered a row of colossal statues. So graceful were their poised attitudes, so airy the arrested gestures of their hands and feet, that they seemed to have descended for a moment from the upper air, and to be about winging their way again before the beholder had more than caught a glimpse of them.

"Gee!" remarked James. "Get on to the mugs!" After which he spat skilfully through his teeth.

He discovered that he was hungry, and so set about encompassing his breakfast. This he conceived to be not difficult, because he shrewdly surmised the Dago character to be the same the world over. He placed himself before a little shop in front of which was displayed a variety of breads and fruits. Then he danced up and down and screamed and pointed to a spot accurately in the middle distance until the attention of the visible world was directed in frantic speculation to the spot; whereupon he swiftly seized provisions and departed. Quite unexpectedly he was pursued by a creature with a cocked hat and a long cloak. In the ease of his escape he had time to reflect that he had probably been mistaken in his police diagnosis of the officials at the gate.

Near the base of another obelisk he sat down to eat. After the meal he settled himself comfortably on the stone step, and scowled at the gentle children who gathered about him at a respectful distance. Oh, he was a very tough youth!

In moments like this he gloated over the thought. He had been the terror of the village until authority gave him up. He had "done stunts" to the city school until the city school had to rid herself of him in self-defense. Private tutors passed as telegraph-poles pass a train. Corporal punishment merely improved his circulation. Then he ran away to sea, to the consternation of everybody and the fatigue of the police, who vainly tried to look him up. His parents grieved. Their friends rejoiced. The captain of the vessel cursed, for he could get absolutely no work out of James Madison, even with a rope's-end. The harder he whipped, the more stubborn became the terror; but as the captain possessed a certain proud skill in the manipulation of his weapon, James was made

uncomfortable enough to desert at the first port. That happened to be Civitavecchia. Therefore Rome.

The sun shone warm and yellow against the square irregular stones of the broad piazza before him. It was grateful, this sun, after the winter chill of the sea. He stretched his legs straight out in front of him, pulled his cap down over his eyes, thrust both hands into his trousers pockets, and began to whistle at the sky. A heavy two-wheeled dray bumped slowly by, its driver occupying a sidewise hood perched atop. It was drawn by pure-white oxen with long horns. Various people sauntered here and there across the middle distance. The broad-eaved roofs of the square sulphur-yellow houses showed in pleasing complement of color to the azure of the heavens. A number of children who had been regarding him went away. One, a clear-skinned little girl with a bright waist and a contadina square of cloth on her pretty head, approached timidly and offered him a pansy. He stopped whistling.

"Go 'way, kid!" said he.

At the sound of his voice the little girl suddenly broke into the rarest of smiles, showing all her beautiful white teeth. She sat down beside him at once, and laid the pansy on his hand.

James Madison, flattered at the attention, changed the tilt of his hat from his eyes to one ear, and deigned to take the flower. Whereupon the little girl smiled again.

"Molta bella," said she, in her baby tones.

"Betcher life!" replied James Madison Griggs.

He fished about in his pockets until he discovered a broken bit of coral which he had laboriously "swiped" from the cabin of the second mate. This he tossed nonchalantly to his companion, with the air of a prince conferring largesse.

"Take that for your good looks," quoth he.

The little girl seized it with rapture.

"Mille grazie, signor!" she cried in a gurgling over-note of delight. "Sono obbligata alla vostra gentilezza."

She nestled up close to her new friend and took his hand in both her own. He looked down on her with a half-amused, half-tolerant kindness.

"Blame' if you ain't a 'fectionate little kid!" said he.

She smiled up at him happily.

"Mi chiamo Tessa," said she, pointing one small finger at her breast in vigorous pantomime, and repeating the name several times.

"Tessa?" asked he, understandingly, indicating her.

"Si, si, si!" she cried, delighted.

"Jim," said he, gravely, touching the region of his stomach.

"Zscheem," she parroted, with a silvery laugh.

The other children had returned, and were regarding the two delightedly.

"Ecco Tessa qui, ama l'Inglese!" cried they, in derision.

Tessa looked at them with wide, troubled child's eyes a moment, and began gently to cry. James was on his feet in a moment.

"I don't know what you Dagos had th' nerve to say to her," he said threateningly, "but you got to come off — quick!" Whereupon he spat through his teeth again, preparing for battle.

A great bell behind him began to clang solemnly. The group in front scampered suddenly away, leaving him and the little Tessa alone in the sun-soaked square, alone with the heavy vibrating notes of the booming bell.

"'Fraid-cats! 'Fraid-cats!" cried James after the retreating hosts. He felt a soft tug at his arm, and, looking down, met the melting eyes of little Tessa fixed on his.

"Vieni nella chiesa, Zscheem," she pleaded in her gentle voice, and began to urge him past the obelisk to a great stone building reached by broad stone steps.

"I don't know your game," said James, "but I 'm with you, from marbles to mumps."

They mounted the steps, crossed a stone platform, entered a great stone vestibule, pushed aside a heavy hanging curtain of leather, and James Madison Griggs suddenly found himself struck small, as though he had been enabled to look at himself through the wrong end of an opera-glass.

The place was vast and cool, and very, very rich and silent. There were many great columns, standing as still and solemn as pines in a woodland, but they were hung with heavy stripes of crimson edged with gold. There were deep recesses back of the columns, but because of the gleam there, too, of the same gorgeous colors,

they were not dark. Above the columns were quiet frescos, graceful figures of white marble, soaring arches of white stone; but the frescos glowed with the tints of the masters, the marble figures were girdled or sandaled or diademed with purest gold, and the soaring arches were incrustated with gold and precious stones. The upper air was peopled. Saints, angels, demons, virgins hovered there in great variety of poise, all arrested for the instant to hear the Word of God before they continued on the rapid way their attitudes suggested. Above them was a square gold-and-white ceiling—far off, farther than the sky.

These things James Madison Griggs saw, and the shadows. They were everywhere, these shadows, stealing to and fro, wavering, lingering, hiding, concealing, revealing, never still, trembling like the souls of those condemned.

As he and the little Tessa entered the leather-curtained door, the latter bobbed ludicrously down on her knees for a moment, and then arose, dragging her companion after her down between the columns. A hundred or so people were wandering idly here and there, looking somehow Lilliputian.

"Gee!" said James Madison Griggs to himself. "It's a church—a Dago church!" He then looked about him with reviving confidence, for he had the tough boy's scorn of churches and things religious. A priest in a little square box eyed them as they passed.

"Choice old fake!" said James.

But, for all that, it was a church; you could recognize the Sunday feel to it. So James whistled out loud.

Now James knew very well that a whistle inside a church at once spoils the church. He knew this because he had once tried it. On that occasion the congregation had promptly disintegrated from a congregation into angry individuals demanding punitive spans. The Sunday feel had vanished from the air; the religious awe had evaporated before present wrath; in fact, the church, as a condition of mind, a peace of spirit, a religious institution, a what you will, had temporarily but completely disappeared before the iniquitous sibilance of Griggs. So now James whistled.

Then, with an overwhelming wave of awe, he realized that the whistle had not affected the church in the least. The people

wandered idly here and there, looking somehow Lilliputian; the graceful marble figures, the frescoed throng, the solemn columns, the square gold-and-white ceiling farther off than the sky, the shadows stealing to and fro, wavering, lingering, hiding, never still, trembling like the souls of those condemned—all these continued on their way, unhasting, untarrying, stilly earnest, grandly sure, to that greater glory of which they alone seemed to feel the uplift, the grandeur of which they alone but dimly reflected to the world. It was a church in spite of the whistle. It would continue a church, vast and cool and richly silent, though riot should attempt to shake its peace.

They turned now sharply to the left. A massive canopy, as great as the dwelling of a man, held up by twisted bronze columns twined with gold, supporting four grand prophets in flowing garments and long of beard, opposed itself to their further progress. The four prophets seemed ever about to stir in the ascent, as though they too had paused to hear the Word, and must then away. Beneath the canopy tall candles burned. Beneath the candles stood an altar. Beneath the altar was a crypt of gold and precious stones, wonderful beyond words; and here the most solemn shadow, the most glorious light dwelt—the shadow of a man's death, the prophetic light of a resurrection to come.

A railing barred their way. Tessa knelt. The people imperceptibly and silently gathered. They found themselves hemmed in by the throng. James Madison Griggs felt distinctly uncomfortable and just a little angry. Like most healthy-minded boys of his age, he disliked to have this sentimental side of his nature touched, just as a racoon does not care to have the end of its nose rubbed. He knit his brows, and stared at a mosaic picture in the dim back of the vaulted chancel—far back, so far back that the chancel itself was large enough for a church. Long lines of dusty light slanted down from the narrow windows high up in the curve. One of them fell on an ivory face, suffering, strangely pitiful in the dumb agony of a tortured soul translated through the mastery of a cunning hand. Near the brow was a single point of light. After gazing intently at this for a few moments, his sight became mesmerically dazzled, so that the surroundings resolved themselves into an inrushing gray mist, and he could

see only the face, suffering, strangely pitiful. It fascinated him.

Then a murmur dragged his attention to the chancel. Through two doors on each side filed a processional of men gorgeously robed in vestments stiff with embroidery. At their head paced two boys swinging covered brass vessels at the ends of long chains, and from the vessels issued clouds of sweet smoke that perfumed the air and whitened the long shafts of light from the narrow windows. The smell was that of the mystery which haunted the changing shadows. One by one the figures of the procession passed the little rail, ecclesiastical, medieval, rustling softly with the noise of heavy silks, silent, ceremonious, until they had all defiled before the ivory face, bending the knee before the suffering and the pity. Then the shadows of the mystery came rushingly across; the sorrow of the ivory face, the perfume of the censers, the silence of the great far-off abode of the saints and demons and angels with the attitudes of pause—all these cleaved the stillness in the grand vibrations of an organ, and a clear soprano voice arose as the voice of the upper air.

"Gloria in excelsis Deo!" it trilled; and from the chancel the motionless figures, gorgeous in the panoply of Rome's glory, chanted back in the roll of an under-bass: "Pro nobis, domine."

"Et in terra pax hominibus," sang the voice of the upper air.

Outside a cloud crossed the disk of the sun, and the body of the church became dim and indistinct. The pillars wrapped themselves in shadows, the far-off ceiling in the dusk. The boy, stealing a glance behind him, saw only the great multitude of angels, like a flock of white birds, standing out in the purity of their tint against the dimness, poised as though to flutter down about him from an undefined region of which he could make out only the mystery and the awe.

But now the voice of the upper air, clear, sweet, causing tears, was soaring on higher and higher, cleaving the stillness, which clung lovingly about it. One by one it surmounted the silences; one by one it shook free from the shadows; one by one it passed the separate and solemn mysteries of the twisted columns, and the four grand prophets, the frescoed throng, the graceful marble figures, and the far-off gold-and-

white ceiling farther than the sky, until at last it rode clear, triumphant above them all, glorying, chanting the pæan of joy and light and life. Then the sun came out again, and all was abruptly still.

A very old man, dressed all in red, was holding out something with an appearance of command. The multitude of people sank to its knees. James Madison Griggs stood for a moment bewildered; then, feeling the deprecating tug of Tessa's hand on his, he too knelt and received the host.

The people arose. Down the length of the chancel filed the long recessional. Then, when once again the church was still and empty, the boy yielded to his companion's bewildered importunities. They followed the multitude into the square.

Some of them lingered to chat near the obelisk, others wandered away down the side streets. Little Tessa, discovered of her mother, pressed his hand.

"Addio, buon signor," said she; but he did not hear her. An ox-cart clattered by; he did not see it. The broad-eaved houses and the sulphur-yellow roofs showed in pleasing complement of color to the azure of the heavens; he was not aware of it. A voice finally roused him.

"So here you are, you little devil," it said.

He turned to see the captain of the ship standing over him—a short, thick-set man with steel-blue eyes and a grimly facetious cast of countenance.

"Run away, did you?" the captain began again, and then hesitated because of something he saw in the boy's face. "Why, what is it, sonny?" he inquired with some solicitude.

The boy arose, passing his sleeve across his eyes; then he placed his hand pleadingly on the captain's arm.

"I want to go home," said he, "to my people."



## THE LITTLE WEAK CHILD

BY ANITA FITCH

MY little son, my little son,  
In heaven canst thou rest?  
And which of all his children does  
The High God love the best?

Thou art too weak to stand all day  
And glorify his name;  
Ah, pray him let thee stray awhile  
And play some foolish game.

Thou art too young to know him great,  
So whisper to him this:  
Thou art just big enough, sometimes  
To hold and fold and kiss.





Drawn by G. W. Peters

# IN THE GATEWAY OF NATIONS

BY JACOB A. RIIS

Author of "The Making of an American," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY G. W. PETERS



OW it all came back to me: that Sunday in early June when I stood, a lonely immigrant lad, at the steamer's rail and looked out upon the New World of my dreams; upon the

life that teemed ashore and afloat, and was all so strange; upon the miles of streets that led nowhere I knew of; upon the sunlit harbor, and the gay excursion-boats that went to and fro with their careless crowds; upon the green hills of Brooklyn; upon the majestic sweep of the lordly river. I thought that I had never seen anything so beautiful, and I think so now, after more than thirty years, when I come into New York's harbor on a steamer. But now I am coming home; then all the memories lay behind. I squared my shoulders against what was coming. I was ready and eager.

But for a passing moment, there at the rail, I would have given it all for one familiar face, one voice I knew.

How it all came back as I stood on the deck of the ferry-boat plowing its way from the Battery Park to Ellis Island. They were there, my fellow-travelers of old: the men with their strange burdens of featherbeds, cooking-pots, and things unknowable, but mighty of bulk, in bags of bed-ticking much the worse for wear. There was the very fellow with the knapsack that had never left him once on the way over, not even when he slept. Then he used it as a pillow. It was when he ate that we got fleeting glimpses of its interminable coils of sausage, its uncanny depths of pumpnickel and cheese that eked out the steamer's fare. I saw him last in Pittsburg, still with his sack. What long-forgotten memories that crowd stirred! The women were there, with their gaudy head-dresses and big gold ear-rings.

But their hair was raven black instead of yellow, and on the young girl's cheek there was a richer hue than the pink and white I knew. The men, too, looked like swarthy gnomes compared with the stalwart Swede or German of my day. They were the same, and yet not the same. I glanced out over the bay, and behold! all things were changed. For the wide stretch of squat houses pierced by the single spire of Trinity Church there had come a sky-line of towering battlements, in the shelter of which nestled Castle Garden, once more a popular pleasure resort. My eye rested upon one copper-roofed palace, and I recalled with a smile my first errand ashore to a barber's shop in the old Washington Inn, that stood where it is built. I went to get a bath and to have my hair cut, and they charged me two dollars in gold for it, with gold at a big premium; which charge, when I objected to it, was adjudged fair by a man who said he was a notary—an office I was given to understand was equal in dignity to that of a justice of peace or of the Supreme Court. And when, still unawed, I appealed to the policeman outside, that functionary heard me through, dangling his club from his thumb, and delivered himself of a weary "G' wan, now!" that ended it. There was no more.

"For the loikes o' them!" I turned sharply to the voice at my elbow, and caught the ghost of a grimace on the face of the old apple-woman who sat disdainfully dealing out bananas to the "Dagos" and "sheenies" of her untamed prejudices, sole survival in that crowd of the day that was past. No, not quite the only one. I was another. She recognized it with a look and a nod.

A curiously changing procession has passed through Uncle Sam's gateway since I stood at the steamer's rail that June morning in the long ago. Then the tide of Teutonic immigration that peopled the great Northwest was still rising. The last herd of buffaloes had not yet gone over the divide before the white-tented prairie-schooner's advance; the battle of the Little Big Horn was yet unfought. A circle drawn on the map of Europe around the countries smitten with the America-unrest would, even a dozen years later than that, have had Paris for its center. "To-day," said Assistant Commissioner of Immigration McSweeney, speaking before the Na-

tional Geographic Society last winter, "a circle of the same size, including the sources of the present immigration to the United States, would have its center in Constantinople." And he pointed out that as steamboat transportation developed on the Danube the center would be more firmly fixed in the East, where whole populations, notably in the Balkan States, are catching the infection or having it thrust upon them. Secretary Hay's recent note to the powers in defense of the Rumanian Jews told part of that story. Even the Italian, whose country sent us half a million immigrants in the last four years, may then have to yield first place to the hill men with whom kidnapping is an established industry. I mean no disrespect to their Sicilian brother bandit. With him it is a fine art.

While the statesman ponders the perils of unrestricted immigration, and debates with organized labor whom to shut out and how, the procession moves serenely on. Ellis Island is the nations' gateway to the promised land. There is not another such to be found anywhere. In a single day it has handled seven thousand immigrants. "Handled" is the word; nothing short of it will do.

"How much you got?" shouts the inspector at the head of the long file moving up from the quay between iron rails, and, remembering, in the same breath shrieks out, "Quanto moneta?" with a gesture that brings up from the depths of Pietro's pocket a pitiful handful of paper money. Before he has it half out, the interpreter has him by the wrist, and with a quick movement shakes the bills out upon the desk as a dice-throws "chucks" the ivories.

Ten, twenty, forty lire. He shakes his head. Not much, but—he glances at the ship's manifest—is he going to friends?

"Si, si! signor," says Pietro, eagerly; his brother of the vineyard—oh, a fine vineyard! And he holds up a bundle of grape-sticks in evidence. He has brought them all the way from the village at home to set them out in his brother's field.

"Ugh," grunts the inspector as he stuffs the money back in the man's pocket, shoves him on, and yells, "Wie viel geld?" at a hapless German next in line. "They won't grow. They never do. Bring 'em just the same." By which time the German

has joined Pietro in his bewilderment en route for something or somewhere, shoved on by guards, and the inspector wrestles with a "case" who is trying to sneak in on false pretenses. No go; he is hauled off by an officer and ticketed "S. I.," printed large on a conspicuous card. It means that he is held for the Board of Special Inquiry, which will sift his story. Before they reach the door there is an outcry and a scuffle. The tide has turned against the Italian and the steamship company. He was detected throwing the card, back up, under the heater, hoping to escape in the crowd. He will have to go back. An eagle eye, with a memory that never lets go, has spotted him as once before deported. King Victor Emmanuel has achieved a reluctant subject; Uncle Sam has lost a citizen. Which is the better off?

A stalwart Montenegrin comes next, lugging his gun of many an ancient feud, and proves his title clear. Neither the feud nor the blunderbuss is dangerous under the American sun; they will both seem grotesque before he has been here a month. A Syrian from Mount Lebanon holds up the line while the inspector fires questions at him which it is not given to the uninitiated ear to make out. Goodness knows where they get it all. There seems to be no language or dialect under the sun that does not lie handy to the tongue of these men at the desk. There are twelve of them. One would never dream there were twelve such linguists in the country till he hears them and sees them; for half their talk is done with their hands and shoulders and with the official steel pen that transfixes an object of suspicion like a merciless spear, upon the point of which it writhes in vain. The Syrian wriggles off by good luck, and to-morrow will be peddling "holy earth from Jerusalem," purloined on his way through the Battery, at half a dollar a clod. He represents the purely commercial element of our immigration, and represents it well—or ill, as you take it. He cares neither for land and cattle, nor for freedom to worship or work, but for cash in the way of trade. And he gets it. Hence more come every year.

Looking down upon the crowd in the gateway, jostling, bewildered, and voluble in a thousand tongues,—so at least it sounds,—it seems like a hopeless mass of confusion. As a matter of fact, it is all

order and perfect system, begun while the steamer was yet far out at sea. By the time the lighters are tied up at the Ellis Island wharf their human cargo is numbered and lettered in groups that correspond with like entries in the manifest, and so are marshaled upon and over the bridge that leads straight into the United States to the man with the pen who asks questions. When the crowd is great and pressing, they camp by squads in little stalls bearing their proprietary stamp, as it were, finding one another and being found when astray by the mystic letter that brings together in the close companionship of a common peril—the pen, one stroke of which can shut the gate against them—men and women who in another hour go their way, very likely never to meet or hear of one another again on earth. The sense of the impending trial sits visibly upon the waiting crowd. Here and there a masterful spirit strides boldly on; the mass huddle close, with more or less anxious look. Five minutes after it is over, eating their dinner in the big waiting-room, they present an entirely different appearance. Signs and numbers have disappeared. The groups are recasting themselves on lines of nationality and personal preference. Care is cast to the winds. A look of serene contentment sits upon the face that gropes among the hieroglyphics on the lunch-counter bulletin-board for the things that pertain to him and his:

Röget Fisk  
Kielbara  
Szyńska Górowana

"Ugh!" says my companion, home-bred on fried meat, "I would n't eat it." No more would I if it tastes as it reads; but then, there is no telling. That lunch-counter is not half bad. From the kosher sausage to the big red apples that stare at one—at the children especially—wherever one goes, it is really very appetizing. The *röget fisk* I know about; it is good.

The women guard the baggage in their seats while *pater familias* takes a look around. Half of them munch their New-World sandwich with an I-care-not-what-comes-next-the-worst-is-over air; the other half scribble elaborately with stubby pencils on postal cards that are all star-spangled and striped with white and red. It is their



Drawn by G. W. Peters. Half-tone plate engraved by W. Miller

IMMIGRANTS LANDING AT ELLIS ISLAND—SERVING SOUP ON THE ROOF GARDEN

announcement to those waiting at home that they have passed the gate and are within.

Behind carefully guarded doors wait the "outs," the detained immigrants, for the word that will let down the bars or fix them in place immovably. The guard is for a double purpose: that no one shall leave or enter the detention—"pen" it used to be called; but the new régime under President Roosevelt's commission has set its face sternly against the term. The law of kindness rules on Ellis Island; a note posted conspicuously invites every employee who cannot fall in with it to get out as speedily as he may. So now it is the detention-"room" into which no outsider with unfathomed intentions may enter. Here are the old, the stricken, waiting for friends able to keep them; the pitiful little colony of women without the shield of a man's name in the hour of their greatest need; the young and pretty and thoughtless, for whom one sends up a silent prayer of thanksgiving at the thought of the mob at that other gate, yonder in Battery Park, beyond which Uncle Sam's strong hand reaches not to guide or guard. And the hopelessly bewildered are there, often enough exasperated at the restraint, which they cannot understand. The law of kindness is put to a severe strain here by ignorance and stubbornness. In it all they seem, some of them, to be able to make out only that their personal liberty, their "rights," are interfered with. How quickly they sprout in the gateway! This German girl who is going to her uncle flatly refuses to send him word that she is here. She has been taught to look out for sharpers and to guard her little store well, and detects in the telegraph toll a scheme to rob her of one of her cherished silver marks. To all reasoning she turns a deaf and defiant ear: he will find her. The important thing is that she is here. That her uncle is in Newark makes no impression on her. Is it not all America?

A name is cried at the door, and there is a rush. Angelo, whose destination, repeated with joyful volubility in every key and accent, puzzled the officials for a time, is going. His hour of deliverance has come. "Pringvilliamas" yielded to patient scrutiny at last. It was "Springfield, Mass.," and impatient friends are waiting for Angelo up there. His countryman, who is

going to his brother-in-law, but has "forgotten his American name," takes leave of him wistfully. He is penniless, and near enough the "age limit of adaptability" to be an object of doubt and deliberation.

In laying down that limit, as in the case of the other that fixes the amount of money in hand to prove the immigrant's title to enter, the island is a law unto itself. Under the folds of the big flag which drapes the tribunal of the Board of Special Inquiry, claims from every land under the sun are weighed and adjusted. It is ever a matter of individual consideration. A man without a cent, but with a pair of strong hands and with a head that sits firmly on rugged shoulders, might be better material for citizenship in every way than Mr. Moneybags with no other recommendation; and to shut out an aged father and mother for whom the children are able and willing to care would be inhuman. The gist of the thing was put clearly in President Roosevelt's message in the reference to a certain economic standard of fitness for citizenship that must govern, and does govern, the keepers of the gate. Into it enter not only the man's years and his pocket-book, but the whole man, and he himself virtually decides the case. Not many, I fancy, are sent back without good cause. The law of kindness is strained, if anything, in favor of the immigrant to the doubtful advantage of Uncle Sam, on the presumption, I suppose, that he can stand it.

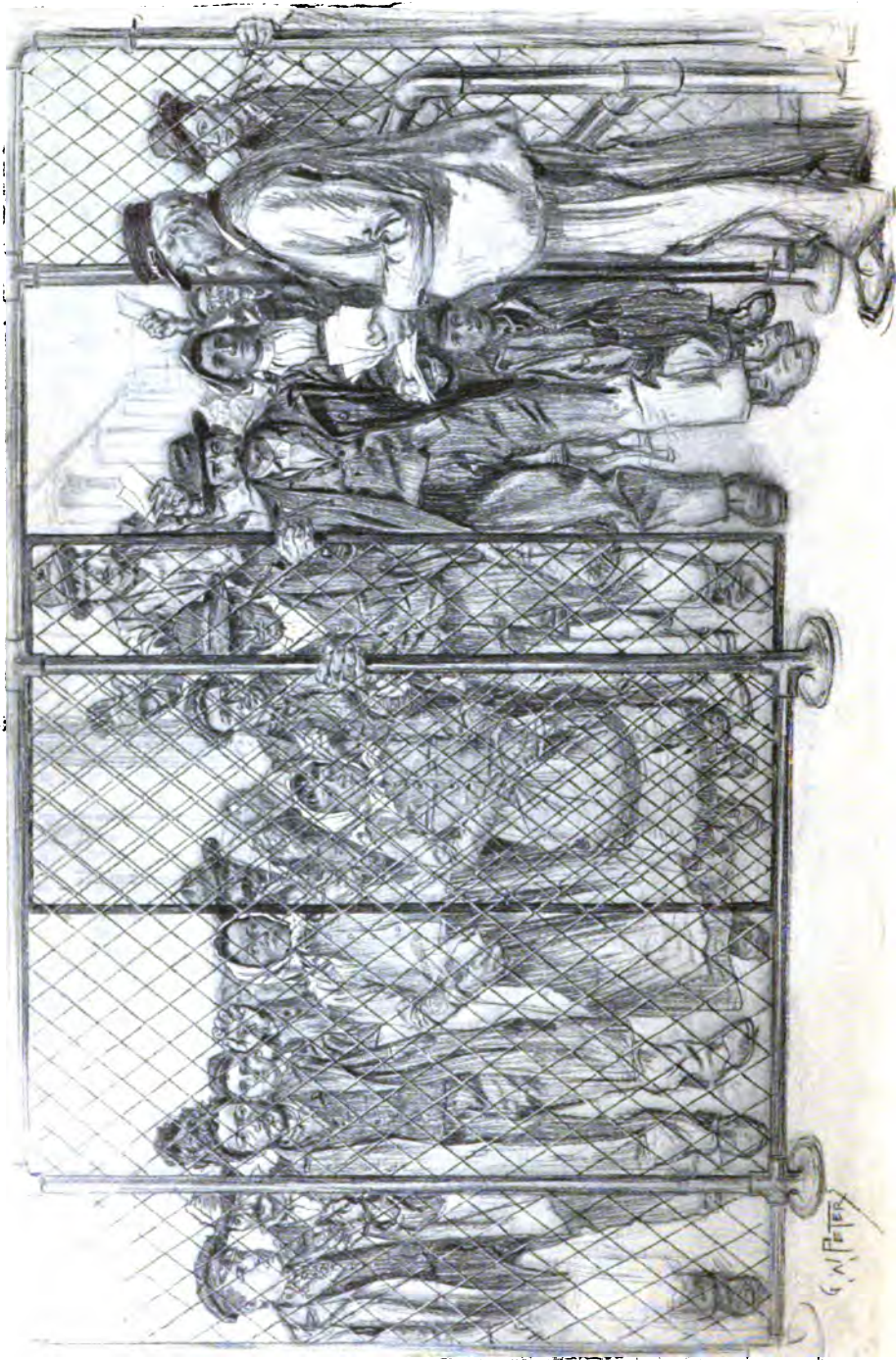
But at the locked door of the rejected, those whom the Board has heard and shut out, the process stops short. At least, it did when I was there. I stopped it. It was when the attendant pointed out an ex-bandit, a black and surly fellow with the strength of a wild boar, who was wanted on the other side for sticking a knife into a man. The knife they had taken from him here was the central exhibit in a shuddering array of such which the doorkeeper kept in his corner. That morning the bandit had "soaked" a countryman of his, waiting to be deported for the debility of old age. I could not help it. "I hope you—" I began, and stopped short, remembering the "notice" on the wall. But the man at the door understood. "I did," he nodded. "I soaked him a couple." And I felt better. I confess it, and I will not go back to the island, if Commissioner Williams will not let me, for breaking his law.





Drawn by G. W. Peters. Half-tone plate engraved by W. Miller

THE REGISTRY DESK, ELLIS ISLAND



Drawn by G. W. Peters. Halftone plate engraved by R. C. Collins  
THE NEW YORK DETENTION-ROOM, ELLIS ISLAND



But I think he will, for within the hour I saw him himself "soak" a Flemish peasant twice his size for beating and abusing a child. The man turned and towered above the commissioner with angry looks, but the ordinarily quiet little man presented so suddenly a fierce and warlike aspect that, though neither understood a word of what the other said, the case was made clear to the brute on the instant, and he slunk away. Commissioner Williams's law of kindness is all right. It is based upon the correct observation that not one in a thousand of those who land at Ellis Island needs harsh treatment, but advice and help—which does not prevent the thousandth case from receiving its full due.

Two negroes from Santa Lucia are there to keep the stranded Italian company. Mount Pelée sent them hither, only to be bounced back from an inhospitable shore. In truth, one wintry blast would doubtless convince them it were so indeed; their look and lounging attitude betray all too clearly the careless children of the South. Gipsies from nowhere in particular are here with gold in heavy belts, but no character to speak of or to speak for them. They eye the throng making for the ferry with listless unconcern. It makes, in the end, little difference to them where they are, so long as there is a chance for a horse trade, or a horse, anyway. There is none here, and they are impatient only to get away somewhere. Meanwhile they live at the expense of the steamship company that brought them. They all do. It is the penalty for differing with the commission and the Board of Special Inquiry—that and taking them back whence they came without charge.

The railroad ferries come and take their daily host straight from Ellis Island to the train, ticketed now with the name of the route that is to deliver them at their new homes, West and East. And the Battery boat comes every hour for its share. Then the many-hued procession—the women are hooded, one and all, in their gayest shawls for the entry—is led down on a long pathway divided in the middle by a wire screen, from behind which come shrieks of recognition from fathers, brothers, uncles, and aunts that are gathered there in the holiday togs of Mulberry or Division street. The contrast is sharp—an artist would say all in favor of the newcomers. But they would

be the last to agree with him. In another week the rainbow colors will have been laid aside, and the landscape will be the poorer for it. On the boat they meet their friends, and the long journey is over, the new life begun. Those who have no friends run the gantlet of the boarding-house runners, and take their chances with the new freedom, unless the missionary or "the society" of their people holds out a helping hand. For at the barge-office gate Uncle Sam lets go. Through it they must walk alone.

However, in the background waits the universal friend, the padrone. Enactments, prosecutions, have not availed to eliminate him. He will yield only to the logic of the very situation he created. The process is observable among the Italians to-day: where many have gone and taken root, others follow, guided by their friends and no longer dependent upon the padrone. As these centers of attraction are multiplying all over the country, his grip is loosened upon the crowds he labored so hard to bring here for his own advantage. Observant Jews have adopted in recent days the plan of planting out their people who come here, singly or by families, and the farther apart the better, with the professed purpose of diverting as much of the inrush as may be from the city, and thus heading off the congestion of the labor market that perplexes philanthropy in Ludlow street and swells the profits of the padrone on the other side of the Bowery. Something of the problem will be solved in that way, though not in a year, or in ten. But what of those who come after? There is still a long way from the Bosphorus to China, where the bars are up. Scarce a Greek comes here, man or boy, who is not under contract. A hundred dollars a year is the price, so it is said by those who know, though the padrone's cunning has put the legal proof beyond their reach. And the Armenian and Syrian hucksters are "worked" by some peddling trust that traffics in human labor as do other merchants in food-stuffs and coal and oil. So the thing, as it runs down, everlastingly winds itself up again. It has not yet run down far enough to cause anybody alarm. Three Mediterranean steamers and one from Antwerp, as I write, brought 4700 steerage passengers into port in one day, of whom only 1700 were bound for the West. The rest stayed in New York. The padrone

will be able to add yet another tenement, purchased with his profits, to his holdings. In 1891, of 138,608 Italians who landed on Ellis Island, 67,231 registered their final destination as Mulberry street, and Little Italy in Harlem.

Many an emigrant vessel's keel has plowed the sea since the first brought white men greedy for gold. Some have come for conscience sake, some seeking political asylum. Long after the beginning of the last century, ship-loads were sold into virtual slavery to pay their passage money. Treated like cattle, dying by thousands on the voyage, and thrown into the sea with less compunction or ceremony than if they had been so much ballast, still they came. "If crosses and tombstones could be erected on the seas, as in the Western deserts," said Assistant Commissioner McSweeney in the speech before referred to, "the routes of the emigrant vessel from Europe to America would look like crowded cemeteries." They were not made welcome. The sharpers robbed them. Patriots were fearful. The best leaders of American thought mistrusted the outcome of it. The very municipal government of New York expressed apprehension at the handful, less than ten thousand, that came over in 1819-20. Still they came. The Know-nothings had their day, and that

passed away. The country prospered and grew great, and the new citizens prospered and grew with it. Evil days came, and they were scorned no longer; for they were found on the side of right, of an undivided Union, of financial honor, stanch and unyielding. To them America had "spelled opportunity." They paid back what they had received, with interest. They saved the country they had made their own. They were of our blood. These are not; they have other traditions, not necessarily poorer. What people has a prouder story to tell than the Italian? Who a more marvelous than the Jew? But their traditions are not ours. Where will they stand when the strain comes?

I was concerned only with the kaleidoscope of the gateway, and I promised myself not to discuss politics, economics, or morals. But this is very certain: so long as the school-house stands over against the sweat-shop, clean and bright as the flag that flies over it, we need have no fear of the answer. However perplexed the to-day, the to-morrow is ours. We have the making of it. When we no longer count it worth the cost, better shut the gate on Ellis Island. We cannot be too quick about it—for their sake. The opportunity they seek here will have passed then, never to return.





From photographs furnished by the author

ALPINE TYPE, GENEVA, SWITZERLAND  
CEPHALIC INDEX 86

MEDITERRANEAN TYPE, BRINDISI, ITALY  
CEPHALIC INDEX 78

# WHAT SHALL WE BE?

WITH PICTURES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS FURNISHED BY THE AUTHOR

## I. THE COMING RACE IN AMERICA

BY GUSTAVE MICHAUD



ACCORDING to the results of the twelfth census, over one half of our white population consists of those immigrants who landed on our shores after the year 1835 and of their descendants. The native stock—that is, the descendants of those immigrants who settled in the United States before 1835—was still a majority in 1890. It is now gradually becoming a small minority, not only as a consequence of the fact that every week brings thousands of newcomers from Europe, but also as a result of its decreasing natality, the recent immigrants being, on the contrary, prolific. What the newcomers are is thereby, in a large measure, what the nation will be. This makes it interesting to

study the nature, extent, and probable influence of the radical change undergone, within the last decade, by the human current which constantly flows from the Old World to the New.

For the sake of accuracy, and also in order that such a study may help us to foresee some of the characteristics of the future American people, race, not nationality or language, will be considered here.

The language and nationality of an immigrant tell us mostly of the habits acquired by him during his life through the institutions and agencies which surrounded him, and it is a biological axiom that acquired characteristics, whether physical or mental, are not transmissible to offspring: no one has ever heard of an amputated man who



From photographs furnished by the author

BALTIC TYPE, MANCHESTER, N. H.  
CEPHALIC INDEX 77

The cephalic index expresses the relative breadth of the head, assuming that its length is 100. To obtain it, the absolute breadth of the head (above the ears) is divided by its absolute length (taken from a point between the eyes to the back of the skull) and the quotient is multiplied by 100.—G. M.

transmitted his acquired infirmity to his progeny. On the contrary, the race of a man tells us of his inherited, not acquired, features and tendencies, and these are always, to a higher or lower degree, transmissible: we have still to hear of a negro whose child by a white woman was per-



APPROXIMATE ETHNIC COMPOSITION OF  
100 IMMIGRANTS LANDED WITHIN  
THE PERIOD 1835-90  
BALTIC 87, ALPINE 10, MEDITERRANEAN 3

fectly white. To consider the ethnic origin of our immigrants is therefore to consider the mental and physical characteristics, idiosyncrasies, and tendencies not only of the individual who lands upon our shores, but also of his posterity; that is to say, of the future American people.

It cannot be said that there is but little difference between nationality and race, that political or linguistic frontiers generally coincide with racial boundaries. Most European nations are made up of several races. Men who belong to one and the same race are found living under dif-



APPROXIMATE ETHNIC COMPOSITION OF  
100 IMMIGRANTS LANDED WITHIN  
THE DECADE 1890-1900  
BALTIC 53, ALPINE 32, MEDITERRANEAN 15

ferent flags and speaking different languages. Both the Prussian and the Bavarian speak German; in nearly all other mental as well as in physical traits they differ widely. In Switzerland, men who exhibit the same physical features, who possess the same mental tendencies, and who belong, evidently, to the same ethnic stock, speak three different languages. Again, while

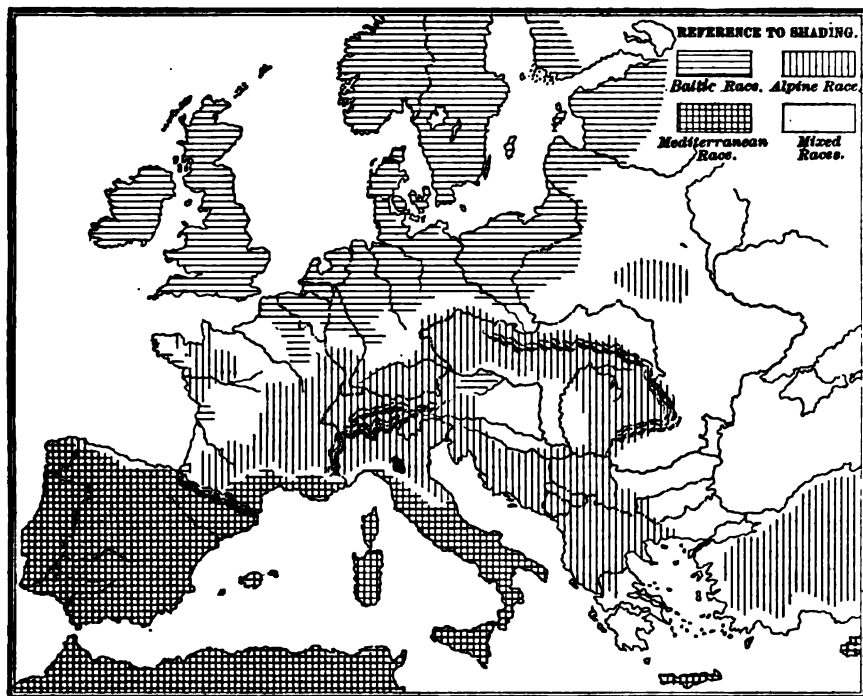


APPROXIMATE ETHNIC COMPOSITION OF  
100 IMMIGRANTS LANDED WITHIN  
THE TWO FISCAL YEARS 1901-02  
BALTIC 35, ALPINE 42, MEDITERRANEAN 23

racial boundaries are comparatively stable, linguistic and political frontiers have been constantly on the move in the course of centuries. The French speak now an idiom derived from the Latin, and for that reason have been classified among the so-called Latin people; but before the conquest by Julius Cæsar, which had no appreciable influence on the race, they spoke a Celtic dialect, and with as much, or rather with as little, reason might have been classified into one single ethnic group with the Scotch, the Welsh, and the Irish.

well-defined areas, the main cause of their isolation being special aptitudes of obtaining a living in certain climates or regions, such as the littoral of the sea or mountainous plateaus. The accompanying map shows the approximate distribution of the three European races in their respective centers of ethnic influence. Regions characterized by considerable heterogeneity have been left in blank.

The Baltic race is found in its purest state in the Scandinavian peninsula and in Scotland. It fills the British Isles and



DISTRIBUTION OF THE RACES OF EUROPE

Modern ethnography recognizes in the Caucasian or white race at least three main subraces: the Baltic<sup>1</sup> race, called Teutonic by Professor Ripley of Harvard University in his beautiful work on the races of Europe, the Alpine race, and the Mediterranean or Ligurian race. These races are mixed to a considerable extent in some regions, yet, on the whole, they are still more frequently found isolated in

<sup>1</sup> Called by Deniker *Nordique*, which Professor Ripley translates as Nordic. In place of the latter term Professor Giddings suggests "Baltic," which I adopt as being remarkably accurate. Just as the Mediterranean Sea is the natural center of the Mediterranean people, so is the Baltic Sea

the northern plain of Germany. More or less mixed with the other two European races, it occupies many regions of France, central Europe, and Russia. It is probably the result of the natural selection practised by a cold climate over emigrants who belonged to the primitive Mediterranean race, and who had gradually moved northward. Many of their mental as well as their physical characteristics find an extreme center of the Nordic race. Even in the case of Great Britain, it may be said that the people who gave to the British their dominant features came, in historic and prehistoric times, from Scandinavia, Denmark, and the northern plain of Germany.—G. M.

planation in that hypothesis: those individuals who, through lack of ingenuity, foresight, or activity, were unable to meet the requirements of a severe winter, perished, generation after generation; their posterity was constantly decreased, and the posterity of the active, energetic, and thoughtful was thereby relatively increased.

This race is, like the Mediterranean, dolichocephalic; that is, its representatives possess a long and narrow skull. They are tall, have blue eyes, light hair, and a narrow nose. They are content with a plain, uniform food, and while less fond of fat than the hyperborean races of men, are not averse to the eating of a relatively large amount of it with their meat.

Mentally they are enterprising and persevering, and cheerfully dedicate most of their time and thought to work. In this they differ from the Mediterranean race, which loves rest and pleasure. They are liberally gifted with those moral instincts which are highly favorable to the creation and growth of communities, although not always so favorable to the individual who possesses them; they are altruistic, fearless, honest, and sincere. They love order and cleanliness, and attach considerable importance to the dress and external appearance of individuals. In this last respect they are unlike the Alpine people, but resemble the Mediterranean, who dress well whenever they can afford to do so. They instinctively despise men who differ much from them. This feeling has prevented their mixing on a large scale with human races other than the white one.

Gathered about the mountain-ranges of central and southern Europe, the Alpine race has received its name from its habitat. When, as happens in Russia, it is much diluted by intermarriage with other races, it may be found in plains. Wherever purer, it prefers barren mountains to fertile plains. Like the chamois, it has been so molded by hundreds of centuries of natural selection that it will thrive best in regions which are by no means hospitable to the majority of living beings.

A stream of the Alpine race starts from Asia Minor and spreads over Europe, following mountain-ranges. This fact, together with the existence of the Alpine type in a high degree of purity on the plateaus of western Asia, has led many

ethnologists to admit the Asiatic origin of this race.

Its head form is the opposite of that of the Baltic and the Mediterranean race. The skull is broad and short: the race is brachycephalic. As a result, the breadth of the cranium gives a globular head and a round face. The eyes are gray and the hair is chestnut. The chin is full. The Alpine race is sometimes of a rather small stature, as in Brittany, and sometimes tall, as in western Switzerland. These people are nearly always stocky. An unusual number of representatives of the race, generally from southern German stock, are found among the motormen of electric cars in our American cities. By requiring from that class of employees a certain weight, electric-car companies practise an unconscious selection in favor of the Alpine.

They are conservative. The war of Vendée, in 1793, was to France but one of the numerous and disagreeable revelations of that spirit. They are not artistic. While the Paris Salon draws an average of five exhibitors out of every hundred thousand Mediterranean French, and about four from the same number of Baltic people, it draws only one from that number of Alpine. Although Rousseau excelled in letters, he despised literature, and Mme. de Staël philosophized before works of art. The Alpine race is more given to meditation than to action. Pascal, Leibnitz, Agassiz, Arnold Guyot, Pasteur, are fair examples of their trend of mind. They are endowed with powerful family affections. Indeed, it may be said that the family more than the individual is the unit of the Alpine. They are better husbands and wives and worse citizens than the Baltic. Divorce statistics in France show that while out of every thousand Baltic families there are ten divorces, that number falls to five among the Mediterranean, and to three among the Alpine. France is the only country which can furnish such statistics; in no other are the three European races found in such a state of integrity while yet living under uniform marriage and divorce laws.

The Alpine show no great reverence for wealth, and, although laborious, rarely strive hard to become rich. But the most distinctive mental trait of that people is its indifference in all matters pertaining to

personal appearance, dress, and house furnishing. It has been the privilege of the writer to travel on foot in the great Alpine centers (racially speaking) of Europe, and he has been everywhere bewildered at the extreme simplicity of well-to-do bourgeois and farmers. Fashion has but little hold on the Alpine. In French Brittany and in the Austrian Tyrol people still cling to a costume which was worn two centuries ago. In seventeen of the twenty-two cantons of Switzerland, on gala days, peasants wear dresses the origin of which dates from the middle ages. In Savoy and Auvergne wealthy old farmers put on clothes cut after the fashion which was common when they were twenty years old.

The oldest human stratum found in Europe is our third race. Wherever prehistoric sepultures exist, they show, either by the primitive stone implements which lie by the dead, or, as happens in the caverns of France, by the relative position of the skeletons, that the Mediterranean has preceded the other two races in the possession of plains and valleys. Our map shows that it is to-day confined to southern Europe. It is also found, however, in northern Africa, and thus encircles the Mediterranean Sea within an almost continuous belt. Hence comes its name. While resembling the Baltic people in the shape of the head, the Mediterranean can be distinguished from them at a glance: their eyes and hair are dark, and their stature is inferior to that of the Baltic. They are generally slender in body.

The Mediterranean is the most emotional of the three European races. It lacks the persevering energy of the Baltic. Those people are equally prone to enthusiasm and to discouragement. They do well and promptly any work which they like, but it is easy to see that the performing of a task which is distasteful to them costs them a tremendous effort.

They are instinctively courteous in address. Politeness and fine manners in France reach their maximum in the southern region occupied by the Mediterranean race; they are at a minimum in the three Alpine centers of Brittany, Savoy, and Auvergne, the Bretons being considered as sullen, the Savoyards as uncouth, and the Auvergnats as rough beyond description. The only province of Spain the inhabitants of which have, throughout the peninsula, a

reputation for unmannerliness is the only one where the average cephalic index rises to eighty. Galicia is a mountainous country, and has evidently received, in prehistoric times, an admixture of Alpine blood. In his novel "La hermana San Sulpicio," which has received the honor of an English translation, the Spanish author Palacio Valdés mentions repeatedly the poor estimate in which the Gallegos, on account of their coarseness, are held by the other Spaniards.

The Mediterranean people love art. The history of painting, sculpture, music, literature is mainly a Mediterranean history. France owes her present hegemony in art to the Mediterranean race. If literature could find its expression, as music does, in a universal language, Italian literature would now occupy in the world a place similar to that occupied by Italian music, and the literary world might hail in the Spanish woman Emilia Pardo Bazán, one of the greatest novelists of our age.

The pictorial diagram on page 684 shows the relative proportion of immigrants of the three European races who landed on our shores from 1835 to 1890. It can be seen at a glance that, during that period, the Baltic element had an overwhelming numerical preponderance.

But during the last years of the decade 1880-90 the nature of our immigrants underwent a change. Immigration from central Europe and Italy increased suddenly. In the year 1887 it doubled its volume. Every year of the decade 1890-1900 saw a new increase of a formerly insignificant element. Strange enough, the same period witnessed a considerable falling off in the *absolute* number of Baltic immigrants from the British Isles, Sweden, Norway, and Germany.

This last element, however, was still preponderant among our immigrants during the decade 1890-1900, but our second diagram shows that it was then not far from losing its numerical superiority over the other two European races. This superiority was lost completely during the two years 1901-02 (fiscal year ending on June 30), and if the factors which steadily and deeply modify the origin of the current of immigration to this country do not disappear, immigrants landing during the decade 1900-10 will belong almost exclusively to the Alpine and Mediterranean stocks. It does not come within the scope of this ar-



ticle to determine the nature of these factors; we merely wish to point out some of their unavoidable, although remote, consequences.

To say that the great bulk of the American people sees in the recent phase of immigration to their country an unmitigated evil is probably not an exaggerated statement. If the reasons for such an opinion were asked, the answer would generally be that the newcomers are ignorant and shabby. For the student of man, however, these reasons have not the weight which they carry in the popular mind. When, as is the case with most of our present immigrants, ignorance has for its cause the lack, not of intelligence, but of the proper educational facilities, it is an acquired negative characteristic. As such it is not transmissible to offspring, and means absolutely nothing for the future of the race. The first Baltic people brought to Rome by the armies of Cæsar were looked upon in contempt by patricians and plebeians alike. They were ignorant, rude, uncivilized. Fifteen centuries later, when the Renaissance swept over their land, the descendants of those same Baltic barbarians started a civilization which, in many respects, is now the first of the world. Placed in the highly favorable American economic conditions, the next generation of our Italian immigrants will promptly show us that they lack neither intelligence nor imagination nor artistic talent. That the recent turn taken by immigration will deeply and in many ways modify our national character is certain. That it will deteriorate it is not. Some of the modifications will be for the worse, some for the better. We can measure the extent of none, and ought thereby to be prevented from making sweeping assertions.

The most conspicuous physical change which will be brought about by intermarriage with the newcomers will be the least noticed by all but ethnologists. It is the change which took place in many parts of Europe after the great prehistoric Alpine invasion, and which is clearly seen in sepulchres posterior to that event. The skull will become shorter and broader. That change is taking place now, on a large scale, in the States of New York, Pennsylvania, and especially Massachusetts. We leave it to esthetes to decide whether it gives us reason to rejoice or lament.

A reduction of the average stature will

be an altogether unpleasant but unavoidable feature of the racial change brought about by our present immigrants. The average size of the Baltic people is five feet and eight inches. That of the Alpine is somewhat smaller. Smaller still is that of the Mediterranean. In the last two races stature, moreover, varies much in different localities. In the Spanish province of Andalusia the Mediterranean race reaches an average of five feet and seven inches. Andalusians have colonized our Porto Rico possession, and give there a favorable impression of the Mediterranean race so far as size is concerned. Unfortunately, in the case of our Italian immigrants, we draw our supply from the regions in which the Mediterranean people hold the record for the smallest stature. In the province of Campania, from which there has been an exodus to the United States, the average stature is five feet and three inches. It falls to five feet and one inch in the Basilicata. Few of the tall Alpine Italians who fill the north of the peninsula come here. The Argentine Republic and Brazil take the rank and file of them.

With the widening of the skull and the decrease of the stature, an increase in the number of individuals of the brunette type is the chief physical change which is now taking place in our Eastern industrial cities, and which will, in time, probably extend over the whole land.

Mental changes keep pace with these, and will be most noticeable after the descendants of our present immigrants have identified themselves to a degree with American politics, literature, science, and art. The most conspicuous of these, perhaps, will be a decline of that enterprising spirit which has been called the American push. Both the Alpine and the Mediterranean—the first more than the latter—will contribute to bring about that undesirable result. A restless mind, ever on the watch for opportunities and improvements, is characteristic of the Baltic people, but is found to a higher degree among the Baltic Americans than among European branches of the same race. The artificial selection practised at the time of the immigration of the primitive Baltic stock by the circumstances attending that immigration is the cause of that difference which manifests itself to-day in a thousand various ways. During the sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth, and part

of the nineteenth century, the voyage from Europe to America was long, perilous, and had many sufferings in store for those who undertook it. As a result, the average of those who chose to depart were gifted with a more enterprising spirit than the average of those who chose to remain. That the newcomers cannot possess that spirit to the same degree results from two facts: they do not belong to the Baltic race, and the voyage from Europe to America is no longer fraught with danger and uncertainty.

Stronger family ties, a marked check in the pursuit as well as in the display of wealth, a greater love for abstract knowledge, for the *science pure* of the French, will be, on the other hand, some not altogether unwholesome features of the influence exerted by our round-headed settlers in their new surroundings.

Nor will the artistic temperament of our Mediterranean friends be a contemptible addition to our national characteristics. We need it.

We need every one of the qualities of the two alien races which are now peaceably invading our land; we want none of their defects; and a question now arises: Is it possible to sift our immigrants so as to get only the flower of them—that is, those who both mentally and physically stand above the average? Man nowadays practises everywhere, on a large scale, artificial selection upon animals, and obtains from that process well-nigh all that he wants in any direction. Artificial selection practised by man on man has, on the contrary, met with great practical difficulties, and the only way in which it is now applied is the military selection *à rebours*, which kills the fittest, and leaves the undersized, the humpback, and the idiot at home for reproductive purposes. America, however, thanks to its peculiar position, can do better. We, and we alone, have a marvelous opportunity to practise on a large scale an effective system of artificial selection for the betterment of our race. Something is already being done in that direction. Convicts, prostitutes, and persons who, through bodily ailments or poverty, are likely to find themselves unable to earn a living, are not admitted. The Shattuck Bill, which includes an educational test, was favorably reported to the Senate. From the ethnologist's standpoint, these laws are good. They could, however, easily be made more

effective without becoming thereby more difficult in their application. They are dictated by a short-sighted policy. Their makers had not so much in view the future as the present; their object was more to keep out of the country immigrants who might become a burden to the community than to improve the race. They ought to be revised in the light of a broader and more far-seeing spirit.

While embodying the same provisions for the exclusion of the physically unfit, they should also require a mental test in which an effort should be made to ascertain not so much the acquired knowledge of the individual as his mental capacity. Properly directed tests made for that special purpose always yield tolerably accurate results. To require the possession of a certain knowledge as a proof of mental vigor is not unlike asking men to caper in order to prove their physical strength. Those who can are unmistakably strong, but many others are strong who cannot caper because they had no opportunity to cultivate that art. Anybody familiar with the nature and extent of the educational facilities in many parts of some of the European countries which deluge us with immigrants will not find the comparison altogether out of place.

Again, the immigration inspectors should not only be thoroughly conversant with the language, customs, geography, history, literature, and art of one of the European countries which sends us immigrants, but they should, moreover, perform their work in that particular country, and not in the United States. The more stringent our immigration laws become, the greater will be the necessity for such a change. How can our immigration officers now know much about the past of men and women who just arrive from a land thousands of miles away? How they can recognize as such former convicts or prostitutes is a mystery to every one. While the number of those who are forbidden to land for such reasons is ridiculously small (ten in 1901), the wonder is that any can be detected. Prospective immigrants ought to apply to immigration inspectors in their own respective countries for a license to enter the United States. Their application should be accompanied with suitable references, including the famous and useful *certificat de bonnes mœurs* delivered by the Conti-


mental police to all who have had no dealings with them. Finally, to be thoroughly efficient, the selective process should not be of an entirely negative character. Trusting in chance alone to prevent us from becoming a nation of honest nobodies is not a wise policy. Whenever a needy person, intending to emigrate, could make it clear to our inspectors in his country that he has somehow and somewhat distin-

guished himself in the field of science, literature, or art, he should be given a free passage to this country. It costs something to get gold out of its gangue, yet, on the whole, the process is a paying one. Intellectual families are more valuable than gold in any country. Poor or rich, they are the real wealth of a nation. To them we owe our greatest achievements and our purest glories.

## II. COMMENTS ON THE FOREGOING

BY FRANKLIN H. GIDDINGS

Professor of Sociology, Columbia University

HE English language and the traditions of English law will continue to voice American thought and to shape American institutional life; the thought itself and the social life itself will in a large part perpetuate the souls of other peoples than the English. For our blood will in part be other than English blood, and while in all that pertains to practical activity, to education, and, above all, to language, we may place the stamp of our earlier characteristics upon a composite people, in all that pertains to instinct, to habit, to mood, and to sentiment it will be that long heredity of ages which we call "the blood" that will count.

Only recently, and most unwillingly, have Americans of the older stock begun to see and to admit these ethnic truths. That older stock has been curiously self-conscious from early days. It has been, withal, strongly imbued with a certain aristocratic feeling, whether the strain be that of the Virginia cavalier or of the New England Puritan. It has felt itself socially, morally, intellectually superior to the newer arrivals. Yet, in justice, we must admit that the apprehension with which it has viewed the inflow of foreign immigration has largely been due to a serious consideration of the possibility that our institutions may be changed, our ideals and our standards of living lowered. In all that has

been written upon the subject few cheerful notes have been sounded. The possibility that English, Teutonic, Celtic, Latin, and even Slavic elements might blend in a people stronger and yet more sensitive, nobler and yet more impressionable, than any which has yet enjoyed a historic career, was voiced by Bayard Taylor in his "Centennial Ode," but the view which he expressed has not been widely accepted. Rather have newspapers, public speakers, and legislators urged on the passage of laws restricting immigration, hoping thereby to conserve standards which seemed endangered.

Few strictly scientific attempts to study the actual facts have been made. The most noteworthy and the sanest was that of the lamented Professor Mayo-Smith, in his little book "Emigration and Immigration." A new attempt, made in a true scientific spirit and in the light of the latest ethnological knowledge, is that by Mr. Michaud. It is not nationality as such that must in the long run determine the fundamental qualities of the American people. The characteristics which in the aggregate we call nationality, such as language and political associations, are relatively superficial. The fundamental things are character, temperament, aptitude, and these are things of race, far older than nationality.

Our school-books have not yet incorporated that analysis of the white race which

has for many years been accepted by European ethnologists. The great white race of Europe is not one homogeneous whole differentiated into nationalities. It consists of two great subraces, and one of these is further subdivided into two great branches.

To one of these subraces the late Professor Daniel G. Brinton of Philadelphia many years ago proposed to give the name the Eur-African race. To the other we may quite properly give the corresponding name Eur-Asian. The habitat of the Eur-African race includes that portion of Africa which lies north of the Sahara,—and which in fauna and flora is European rather than African,—southern Europe, the British Isles, and the regions round the Baltic. The Eur-Asian subrace, otherwise known as the Alpine race, occupies, as Mr. Michaud's map clearly shows, a large proportion of eastern and central Europe.

The two branches of the Eur-African subrace have been variously designated by ethnologists, but the best and simplest names are the Mediterranean and the Baltic. Both are long-headed or dolichocephalic, while the Alpine is broad-headed or brachycephalic. The Alpine is conservative and, as Mr. Michaud says, clannish. The Mediterranean and the Baltic have always been progressive; the Baltic energetically, the Mediterranean artistically, creative. European civilization, as Professor Sergi of Rome, in his book on "The Mediterranean Race," has shown, has been created chiefly by the Mediterranean stock.

The reader of Mr. Michaud's article may possibly gather from it an impression that the Baltic branch, highly endowed with industrial energy and political gifts, is yet lacking in imaginative power. This judgment would hardly be warranted by the known facts. The precise temperamental difference between the Mediterranean and the Baltic branch, and between both of these and the Alpine stock, can best be understood if we remember that two or more individuals or two or more peoples that are highly emotional and imaginative may yet differ profoundly in the precise qualities of their emotional moods and in their forms of imaginative expression. Emotion may be gay, melancholy, or dramatic. Imagination may express itself in plastic forms, or it may work with the subjective material of sentiment, mood, or fancy. The artistic characteristic of the

Mediterranean stock, on the whole, is plastic expression. That of the Baltic branch, on the whole, is dramatic expression. Superbly in keeping, for example, are the Icelandic stories of "The Burnt Njal" with the wild life of sea-roving and piracy which the Scandinavian people led so long.

Over against these temperamental tendencies lies the brooding, contemplative mood, sometimes melancholy, sometimes wonderfully sweet and tender, of the Alpine stock. In a remarkable psychological study of "Ernest Renan and the Soul of the Celt," M. Louis Marillier has revealed to us the singularly beautiful sentiment which is found among the Breton peasantry. It would be questionable, however, to identify too closely the poetic beauties of the legend of the Holy Grail with the blood of the Alpine stock. We must remember that the people of Brittany are partly of that old stock of Britain and Wales which crossed over the Channel after the Saxon invasion of the British Isles. That stock was only in part of Eur-Asian antecedents. Largely its blood was of that ancient Mediterranean race which survives to-day in the black-eyed men of Wales. While much of the tender sentiment characteristic of Breton legend is of Alpine racial origin, its imaginative expression is of the same lineage as the fairy lore of the Welsh valleys and of the Irish glens. Moreover, it is certain that some of the more beautiful portions of the Arthurian cycle, in its developed form, were of Norman, that is, of Baltic origin.

If now, as Mr. Michaud shows us from our federal statistics, the American population is henceforth to contain a smaller proportion of the energetic Baltic blood and a larger proportion of the art- and leisure-loving Mediterranean blood, as well as an increasing proportion of that conservative, contemplative stock which comes from eastern Europe, we are concerned to know what the future American people thus composed will be like. Above all, since it is not to be, as hitherto, a people chiefly of English descent, how far will its qualities, produced by this new and perhaps most extensive blending of ethnic elements in all history, be like the qualities of the English people since the Norman Conquest?

The English people also was created by an astonishing admixture of the three great racial varieties of Europe. First of all

were those older Britons, the Goidelic Celts, in whom the main stream of blood was the dark Mediterranean current. Superimposed upon this stock were the Brythonic Celts, in whom was a larger mixture of the blood of the broad-headed men of eastern Europe. Overlying these and mingling with them, came the Baltic Saxons, Jutes, Angles, and Danes, and ultimately the Baltic Normans, slightly modified by admixture with Mediterranean and Alpine elements in the region between Caen and Rouen. Here surely was an ethnic composition singularly like that which we are now witnessing in our own land. And what came of it? A people in which were combined, as never before in the history of man, the elements of stability and of enterprise; of family affection and of patriotic citizenship; of tenderest sentiment and of dramatic fire; of poetical, industrial, and political capacity; of philosophic power

and of scientific precision; a people that could produce a Cromwell and a "Tom" Moore, a Berkeley and an Adam Smith, a Nelson and a Stephenson, a Shakspeare and a Darwin, a Spenser and a Spencer.

In our own land all of these elements will again combine; not, of course, in the same proportion, for history repeats itself only in its general phases, never in its concrete details. But the proportions will be such as to make a people strong and plastic — with possibilities of action and of expression, of grasp upon the garnered experience of the race, and of daring outreach into the things that as yet have never been, such as no people has yet shown.

"Fused in her candid light,  
To one strong race all races here unite;  
Tongues melt in hers, hereditary foemen  
Forget their sword and slogan, kith and clan;  
'T was glory, once, to be a Roman;  
She makes it glory, now, to be a Man!"



## ALL IN ALL

BY FLORENCE BROOKS

I AM a pilgrim of the withered staff  
Wandering the world, and thou my godlike love;  
Thou art the dizzy universe above  
My gaze illuminate, and fruit and chaff  
Are naught. But pour me tears of rain to quaff,  
Send sunny winds to please, make oceans move  
For my great wonder, O my poet love,  
And I will care not if I weep or laugh.  
To thy sweet moods I would be like a flower  
Soft in the flowing wind, or like a pool  
Beneath the purple rain; from hour to hour  
Thou swayest; I am thine, priestess or fool.  
I care not if my life be song or sob,  
So in the night I hear thy strong heart throb.

# LOVEY MARY

BY ALICE CALDWELL HEGAN

Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"

WITH PICTURES BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN

XI

## THE CHRISTMAS PLAY

"Not failure, but low aim, is crime."

AS the holiday season approached, a rumor began to be circulated that the Cabbage Patch Sunday school would have an entertainment as well as a Christmas tree. The instigator of this new movement was Jake Schultz, whose histrionic ambition had been fired during his apprenticeship as "super" at the opera-house.

"I know a man what rents costumes, an' the promp'-books to go with 'em," he said to several of the boys one Sunday afternoon. "If we all chip in we kin raise the price, an' git it back easy by chargin' admittance."

"Aw, shucks!" said Chris. "We don't know nothin' 'bout play-actin'."

"We kin learn all right," said Billy

Wiggs. "I bid to be the feller that acts on the trapeze."

The other boys approving of the plan, it was agreed that Jake should call on the costumer at his earliest convenience.

One night a week later Lovey Mary was getting supper when she heard an impera-

tive rap on the door. It was Jake Schultz. He mysteriously beckoned her out on the steps, and closed the door behind them.

"Have you ever acted any?" he asked.

"I used to say pieces at the home," said Lovey Mary, forgetting herself.

"Well, do you think you could take leadin' lady in the entertainment?"

Lovey Mary had no idea what the lady was expected to lead, but she knew that she was being honored, and she was thrilled at the prospect.

"I know some arm-exercises, and I could sing for them," she offered.

"Oh, no," explained Jake; "it's a play,



Drawn by Florence Scovel Shinn

"HAVE YOU EVER ACTED ANY?" HE ASKED

a reg'lar theayter play. I got the book and the costumes down on Market street. The man did n't have but this one set of costumes on hand, so I did n't have no choice. It's a bully play, all right, though! I seen it oncet, an' I know how it all ought to go. It's named 'Forst,' er somethin' like that. I'm goin' to be the devil, an' wear a red suit, an' have my face all streaked up. Billy he's goin' to be the other feller what's stuck on the girl. He tole me to ast you to be her. Your dress is white with cords an' tassels on it, an' the sleeves ain't sewed up. Reckon you could learn the part? We ain't goin' to give it all."

"I can learn anything!" cried Lovey Mary, recklessly. "Already know the alphabet and the Lord's Prayer backward. Is the dress short-sleeve? And does it drag in the back when you walk?"

"Yep," said Jake; "an' the man said you was to plait your hair in two parts an' let 'em hang over your shoulders. I don't see why it would n't be pretty for you to sing somethin', too. Ever'body is so stuck on yer singin'."

"All right," said Lovey Mary, enthusiastically; "you bring the book over and show me where my part's at. And, Jake," she called as he started off, "you tell Billy I'll be glad to."

For the next ten days Lovey Mary dwelt in Elysium. The prompt-book, the rehearsals, the consultations, filled the spare moments and threw a glamour over the busy ones. Jake, with his vast experience and unlimited knowledge of stage-craft, appealed to her in everything. He sat on a barrel and told how they did things "up to the opery-house," and Lovey Mary, seizing his suggestions with burning zeal, refitted the costumes, constructed scenery, hammered her own nails as well as the iron ones, and finally succeeded in putting into practice his rather vague theories. For the first time in her life she was a person of importance.

Besides her numerous other duties, she prepared an elaborate costume for Tommy. This had caused her some trouble, for Miss Hazy, who was sent to buy the goods for the trousers, exercised unwise economy in buying two remnants which did not match in color or pattern.

"Why did n't you put your mind on it, Miss Hazy?" asked Lovey Mary, making

a heroic effort to keep her temper. "You might have known I could n't take Tommy to the show with one blue leg and one brown one. What must I do?"

Miss Hazy sat dejectedly in the corner, wiping her eyes on her apron. "You might go ast Mis' Wiggs," she suggested as a forlorn hope.

When Mrs. Wiggs was told the trouble she smiled reassuringly. Emergencies were to her the spice of life; they furnished opportunities for the expression of her genius.

"Hush cryin', Miss Hazy; there ain't a speck of harm did. Mary kin make the front outen one piece an' the back outen the other. Nobody won't never know the difference, 'cause Tommy can't be goin' an' comin' at the same time."

The result was highly satisfactory—that is, to everybody but Tommy; he complained that there "was n't no room to set down."

On Christmas night the aristocracy of the Cabbage Patch assembled in the school-house to enjoy the double attraction of a Christmas tree and an entertainment. Mr. Rothchild, who had arranged the tree for the last ten years, refused to have it moved from its accustomed place, which was almost in the center of the platform. He had been earnestly remonstrated with, but he and the tree remained firm. Mrs. Rothchild and all the little Rothchildren had climbed in the window before the doors were open, in order to secure the front seats. Immediately behind them sat the Hazys and the Wiggses.

"That there is the seminary student gittin' up now," whispered Mrs. Wiggs. "He's goin' to call out the pieces. My land! ain't he washed out! Looks like he'd go into a trance fer fifty cents. Hush, Australia! Don't you see he is goin' to pray?"

After the opening prayer, the young preacher suggested that, as long as the speakers were not quite ready, the audience should "raise a hymn."

"He's got a fine voice," whispered Miss Hazy; "I heard 'em say he was the gentleman soprano at a down-town church."

When the religious exercises were completed, the audience settled into a state of pleasurable anticipation.

"The first feature of the entertainment," announced the preacher, "will be a song by Miss Europena Wiggs."



Europena stepped forward and, with hands close to her sides and anguished eyes on the ceiling, gasped forth the agonized query :

"Can she make a cheery-pie,  
Billy boy, Billy boy?  
Can she make a cheery-pie,  
Charming Billy?"

Notwithstanding the fact that there were eight verses, an encore was demanded. Mrs. Wiggs rose in her seat and beckoned vehemently to Europena. "Come on back!" she motioned violently with her lips. "They want you to come back."

Europena, in a state of utter bewilderment, returned to the stage. "Say another speech!" whispered Mrs. Wiggs, leaning over so far that she knocked Mrs. Rothchild's bonnet awry. Still Europena stood there, evidently a victim of lockjaw.

"'I have a little finger,'" prompted her mother frantically from the second row front.

A single ray of intelligence flickered for a moment over the child's face, and with a supreme effort she said :

"I have a little finger,  
An' I have a little beau;  
When I get a little bigger  
I 'll have a little toe."

"Well, she got it all in," said Mrs. Wiggs, in a relieved tone, as Europena was lifted down.

After this, other little girls came forward and made some unintelligible remarks concerning Santa Claus. It was with some difficulty that they went through their parts, for Mr. Rothchild kept getting in the way as he calmly and uncompromisingly continued to hang cornucopias on the tree. Songs and recitations followed, but even the youngest spectator realized that these were only preliminary skirmishes.

At last a bell rang. Two bedspreads

which served as curtains were majestically withdrawn. A sigh of admiration swept the room. "Ain't he cute!" whispered a girl in the rear, as Billy rose resplendent in pink tights and crimson doublet, and folding his arms high on his breast, recited in a deep voice :

"I have, alas! philosophy,  
Medicine, jurisprudence too,  
And, to my cost, theology  
With ardent labor studied through."



Drawn by Florence Scovel Shinn

"EUROPENA STEPPED FORWARD"

"I don't see no sense in what he 's sayin' at all," whispered Miss Hazy.

"It 's jes what was in the book," answered Mrs. Wiggs, "'cause I heard him repeat it off before supper."

The entrance of Jake awakened the flagging interest. Nobody understood what he said either, but he made horrible faces, and waved his red arms, and caused a pleasant diversion.

"Maw, what 's John Bagby a-handin' round in that little saucer?" asked Australia.

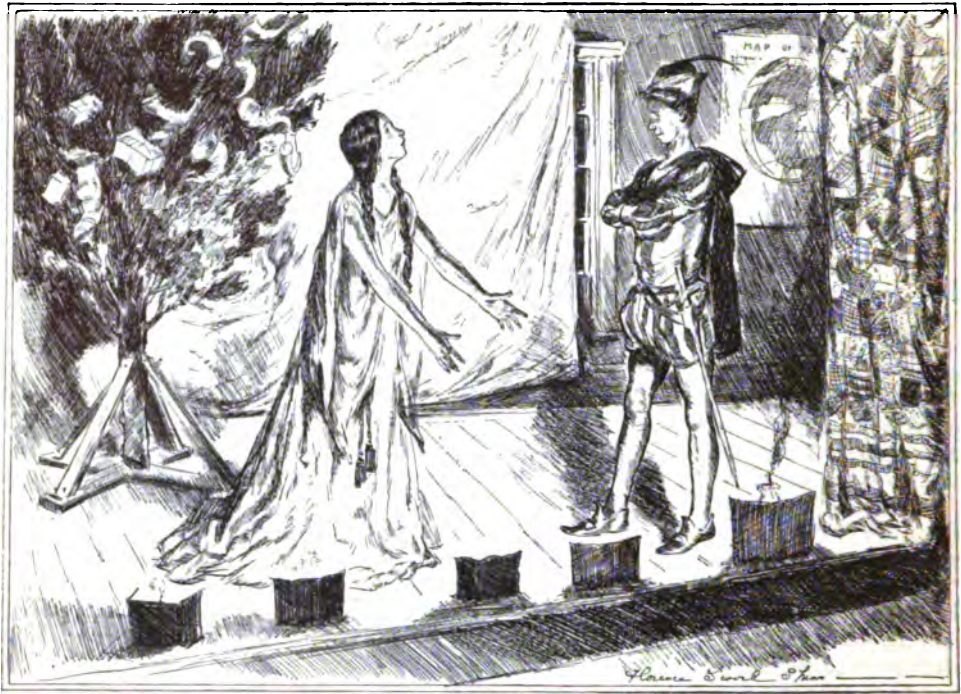
"Fer mercy sake! I don't know," answered her mother, craning her neck to see.

John, with creaking footsteps, tiptoed to the front of the stage, and stooping down, began to mix a concoction in a plate. Many stood up to see what he was doing, and conjecture was rife. *Mephisto* and *Faust* were forgotten until Jake struck a heroic pose, and grasping Billy's arm, said hoarsely :

"Gaze, Faustis, gaze into pairdition!"

John put a match to the powder, a bright red light filled the room, and the audience, following the index-finger of the impassioned *Mephisto*, gazed into the placid, stupid faces of four meek little boys on the mourners' bench.

Before the violent coughing caused by the calcium fumes had ceased, a vision in white squeezed past Mr. Rothchild and came slowly down to the edge of the platform. It was Lovey Mary as *Marguerite*.



Drawn by Florence Scovel Shinn

"SANG IN A HIGH, SWEET VOICE, 'I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR'"

Her long dress swept about her feet, her heavy hair hung in thick braids over both shoulders, and a burning red spot glowed on each cheek. For a moment she stood as Jake had directed, with head thrown back and eyes cast heavenward, then she began to recite. The words poured from her lips with a volubility that would have shamed an auctioneer. It was a long part, full of hard words, but she knew it perfectly, and was determined to show how fast she could say it without making a mistake. It was only when she finished that she paused for breath. Then she turned slowly, and stretching forth appealing arms to *Faust*, sang in a high, sweet voice, "I Need Thee Every Hour."

The effect was electrical. At last the Cabbage Patch understood what was going on. The roof rang with applause. Even Mr. Rothchild held aside his strings of pop-corn to let *Marguerite* pass out.

"S' more! S' more!" was the cry. "Sing it ag'in!"

Jake stepped before the curtain. "If our friends is willin'," he said, "we 'll repeat over the last ac'."

Again Lovey Mary scored a triumph.

John Bagby burned the rest of the calcium powder during the last verse, and the entertainment concluded in a prolonged cheer.

## XII

### REACTION

"Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie."

WHEN the paint and powder had been washed off, and Tommy had with difficulty been extracted from his new trousers and put to bed, Lovey Mary sat before the little stove and thought it all over. It had been the very happiest time of her whole life. How nice it was to be praised and made much of! Mrs. Wiggs had started it by calling everybody's attention to her good points; then Mrs. Redding had sought her out and shown her continued attention; to-night was the great climax. Her name had been on every tongue, her praises sung on every side, and Billy Wiggs had given her everything he got off the Christmas tree.

"I wisht I deserved it all," she said, as she got up to pull the blanket closer about Tommy. "I've tried to be good. I guess

I am better in some ways, but not in all—not in all." She knelt by the bed and held Tommy's hand to her cheek. "Sometimes he looks like Kate when he's asleep like this. I wonder if she's got well? I wonder if she ever misses him?"

For a long time she knelt there, holding the warm little hand in hers. The play, the success, the applause, were all forgotten, and in their place was a shame, a humiliation, that brought the hot tears to her eyes.

"I ain't what they think I am," she whispered brokenly. "I'm a mean, bad girl, after all. The canker-worm's there. Miss Viny said there never would be a sure-nough beautiful flower till the canker-worm was killed. But I want to be good; I want to be what they think I am!"

Again and again the old thoughts of Kate rose to taunt and madden her. But a new power was at work; it brought new thoughts of Kate—of Kate sick and helpless, of Kate without friends and lonely, calling for her baby. Through the night the battle raged within her. When the first gray streaks showed through the shutters, Lovey Mary cleaned her room and put on her Sunday dress. "I'll be a little late to the factory," she explained to Miss Hazy at breakfast, "for I've got to go on a errand."

It was an early hour for visitors at the city hospital, but when Lovey Mary stated her business she was shown to Kate's ward. At the far end of the long room, with her bandaged head turned to the wall, lay Kate. When the nurse spoke to her she turned her head painfully, and looked at them listlessly with great black eyes that stared forth from a face wasted and wan from suffering.

"Kate!" said Lovey Mary, leaning across the bed and touching her hand. "Kate, don't you know me?"

The pale lips tightened over the prominent white teeth. "Well, I swan, Lovey Mary, where'd you come from?" Not waiting for an answer, she continued querulously: "Say, can't you get me out of this hole someway? But even if I had the strength to crawl, I would n't have no place to go. Can't you take me away? Anywhere would do."

Lovey Mary's spirits fell; she had nerved herself for a great sacrifice, had decided to do her duty at any cost; but thinking of it beforehand in her little garret room, with Tommy's hand in hers, and Kate Rider a

mere abstraction, was very different from facing the real issue, with the old, selfish, heartless Kate in flesh and blood before her. She let go of Kate's hand.

"Don't you want to know about Tommy?" she asked. "I've come to say I was sorry I run off with him."

"It was mighty nervy in you. I knew you'd take good care of him, though. But say, you can get me away from this, can't you? I ain't got a friend in the world nor a cent of money. But I ain't going to stay here, where there ain't nothing to do and I get so lonesome I'most die. I'd rather set on a street corner and run a hand-organ. Where are you and Tommy at?"

"We are in the Cabbage Patch," said Lovey Mary, with the old repulsion strong upon her.

"Where?"

"The Cabbage Patch. It ain't your sort of a place, Kate. The folks are good and honest, but they are poor and plain. You'd laugh at 'em."

Kate turned her eyes to the window and was silent a moment before she said slowly:

"I ain't got much right to laugh at nobody. I'd be sorter glad to get with good people again. The other sort's all right when you're out for fun, but when you're down on your luck they ain't there."

Lovey Mary, perplexed and troubled, looked at her gravely.

"Have n't you got any place you could go to?"

Kate shook her head. "Nobody would be willing to look after me and nurse me. Lovey,"—she stretched her thin hand across to her entreatingly,— "take me home with you! I heard the doctor tell the nurse he could n't do nothing more for me. I can't die here, shut up with all these sick people. Take me wherever you are at. I'll try not to be no trouble, and—I want to keep straight."

Tears were in her eyes, and her lips trembled. There was a queer little spasm at Lovey Mary's heart. The canker-worm was dead.

When a carriage drove up to Miss Hazy's door and the driver carried in a pale girl with a bandaged head, it caused untold commotion.

"Do you s'pose Mary's a-bringin' home a smallpox patient?" asked Miss Hazy, who was ever prone to look upon the tragic side.

"Naw," said Chris, who was peeping under the window-curtain; "it looks more like she's busted her crust."

In less than an hour every neighbor had been in to find out what was going on. Mrs. Wiggs constituted herself mistress of ceremonies. She had heard the whole story from the overburdened Mary, and

proper thing, every resident promptly fell in line. The victim of "celebrated concussion" was overwhelmed with attention. She lay in a pink wrapper in Miss Hazy's kitchen, and received the homage of the neighborhood. Meanwhile Lovey Mary worked extra hours at the factory and did sewing at night to pay for Kate's board.



Drawn by Florence Scovel Shinn

"HAVE N'T YOU GOT ANY PLACE YOU COULD GO TO?"

was now prepared to direct public opinion in the way it should go.

"Jes another boarder for Miss Hazy," she explained airily to Mrs. Eichorn. "Lovey Mary was so well pleased with her boardin'-house, she drummed it up among her friends. This here lady has been at the hospital. She got knocked over by a wagon out there near the factory, an' it run into celebrated concussion. The nurse told Lovey Mary this mornin' it was somethin' like information of the brain. What we're all goin' to do is to try to get her well. I'm a-goin' home now to git her a nice dinner, an' I jes bet some of you'll see to it that she gits a good supper. You kin jes bank on us knowin' how to give a stranger a welcome!"

It was easy to establish a precedent in the Cabbage Patch. When a certain course of action was once understood to be the

In spite, however, of the kind treatment and the regular administration of Miss Viny's herbs and Mrs. Wiggs's yellowroot, Kate grew weaker day by day. One stormy night when Lovey Mary came home from the factory she found her burning with fever and talking excitedly. Miss Hazy had gotten her up-stairs, and now stood helplessly wringing her hands in the doorway.

"Lor', Lovey Mary! she's cuttin' up scandalous," complained the old lady. "I done ever'thing I knowed how; I ironed the sheets to make 'em warm, an' I tried my best to git her to swallow a mustard cocktail. I wanted her to lemme put a fly-blister on to her head, too, but she won't do nothin'."

"All right, Miss Hazy," said Lovey Mary, hanging her dripping coat on a nail. "I'll stay with her now. Don't talk, Kate! Try to be still."

"But I can't, Lovey. I'm going to die, and I ain't fit to die. I've been so bad and wicked, I'm 'fraid to go, Lovey. What 'll I do? What 'll I do?"

In vain the girl tried to soothe her. Her hysteria increased; she cried and raved and threw herself from side to side.

"Kate! Kate!" pleaded Lovey Mary, trying to hold her arms, "don't cry so! God 'll forgive you. He will, if you are sorry."

"But I'm afraid," shuddered Kate. "I've been so bad. Heaven knows I'm sorry, but it's too late! Too late!" Another paroxysm seized her, and her cries burst forth afresh.

Mary, in desperation, rushed from the room. "Tommy!" she called softly down the steps.

The small boy was sitting on the stairs, in round-eyed wonder at what was going on.

"Tommy," said Lovey Mary, picking him up, "the sick lady feels so bad! Go in and give her a love, darling. Pet her cheeks and hug her like you do me. Tell her she's a pretty mama. Tell her you love her."

Tommy trotted obediently into the low room and climbed on the bed. He put his plump cheek against the thin one, and whispered words of baby-love. Kate's muscles relaxed as her arms folded about him. Gradually her sobs ceased and her pulse grew faint and fainter. Outside, the rain and sleet beat on the cracked window-pane, but a peace had entered the dingy little room. Kate received the great summons with a smile, for in one fleeting moment she had felt for the first and last time the blessed sanctity of motherhood.

### XIII

#### AN HONORABLE RETREAT

"For I will ease my heart,  
Although it be with hazard of my head."

MISS BELL sat in her neat little office, with the evening paper in her hand. The hour before tea was the one time of the day that she reserved for herself. Susie Smithers declared that she sat before the fire at such times and took naps; but Susie's knowledge was not always trustworthy—it depended entirely on the position of the keyhole.

At any rate, Miss Bell was not sleeping

to-night; she moved about restlessly, brushing imaginary ashes from the spotless hearth, staring absently into the fire, then recurring again and again to an item in the paper which she held:

DIED. Kate Rider, in her twenty-fourth year, from injuries received in an accident.

Miss Bell seemed to cringe before the words. Her face looked old and drawn. "And to think I kept her from having her child!" she said to herself as she paced up and down the narrow room. "No matter what else Kate was, she was his mother, and had the first right to him. But I acted for the best; I could see no other way. If I had only known!"

There were steps on the pavement without; she went to the window, and shading her eyes with her hands, gazed into the gathering dusk. Some one was coming up the walk—some one very short and fat. No; it was a girl carrying a child. Miss Bell reached the door just in time to catch Tommy in her arms as Lovey Mary staggered into the hall. They were covered with sleet and almost numb from the cold.

"Kate's dead!" cried Lovey Mary, as Miss Bell hurried them into the office. "I did n't know she was going to die. Oh, I've been so wicked to you and to Kate and to God! I want to be arrested! I don't care what they do to me."

She threw herself on the floor, and beat her fists on the carpet. Tommy stood near and wept in sympathy; he wore his remnant trousers, and his little straw hat, round which Mrs. Wiggs had sewn a broad band of black.

Miss Bell hovered over Lovey Mary and patted her nervously on the back. "Don't, my dear! don't cry so! It's very sad—dear me, yes, very sad. You are n't alone to blame, though; I have been at fault, too. I—I—feel dreadfully about it."

Miss Bell's face was undergoing such painful contortions that Lovey Mary stopped crying in alarm, and Tommy got behind a chair.

"Of course," continued Miss Bell, gaining control of herself, "it was wrong of you to run away—very wrong, Mary. When I discovered that you had gone I never stopped until I found you."

"Till you found me?" gasped Lovey Mary.



"Yes, child; I knew where you were all the time."

Again Miss Bell's features were convulsed, and Mary and Tommy looked on in awed silence. "You see," she went on presently, "I am just as much at fault as you. I was worried and distressed over having to let Tommy go with Kate, yet there seemed no way out of it. When I found you had hidden him away in a safe place, that you were both well and happy, I determined to keep your secret. But oh, Mary, we had n't the right to keep him from her! Perhaps the child would have been her salvation; perhaps she would have died a good girl."

"But she did, Miss Bell," said Lovey Mary, earnestly. "She said she was sorry again and again, and when she went to sleep Tommy's arms was round her neck."

"Mary!" cried Miss Bell, seizing the girl's hand eagerly, "did you find her and take him to her?"

"No, ma'am. I brought her to him. She did n't have no place to go, and I wanted to make up to her for hating her so. I did ever'thing I could to make her well. We all did. I never thought she was going to die."

Then, at Miss Bell's request, Lovey Mary told her story, with many sobs and tears, but some smiles in between over the good

times in the Cabbage Patch; and when she had finished, Miss Bell led her over to the sofa and put her arms about her. They had lived under the same roof for fifteen years, and she had never before given her a caress.

"Mary," Miss Bell said, "you did for Kate what nobody else could have done. I thank God that it all happened as it did."

"But you 'd orter scold me and punish me," said Lovey Mary. "I 'd feel better if you did."

Tommy, realizing in some vague way that a love-feast was in progress, and always ready to echo Lovey Mary's sentiments, laid his chubby hand on Miss Bell's knee.

"When my little sled drows up I 'm doin' to take you rid-in'," he said confidently.

Miss Bell laughed a hearty laugh for the first time in many months. The knotty problem which had

caused her many sleepless nights had at last found its own solution.



Drawn by Florence Scovel Shinn

SUSIE SMITHERS AT THE KEYHOLE

#### XIV

#### THE CACTUS BLOOMS

"I tell thee love is nature's second sun,  
Causing a spring of virtues where he shines."

It was June again, and once more Lovey Mary stood at an up-stairs window at the

home. On the ledge grew a row of bright flowers, brought from Miss Viny's garden; but they were no brighter than the face that smiled across them at the small boy in the playground below. Lovey Mary's sleeves were rolled above her elbows, and a dust-cloth was tied about her head. As she returned to her sweeping she sang joyfully, contentedly:

"Can she sweep a kitchen floor,  
Billy boy, Billy boy?  
Can she sweep a kitchen floor,  
Charming Billy?"

"Miss Bell says for you to come down to the office," announced a little girl, coming up the steps. "There's a lady there and a baby."

Lovey Mary paused in her work, and a shadow passed over her face. Just three years ago the same summons had come, and with it such heartaches and anxiety! She pulled down her sleeves and went thoughtfully down the steps. At the office door she found Mrs. Redding talking to Miss Bell.

"We leave Saturday afternoon," she was saying. "It's rather sooner than we expected, but we want to get the baby to Canada before the hot weather overtakes us. Last summer I asked two children from the Toronto home to spend two weeks with me at our summer place, but this year I have set my heart on taking Lovey Mary and Tommy. They will see Niagara Falls and Buffalo, where we stop over a day, besides the little outing at the lake. Will you come, Mary? You know Robert might get choked again."

Lovey Mary leaned against the door for support. A half-hour visit to Mrs. Redding was excitement for a week, and only to think of going away with her, and riding on a steam-car, and seeing a lake, and taking Tommy, and being ever so small a part of that gorgeous Redding household! She could not speak; she just looked up and smiled; but the smile seemed to mean more than words, for it brought the sudden tears to Mrs. Redding's eyes. She gave Mary's hand a quick, understanding little squeeze, then hurried out to her carriage.

That very afternoon Lovey Mary went to the Cabbage Patch. As she hurried along over the familiar ground, she felt as if she must sing aloud the happy song that was

humming in her heart. She wanted to stop at each cottage and tell the good news; but her time was limited, so she kept on her way to Miss Hazy's, merely calling out a greeting as she passed. When she reached the door she heard Mrs. Wiggs's voice in animated conversation.

"Well, I wish you'd look! There she is, this very minute! I never was so glad to see anybody in my life! My goodness, child, you don't know how we miss you down here! We talk 'bout you all the time, jes like a person puts their tongue in the empty place after a tooth's done pulled out."

"I'm awful glad to be back," said Lovey Mary, too happy to be cast down by the reversion to the original state of the Hazy household.

"Me an' Chris ain't had a comfortable day sence you left," complained Miss Hazy. "I'd 'a' almost rather you would n't 'a' came than to have went away ag'in."

"But listen!" cried Lovey Mary, unable to keep her news another minute. "I'm a-going on a railroad trip with Mrs. Redding, and she's going to take Tommy too; and we are going to see Niag'ra and a lake and a buffalo!"

"Ain't that the grandest thing fer her to go and do!" exclaimed Mrs. Wiggs. "I told you she was a' angel!"

"I'm right skeered of these here long trips," said Miss Hazy—"so many accidents these days."

"Mysakes!" answered Mrs. Wiggs, "I'd think you'd be 'fraid to step over a crack in the floor fer fear you'd fall through. Why, Lovey Mary, it's the nicest thing I ever heared tell of! An' Niag'ry Fall, too. I went on a trip once when I was little. Maw took me through the mountains. I never had seen mountains before, an' I cried at first an' begged her to make 'em sit down. A trip is something you never will fergit in all yer life. It was jes like Mrs. Reddin' to think about it. But I don't wonder she feels good to you. Asia says she never expects to see anything like the way you shook that candy outen little Robert. But see here; if you go 'way off there you must n't fergit us."

"I never could forget you all, wherever I went," said Lovey Mary. "I was awful mean when I come to the Cabbage Patch; somehow you all just bluffed me into being better. I was n't used to being bragged





Drawn by Florence Scovel Shinn

"LOVEY MARY WAVED UNTIL THE TRAIN ROUNDED A CURVE"

on, and it made me want to be good more than anything in the world."

"That 's so," said Mrs. Wiggs. "You can coax a' elephant with a little sugar. The worser Mr. Wiggs used to act, the harder I 'd pat him on the back. When he 'd git b'ilin' mad, I 'd say: 'Now, Mr. Wiggs, why don't you go right out in the woodshed an' swear off that cuss? I hate to think of it rampantin' round inside of a good-lookin' man like you.' He 'd often take my advice, an' it always done him good an' never hurt the woodshed. As fer the childern, I always did use compelmments on them 'stid of switches."

Lovey Mary untied the bundle which she carried, and spread the contents on the kitchen table. "I 've been saving up to get you all some presents," she said. "I did want to get something for every one that had been good to me, but that took in the whole Patch. These are some new kind of seed for Miss Viny; she learned me a lot out of her garden. This is goods for a waist for you, Miss Hazy."

"It 's rale pretty," said Miss Hazy, measuring its length. "If you 'd 'a' brought me enough fer a skirt too, I never would 'a' got through prayin' fer you."

Mrs. Wiggs was indignant. "I declare, Miss Hazy! You ain't got a manner in the world, sometimes. It 's beautiful goods, Lovey Mary. I 'm goin' to make it up fer her by a fancy new pattern Asia bought; it 's got a sailor collar."

"This here is for Chris," continued Lovey Mary, slightly depressed by Miss Hazy's lack of appreciation, "and this is for Mrs. Schultz. I bought you a book, Mrs. Wiggs. I don't know what it 's about, but it 's an awful pretty cover. I knew you 'd like to have it on the parlor table."

It was the "Iliad"!

Mrs. Wiggs held it at arm's-length and, squinting her eyes, read: "Home of an Island."

"That ain't what the man called it," said Lovey Mary.

"Oh, it don't matter 'bout the name. It 's a beautiful book—jes matches my new tidy. You could n't 'a' pleased me better."

"I did n't have money enough to go round," explained Lovey Mary, apologetically, "but I bought a dozen lead-pencils and thought I 'd give them round among the children."

"Ever'thing 'll be terrible wrote over," said Miss Hazy.

The last bundle was done up in tissue-paper and tied with a silver string. Lovey Mary gave it to Mrs. Wiggs when Miss Hazy was not looking.

"It 's a red necktie," she whispered, "for Billy."

When the train for the North pulled out of the station one Saturday afternoon it bore an excited passenger. Lovey Mary, in a new dress and hat, sat on the edge of a seat, with little Robert on one side and Tommy on the other. When her nervousness grew unbearable she leaned forward and touched Mrs. Redding on the shoulder:

"Will you please, ma'am, tell me when we get there?"

Mrs. Redding laughed. "Get there, dear? Why, we have just started!"

"I mean to the Cabbage Patch. They're all going to be watching for me as we go through."

"Is that it?" said Mr. Redding. "Well, I will take the boys, and you can go out and stand on the platform and watch for your friends."

Lovey Mary hesitated. "Please, sir, can't I take Tommy, too? If it had n't 'a' been for him I never would have been here."

So Mr. Redding took them to the rear car, and attaching Lovey Mary firmly to the railing, and Tommy firmly to Mary, returned to his family.

"There 's Miss Viny's!" cried Lovey Mary, excitedly, as the train whizzed past. "We 're getting there. Hold on to your hat, Tommy, and get your pocket-handkerchief ready to wave."

The bell began to ring, and the train slowed up at the great water-tank.

"There they are, all of 'em! Hello, Miss Hazy! And there 's Asia and Chris and ever'body!"

Mrs. Wiggs pushed through the little group and held an empty bottle toward Lovey Mary. "I want you to fill it fer me," she cried breathlessly. "Fill it full of Niag'ry water. I want to see how them falls look."

The train began to move. Miss Hazy threw her apron over her head and wept. Mrs. Wiggs and Mrs. Eichorn waved their arms and smiled. The Cabbage Patch, with its crowd of friendly faces, became a blur to the girl on the platform.

Suddenly a figure on a telegraph pole attracted her attention; it wore a red necktie and it was throwing kisses. Lovey Mary waved until the train rounded a curve, then she gave Tommy an impulsive hug.

"It ain't hard to be good when folks love you," she said, with a little catch in her voice. "I 'll make 'em all proud of me yet!"

THE END





## WINTER PEACE

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

APRIL seemed a restless pain,  
June a phantom in the rain;  
Weary autumn without grain  
Turned her home, full of tears:  
O my year, the most in vain  
Of the years!

While the furrowed field was red,  
While the roses rioted,  
While a leaf was left to shed,  
There was storm in the air.  
Now that troubled heart is dead,  
All is fair.

'Neath a glow of copper-gray  
Spreads the stubble far away,  
And the hilltop cedars play  
Interludes in accord,  
And the sun adorns the day  
Like a sword.

Blue and evenly and slow  
The enchanted breakers go  
Over carmine reefs in snow,  
With a sail in the lee:  
There 's the dignity we know  
On the sea.

Ah, let be the promise vast  
So mysteriously downcast!  
I will love thee who hast passed  
To thy grave in the wild,  
And art clear of stain at last  
As a child.





Drawn by Granville Smith

## MY OLD MAID'S CORNER

SOME OF MY SUNDAY VISITORS

BY LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH

Author of "Hezekiah's Wives"

**I**T is Sunday. I have known it since I waked, for there is never any mistaking a Sunday in town, on my corner, even when, as to-day, I can get no nearer a church than a view of some steeple from my windows.

The traffic with trucks has ceased over the cobbles. The door of every little shop is closed; the postman has rung but once, and then with a special letter; and for the first time during the week policemen are visible gossiping on the flagstones. But these few signs would never make the coming of a Sunday for me. There are others by which I should always know, even were certain family customs of long standing to fail me.

With my coffee, then, my morning papers arrive, not, as on other days, neatly folded and laid with my letters on the tray. My Sunday papers have to be carried under the arm, being as huge and cumbersome in form as those great yellow-brown tomes

bound in calfskin that filled the shelves of my father's ecclesiastical library. Some of the papers are aflame with the three primaries of cheap illustrations, and all of them are in sections. Only this morning I counted as many as sixteen sections in one journal.

Before I had half done scanning their head-lines alone, the church bells began to ring—not the church bells, it should go without saying, that are hung in that part of town upon which I look from my windows to the east. The devout in that quarter are summoned first to their devotions at dawn. This is proper, since they are all day-laborers and tired. On the other side, where the opulent dwell, things have been arranged in another fashion, and, as we are informed in certain hotels, no late morning sleeper, however idle his week has been, need fear being roused by a church bell on Sunday until noonday is well-nigh upon him.

It is while this second set of bells is being

rung that every car is brought to a standstill under my windows, to take on or let off whole families of well-dressed churchgoers—fathers, mothers, and children out in the street together, in the middle of the day, for the only time during the week. Once they have all been settled in their pews, the cars go by at longer intervals. No gongs are sounded, and the quiet is broken only by the rumble of half-empty trolley-cars. I begin then for the first time to hear sounds from the pavement—invariably the voice of the policeman engaged in his amicable Sabbath-day parley with friends. Then comes the slow, uneven “creaking of noisy boots,” and I know, without looking, that some laborer, ill adjusted to his Sunday apparel, is going by with his children to spend the day elsewhere. After that, one of my prosperous neighbors from the other side of my corner, his paper read and his family still at church, comes out to exercise his dog. I catch the whiff of a good cigar as he saunters by whistling to his terrier. But I never hear *his* shoes. The only other tread I hear is that of the saddest sound I know, made by a procession of Friendless Children, who must walk without speaking, a long line of them, all of a size, and dressed in bonnets pathetically alike.

As one o'clock approaches, the cars begin to run again at more frequent intervals, stopping for young men and women who are never bound in this direction on any other day, nor with each other at this hour, but who, morning services being over, are now on their way to Sunday luncheons uptown, the young women in smart street-gowns, the young men in high, brightly polished silk hats, and carrying canes, those evidences with which a very young gentleman thinks to convince us that he is grown up. When he has grown he forgets the cane until, with the coming of decrepitude and as a gentleman of advancing years, he seeks with a jaunty air and a twirl of his stick to bring us once more to his way of thinking of himself,—this time of his being as young as he ever was,—so unending is man's struggle to impress upon the world his own opinion of his powers.

But nobody has hurried or rushed. On a Sunday there are no trains to catch, only sermons. It is astonishing, the difference that it makes. Even the car-conductor feels it. Freshly shaven and newly col-

lared, he lets his passengers on and off with an air of indulging each one's infirmities that is altogether refreshing.

By two o'clock the streets are deserted again, but at three a new exodus begins. People pass and repass, the newly married stopping for intimate consultations in front of those windows which display for their benefit imitations of genuine antique furniture. The cars begin to be crowded on their way to the park. Cabs roll by over the asphalt, then hansoms, holding happy young fathers and mothers with pretty children packed in all about their knees, the little boys in leather leggings and the little girls in fluffy bonnets tied under the chin. With the coming of those hansoms and the children I know that my small world of five-o'clock teas is either out for the making of informal visits, or staying at home to receive them, and I know, too, that some of those young fathers and mothers will stop at my door, and that then, for but too brief a time, as I revel in a whole family grouped about my fireside, my old maid's corner will blossom as with roses.

No one of all these tokens to which I have referred would have deceived me. But had each and every one of them failed, I should still have known what day it was when, toward five o'clock, the colonel arrived with his wife. It is only on a Sunday that they have time for the making of afternoon visits together, or that any husband and wife in town have time, for the matter of that.

And how delightful it is to have the colonel come, with his wit and his charm and his bonhomie! He tells me that he was sixty the other day, but I would not believe it. Sometimes he makes me think of a coal that will not blow out. Every wind—and his have been winds of many adversities—only makes him glow the brighter, although the gray ashes of some fires are to be seen scattered over his hair and mustache.

He lost one eye when fighting as a volunteer during the Rebellion. A black silk patch hides the records of it—a patch which he wears with such frankness that his friends forget it forthwith. But this may be because that other eye of his is so brilliant, illuminating all of his deeply lined countenance, drawing you to it as to an ember snapping in the dark, yet, like a search-light, letting nothing escape it as it



turns in its socket. When I find that one eye watching me at times I say to myself that I do not wonder at any of the fables which gave the Cyclops fame. A single eye suddenly seems to me to possess such vast, illimitable powers in itself—perhaps because everything that other men put into both the colonel puts into this single one; perhaps because there is no need of that one eye focusing with any other; perhaps because, being but a single point, you *have* to look into the very eye with which he is looking at you.

The colonel also has some fingers missing from his right hand, but this, happily, does not interfere with his exercise of those gifts which have made him famous at the bar. He is not a Colonel Sellers. He can declaim with his hands clasped behind him. It is the loss of these fingers and that eye, however, which has made that dear and comfortable wife of his so tender to him. And how good a comfortable wife can be! I know so many of the other kind, such estimable women, but, like the tufted horse-hair furniture of a generation ago, not conducive to restfulness. But one knows in a moment that, for all his brilliancy, the colonel always rests when with his wife.

I love to watch them when they are making ready to go, and I generally manage an excuse to follow them into the hall. He always stands upright before her while she begins by arranging the white silk muffler round his neck. Then she helps him on with his overcoat, pulling it up about his neck, smoothing the silk muffler down again and tucking it well under the velvet collar of his coat. Then she fastens all the buttons slowly, as if each one represented to her an opportunity for special devotion. And when all this is done, and exactly to her liking, she lays the palms of both hands for one brief instant flat on the lapels of his coat, while, with a little pressure and the sigh of an infinite satisfaction, she murmurs, "Now!" Nothing else; but I always find a sweeter meaning in it.

I have seen her doing this a hundred times, but I have never failed to catch under the lid of his one eye, as he stands glancing down at her, his look of quiet content in her service; nor have I ever missed the little lifting of his shoulders with the joy of it all. Yet he only stands the straighter, chin raised, chest expanded. His military training taught him that.

He has some pretty daughters at home who wait upon him; too, who help him with his hat and his gloves, and who hover about him with counsel and suggestions when he starts for his office in the morning. He calls them his board of lady managers; but this is because in his adorable way he dominates them all.

The colonel always arouses my enthusiasm; yet I never see him with that black patch over his eye, and that glove with its empty fingers, without wondering why it is that the world regards so differently the scars of men and of women, even when those scars have been won in an honorable service.

I have a clever friend from the South who, as a girl, and when the war had closed, worked in her father's tobacco-fields, over the horses and over the broken-down fences, until comfort reigned at home again and she took to letters as a profession. I saw her once hold up her toil-worn hands, full of scars, with each joint out of shape, while she said to me, laughing: "It is sometimes easier to escape the consequences of our sins than to get away from the records of our virtues."

That is the trouble, I suppose. Tradition has done nothing for her, and so the records of a woman's virtues have to be explained. A man with an arm or a leg missing, especially if he be an erect man, instantly arouses a thought of heroism,—unless, of course, one has lived in the neighborhood of trolleys,—and a certain spontaneous enthusiasm for the man, like that which the colonel inspires, takes possession of the beholder. Such a quickening of the pulse before the signs and tokens of an unknown woman's misadventures would be an impossibility, and a silk patch over one of her eyes, like that which the colonel wears, would excite pity rather than applause.

Then there are the manners of some successful women who by their own endeavors have won a way in the world. What scars these manners are on an engaging womanliness—first a grace lost in the conflict, then a gentleness. Had a man suffered these losses, who would reckon them when the sum of his successes was told? And how convincing the very brusqueness and energy and even the lack of softness in his manners would be! We would believe in him at once. But in a woman, and perhaps wisely,—who can tell?—these signs and tokens of an

heroic struggle into which necessity alone may have driven her are counted as disfigurements, and the record of each of her virtues has to be explained, like the trousers of Rosa Bonheur, if their exercise has involved the sacrifice of a single feminine habit. The records of her pleasures are other concerns so long as fashion approves. Her hair may be sunburnt, but it must not be because she has chosen to deprive herself of a bonnet for the benefit of some pauper. And her hands may be large and muscular, but the muscles must be those developed by an outdoor sport, not those which any manual labor indoors has strengthened, even when that labor has been undertaken because of grim poverty.

Yet, oddly enough, I can count on the fingers of one hand those women among the married ones who have no weakness for displaying the records of their virtues, however unbecoming and sometimes disfiguring these records may be, wearing them often, as a man does his medals across his breast, for all the world to see. And no wonder! They prove at times the most efficacious weapons for the winning of special indulgences from husbands.

But who ever cared for the records of an old maid's virtues? And what would these records win her if she too displayed her unbecoming tokens for all mankind to see? If then, unlike the married ones, we hide our records away, along with our faded hopes and fond delusions, does our act prove in us a greater excellence, since we too are but women, after all, craving, like the married ones and from mere femininity, many an indulgence on our own account? For are we less in need of the hand-touch, the note of compassion, the stimulus of a perfect understanding? Is it not, I sometimes wonder, simply because we know how little the display of our records would win for us? For our corners! We have our corners to consider. What jeopardy they would suffer with records intruded! We who are the old maids understand this so well, and that even corners are preserved to us only when we fill them with proofs of new impulses, never allowing them to be cumbered with records of past despairs.

What old maid, indeed, would expect anything but laughter were she to assume toward a record of one of her heartaches the attitude of that married one who was here

this afternoon? No young neophyte ever pointed to a reliquary with the air which she assumes when referring to a streak of gray hair, quite marring her beauty, which covers part of her head just above her left ear. She is so solemn as she talks about it, so mysterious, suggesting so much and telling so little. I never yet have learned more than that the trouble began in her early married life, and that even the *clergyman* was amazed at her forbearance. She told me to-day, however, that she had never been quite the same since it happened.

"Quite the same?" I felt like saying. "I should hope not. No one ought to be quite the same after anything; and if, as at times, we unhappily are, what wretched, dried-up, stagnant, incapable-of-growing kinds of people we prove ourselves to be! We may be better after suffering, and we may be worse; but our condition must depend upon ourselves, and should never be laid to the nature of our calamities."

Ought I to have been sorry for this woman, my guest, telling me the same thing, and for the hundredth time, and just after I had referred to the colonel's courage and his ability to make us forget everything in the pleasure he contributes by his charm? Perhaps I was tactless to say anything about him, since nobody who is gloomy ever likes to hear how cheerful somebody else can be.

But she would have me believe that there are some troubles for which there is no forgetting, and that if the colonel had had hers! And round again, like the needle of a compass, the conversation swings back to that bunch of gray hairs spoiling her beauty. I hate to think it, but sometimes I feel sure that every one of those gray hairs is numbered. She would never submit to a loss of them; that I know. And why should she? They have proved such consolations to her as tombs do to some temperaments.

I suppose that when one touches upon the subject of records, one gets down to fundamental instincts in the human race, since even savages have displayed them, and almost every household in our own day has one or more to show. We have grown beyond the savage state in some particulars, however, for the records of each other's virtues are a delight to all the members in a modern home. Out of my window there I see passing every one of



these Sunday mornings, on her way to church, a bent old lady leaning on the arm of her daughter. The very stoop of that old lady's shoulders is, to the children who love her (especially to the sons, who, being men, like to see evidences of a woman's toil), a sign manual of her excellence, a very stamp and proof of her right to their veneration. And the old lady believes so, too. Even when she was younger she would not straighten up. "When you have suffered as much as I have," I once heard her say, with a toss of her head, to a child, "your back will be bent too."

But I can count among my friends—the more joy mine—another old lady, older by a dozen years than this one, and who has suffered vastly more. Yet everything of trouble that has touched her sunny nature—time, sorrow, and fierce pain—has only melted from her "gently, like a snowflake." She holds her head up and her shoulders straight, and she would count it as wrong not to do so as not to appear freshly dressed every morning. I know some flowers that are like her. Tempests may sweep over them, and rains beat them down to the very earth at night; but on the morrow they are always erect again, their lovely faces upturned and toward the sun.

Now that I think of it, I believe that there are almost as many men as women in love with their records, and who hope to gain as many indulgences by the display of them, more particularly when those records have anything to do with affairs of the heart. There's Henry Clayton, at any rate. No one has ever heard him mention among his friends the fact of his lungs being weak, for he likes to fancy himself in the very thick of the fight among his fellows, and a confession of physical weakness would send him to the wall. But he gets his satisfaction out of that skeptical manner of his, that air of not believing in any one,—in any woman, at any rate,—a skepticism which he is sure to intrude on you with his dark and melancholy countenance within a few hours after your meeting him, while he hints vaguely that, though he forgave her, his eyes were opened about women.

His eyes opened! Even his mother, in a moment of confidence, will tell you about it, when she is trying to account to you for some of his failures in life.

"Your eyes opened, indeed!" I long

to say to him, and, being an old maid, I believe that I could. "Your eyes are not opened, my dear Mr. Clayton; they are shut tight, with lids pressed close, and you prove it by your finding it so hard to see anything else but that one early blight to your affection. To the very young women of your acquaintance you may seem a great soul wrapped in sorrow, but not to us who are older, my friend. Sorrow like that of yours is very cheap and very little, very withered up and good for nothing, if you but knew it. The only sorrow worth anything in this world is sorrow for others, and sorrow for others means helping others, not hugging our woes to ourselves."

For I believe that the really brave and the really great make us forget their scars, all the records of their hurts and wounds, just as the colonel does, or as Janet does, with whom, since it is Sunday, I shall dine to-night. Brave Janet without question, who has never permitted one of us to treat her as an invalid, and this even after twenty years of pain; who has not permitted her back to bend, or her face to be drawn, or her clothes to go out of fashion, or the appointments of her room to suggest any one single habit of the invalid.

Yes, since it is Sunday, I go there to dine. It would hardly be Sunday night in town if one did not, in dining or inviting to dine, observe certain long-established customs peculiar to the day.

But I shall wonder, and for the hundredth time, as I am driving to Janet's, where those other people dine whom I always meet going to church in the evening. They belong as much to certain streets on Sunday night as the young men and women whom I see getting on the cars on their way to luncheons up-town with their friends belong to my corner at noon.

And they are so good, and so honest, and so upright, and so earnest, so eminently all that is respectable and fine, these people who go to church on Sunday night. You can read integrity and devotion in their faces as they pass. But they will be people who, for some inscrutable reason, you never know where to locate at any other time.

If I were to wake suddenly from a fever, and, looking out of my windows, see these people passing by, I should know in an instant that Sunday in town, and on my corner, had come.



BY MADISON CAWEIN

WITH PICTURES BY FANNY V. CORY

I

THERE are fairies, bright of eye,  
Who the wild flowers' warders are :  
Ouphes that chase the firefly ;  
Elves that ride the shooting-star ;  
Fays who in a cobweb lie,  
Swinging on a moonbeam-bar,  
Or who hitch the bumblebees,  
Grumbling on the clover leas,  
To a blossom or a breeze,  
That 's their fairy car.  
If you care, you too may see  
There are fairies—verily  
There are fairies.

II

There are fairies. I could swear  
I have seen them busy where  
Roses loose their scented hair,  
In the moonlight weaving—weaving  
Out of starshine and the dew  
Glinting gown and shimmering shoe ;  
Or within a glow-worm lair  
From the dark earth slowly heaving  
Mushrooms, whiter than the moon,  
On whose tops they sit and croon,  
With their grig-like mandolins,  
To fair fairy ladykins,  
Leaning from the window-sill  
Of a rose or daffodil,



Listening to their serenade  
 All of cricket music made.  
 Follow me, oh, follow me!  
 Ho! away to faëry!  
 Where your eyes, like mine, may see  
 There are fairies—verily  
     There are fairies.

## III

There are fairies: elves that swing  
 In a wild and rainbow ring  
 Through the air, or mount the wing  
 Of a bat to courier news  
 To the fairy king and queen;  
     Fays who stretch the gossamers  
 On which twilight hangs the dews;  
     Or who whisper in the ears  
 Of the flowers words so sweet  
     That their hearts are turned to musk  
 And to honey, things that beat  
 In their veins of gold and blue;  
     Ouphes that shepherd moths of dusk—  
 Soft of wing and gray of hue—  
 Forth to pasture on the dew.  
 There are fairies—verily,  
     Verily;  
 For the old owl in the tree,  
     Hollow tree,—  
 He who maketh melody  
 For them tripping merrily,—  
     Told it me.  
 There are fairies—verily  
     There are fairies.





From an engraving in the Dreer collection, Hist. Soc'y of Pa.

GENERAL DANIEL MORGAN

From a steel engraving (from a miniature) owned by Mrs. Kate Lamb Prentiss

GENERAL JOHN LAMB

From an engraving in the Dreer collection, Hist. Soc'y of Pa.

MAJOR JOHN MACPHERSON

## THE PROLOGUE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

BY JUSTIN H. SMITH

Professor of Modern History in Dartmouth College, Author of "The Troubadours at Home"

### IV. MONTGOMERY'S STRUGGLE FOR QUEBEC

RIGHT grandly towers the precipice front of Quebec above its majestic river, with a splendor of sunshine on its brow, and an abyss of shadow at its feet. Gibraltar is doubtless loftier, but hardly seems more solid. Belgrade, while resembling it, looks far less bold and frowning. Montjuich suggests it, perhaps, yet only as a strong hand may suggest a mailed fist. Ehrenbreitstein can be compared with it, but so can the Rhine be compared with the St. Lawrence. The Morro of Havana sits almost as proudly on its waves, but the walled city of the North would make light of it. So stood the mighty rock in November, 1775, and over against it stood a handful of ragged soldiers. But they were Arnold's volunteers, fresh from their victory over the wilderness, and even for Quebec it was not well to be over-confident.

Indeed, there seemed a good fighting chance for the Provincials, and perhaps

more; for a fortress, however strong, must have a garrison, and Quebec had Cramahé, the trembling lieutenant-governor. White sails were bringing recruits from Prince Edward Island and from Newfoundland; the frigate *Lizard*, full of true British tars and true British gold, was hurrying on; Maclean had embarked at Sorel, and Carleton was getting ready to leave Montreal: but when the little American army crossed the threshold of civilization, only some wavering militia and perhaps half a dozen artillerymen stood behind the walls, and Arnold had merely to appear. Even on that early morning of the 8th, when his van gazed long at Quebec in the moonlight, the city was only querying whether to yield with resignation or with joy. Some recruits had arrived, but no real soldiers except thirty-seven marines from the *Lizard*. The gates were open, and within a few hours Cramahé was going to sit down



Drawn by Denman Fink. Half-tone plate engraved by J. W. Evans

**THE REVIEW OF ARNOLD'S DETACHMENT AT POINT LEVI**

and write General Howe: "There is too much reason to apprehend the Affair will be soon over."

But Arnold could not use his advantage. His exhausted men were slow to gather, and not in fighting condition; and when their strength had begun to revive, a gale blew up the river so fiercely for three nights that no boat could think of crossing. It was nightmare, seventy-two hours of nightmare: Arnold straining every nerve to move, but fast as a tree, while the enemy hurried in before his eyes. Moment by moment the defenses of the city grew; and Sunday, the 12th of November, fearless Maclean entered it with nearly two hundred of his regiment, the Royal Highland Emigrants, and some officers of hammered steel.

#### AGAIN THE IMPOSSIBLE

THE Americans made the best of their hard chance. Provisions were collected; canoes and pirogues gathered; pikes and scaling-ladders made; bare feet, weary of plodding about in snow and ice, rudely covered with moccasins of fresh hide; and when enough men had come up, a grand review was held under the lofty red pines of Point Levi.

What a review that was! Hollow eyes and pinched faces recorded the battle with the wilderness. Morgan's figure, an athlete's at Cambridge, was now a monk's. Bigelow's good six feet of patriotism looked like seven, so thin was he. Less flame burned in Greene's cheeks, though still more, perhaps, in his look. Dearborn was not there at all, for a fever had struck him down, and in a peasant's cottage by St. Mary his keen blue eyes were near closing.

Habiliments had fared no better. Some of the men had worn uniforms when they left Cambridge, and some had not; but now all were dressed alike—in rags dyed by the forest and the soil. The riflemen had set out in long hunting-frocks of gray or brown or deep ash-colored linen, with leather leggings, a round cap, a long knife, and a light hatchet—an outfit highly commended by Silas Deane; but commendation had not dulled the briers of the forest. Here and there a man with leather breeches possessed a garment respectably whole, but the duty of wearing it in freezing air after a bath in Dead River had fairly entitled him to something. Heads were as bare as feet; but, on the other hand, faces hid be-

neath ragged beards that young cave-dwellers might have envied. The sight was pathetic, laughable, glorious; but perhaps the ludicrousness of it came uppermost, and one at least of the soldiers thought that they all resembled "the animals that inhabit New Spain, called the Ourang Outang."

What could these poor creatures do? A crossing of more than a mile had to be made. The enemy knew they were there to attempt it; over against them a sloop of war swung at her anchor, the frigate lay just below, and patrol-boats passed and repassed all night long.

#### A TERRIBLE DISAPPOINTMENT

BUT again the impossible was done. On the 13th of November the river became still enough to cross, and the night was dark. Thirty-five or forty boats that had been keeping out of sight of the war-ships were brought down to the little beach at Caldwell's mill, some three miles above the Lévis of to-day, and about nine o'clock Arnold and a part of the troops paddled off into the unseen. In one way or another the British vessels and the patrol-boats were eluded, and after feeling along a mile or more for a good place to scale the bluff, the men beached their canoes at the spot where General Wolfe stepped ashore the night before his glorious death, in a little bay called Wolfe's Cove. Time and again the boats crossed in safety; but about four o'clock the moon rose, the wind freshened, the tide ebbed swiftly, and their journeys to and fro had to stop. A hundred and fifty men or so were left on the southern shore, and some five hundred stood shivering under the great bluff at the Cove.

Now struck the hour for reckless audacity. What should they do? "On, and attack the town!" answered Arnold and Morgan. Just beyond the bluff, less than two miles away, was Quebec, still waiting to be taken. Confident that Arnold's men could not pass the war-ships, the citizens were asleep; and as yet they dreamed only of securing their property in the suburbs and laying up supplies. St. John Gate was open. The fastenings were out of order. Nobody knew where the keys hung. There were no matches to fire the cannon with, it was said. One quick rush, and the news would be flying far and wide through town and country and oversea—Quebec taken.





CALDWELL'S MILL (REBUILT), WHERE  
ARNOLD'S TROOPS ENTERED  
THE BOATS

American could suppose that for hours yet their news would not reach the executive ear. Nobody fancied that a gate could be open. Sentries were heard singing out "All 's well!" on the ramparts; the army had only three fourths of its feeble numbers; and the ladders were still on the other side of the river. Even Arnold was not ready to insist upon attacking; and finally the troops climbed sadly up the bluff, crossed the Plains of Abraham, and quartered themselves in some commodious farm-buildings, where Major Caldwell, the commander of the British militia, as he wrote his landlord, was just beginning to put himself snug.

All the heroism of the wilderness, then,



From a photograph by Livermois

THE BLUFF ABOVE QUEBEC, WOLFE'S COVE  
BEING NEAR WHERE THE SHORE TURNS  
TO THE LEFT. MONTGOMERY ADVANCED  
AGAINST THE LOWER TOWN ALONG  
THE FOOT OF THIS BLUFF

But every finger of good sense pointed the other way. Not long before, a patrol-boat had entered Wolfe's Cove to see what was going on there. Arnold ordered the crew to pull in, but they drew off instead. "Fire!" cried Arnold; and the bullets were answered by screams and "dismal lamentations." Even this, however, did not persuade the boatmen to come ashore, and no



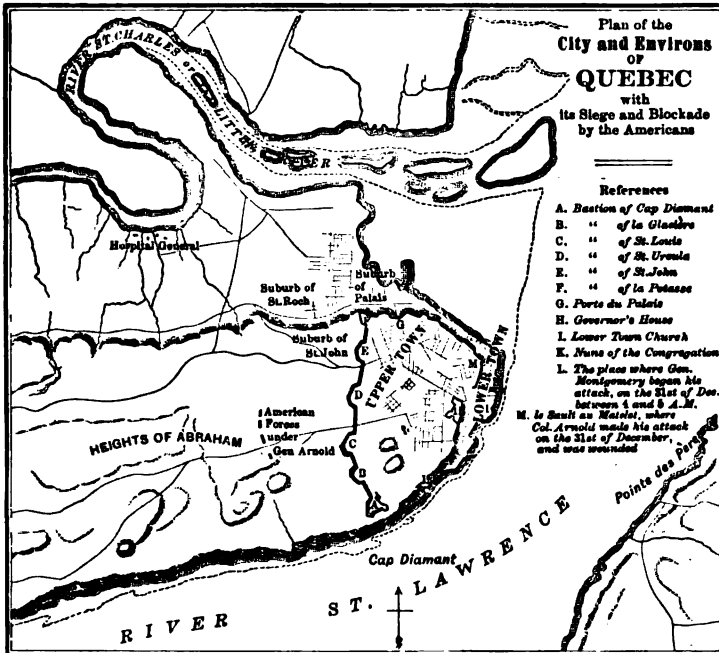
From a photograph by the author

ASPEN POINT (POINTE AUX TREMBLES),  
WHERE MONTGOMERY MET ARNOLD

had merely been spilled on the sands of the St. Lawrence? The stubborn leader would not admit it, and his fertile brain was busy. Montcalm had left the fortifications to meet Wolfe, and in that way lost the town; perhaps a taunting challenge would bring Maclean out. It was worth trying. The Americans were paraded near the walls, gave three bold huzzas, and waited. But Arnold's troops, however few,

up; but there was no Montcalm in town, and the people stayed on the ramparts. Then Arnold undertook to frighten Cramahé with a haughty and threatening summons. Three times he sent a letter to the walls, but all the messengers were driven away by Maclean. Quebec was beyond his reach, and the Kennebec expedition had failed.

Worse followed. Four days later the Americans were notified by friends in town



PLAN OF THE CITY AND ENVIRONS OF QUEBEC

were deeply respected. Their courage in daring the wilderness march excited admiration, and their success in accomplishing it created wonder. "Surely a miracle must have been wrought in their favor," whispered the people. The frocks of the riflemen astonished the warmly clad peasants, and the story went abroad that no ordinary mortals were these, but men superior to cold, wearing nothing but linen even in the cruellest weather. Then a curious blunder multiplied the popular awe. The French word for this linen, *toile*, slipped somehow into *tôle*, and folks caught up the notion of a superhuman army, invulnerable to frost, and shielded against bullets with frocks of plate-iron. Cheer answered cheer, and a few cannon-balls were tossed over for the Americans to pick

that Maclean and seven field-pieces were coming to attack them. Even without a cannon Arnold coveted battle, but not without powder and muskets; and a strict examination showed that nearly a hundred guns were unfit for use, and five rounds of reliable powder apiece were all the army possessed. The enemy need not really have been expected, for their field-pieces were not ready; but Arnold had to reckon with what he heard. At three o'clock the next morning (November 19) the army buried itself in the woods, and by night the last of it emerged at Aspen Point (Pointe aux Trembles), some twenty miles above on the St. Lawrence. It was a wretched march; and all the way, as a soldier expressed it, the troops might have been tracked by the blood from their "shattered hoofs"—feet

they could hardly claim to be called, after going so long shoeless. But they had the pleasure, as they neared their destination, of watching a square-rigged vessel and a river made the distance. Schuyler and Montgomery, hailing from their colony, had a special hold upon their feelings; and most of them consented, if they could go

*We shall however do  
that, can possibly be done, and if we fail, it shall  
not be by our own faults, I must refer you for  
Particulars to Capt Pringle, who can give you a  
distinct clear account of every thing necessary  
for the knowledge of his Majesty and I have  
the honor to be with regard and respect  
Your <sup>My dear</sup> most obedient  
most humble servant  
Allan Maclean  
Lt Col Commandant*

From the original  
owned by the British government

FACSIMILE OF AN EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF ALLAN MACLEAN TO LORD BARRINGTON,  
WRITTEN AT QUEBEC JUST BEFORE GENERAL CARLETON ARRIVED THERE

schooner making all sail away from it, and of hearing, a little while after, that a certain General Carleton, bound for Quebec, had been ashore at the Point.

#### MONTGOMERY COMES

THE hope of the Provincials was, of course, Montgomery, and Arnold had been exchanging notes with him for some time. But what could Montgomery do? To coax the men on to Montreal he had promised they might go home after the capture of the town, if they felt they must; and it was soon evident that most of the New-Englanders would take their leave. Their pledge to save the country from invasion had been kept, though it meant far more time and hardship than anybody had expected; and now they were free. It was the turn of others; and if others would not come, why should brave men be sacrificed for cowards?

The "Yorkers" were differently fixed. In general, they had not served so long. Home was not as far away; two lakes and

back in time for planting their corn, to pass the winter in Canada.

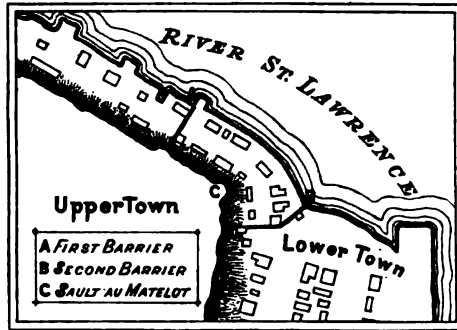
This left in Montreal eight hundred effective men; and after subtracting enough to guard the city, Montgomery was able to move against the strongest fortress on the continent with a powerful army of about three hundred!

Fortune, however, favored Montgomery, if Congress did not. Captured stores helped him clothe his men for the winter campaign. Some fine mild weather set in, and checked the freezing of the St. Lawrence. Three British vessels, sailing up the river to stop him, were blown back to Quebec by a sudden turn of the wind, and the same gales wafted his expedition triumphantly down to Aspen Point.

On, then, plodded the soldiers through the snow to Quebec, with good moccasins, full of leaves or hay, on their feet, and thick woolen caps on their heads; while the reserved uniforms of the British regiments taken at Chambly and St. John's consented to shine on patriot frames, and

now most of the Americans were themselves "bloody backs." In silence the men on the walls of Quebec watched the strange

Quebec. The immortal Wolfe, with a fine army and a fine fleet, backed by all the resources of Great Britain, had been



SKETCH PLAN SHOWING THE PROBABLE POSITIONS OF THE BARRIERS ATTACKED BY ARNOLD'S TROOPS, DECEMBER 31, 1775

The details are mainly conjectural. No attempt has been made to indicate the position of the British cannon.

red line filing out of the woods on the 5th of December. And indeed it was a time for silence; the time for pandemonium was coming.

#### THE DUEL BEGINS AGAIN

MONTGOMERY's troops felt sure of winning, but the mind of the leader was full of thoughts. Before him lay the problem of

checked there till his brain was almost crazed. What could the poor insurgent leader hope to do? To be sure, he could isolate the town, and Quebec was at once cut off so completely from the rest of the world that a bag of wheat or a whisper of news could hardly enter it. But that was only a beginning.

Montgomery thought that possibly the

*Daylight had scarce made its appearance ere Col. Amos was brought in, supported by two soldiers—wounded in the leg, with a piece of the Muffet's Ball—The Ball had probably been in contact with a cannon. Rock, Stone, or the like as it entered the leg, which had split off nearly a third—The other two thirds entered the outer side of the leg about midway, & in an oblique course passed between the Tibia & Fibula, lodged and in the Gastrocnemius Muscle at the right of the Tendo Achilles, where upon examination deeply discovered & extracted it—Before the Col. was done with, Major Ogden came in wounded through the left Shoulder, which proved only a flesh wound—*

From the manuscript owned by Charles Allen Munn

FACSIMILE OF THE SURGEON'S DESCRIPTION OF THE WOUND RECEIVED BY ARNOLD ON DECEMBER 31, 1775



From a print in the Boston Public Library of the drawing by Captain Hervey Smythe, aide-de-camp to General Wolfe

#### VIEW OF QUEBEC, 1759

citizens might force Carleton to surrender. Sentiment in Quebec had run about the same as in Montreal, and when invasion drew near, many began to ask: "Why should we take sides against the Americans and have our property destroyed?" On the Sunday when Arnold was waiting on the other shore, these people held a meeting in the very chapel of the bishop's palace, and a Mr. Williams preached their doctrine of profit and loss from the pulpit. Suddenly a noise was heard at the door. A gaunt old man entered with other men behind him, listened an instant, and then strode fiercely forward. Even in his skin he would have been taken anywhere for a soldier and a Royalist. "Out of that pulpit!" he shouted. The command would have been sufficient, for this intruder was Allan Maclean, arrived that moment from Sorel; but in an instant the furious Highlander pulled Williams down by the arm, and began exhorting the people to loyalty with slogan-and-broadsword eloquence.

The governor was no less positive. Without undue gentleness he ordered everybody who would not serve in the militia to leave town with his family in four days. A long procession filed out; yet, in spite of this purging, a deal of disloyal yeast was work-

ing in the city. Carleton understood it well. The townsfolk had to be trusted with guns, but they were not trusted with keys. No chance was given them to open the gates; and they saw that, in reality, the governor watched them as closely as he did the enemy outside, and would not shrink from handling them as roughly. Yet he was far from safe. Nearly half of his eighteen hundred men were militia, and most of the others nothing but sailors and mechanics. The real soldiers could still be counted in small figures; and as the total number of souls within the walls—reckoning Cramahé as one and Carleton as only one—was placed at five thousand, the edifice of military despotism would not bear a great deal of tipping. In fact, only the black-hole, with bread and water, kept the populace in order.

Fearing the ideas of the Americans even more than he feared their arms, Carleton would permit no letters from them to be received; but a woman's hand brought him a summons, clothed in threats and warnings designed, no doubt, for the more timid souls about him. In the same way leading merchants were urged to spare their city the horrors of war, and were assured that, in case of surrender, both their persons and

their property would be safe. Similar appeals to the general public winged their white way into town on the arrows of Arnold's Indians. But nobody dared stir, and there stood the problem of Quebec as before.

#### THE PROBLEM

LET us measure this problem. A long plateau on the northern side of the St. Lawrence thrusts itself like a tongue into the corner where the shallow St. Charles empties, and the very tip of the tongue, cut squarely off by a bastioned wall, is the Upper Town of Quebec. At the northern end of this wall the bluff stands about fifty feet high. Toward the St. Lawrence it rises gradually, reaches ninety feet at the very point, and then climbs to three hundred and forty-eight at Cape Diamond, where the southern end of the wall reposes; and as if such a precipice were not defense enough, the edge of the bluff bristled at this time with a palisade, loopholed for musketry. Not very far from Cape Diamond, St. Louis Gate and St. John Gate let out a couple of roads through the wall, while a little way around its northern turn, Palace Gate opened a way to the suburb of St. Roch.

Between the bluff and the rivers lay a fringe of shore. At Wolfe's Cove this had some width, but eastwardly it grew very narrow, until, a little way beyond Cape Diamond, it filched enough space from the St. Lawrence to make a site for the Lower Town. Beyond this it shrank into a fringe again until it reached Palace Gate, and then broadened out into St. Roch and the meadows of the winding St. Charles. The Lower Town was the commercial city, and most of the merchants resided there, while the governor's castle glowered upon them from the edge of the bluff, with a good backing of churches and religious houses. The Upper and the Lower towns were connected by a steep, winding road and by a footway of steps cut in the rock. The citadel of to-day did not exist.

There was danger of a sortie, especially from Palace Gate; but Montgomery secured himself by planting a small gun-battery in St. Roch, with a guard there and a body of riflemen at the Intendant's Palace just outside the gate. Slender defenses these might seem, but the riflemen, at least, did not permit themselves to be despised. At Cambridge they were seen throwing bullets into a seven-inch mark at a distance of two hundred and fifty yards while march-



From a print in the Boston "Athenaeum"

#### VIEW OF THE UPPER TOWN, QUEBEC, FROM THE RAMPARTS

Drawn in 1759 by Richard Short, by order of Vice-Admiral Saunders. (The large building was the Ursuline convent.)



From a print in the Boston "Athenæum" of a drawing by Richard Short, published 1761

A VIEW OF THE "INTENDANT'S PALACE," JUST OUTSIDE "PALACE GATE"

ing rapidly, and no British sentry within their reach could show his head—twice. A few little mortars were then set at work in St. Roch, heaving unpleasant remarks—they could hardly be called shells—into the town. Well enough amused by these fireworks, as Montgomery expected, the enemy paid little attention to the patch of bushes near the windmill on the heights, and by working diligently after nightfall the Americans were able to treat the good people of Quebec to a surprise. The ground had frozen so hard that very little earth could be had, but there was no lack of snow; gabions, filled with a mixture of dirt and snow, and strengthened with fascines, were piled up and thoroughly watered; an imposing wall, mostly ice,

arose like magic; and presently a row of guns took their places behind it.

For a time the battery spurted fire most valiantly from its howitzer and five 12-pounders. But the shot rattled on the twelve-foot walls like peas on a plank, as a Quebecer said, and the Carletonians proceeded to grind the redoubt with 24- and even 36-pounders. Montgomery was looking on one day, and before long a shot came through, knocked a cannon over, and wounded a number of men.

"This is warm work, sir," he quietly observed to Lamb.

"It is indeed, and certainly no place for you, sir," was the Hotspur answer.

"Why so, captain?"

"Because there are enough of us here to



PALACE GATE, OUTSIDE



PALACE GATE, INSIDE



be killed without the loss of you, which would be irreparable," replied Lamb; for while ready to give the general or anybody else a piece of his ample mind, he was no less loyal than patriotic. On this Montgomery authorized the captain to abandon the battery whenever he should see fit, and after a time its fire ceased.

had there been no friction between Arnold and some of his captains, the New-Englanders would have looked upon their duty as already done. Quebec to be taken before New Year's day, and his battery a total failure—that was the situation.

The leader himself was not surprised. No professional military man could sup-



From a photograph by the author

THE PRECIPICE OF SAULT AU MATELOT, QUEBEC

#### A TERRIBLE CRISIS

MONTGOMERY knew precisely where he stood. Victories had made him appear able to do whatever he chose, and a defeat here would very likely blast his reputation; yet that was the least of his anxieties. Hosts of the patriots were convinced that a failure at Quebec would sound the knell of their cause; and, certainly, unless the British capital fell, Canada would not enter the American league. Neither was there time for blockade and hunger to do the work, for Congress wished the Canadians led within the fold at once. It was indeed a terrible crisis, for the enlistment of Arnold's men would end with the year, and even

pose that 12-pounders would beat 36-pounders merely because the charges were rammed home by Sons of Liberty. The very day he found himself on the Plains of Abraham, Montgomery wrote that he should have to assault the town. While he was getting ready, the battery would protect his camp, mask his design, use up the enemy's ammunition, and possibly worry or weary the garrison into surrendering. Otherwise it would fail, he knew; and perhaps failure would be its chief success, for the enemy might conclude that they were out of danger, and grow careless.

Little by little he tried to make the idea of an assault palatable to his officers. Of course the city was Quebec, and the de-



Drawn by Sydney Adamson. Halftone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

WITTHSTANDING THE ATTACK OF ARNOLD'S MEN AT THE SECOND BARRIER

fenders counted two to one; but they were a motley, inexperienced lot, quite lacking the iron hardness of deadly cut-and-thrust. The works were extensive, and in guarding every part the governor could guard none sufficiently. Brought face to face with friendly Americans, the militia might fraternize, or at least falter. Fortune, too, was on the Provincial side. "Audaces fortuna juvat" is almost an axiom," said Montgomery; and the career of every great captain seemed an illustration of it. Wolfe—why, his glorious victory was merely the pendant on a chain of happy accidents, as Montgomery understood full well. His own experience of the last few months proved the same thing. One more favor he asked now of Fortune—only one more, and surely she could not refuse. Besides, there was a mightier argument than chances of success: it simply must be tried. To assault might be a dreadful risk, but not to assault was a dreadful certainty. Before long the officers came to see it as their general did; and as for the men, when Montgomery made his appeal, they cried with a cheer: "Lead on! Whatever your Excellency is pleased to command, we will obey."

#### GREEK AGAINST GREEK

HINTS that an assault was really intended stole soon into the town. It was not easy to believe such tales. The garrison had confidence in their lofty walls and the deep snows beyond them; and besides, as a citizen remarked, no man could use a gun effectively after ten minutes in such cold. But people knew that Montgomery and Arnold had already done miracles, and they were afraid. All not on duty began to sleep in their clothes at the general rendezvous with arms by their side, and Carleton himself often passed the night in that fashion. Everybody had his alarm-post. Even the cathedral bell was put under regulations, and could ring only as a tocsin, and the guards kept alert, though often stiff with cold. All steadied their courage by the calm lines of the governor's face, and when he declared that he would never grace a rebel triumph, braced themselves for solid blows. Plainly business would be done on both sides when Greek met Greek.

But would they meet, after all? The first dark night, so Montgomery had ordered, and the night of the 27th was dark.

Eager for their work, the men turned out and prepared to march; but the sky cleared, and there was too much light for so desperate a deed. It was now the 28th, and in four days Montgomery's army would be paralyzed. The next night was unsuitable, and only three chances remained. Then came another misfortune: a soldier went over to the enemy. He, like every one else, knew something of the plan, and it soon appeared, from the movements of the garrison, that steps to block it were afoot. What could be done now?

Well, the enemy had learned from the deserter, no doubt, that a feint would be made upon the Lower Town, and a real attack upon the bastion at Cape Diamond, and the weight might be shifted from the second to the first. As Arnold had urged all along, the wealth of the city lay below the bluff, and were that in American hands, the people could probably force Carleton to surrender in order to save their property. A brother of Major Brown, with a handful of troops, could make a lively feint at Cape Diamond bastion, and Colonel Livingston, with his Canadians, do the same near St. John Gate. Meanwhile Arnold, with most of his own men and a part of Lamb's artillery, would pass down the St. Charles, round the turn, and assault one end of the Lower Town, and Montgomery, with his Yorkers, would attack it below Cape Diamond at the other end. A daring plan? Perhaps the most daring on the pages of history, so military men have said.

#### THE ALARM

THE last week-day of the year arrived, and the afternoon brought a cold, blustering snow-storm from the northeast. At a quarter past four o'clock, when the sun was supposed to be setting, one could hardly see. "Favored once more," thought Montgomery. It was the night of a year to assault Quebec—a night when Fortune could keep a tryst without fear of detection. Dark? No; black—black as the bore of a loaded rifle. The tempest raged; the dense, fine snow whirled and drifted; hail stung the air, hissing.

About half-past four in the morning, Malcolm Fraser rushed down St. Louis street, crying like a tocsin: "Turn out! turn out! turn out!" and Quebec awoke with a start and a cry. Two rockets had

gone up from the foot of Cape Diamond bastion; firing had begun there; men were seen approaching the walls. Out rang the great bell of the cathedral. One by one, but all quickly, the other bells took up the tale. The bells of the Jesuit college and the Recollet monastery gave tongue. The gentle prayer-bell of the Ursulines joined in the turmoil, while the sisters fell on their knees in the dark chambers. The nuns of the Hôtel Dieu, praying in the vaults, felt the jar and heard the dull clang of their own bell swinging furiously; and far away, in the Lower Town, Our Lady of Victory reëchoed the cry for help. The dogs barked madly. Cannon began to thunder. A torrent of shells came in from the American mortars in St. Roch, and the city walls quivered with the retort. Fire-balls glared and sputtered in front of the bastions. Drums beat wildly up and down the streets

in the glow of lanterns and the smoky flare of torches. Officers roared their orders. Citizens rushed hither and thither to their posts. Boys and old men of seventy shouldered guns. Squads of sailors and Maclean's Emigrants, in green coats faced with scarlet; squads of the Fusiliers, in red with facings of blue; squads of militia, in green coats, buff breeches, and buff waistcoats, met, stared threateningly at one another in the dim light, and then hurried on. Children woke up and held their breath, too frightened to cry. Even at the General Hospital, a mile away, the nuns were sure that a fatal hour had come, for the town blazed, and its thunder enveloped them; and they tremblingly partook of the communion. The city was a ring of fire, a crater of tumult. The frightful din of it swept on up the St.

Lawrence, tossing and whirling and writhing in the tempest; and in the midst of all this, Governor Carleton, calm, alert, fearless, walked down the steps of the castle, and marched across to the Recollet monastery, the place of assembling.

For a time the firing raged all along the fortified front and beyond it, but in a little while the attack seemed to be dying out. An attempt to burn Palace Gate came to nothing. Livingston's Canadians were soon scampering for shelter. Brown's men kept up a rattling fire below Cape Diamond bastion, but made no move toward assault. What did it mean? Then came some school-boys from the Lower Town, crying at the top of their voices that Americans had got in there. What? Yes, had got in, they insisted. Carleton sent Maclean to investigate. Soon he was back. "By God, sir, it's true! They're there," he said.



From a print in the "Political Magazine" (London), 1782

GENERAL SIR GUY CARLETON

#### ARNOLD HEADS THE ATTACK

TWO-O'CLOCK-IN-THE-MORNING courage is rare, said Napoleon; but at two o'clock the Americans had turned out. Arnold's men gathered in St. Roch, and when the signal-rockets went up they set out on a run along the fringe of shore below the bluff to reach their point of attack. In all, there were probably about five hundred of them, besides a few Canadians and Indians. Every man had freely volunteered for the assault, and all were in high spirits. First went Arnold with Captain Oswald and the forlorn hope of twenty-five or thirty; Lamb, with a 6-pounder on a sled, came next; and Morgan, at the front of the main body, followed. For a space the bluff sheltered them. Holding their heads

low against the storm, and covering the locks of their guns with the edges of their coats, the men dashed forward in Indian file; and the forlorn hope, a hundred yards or so in advance, pushed swiftly on, silent and unperceived, like a rapier-thrust in the dark, to their striking-point.

Not so fared the main body. Palace Gate once passed, they found that the sailors posted along the top of the bluff knew what was going on. Down spurted a thousand messages of flame, "a dreadful fire," as a Quebecer said. Many of the shots flew wild; but the marksmen knew the ground: the way was narrow, the file long, and the gantlet a third of a mile from start to finish.

Before long the cannon had to be abandoned, for it could not be dragged fast enough through the snow; but Lamb and Morgan pressed their men on after Arnold without delay. At last these advanced parties entered a very narrow street, and pretty soon—just before reaching the point of the bluff—came to something squarely across it: the close barricade, with two 12-pounders full of grape-shot behind it,—a shot for every foot of the narrow street,—that had been seen before from a distance.

As well as possible the few troops were formed. "Now, lads, all together! Rush!" cried Arnold, or something like it—nobody could remember afterward just what it was; and in a moment the men were up to the barricade and shooting into the port-holes. One cannon had been fired, but the charge did little harm; the priming of the other flashed.

So far Arnold had marched in the front; but his time had come, and a stray bullet, splintered on a rock or a gun or a house, cut its way through his left leg

not far above the ankle. For a while he stood leaning on his musket, heartening the troops; but pain and loss of blood finally drove him back. For a good while, supported by two men, he walked along, crying: "Rush on, brave boys, rush on!" But before Palace Gate was reached he could only drag the wounded limb after him, and the rest of the distance to the hospital he was carried.



Drawn by Otto Bacher

#### WATCH OF GENERAL MONTGOMERY

Sent by General Carleton to Mrs. Montgomery at her request. Owned by Miss Julia Barton Hunt

#### A TASTE OF TRIUMPH

THE voice of the soldiers then called on Morgan to lead them, and Greene—since Morgan was something of a veteran—cordially assented. The cannon were silent, but the barrier had still to be taken. High and strong it was, with muskets and bayonets behind. A ladder was set up, and Morgan mounted it. "Now, boys, follow me!" he cried. "Follow me!" His head rose above the barricade. That was the signal, and a sheet of flame poured over from beyond. Bluff, barrier, houses—all were visible at last.

A whole platoon had fired at Morgan, and he dropped sheer to the snow and lay there like a rag.

But soon the rag stirred. Another instant, and Morgan was on the ladder again, going up. One bullet had cut his whiskers, one had gone through his cap; the burning grains of powder had shot deep into his face. The shock had stunned him, but he was alive and unwounded. Stooping low as he climbed up, he straightened quickly at the top of the ladder, and gave a bound. How his men cheered! Over he went, fell on a cannon, and rolled beneath it. For an instant the waiting bayonets could not reach him, and now the rest were over, Porterfield ahead, and the guard flying. Into a house they rushed, and the riflemen, after sending plenty of bullets to keep them

company, charged with pikes, while Morgan rushed around the house, and met them escaping the back way. "Down with your arms, if you want quarter!" he shouted; and they all surrendered. The outer door of the Lower Town had been gained.

Farther up the street a guard of citizens and school-boys met the invasion, and astonished enough they were. These men, dressed like British soldiers, offering hands instead of bayonets, joyously shouting "Liberty forever!" or "Vive la liberté!"



Drawn by Harry Penn from photographs (1 and 2) by Notman & Son and (3) by the author

1. HOUSE IN QUÉBEC TO WHICH THE BODY OF GENERAL MONTGOMERY WAS CARRIED;  
2. THE CITADEL OF QUÉBEC FROM THE HARBOR, SHOWING THE TABLET ABOVE THE SPOT WHERE MONTGOMERY FELL

3. THE PLACE WHERE MONTGOMERY FELL

instead of battle-field curses—these men acted like brothers, not enemies; yet no doubt they were Americans, for every cap had on the front of it a piece of white paper inscribed, "Liberty or Death." Some got away, and some tried to resist; but the captain, at least, while he pretended to be drunk, seemed far from hostile. All the fraternization, from which Montgomery

hoped so much, begun? It looked that way; and people came from beyond in platoons to give themselves up.

#### A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY

Just ahead rose the precipice of Sailor's Leap (Sault au Matelot), the very point of the Upper Town; and beyond it, some two or three hundred yards from the first barrier, stood a second. Beyond that were cannon, with the flashes of musket fire lighting them up—cannon on a high platform, that could fire over the barrier, and fire down. What should be done?

We can say now: The barrier gate was open. Morgan passed through it with an interpreter, and went up to the defenses on the edge of the bluff near Carleton. The garrison were doing nothing; they seemed paralyzed. Indeed, that they were. A panic struck the people when they heard that the enemy had taken the barrier, and the dipping balance of destiny paused. So Major Caldwell, who commanded the British militia in Quebec, wrote General Murray; and he added that had the Americans pushed on, they might have taken the whole of the Lower Town and let Montgomery in at the other side. The prize for which they had risked everything lay on the ground at their feet!

To push on was precisely what Morgan urged, but the "hard reasoning" of his officers, as he said afterward, beat him out of it. Only a small part of the troops had yet come up, and the prisoners outnumbered them; would it be safe to go on, leaving them to recapture the battery and cut the line of retreat? It was pitch-dark and storming furiously still; the guides had been killed or disabled; nobody understood the alleys or the defenses; the troops might easily get lost. Besides, this was the place, they said, where they were ordered to wait for Montgomery, and in a few minutes he would arrive. The best plan was to obey orders, wait for more men, and not hazard all by rashness.

Very slow seemed the troops about coming up. Snow five or six feet deep; drifts piling high; a path filled as soon as made; a gale that swept their breath away; cold that stiffened them; no light but musket-flashes; no street at all except at the end; storehouses, docks, and boats blocking the way; hawsers, that moored vessels to the

shore, catching men under the chin and snapping them down fifteen feet into some hole; all the loose odds and ends of such a place—lumber, broken anchors, rotting spars, discarded chains—tripping them up; cakes of ice edged into the open spaces; the abandoned sled and cannon plugging the narrow way; a maze without a clue; no guide; a plunging fire that could not be answered—these were not things to render marching easy. Still, reinforcements arrived. Hendricks, placed in the rear, found an opening by chance, and hurried to the front. Greene, Meigs, and Bigelow came up with troops, cheering, and got a cheer back. Here and there an officer or a man worked his way forward. Finally, as day began to appear, the men called loudly on Morgan to head an attack. They were formed a bit, and then, seizing the ladders, they dashed around the point.

#### THE TUG OF WAR

BUT things were very different there now. The panic had subsided. Maclean's concise report had been made. Troops had gathered. Caldwell had come down with reinforcements, and able officers came with him. Lieutenant Anderson was already issuing from the barrier to attack the Americans. "Surrender!" he cried to Morgan. Morgan snatched a rifle and replied. Anderson fell with a bullet in his brain, but his party managed to drag him within and shut the gate. For a moment fraternizing was tried again, and the men behind the barrier heard the Americans call citizens by name. They trembled in fear of treachery, but their only reply was bullets and grape-shot.

Then the battle began in earnest, and soon every American, however fraternal before, was fighting-mad. Weariness disappeared. The passion of slaughter set in. Some prayed, some cursed, some laughed, some cheered; all fought. No; not all. Most of the guns proved useless, for snow had got into the priming, and the heat of hand or body melted it there; hardly one in ten would fire. Some of the troops had the captured muskets, but there were not enough of them.

Still something could be done. A mound was built against the barricade. Ladders were set up, and one of them was fixed on the inside to go down by. A rush was



made. Spear in hand, Morgan climbed one ladder and Porterfield another. Humphreys, Lamb, Greene, Meigs, Nichols, Heth, and many more faced the bullets and grape-shot as they did the snowflakes. But it was all too late. The houses beyond the barrier had been filled with soldiers and sailors, and their muskets blazed incessantly from the upper windows. Across the street waited a double line of the Fusiliers with fixed bayonets. To try going down the one ladder inside, or making the drop of twelve feet in the face of bullets and bayonets, was mere suicide.

Here fell most of the Americans killed that morning. The space was narrow, the enemy's fire converged. Every officer's clothes were cut more than once with bullets, and powder fresh from the enemy's muskets burned many of their faces. Humphreys fell; Cooper and Thomas fell; Tisdale got a wound in the shoulder; Topham was marked; Steele had three fingers shot off while taking aim; Taylor was hit; the left side of Lamb's face was carried away. Not long after, beloved Hendricks received a ball near the heart, staggered back a few paces, fell, and was dead. Few of the sheltered enemy could be reached.

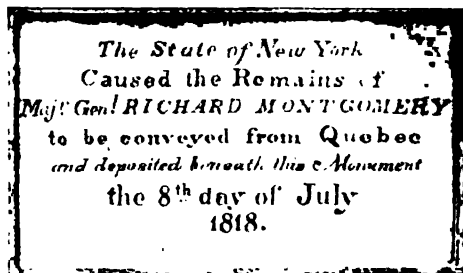
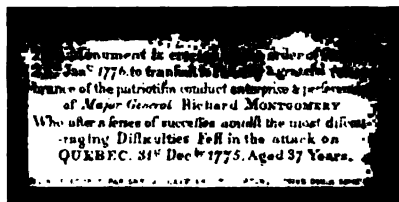
Yet the Americans would not give up. They emptied their guns—those who could—at the windows. They tried to outflank the barricade, only to find that it reached from bluff to river. Time and again the ladders were mounted. This thing and that were attempted, but always in vain. They listened, then, for the merry music of the Yorkers' muskets. All at once a brisk firing broke out in a new quarter. Cheers greeted it. "Montgomery!" they cried. "Quebec is ours!" But the enemy grew thicker and thicker.

Fighting in the open against men protected seemed a losing game. Better take shelter from tempest and bullets in the houses, it was thought, and let the riflemen try conclusions from the windows; friends might come, and, anyhow, lives would be saved. Morgan was not of that opinion. His eyes blazed, he gnawed his lip, his terrible voice cut through the uproar. But the weary men panted for a breathing-space; the houses were occupied, and many went back as far as the other barrier. Finally Morgan ordered those around him to take shelter, and the battle was continued by firing from the windows. But

in every heart rose a question: "The general, where is he?"

#### MONTGOMERY LEADS ON

MONTGOMERY, with his division of nearly three hundred, set out betimes, for he had far to go. From his quarters it was about a mile to Wolfe's Cove, and then some two miles more to the defenses of the Lower Town. The first part of the journey was hard, the second atrocious. Here the men had to march into the very teeth of the storm, and it was impossible to face the horizontal sweep of snow and hail with open eyes. Stumbling along in single file, with a precipice above and a steep bank below, they fought a battle every furlong of the way. The deeper the path grew, as the line moved along, the worse it was, for the slumping of the men filled it with holes, and nobody could tell where his foot was



#### INSCRIPTIONS ON THE MONTGOMERY MONUMENT

The inscription errs as to General Montgomery's age. He was thirty-nine years old when he fell.

going when he set it down. Blocks of ice piled up by the tide often barred the way. Not once, but repeatedly, the men could pass around some obstruction only by scaling the slope on their left for fifteen or twenty feet. To get back again safely to the route, they would sit down, with the skirts of their coats under them, and slide, lucky if they did not slide too far. Some of them carried ladders, and these moved so slowly that all behind were checked, and there came to be long gaps here and there.

*Just about the time when night is said to be darkest, the forlorn hope reached a strong, close palisade fifteen or twenty feet*



From a photograph

MONTGOMERY'S MONUMENT UNDER THE  
BROADWAY PORTICO OF ST. PAUL'S  
CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY

high. This the carpenters attacked with saws; but before their work was complete, Montgomery impatiently crowded the posts away from the rock and entered. There

was a blockhouse on the cape almost overhead, but not a shot came down. Fortune again, he thought. About a hundred yards farther, almost at the point of the cape, stood another palisade. This also was cut through, and still there was no alarm. Montgomery stepped within. Macpherson his aide, Cheeseman the leader of the forlorn hope, and a group of others attended him. The rest were slow to come up, and Montgomery sent back to hurry them on. Soon a small party—perhaps fifty or sixty, perhaps a hundred, possibly more, for nobody counted them—were at hand, and the leaders quietly advanced around the point of Cape Diamond.

#### A FATAL FIRE

THE dim form of a building seems to shape itself now in the darkness and whirling snow—a blockhouse. No; hardly that. A dwelling or a shed built of logs, probably. A faint glimmer of light seems to flush a gable-window; a port-hole, perhaps. Is it the slow match of a gun? Or is there no flush after all?

Montgomery cannot make out, though he peers keenly through the driving snow. But that makes no difference to him. Drawing his sword, and tossing the scabbard away, he cries: "Come on, my brave soldiers! Your general calls. Come on!" And with a spring the head of the column rushes forward at the double-quick. Only a few paces ahead is victory; and in another moment—a blaze, a roar, a fierce rush of air, full of hissings! Dark forms topple over into the snow. One lies quite still; it is knightly Macpherson. Another rises, staggers on, plunges, and is quite still; that is Cheeseman, with the gold for burial ready in his purse. Another lies quietly on his back, then painfully draws up his knees, raises a forearm and hand as if calling Heaven to witness, and then, like the others, is quite still; that is Montgomery. A few more lie near them. Some limp back or crawl back with cries and groans. The column halts. Oh for another Morgan now! The muskets are too damp to shoot, yet bayonets can still prick, and perhaps the way is clear. But Campbell, deputy quartermaster-general, who takes command, is fonder of swearing at the enemy than of fighting him. He confabulates instead of charging, and promptly



**EAST FRONT OF MRS. RICHARD MONTGOMERY'S HOUSE AT BARRYTOWN ON THE HUDSON**

From the rear porch she viewed the steamer which carried General Montgomery's remains to New York city.

orders a retreat. An unsafe place this: better get out of it. The column hurries away; the cannon are silent; there is none to be pursued, perhaps none to pursue; and the dead rest alone in their failure and their glory.

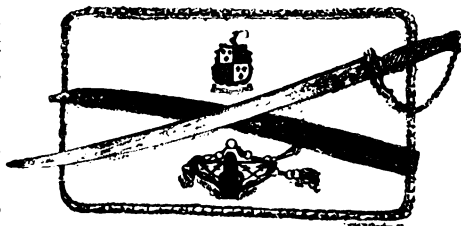
#### THE INEVITABLE

THIS is why Morgan's men did not hear Montgomery coming. Gradually it dawned upon them that something was not right, else how could so many of the garrison be spared to fight their division? Every moment their case grew harder. A barricade, cannon, windows full of muskets, a street full of bayonets, a bluff edged with fire, and the whole force of the garrison were now focused upon them. Fatigue, loss of their leader, the heaps of dead and wounded, peril, darkness, cold, and un-

certainty had exhausted, no doubt, the ardor of some; but those who could fight still fought on from the windows.

And now Fortune made another dark proffer. The house next the barrier gate was more than a house; it was a castle, and the castle was a keystone. It had a gable-window looking down on the British side of the barrier, and two or three of the unerring riflemen, posted there while others loaded for them, could do blithe execution among the enemy. Perhaps, after all, the barrier might be won. The

Americans could not see the chance, yet at least they could feel their way to it; and already they occupied the first floor. But Caldwell's men had a full view of the window. A sailor tore away the ladder fixed on the inside of the barrier; it was planted against the gable. Valiant Nairne and



Drawn by Otto Bacher

**SWORD OF GENERAL MONTGOMERY, USED BY HIM AT QUEBEC**

Owned by Miss Julia Barton Hunt

brave Dambourges rushed up and threw themselves into the darkness; a party followed; their bayonets were quickly plying the astonished Provincials; and after a dreadful conflict they cleared the place. Then Caldwell got another cannon turned on the Americans, and the houses no longer protected them. Retreat seemed the only thing left, and a council of the officers brought themselves to it.

But Carleton's eye had been watching, and, when the time came, he sent Laws out of Palace Gate, with a choice party and some cannon, to attack Arnold's troops in the rear. Laws was supported by Macdougall, Macdougall by Fraser, and Fraser by Hamilton. This was something the Americans had not counted upon, for they believed that a sortie during an assault was almost unheard of. Certainly it was heard of now, and, as one of them said, they were "fairly and handsomely cooped up."

Morgan proposed to cut a way out, and many would have joined him; but there was positively no hope. Nearly one in five of the Americans—perhaps more than one in five—had been killed or wounded, and the rest were utterly tired out. With cannon before and behind them, and musketry fire from the rear, the front, and the flank, they found themselves, as Carleton said, "caught, as it were, in a Trap," and, finally, about nine or ten o'clock, on the promise of "good quarters and tender usage," they began to give up their arms. Morgan himself choked at the thought of surrender, and burst into tears of rage. Sword in hand and back to the wall, he defied the host of enemies. "Come on, if you dare!" he thundered. They threatened to shoot him. "Shoot, if you will!" But his men begged him not to throw away his life, and at last, catching sight of a person in clerical dress, he asked:

"Are you a priest?"

"I am."

"Then I give my sword to you. No

scoundrel of those cowards shall take it out of my hands."

And so the battle ended. "A complete failure," says Trevelyan. No doubt; but that is not the wonder. The wonder is that human beings dared the venture.

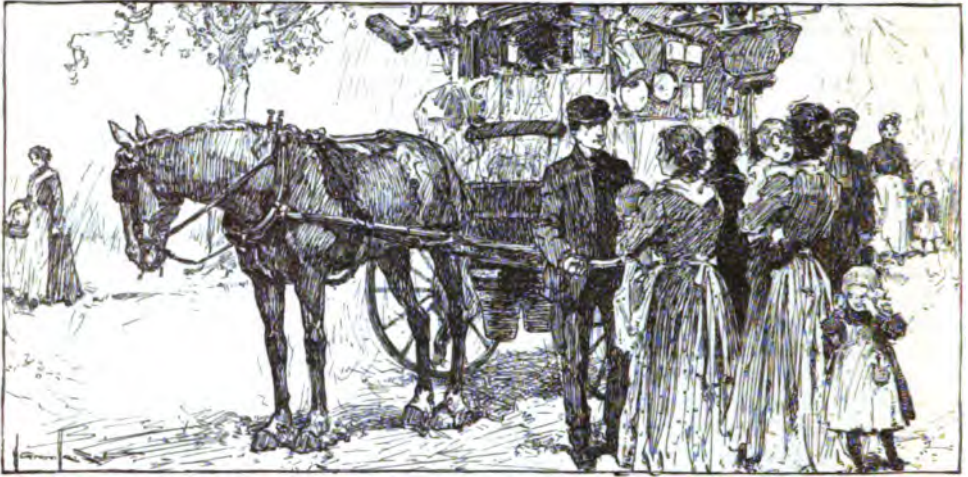
#### AFTER THE BATTLE

MONTGOMERY's poor body, shot through the groin, thigh, and head, was brought into town with others from the same spot, and honorably buried. Forty-two years afterward the precious dust was disinterred and reverently translated to the city of New York. Military honors accompanied it. Veterans of the Revolution turned out and escorted it. Minute-guns were fired along the route. At Albany, amid fitting honors, the steamer *Richmond* received it inclosed in "a most splendid" mahogany casket provided by the State, crowned with black plumes, canopied with crape, and attended by a military guard. At Barrytown the cortège halted, the muffled drums beat a dead-march, and Mrs. Montgomery looked down from the porch of her home upon her returning hero—looked until her strength gave way and she fell unconscious. Then it passed on to New York; and finally dust was committed to dust with all possible honor in St. Paul's churchyard, where a monument had long before been raised by Congress. A hero's work and a hero's death were crowned with a hero's apotheosis.

But this was far in the future, and 1776 dawned upon a present that was very different: Montgomery dead; Arnold a cripple nailed to his bed; Morgan and Lamb, with almost the whole Kennebec phalanx and the artillery company, fast in prison. The army, scant at first, was now a shred; and there it lay, buried in the drifting snows of Quebec, beaten, broken-backed, half stunned, friends far away and the enemy close at hand, mutely asking what its fate was to be.

(To be continued.)





Drawn by Granville Smith

## THE YELLOW VAN

BY RICHARD WHITEING

Author of "No. 5 John Street" and "The Island"

### XIV

THE peddler rang his bell as he neared the village, and the women came to their doors. It was an audience as well as a knot of customers. He had things to sell which they could get nowhere else without a long journey; and he brought the local news and that strange atmosphere of the outer world which attends the very tramp on his rounds. In his uses as a chapman he had well-nigh everything in their simple range of wants—crockery, tinware, scraps of furniture, plain stuffs and the where-withal for their make-up, writing-paper of the commonest, some of it destined to carry fateful words from village homes to the uttermost ends of the earth, pipes and pouches for the men, fancies in bead-work or cheap jewelry for the women, toys for the children, and oil for the murderous little village lamps.

All this was arranged on his cart in most orderly confusion; he could have found his way to a needle or slate-pencil with his eyes shut, and you could have robbed him of hardly a packet of pins without immedi-

ate detection. But no one wanted to rob him. All seemed to like him, and to have friendly relations with even the horse in the shafts. He was a good-looking young fellow; and his manners, a mixture of cautious familiarity and genial sarcasm, were part of his stock in trade. He sold the article, and threw in the epigram by way of bonus.

His face was turned toward Slocum Parva, yet he was miles away from that restful spot, in a scene, if possible, more restful still. England has almost the secret of these placid hamlets which seem a hundred miles away from everywhere. His bell, for all the lenity of its motion, seemed to smite the stillness with a note of alarm.

He was soon surrounded, mainly by those who coveted his gauds. There is always something to sharpen the appetite of want in a general store. No human being might seem to need a cow in glazed earthenware, with a view of Brighton inserted as a medallion in the center of its system; yet he had found a buyer for such an article by urging a young woman on the eve of marriage to consider the tragedy of a home

without pretty things. It is a peculiarity of purchases of this kind that they awaken unavailing remorse immediately on the completion of the bargain. The young woman hid her offense with her apron as she moved away. He did a brisk trade, with varying fortunes, for the customers often cut him close. His final encounter was with a matron who had to complain of the behavior of a clock bought of him last week. This sex is distinguished by its twin passions for adulation and for the sallies of a sprightly audacity which might seem to preclude it. The peddler had both oil and vinegar in his manner, but the acid was only a subflavor, and, like a good salad, he was preëminently bland.

"Won't go, ma'am! Nonsense! Let's have a look at it." He stretched out his hand for the delinquent, and subjected it to a keenly scrutinizing gaze. It was a most melancholy little object in painted wood, but one degree above the timepiece of a Noah's ark. "Ah, I thought so: it's in a temper, that's what's the matter with it. You bought it too cheap, ma'am, you really did. Clocks have their feelin's, like Christians: an article o' this sort does n't like to be knocked down at two and elevenpence ha'penny. But you've got such a way with you! I wonder you did n't get it for nothin': you might, if you'd stood out."

"None of your gammon!"

"P'r'aps the young uns have been playin' with it? Not as I bear no malice; I could forgive 'em anything—children like that."

"It's been on the top shelf all the toime, out of their reach."

"That's it; it felt lonesome. There, it'll be all right now."

"It's afeard o' you, I reckon; it'll go wrong soon's you've turned your back."

"Money returned if not found suited; but give it another trial. Do you know what I fancied at fust?" he added as a parting shot. "I thought somebody might ha' been nagging their 'usbands. I've known a woman's tongue stop a clock. Thank you!"

The last words were evidently a signal to the animal in the shafts, and the equivalent of the "Gee up!" of the ordinary commerce of horse-flesh. They were uttered with a peculiar intonation, and at the sound of them the faithful creature moved forward with a jerk that gave a rattle to

the whole stock in trade. It was a sign of the completed transaction in flummery, and it carried horse and man beyond the reach of reprisal. None was to be feared in this instance. The woman laughed a good-natured threat of vengeance, and went indoors with the clock in her arms. The peddler, before leaving the parish bounds, waylaid a little girl, and, with the gift of a peppermint, induced her to take charge of a bundle of handbills for house-to-house distribution. They contained an announcement of the forthcoming elections for the parish councils, and an earnest appeal to the Progressive party at large to return candidates of the right sort. He dropped other bills of the same kind on the bare hedge-rows, where, as they occasionally fluttered to the ground, they looked like some new and belated variety of fungoid growths.

The man was George Herion, of course. Much had happened since he was last seen. For one thing, he had got married; for another, he had started the little general shop on wheels wherewith he threatened defiance to adverse fate on a memorable occasion. With the success of it Rose had been dazzled into the great venture, and Slocum Parva had almost shaken off its terror of heroic ideals. Our merchant adventurer began cautiously by buying a small stock in trade, piling it on a hand-truck, and wheeling it two-and-twenty miles out and home every day, "standing market" for a rest on the outward journey. Nothing could resist such determination. What the villages on one line of route refused had a second chance in the little market town, and a third in the other villages on the home stretch. When George had ten golden sovereigns knotted in his handkerchief, he told Rose that the time had come to name the day. She named it without further hesitation, feeling that here was a man. The village knew it that night; the duchess knew it next morning; and by the favor of that august person they were established, within a fortnight, in their own cottage, after one of the prettiest village weddings Slocum had ever seen.

But for Augusta they would have been homeless. Slocum maintained so exquisite an adjustment of means to ends in house-room that it had no place for the new pair. George had lived with his mother, Rose with hers: there were no cottages to let.

To build was out of the question: the area of human shelter was fixed as by some law of nature. The village was almost hermetically closed to newcomers. Even babies were considered to have taken an unfair advantage, and were discouraged for the very reason that they might one day grow up with claims of independent settlement like those of Rose and George. As individuals these young persons might plead a right of prescription; as a pair they were intruders. The mothers tried to settle the matter with a happy thought: by living together they might set one cottage free. But the duke's agent was not disposed to sanction this arrangement until the duchess signified that it had her entire approval. So Rose now lived as wife in the cottage in which she had lived as nursling, and, indeed, had first seen the light.

The marriage gave George more to work for, and so, naturally, he worked more. He went on till he saved enough to put shafts to the hand-cart, and a horse to the shafts. In a little time people began to turn their faces toward Slocum when they wanted a flat-iron or a rolling-pin, and Randsford saw its proud supremacy assailed. Rose now needed little to make her the happiest young woman in all the wide world, not even the contrast of a latent anxiety. George still kept up the interest in village politics which owed its birth to the passage of the van, and which had cost him the favor of the "gentlefolks" in the person of Mr. Kisbye. But the ideal of well-being at Slocum Parva was a life without opinions as the prime condition of a life without events. Rose trembled for her mate, now with vague apprehension, and then again with joy at the thought of his power of making things come right.

And so, singing by the way, the peddler went from hamlet to hamlet in his wide round, through villages of all varieties—villages sleeper and sillier than Slocum itself; petted villages, coddled as carefully as Mr. Raif's; wicked villages, where you might get drunk at unlawful hours by whistling in the right note at the right back door; fighting villages, where they lived on dim though still stimulating memories of a time when it was "Who are yer, stranger? Can ye foight?" and off went their coats till the wayfarer established his right of sojourn by the ordeal of battle. He was greeted, as he passed, by the country sights,

the country sounds, the plow, the drill, the humming steam-thresher, the opening notes of chaffinch or blackbird, the opening flower of crocus or primrose, here and there perhaps by some almost white-haired school-boy with a red neck, hereafter, as soldier or sailor, to keep the flag in the sunlight on its passage round the world. Ah, the glorious life of the road! Amid such scenes who could not wish forever to defer the visit of the "terminator of delights and the separator of companions"?

At a turn of his course he drew up to make room for a carriage and pair cleaving their way through a light cloud of Olympic dust of their own raising. He had just time to recognize the liveries, and bring himself to the salute, when, with a smile and a cheerful "Good day, Herion," the duchess was whirled out of sight. The family was still in residence, but was preparing for the annual migration to town. The house-parties were over; the whole world of the British worldlet was going up for the annual meeting of Parliament, and for the ordeal by fire of the London season.

Augusta's interest in George, at first a mere consequence of her interest in Rose, had grown with better acquaintance. She had learned to like him for himself, and for the variety which his pluck and resource had introduced into the pattern of village life. He was refreshing, after the rather too monotonous note of submission; and the sight of him somehow seemed to remind her of her native land. But she was trying to learn to take her patterns as she found them, and this not all in resignation, but simply as a philosopher in petticoats, which is as much as to say a woman of the world. Here was her new home and place of settlement, and here, with it, must be her new point of view. It was as fascinating as China to the thoughtful mind. So millions live and have lived in their own way, and apparently to the greatest ends, in a majestic order with dependence for its main principle. What a contrast, not unrefreshing at times, to those tumultuous millions on "the other side," where every man's morning thought is how he may get one step ahead of his neighbor!

Augusta remembered Uncle Gooding's fable of how they brought the great railway out West. According to this, they put a line of workmen one behind the other, with the smartest last, to give the time.



"The one ahead had to keep pace with the one behind, you bet, or he felt the point of the pick in his heel as he was plugging along. By gum, sir, that last one hot-footed up the whole circus, and they got it fed into them that they had to hustle for all they were worth!"

The peddler was at home now, and the wife received him with a kiss in a kitchen which ought to be considered the "best room" of the house, since it was at least without pretense of style. But his admiration, like hers, was reserved for the lurid glories of another chamber into which at last they peeped fondly on their way upstairs. There it was in its sanctities of plush-framed photographs—George in his Sunday wear, colored like life, Rose in her wedding hat; in its antimacassars, saddle-bag suites, tormented carpets, their patterns echoing the cries of pain from the walls. Ah, how grateful they felt, how good, at the thought of all this redeeming gaiety and beauty in their rather sordid lives! The peep into the best room especially was almost devotional in its effects. George registered a silent vow to be more deserving of his new-found luck. Rose mingled the thought of it with her prayers.

xv

THE family had left for town. The great house was shut up. But Slocum was saved from the void of human interests by the election of its first parish council. The problem of such an election in such a place should be dear to science as to history, since it touches on the question of the indivisibility of matter in the legislative domain. You cannot get much farther down in institutions seen under the microscope. The relation of all parliamentary boards and other assemblies of the British governmental scheme to this speck on the planet is that of Ossa to the wart. Slocum's council is the village senate, the village administration, the village forum, the village tribune in one. It is still a new thing. Parliament, finding the peasantry clamorous for the right to manage their own affairs, has tossed them this log. So it is Gurth the swineherd at the council, with Wamba the witless, if he can find a place, and, with them, Cedric the Saxon, and even Brian de Bois-Guilbert, retired, if any can manage to commend himself to the favor of the tiny electorate.

There is something quite captivating in the thought of the exquisite littleness of the whole thing. The observer seems to watch the processes of insect life. Here is the smallest unit, the very protoplasm of corporate existence, and it has, as such, the charm of all absolutes. You can hardly get nearer to the vanishing-point of institutions than the village council. It has been known to have an audit of nineteen shillings and eightpence ha'penny for the entire year. One may conceive a worn chancellor of the exchequer turning to its debates for refreshment of spirit after a budget night. The question of the abolition of the village pump, in favor of a supply from the mains, means as much to Slocum as the abolition of slavery or the repeal of the corn-laws once meant to the world at large.

It should have been a walk-over for the Conservative party; but new yearnings, new hopes had come with the yellow van. It is idle to make a secret of it: Slocum Parva was undermined with subversive literature about village rights. The batteries were charged at George's; so much was known. Peascod had several times brought to the station dangerous handbills left in the hedge-rows. Bad characters were growing bold. Bangs, the poacher, had openly defied the collector of Easter offerings for the church. It would be difficult to exaggerate the significance of this incident as it stood entered in the constable's official report. As the collector entered the reprobate's cottage on his peaceful, not to say his holy, mission, Bangs called out ominously to his son in the back room, "Boy, put the poker on the fire." The collector began to collect. "Is it hot, boy?" "Yes, father." "Well,"—to the collector,— "I've heard of meat-offerings and of drink-offerings; I'll give you a burnt-offering if you don't get out." The collector left in haste. We live in strange times.

Then England was still under the shock of the tremendous news from South Africa, and Slocum Parva was a part of England, if only a speck of its dust. A few weeks after the departure of the ducal family came the declaration of war, with all that followed, "recoil and rally, charge and rout, and triumph and despair." Stormberg, Magersfontein, Colenso in one black week; Spion Kop; and then again hope,

with Paardeberg and Bloemfontein. The most startling event of all for the village had been the hasty departure of Captain Liddicot for the front, with his regiment, on the very eve of the Christmas festivities, with Mary turning recluse and knitting comforters, and her father's sentient life reduced to one protracted exclamation of "Bless my soul!" In an atmosphere so charged with electricity even Slocum could not preserve its wonted calm.

There were five members to be chosen,—that was the minimum allowed by law,—and there were six candidates. The Conservatives had put up for all the seats. Their phalanx, which they believed irresistible, consisted of Kisbye, Grimber, and the schoolmaster, Parson Raif, the nominee of the castle, and one Fawke, a person in the grocery and lollypop line, who ran in the same general interest, but with some stress on a harmless question of his own affecting the management of the annual flower show. But George had determined to set up one candidate for the Radicals, and had succeeded in persuading Spurr to quit his retirement for public life. This aged person, though, as we have seen, no orator, was a representative of the doomed class of small farmers whose all but fruitless struggle to keep themselves out of the workhouse might be expected to touch the sympathies of the electorate. The constituency could not be expected to carry more. George canvassed for him, spoke for him, in spite of the sickening forebodings of Rose, who sought confirmation of her worst fears in the prophecies of the penny almanac. She found no specific warning against the danger of "tampering with parish councils," her constant theme; but this, of course, was only an oversight on the part of the reader of the stars.

Nothing could prevent George from working heart and soul for his man. As one born and bred in the village, he knew what he knew. For behind these fair out-sides of Slocum, with their honeysuckle porches, there were sometimes dire realities. In the dry weather our peddler, after his hard day's work, had often to walk a mile to get a couple of pails of drinking-water for his wife's use. It was lucky for the duchess that she did not push her researches in Samson's cottage as far as the back premises. She would have found the narrow yard one pool of slush, and, in spite

of the occasional brickbats used as stepping-stones, would have risked damage to her dainty shoes. The rain and the damp at times claimed free right of entry in these ramshackle bowers of bliss. The workmen from London who came down for the wedding decorations would hardly look at them as dwelling-places.

The overcrowding was sometimes terrible, in spite of the refusal to build—or because of it. Slocum knew how many members of growing families were occasionally crowded into one room. What our village Hampden wanted was to get these things set right; with his instinct of self-help,—the instinct that had enabled him to recover himself after the mishap at Mr. Kisbye's,—he thought that only the village in council could manage it. His soul sickened against all the meddlesome guidance from above that was but coddling at the best—the very charity blankets lent in winter and sealed up during the summer, the seal to be broken only by the housekeeper at the Towers.

The combat was now joined. Skett, the navy, was pressed into the service, and was engaged, very much in the manner of a famous character of drama, to represent a wall whereon the Progressives might exhibit a placard which was strung round his neck as he sat at the cottage door. Sally Artifex promised a public canvass of the entire womanhood of the village, not so much in the interest of any political party as with a view to the selection of candidates pledged to the practice of all the domestic virtues, especially on the part of the male sex. The Conservative interest stood proudly aloof from these anxieties, relying on the all-sufficiency of its nod at the right moment. Only Mr. Kisbye rode more frequently through the village, and slightly deepened his scowl, while, to nice observers, Herbert Peascod, on his beat, seemed to keep the Knuckle of Veal in detective observation as the headquarters of the enemies of the country. The powers that be were all indifferent or worse, knowing that the new council was only one more institution to capture. There was one exception: the High-church recluse, Mr. Bascomb, made an unwonted irruption into the political arena as a supporter of the popular ticket.

For the rest, even smug Mr. Grimber from London boldly proclaimed that he

was for the castle, and did not care who knew it. What was good enough for the Duke of Allonby was good enough for him. The powers of darkness, as represented by the larger areas of local government, looked down on Slocum Parva with undisguised contempt. The scorn of Allonby Towers had a spice of mirth in it, and so was tempered by good nature. The Duke of Allonby's amazement at the thought of this village was sublime in its intensity, if not exactly in its mode of expression. His village, in all its goings out and its comings in, it was, and ever should be; and the thought of its having a will of its own tickled him to that degree! The words were his, and so was the trick of leaving the rest of the sentence to the imagination of his hearers.

The populace would soon be ready for anything. This very night an orator standing on a chair outside the Knuckle of Veal publicly clamored for a new letter-box for the benefit of the straggling continuation of the village a quarter of a mile beyond its center. He was succeeded by a carter, who said there never would be quiet in the country-side till Sokes Lane, that well-known short cut between two main roads, had a new coating of metal, and a full cart-load in the hole at the bend. Then, as to the charities, a new recruit, and a woman this time, for the sex had mysteriously left the fence, asked if it were "trew" that the old writings provided for fuel without respect for persons, while under the new practice it was "no churchman, no coals."

But the water was the burning question, strange as that may seem. It threw out a heat, in the course of discussion, that led to the removal of the meeting to the inn parlor, where the flame was partly reduced, again in a manner contrary to experience, by the use of spirituous fluids. The village had now discovered that it wanted water all the year round. At present it had to depend upon its wells. But nature sometimes forgot Slocum Parva, and there were days when water was as dear as "tuppenny," and bad at that. Such were the statements overheard through the open window of the inn. They were boldly contradicted by the Conservative interest, otherwise called the Moderate, which remained outside the building in protest for this occasion. The Conservative interest,

quoting a letter of one of its cousins, argued that Australia got on very well in spite of droughts, since common laborers there earned five shillings a day. A voice from within said that Slocum might manage to make do with the wells, if some one would only put pumps to them. It was the everlasting bucket going up and down that troubled the water, and in summer made its muddy sediment yield "worms and in-secks and things," instead of potable fluid.

A Conservative, suspected to be Mr. Grimber, created a diversion by asking who was to pay for the pumps. There was a moment's consternation within the building, when another voice replied mockingly, and with the expected reward of a guffaw, "His Goodness Gracious, to be sure," an allusion to the owner of the Towers as unmistakable as it was insolent. "Men, men," cried George, in his cheery voice, "we don't want any stuff o' that sort." The meeting now seemed to get completely out of hand, until its very promoters grew terrified at the spirit which they had raised. When Bangs (his words were taken down) bellowed, "Why can't we have water-pipes, like the duke and Squire Liddicot?" the landlord himself grew alarmed, and said with becoming severity, "Gently, please."

It was anybody's meeting now, and a Camille Desmoulins might have run a free course. The wildest cries were heard amid the din: "Oil-lamps for the main street, leastways o' nights when there's no moon!" "A playground for the children!" "Seats in the shady lane!" Mr. Grimber turned homeward with the reflection that he should never have thought to see this day; and other well-disposed persons followed his example.

When the meeting began to talk of letting the shooting over the old gravel-pits which were given to the parish after the great inclosure of 1810, and Bangs offered to bid, the landlord put out the lights.

## XVI

THE great day of the election came at last—just because it had to come. They were all afraid of it as something impending, and would gladly have put it off. It was a fairish day, yet, to speak the truth, not much more so than the one that went before. You might never have guessed with what sort of event it was charged.

The result was a startling surprise. George got his man in, at the expense—of all persons—of the castle candidate! Spurr triumphed over Mr. Raif. The Conservatives, who took for the occasion their second baptismal name of Moderates, had expected to have it all their own way. They were left with but four winners, Kisbye and the schoolmaster, Grimber and Fawke. Radicalism, treacherously calling itself Progressive to confuse the issue, had effected a lodgment in the sacred soil. Its victory had all the interest that might attach to the creation of a soul under the ribs of death. The other side took it so: Squire Liddicot thought that things were going rather too far; the ducal agent frowned; Mr. Kisbye said that George Herion was a firebrand, and that there would be no peace in Slocum till he was turned out of the place.

It was understood that there would be a full evening sitting at the Knuckle of Veal. The event had to be adjusted to consciousness, to be digested, so to speak; and where but in the village inn? The landlord, who had quite overcome his rather unprofessional displeasure of the other evening, was in his best humor. There was a flutter of expectation in the outer bar, as though new times were at hand. Bangs, the poacher, found other gossips already assembled in the parlor, old Skett among them, and Job Gurt—who would have been there, as at a post of duty, in any case.

It would be an error to suppose that the blacksmith was a sot. If he was a glutton for drink, he was also a glutton for work. He earned "good money," and, with his pickings in the season at Allonby, turned in an average five-and-twenty shillings a week. Sixteen of these shillings he gave to his wife for housekeeping; the rest he reserved for beer. As he had no children, he could not be said to be doing an injustice to his family. He began with this generous liquor at five in the morning, to clear his head of the fumes with which he usually charged it at night. His prudent helpmate took care that the house should never be without this restorative. He was a genuine Saxon peasant, and one of his remoter ancestors had probably contracted his final headache by a blow from a mace at Senlac. To be fair to him, however, it should be said that he was on this occasion extremely moderate in his potations. He had

recently had a bout. He was now slowly getting sober again, so that his system might the better respond to treatment with his favorite beverage on next bank-holiday.

These and other small fry were there to make an audience. The principal figures who were more intimately connected with the event of the day lingered, as befitted their state. The first of them to arrive was Mr. Grimber, the retired tallow-chandler, doubly respected as a Londoner and as a person of independent means. He may best be described as the essential ratepayer of the smaller sort, the despair of the champions of the lost causes in heroic ideals. He was absolutely self-centered, save for his immense reverence for wealth and station, and nothing could exceed his disdain for all who, as he put it, were fed, clothed, or educated at his expense. He had paid rates nearly all his life,—not without satisfaction to his vanity as a man of substance,—and for the same period had cherished a profound contempt and aversion for those who derived the slightest benefit from his enforced contributions to the public cause. In short, he was in every respect a genial model of skullcapped nincompoopery, alike in body and in soul.

On his entry, the others said in chorus, "Good evening, Mr. Councilor." It was a new form for the new occasion, and it was one that, as a precedent, would govern Slocum for all future time. Mr. Grimber replied, "Good evening, gentlemen." When his colleague, the schoolmaster, followed, he was saluted in the same way. His reply was, "Good evening, gentlemen—and Mr. Councilor." It was another precedent for the ages. Mr. Kisbye, of course, was not for this company.

The defeated, and yet, in a sense, the triumphant, party presently appeared in the person of old Spurr. He was toil-worn, rugged, dirty as usual, and he had the air of some hunted Hebrew prophet who had momentarily left his wilderness in search of refreshment while dodging the wrath of a king. There was no sport to be expected from his taciturnity and from his total want of repartee. He even failed to comply with the formula. George, it was known, would be late, as he was still on his rounds. The sitting, therefore, lacked animation until the arrival of Mr. Fawke, a little man, now swelling with importance, whose face seemed to say nothing except

that pudding was cheap. His flowing salutation brought the whole composition into convivial harmony with a sweep of the hand.

"I drink your 'ealth, sir, and proud to welcome you," said the ratepayer, raising his glass.

"An' I should loike to drink it, tew," piped Samson Skett.

Like most persons called for the first time to public station, Mr. Fawke seemed wishful to show that it had not made him proud.

"I 'ardly know 'ow it 'appened, I 'm sure," he said, "an' when I think 'ow many there is in this parish that knows more than me, I could almost throw it up. I can only do my best, that 's all."

Nobody helped Mr. Fawke at this stage, and a humane person might have felt that he was rather hardly used.

"But, gentlemen, it 's no use tryin' to make believe. I never 'ad a day's schoolin' in grammar in all my loife—an' me to be a speaker, too!"

"Woire in, Fawke, and get your name up. That 's all you 've got to dew."

"Well, mates, I 'll say this for mysen: it 's come through no seekin' o' mine. I 'ad n't even no idee of it till I see my nime in the list."

A voice: "Come, now, did n't 'e say that, if anybody 'u'd ask 'e, you 'd make one?"

"I may have said it, but I asked no man to ask me, and I canvassed no man, neyther."

The voice: "What about Maw?"

Fawke, changing color: "Now I 'll just tell 'e all about that. Maw said he did n't think his name was on the register—casual-like, as we was passin' the time o' day. Well, I said I 'd look; an' there, sure enough, I found it, an' I jest let him know."

The schoolmaster: "Why not? Why not? What 've ye got to be ashamed of, man?"

Fawke, taking heart: "I certainly did say, after that, 'My number 's four on the pollin'-card'; but it went no further."

The voice: "There!"

Fawke: "The fact is, the act 's a bit too complected. It wants masterin'. 'T ain't so easy to put yer mark agen a name if you can't read the name. We 'ave n't all got the edication."

Grimber, contemptuously: "Education, education—nothin' but that now! I speak as a ratepayer."

Job Gurt: "You 're reet there, maister. It 's a 'ard thing on them as 'ave got children. A child as might be earnin' a few pence a week to 'elp keep 'issen, taken away and sent to school—as you might say, by force of arms. It 's a 'ard thing on a parent, say Oi."

"It 's the law, and we 've got to put up with it," growled the schoolmaster. Even he thought that the parent had a case.

It was the matured deliverance of the rural mind on this subject. No one in that parlor spoke up for education; its warmest apologists simply held their peace. And while silly Slocum talks thus after its nature, tremendous Germany and tremendous America, with their systems polished to the last point of perfection, are waiting to spring on an unlettered prey. Truly, there is no fighting against doom.

"We want to be guided," said Fawke, directing his gaze to an aged person in the corner, who seemed to require propitiation. "We 're mere young uns at it."

It was the voice (for this person was the owner and embodiment of that organ), but it took not the slightest notice of him.

"I wish it 'd all passed more amicable and friendly-like," continued Fawke, still propitiatory. "I wish there 'ad n't been no opposition to the dook—as one might say. It ain't pleasant to 'ave a contused election 'mong neighbors."

"Contested," suggested Grimber, not unkindly.

"All my grammar 's self-taught," said Fawke.

"Well, you got a progrim o' your own, I understand, if it comes to that," said Grimber, sharply. "What 's your little game? I 'ope you ain't comin' on the rates for more money."

"I don't quite ketch your meanin', Mr. Councillor."

"Well, what 's your wheeze for the free and independent elector, your job line, speakin' as a tradesman to a tradesman?"

Fawke, clearing his throat: "The question o' the day in Slocum Parva, aye, an' Slocum Magna, too, is prizes at the flower an' vegetable show. You see, it 's like this here. Our fust prize is five shillin'; our second 's two an' six; our third 's only a shillin'. Now it ain't enough to encourage laborin' people. It don't pay, when p'r'aps you 've brought forward as many beans, 'taters, an' onions as 'u'd cover this

table. The thing I 've been workin' for all my life is to get the money raised to seven an' a kick, five bob, an' two an' a half. That 's the way to encourage industry an' beat the furiner. An', mark my words, it 's got to come."

"It will be a tough job," said Grimber. "'Ow often do we meet?"

"A full hour every month," said Fawke, eagerly, "sometimes two; an' I mean to bring it on fust thing."

The discussion could not be maintained at this high level, and it soon began to decline into sheer inconsequence. Fawke became almost interjectional in his vain repetition of stock phrases—"I 've no edication," "we do our best," "it 's got to come." Grimber made an effort to restore it by a masterly digression on the water question. He recalled a time when the wells of London were condemned, owing to an outbreak of cholera, and when the shop of his father, an undertaker, like a second Temple of Janus, was never closed, night or day, for three weeks.

"I speak of a man as I find him," maundered the wretched Fawke.

Grimber looked as though he thought he would say something to Fawke; then again he looked as though he thought he would not. And the more merciful view prevailed.

A stir at the door, and George came in. "Good evenin', gentlemen all. Well, lads, we 've done it"—shaking hands with Spurr. The old man smiled in iron lines, and, by way of showing some excitement of sensibility, knocked the ashes out of his pipe.

Every kind of leadership soon makes itself felt, even the humblest. All pressed forward to shake hands with the peddler. Mr. Grimber did it with the unmistakable air of taking leave of him on his passage to perdition. Still, it was done. The schoolmaster thought he was proud to have had him in his class, but said only, "Well, well! Well, well!" with the qualified praise which he had formerly given to a successful lesson. The youngster had the self-possession of his new pride in himself. He was beginning to do things instead of merely thinking things and hoping them—precious moment for all of us. He was alive with the new sense of opportunity. The village was not the narrow place he once thought. His success in his new trade showed that something might be done in Slocum, if

one only tried. And now there was this second and greater success. He might start the village, as he had started himself, in some way of life less miserably narrow and bounded than the old one. It was no revolt against his betters. He was a peasant still, and recognized their right to rule him; all that he wanted was to be allowed to bear a hand. Regenerative ideas mature slowly, and no one gets new-born all at once. What a triumph if he could endow Slocum with a tight thatch and a pail of clean drinking-water all the year round! He was elate, radiant. Fawke tried to introduce his panacea of the flower show, but George waved him off with a laugh. "Never mind that now; let 's all have a chat, same as old times."

The proposition was evidently relished; the conversation at once took a more convivial tone, and the oldest chestnuts of anecdote began their weary and yet welcome round. There is still a market in the inn parlor for worn-out jokes, as there is one elsewhere for worn-out boots. Nature knows nothing of waste.

The wide, wide world, too, came into their talk, but only as the universe might come into the talk of astronomers. It seemed immeasurably far. Yet not always so. They mumbled cricket, even at this season, and it seemed to bring Australia very near to them. America was remote as being less in their thoughts. The national game was, in a manner, their tie of empire. How this county bowled, how that one batted, rallied them, as experts, to a sense of a common interest in life.

George now called for a song, and, though this request was evidently welcome, compliance was delayed by the usual sheepish unwillingness to face the company. One or two cleared their throats, and pondered, and gave it up, professing to have forgotten the words. The landlord at length came to the rescue with a contrivance expressly designed for emergencies of this sort, and superfluously introduced by Fawke as the "grammerphone," perhaps with the thought of his own educational deficiencies still running in his head. The function of this most dismal instrument seemed to be to make the minstrelsy of the music-hall accessible to the rural districts. The landlord adjusted the slides, not without difficulty, and touched the springs, not without mistakes. At length,

after several false starts, the thing was delivered of a metrical pleasantry on the subject of paper collars, in a far-off tone which suggested a revel of cockney gnomes in the bowels of the earth. Yet nothing could have been at once more impressively unearthly in its metallic travesty of the human voice, nor more commonplace in its general drift.

It was as disappointing in this respect as those sittings of unlettered mediums in which the sages of history revisit our sphere to talk the wisdom of the copy-book in the vernacular of Whitechapel. It left the company cold, but not for this reason. They felt that it was dull, while they silently acknowledged that it was perhaps too fashionable for their comprehension. In short, they put it in the same category as the selections from Wagner at village concerts, performed by distinguished amateurs. In the one instance, as in the other, they were much too well-bred to complain. The judicious landlord saved them the trouble by covering the machine once more with its oil-cloth, and stimulating Bangs to harmony with the offer of a drink.

The poacher accordingly plunged headlong into a patriotic ditty, inspired by the war, with a burden of "England, be proud of your boys in brown." The choice of a color was but a tacit confession of the poet's inability to make khaki subservient to the purposes of his art. Whatever its faults in composition and execution, this was at least a vital deliverance, and it had the happiest effect. The whole parlor joined heartily in the chorus, and Fawke, in particular, grew manifestly reckless, as though meditating an immediate start for the front. The ice thus broken, Mr. Grimber next undertook to oblige.

"I ain't got nothin' new," he said, "but if you care for one of the old uns, here's something that my old father learned from his father, who was a volunteer in the great French war. It's about Napoleon Bonyparte."

An old song, and a song that might contain some mention of the battle of Waterloo! Nothing more was needed to bespeak their most reverent attention. It opened as follows:

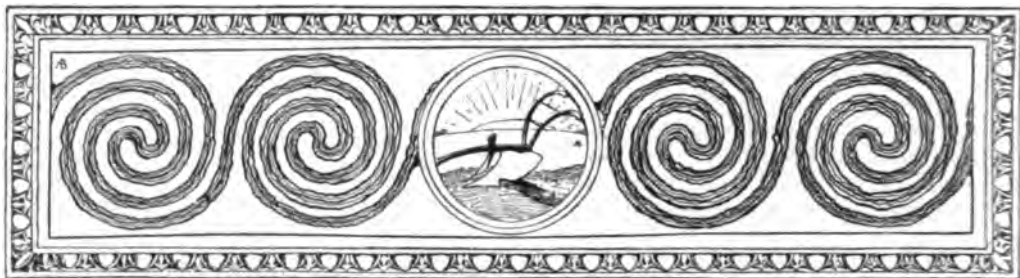
"Come, all you young men, beware of ambition,  
Or else, in course o' time, you may alter your  
condition.

Oh, think upon 'is woes who was born to be a  
yero,  
And now is gone to end his days in the isle of  
St. 'Eleno."

There were twelve verses, and they traced a career of misguided ambition from the cradle almost to the grave. In the treatment of it, and particularly in Mr. Grimber's rendering, this dazzling but irregular genius became an awful warning for the rising manhood of Slocum Parva of the dangers of discontent with their lot. He seemed to walk the earth again to impress upon them the great truth that if they were not exceedingly careful they might cease to be British boors. He had probably served the same purpose for their grandsires, and so had not lived altogether in vain. The song was thus of real social and political significance in its solemn echoes of the teaching of the catechism in regard to contentment with the state of life to which we are called. The implied rebuke seemed especially to come home to Mr. Fawke, with his newly awakened desires for civil and even for military distinction. He sat silent, as though meditating, with thankfulness, his exceedingly narrow escape of a throne.

They were at the height of their rude revel when a child from the village came in and handed a letter to George. It had just been left at his cottage, and the messenger who had brought it from the agent's room at the castle said it was pressing. So few letters, pressing or other, came to them that all present boded something momentous, especially when they saw the young man, as he opened it, turn deathly pale. He read it again in the perfect silence, dropped it, and staggered forth without a word. One of them picked it up and without ceremony read it aloud for the benefit of the company. It was a formal notice to quit, on the ground that the cottage was wanted for a new laborer on the estate. They all realized its dire significance just as fully as George. It meant ruin. Without Slocum as a center, his little business would be nothing; and for a man under the ban of the castle there would be no other footing anywhere throughout the countryside. "A fancied summat was comin'," said Job, "when A see the agent makin' a ugly face."





## EARLY SPRING GLADNESS

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

NOW clap your hands together,  
For this is April weather,  
And love again is born;  
The west wind is caressing,  
The turf your feet are pressing  
Is thrilling to the morn.

To see the grass a-greening,  
To find each day new meaning  
In sky and tree and ground;  
To see the waters glisten,  
To linger long, and listen  
To every waking sound!

To feel your nerves a-tingle  
By grackle's reedy jingle  
Or starling's brooky call,  
Or phœbe's salutation,  
Or sparrow's proclamation  
Atop the garden wall!

The maple-trees are thrilling,  
Their eager juices spilling  
In many a sugar-camp.  
I see the buckets gleaming,  
I see the smoke and steaming,  
I smell the fragrant damp.

The mourning-dove is cooing,  
The meadow-lark is wooing—  
I see his flashing quills;  
Cock-robin's breast is glowing;  
The wistful cattle lowing,  
And turning to the hills.

I love each April token  
And every word that's spoken  
In field or grove or vale;  
The hyla's twilight chorus,  
The clanging geese that o'er us  
Keep well the northern trail.

Oh, soon with heaping measures  
The spring will bring her treasures  
To gladden every breast;  
The sky with warmth a-beaming,  
The earth with love a-teeming—  
In life itself new zest!



# THE CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE

BY WILL PAYNE

WITH PICTURES BY F. DE FORREST SCHOOK



HE Chicago Board of Trade is the most powerful and famous of the several like bodies which furnish an organization for the grain business of North America.

The United States produced last year 748,000,000 bushels of wheat. Our normal production of corn is 2,250,000,000 bushels; of oats and other coarse grains, nearly 1,000,000,000 bushels more—the value of all much exceeding a billion dollars. Nine principal Western markets received in 1901 over 400,000,000 bushels of wheat and corn, and the wheat exports from the United States alone in that year were 270,000,000 bushels. Without the several exchanges, among which that at Chicago is by far the most important, this trade would be chaos.

Grain produced over the breadth of half a continent must show many different varieties and numberless differences of condition. Chicago inspection establishes some simple standard classifications. "Regular" wheat, "No. 2" corn, and "No. 2" oats, and so on, mean a certain fixed average of sort and condition. The grain thus classified becomes at once a staple article, as current and negotiable as a bank-check. Grain in any amount may be bought on the floor of the exchange by a sign, and delivered by a piece of paper in the form of a warehouse receipt. This piece of paper, with a proper inspection certificate, like the paper issued by a bank, means the same everywhere—the same in Liverpool or Antwerp as in Chicago or New York. Within its own organization the Board clears all the trades in grain in substantially the same way that a bank clearing-house clears checks. The functions of the Board in respect of grain are a good deal like

those of a bank in respect of money—to give it currency and facility of movement.

That the facility in handling grain through the organization furnished by the Board of Trade increases the value of the grain is evident. The value of grain is increased also through the very broad market which the Board furnishes. The Chicago cereal market actually deals with the world, and this gives wheat a credit value which it would not have otherwise. Banks not only in Chicago and in the large cities, but in every country town, will lend money on wheat with only a narrow margin between the amount lent and the current price of the grain, because the Chicago market makes the wheat liquid, and the banker can realize upon it instantly. A telegram to Chicago to sell on the Board will insure him the market price of the wheat any trading-hour of the day, the grain to follow for delivery in its more leisurely way. Every farmer knows that his grain has a much greater credit value than his land. He can borrow on the land probably fifty or sixty per cent. of its current price, and on the grain seventy-five or eighty or eighty-five per cent. of its current price. The grain is liquid, but it would not be so without a market like that at Chicago.

Probably quite ninety per cent. of all the transactions on the Board are pure speculation, consisting of trades made by persons who do not expect to receive or deliver a bushel of actual grain. This speculative trading is not only the most prominent, but is the most useful, of the Board's functions. Without it there could not possibly be the broad market which makes wheat a liquid asset everywhere in the United States. The speculative busi-

ness means simply the perfection of a trade organization. You may buy a corner lot which in your opinion is likely to advance in value, pay for it, go to the savings-bank, mortgage the lot, and borrow on it the major part of the purchase-price, leaving invested of your own capital only enough margin to secure the lender against loss through fluctuation in value. In a highly organized liquid market like that in grain and stocks all this lumber of mortgaging and borrowing is eliminated. You simply pay down the margin. Virtually nobody would buy wheat for a rise if he had to go out and get the actual grain, inspect it, find a storehouse to put it in, see that it was properly insured, guard against deterioration by sweating, etc., while it was in store, and, when he wished to sell, look around for a customer who wished just so much wheat of just such a sort. The Board of Trade does all this for him, the purchaser's part consisting only in giving an order to a broker and paying down the margin which will insure the broker against loss through fluctuations in price. This is what makes the broad market that gives wheat its staple value.

The Board of Trade is a court, too. Its directors and various committees are continually busy trying commercial cases, and hearing and settling the disputes which arise in the transaction of an immense volume of business.

Without the Chicago Board and the several lesser exchanges which copy its methods and follow its prices, the grain trade of North America would fall to pieces, and every bushel of cereals raised north of the Mexican line would have less value.

The home of the Board, a dingy granite pile, blocks La Salle street at the intersection of Jackson Boulevard, where the thoroughfares seem in danger of losing themselves in a jungle of towering buildings. There is a lower hall, bare and spacious, with curving stone steps on each side that lead up to an acre or so of trading-floor, where three circular hillocks make the "pits."

From the gallery on a busy day one looks down upon three separate mobs rioting, with an incessant volume of yells and with curious gestures, the position of thumb and fingers changing continually with the fluctuations of an eighth of a cent in price.

The mobs in the pits are trading in contracts for future delivery. A shout, a nod, or a scrawl on a trading-card makes possible a sale of five thousand or five hundred thousand bushels. The two grain-pits are on the left from the gallery, the provisions-pit on the right. Still to the left of the grain-pits appear rows of small marble-top tables where grains are sold by sample. Here the broker comes up, his curving arm laden with half a dozen little paper bags, each duly marked. He shows his samples, names his price. The maltster, lounging comfortably under a broad window, spreads the yellow kernels in his palm, shakes them, feels, smells, buys, or casts them to the grain-strewn floor, offering a lower price. This cash sample trade goes on leisurely, with serene indifference to the frenzy of the speculative pits at its elbow.

There is a broad fringe of human figures in constant, confusing motion about the pits, the sample-tables, the bulletin-boards, and the square breastworks of the telegraph companies on the right. The whole neighborhood sings with the chirp of the telegraph, showering messages. They are handed about in brokers' offices, displayed on bulletin-boards, and posted in files.

A glance at these messages, which are forever shaping the fluctuations of price in the pits, shows the world-wide reach of this trade.

The weather forecast promises rain in Kansas. The monsoon in India is overdue. Roads are bad in the Red River valley, preventing grain deliveries. The London "Times" has a cable that locusts have appeared in Argentina. A big mill in Minneapolis will shut down next week because the flour trade is dull. Navigation on the Danube will open unusually early. St. Louis has received fewer cars of wheat than on the corresponding day last year. Australasian grain, to arrive, is freely offered in Liverpool. There are rumors of strained relations between England and Russia in the far East.

So the wires shower their messages, and a whole eager trade, with not a moment to spare, attempts to deduce their significance. For here centers an activity which gathers force from a wider area, and is instantly felt over a larger reach, than any other. Even the greatest of the stock exchanges deals only with localities. The Chicago Board of Trade deals at once with the

round globe. Speculation on the Board directly influences price and movement of the world's foodstuffs.

Chicago herself receives yearly over 300,000,000 bushels of grain, say eight per cent. of all that is produced in the United States, and about 15,000,000 head of live stock, including sheep and horses. The market valuation of her receipts of grain and animals in 1901 exceeded \$400,000,000. The handling of this product centers in the Board of Trade.

To receive and distribute all this requires an enormous plant. The "regular" elevators alone have a capacity of 30,000,000 bushels of grain. One of them holds 5,000,000 bushels. The huge shells are fitted with a strong and cunning digestive apparatus, steam-driven, that will suck up the contents of cars and ships—a car-load at a gulp, a ship-load in one prolonged draft. The meat plant at the stock-yards is even vaster, absorbing great herds in a day, and digesting them to the last particle. Meat, bone, hair, hide, horn, hoof, blood, and viscera all come out in marketable products of one sort or another. In 1901 the output of a single packing-house, besides the meat, consisted of 277,000,000 pounds of lard, 7,000,000 pounds of wool, 4,500,000 pounds of neat's-foot oil, 7,000,000 pounds of glue, 13,500,000 pounds of butterin, 40,000,000 pounds of tallow and grease, 65,000,000 pounds of coarser oils, 102,000,000 pounds of hides, 162,000,000 pounds of fertilizer—a total of three quarters of a billion pounds of by-products. The gross sales of this Chicago house in 1901 at all its branches exceeded \$200,000,000. It paid \$400,000 for postage and revenue stamps.

But all this is not the real Board of Trade.

If it were, the dingy granite pile at the foot of La Salle street would probably suffer the common fate of the virtuous and prosaic, and be forgotten.

It is as a clearing-house of opinion that the Board becomes picturesque, dramatic, a national institution, imposing its power upon a world-wide trade.

There are numberless legitimate reasons for buying and selling options for the future delivery of grain. A man in Duluth, with an elevator full of wheat, wishes to protect himself against a falling market, so he sells on the Board as much of the May

or September option as he has actual grain. A man in New York in the export trade, with forward contracts, wishes to protect himself against a rising market, so he buys on the Board as much May as is necessary to insure him against loss. In every part of the country, especially of the Western country, all sorts of business are directly affected by the abundance or scarcity of grain, and to buy or sell an option may be only a form of insurance against the chances of the season. Besides, where agriculture intimately touches the whole industrial fabric, nearly everybody has an opinion on wheat. By taking a deal on the Board, he throws his opinion into the general pot to be cleared and tried out. So every bushel of wheat is bought and sold a hundred or a thousand times from its seeding to its final disappearance in the flour-sack. It is in this clash of opinion that the Board finds its greatest function, and on this ground it has become historic.

When a man sells five thousand bushels of May wheat, he enters into a contract from which he can release himself only by buying back his option in the market or by delivering, before the expiration of May, a warehouse receipt, issued by a "regular" house,—that is, one approved by the directors of the Board,—for five thousand bushels of wheat of the contract grade. Obviously, if some one else can buy up all the wheat in regular warehouses and take control of the option market, the seller stands committed to deliver something which he cannot procure, and he must either settle on the terms dictated by the man with the corner or confess bankruptcy.

The late B. P. Hutchinson ran the first important corner on the Board. In 1867 there were only about a million bushels of contract wheat in store in the regular warehouses at Chicago. Mr. Hutchinson bought that wheat, and, in addition, all the options that anybody would sell. When delivery day came near, the sellers found that they could not procure the article which they had contracted to deliver. The price of wheat rose to \$2.85 a bushel. The cornered shorts "walked to the captain's office" and settled their contracts. When they settled, wheat dropped 50 cents within an hour and 90 cents in a day. The trick looked easy. Next year John B. Lyon ran a corner, and put the price to \$2.20 a

bushel. Four years later the same operator attempted another corner. But the West had been growing. There was more wheat. The money to control it did not hold out. The corner went to smash ruinously, with a drop of 50 cents in the price within forty hours.

The man who runs a corner has two problems: First, he must buy all the regular wheat, so that the shorts can get none to deliver except upon his own terms. Second, he must dispose of the grain which he has accumulated in cornering the supply. When the shorts settle, the price will inevitably fall. He must get enough out of them to make himself whole when it comes to selling his own accumulation at the lower price. Each year, as the great prairies west of Chicago filled with farmers and as facilities of transportation increased, it became a bigger and more hazardous undertaking to corner wheat.

As early as 1887 a good many experienced and powerful operators were ready to bet that any attempt to corner the market would surely fail. Besides, by that time the trade decidedly did not like corners. A corner was apt to break a good many people. It violently unsettled values and made the pit as dangerous as a powdermine. To the professional trader the corner was what a cyclone is to the farmer who wants only a moderate amount of wind and rain. At the first definite hint of a corner, therefore, the trade was then ready to get on its war-paint—to change the figure, its atoms, forgetting minor differences, coalesced and solidified against the power which was suspected of purposes inimical to them.

It was at this time that a mysterious "bull clique" began to dominate the market by enormous purchases of the May option. Every one knew that a "deal" far greater than any ever before attempted on the Board was afoot. By the middle of April a rumor appeared that Cincinnati men, identified with the Fidelity National Bank of that city, were "long" 50,000,000 bushels of wheat in the Chicago market. The Fidelity bank management promptly and indignantly denied the rumor. But the purchases of wheat went on. A thousand car-loads a day poured into the city. Warehouses were choked. Railroad sidings were full of laden cars waiting for some place to unload. Still the mysterious clique

bought; it seemed to have endless resources.

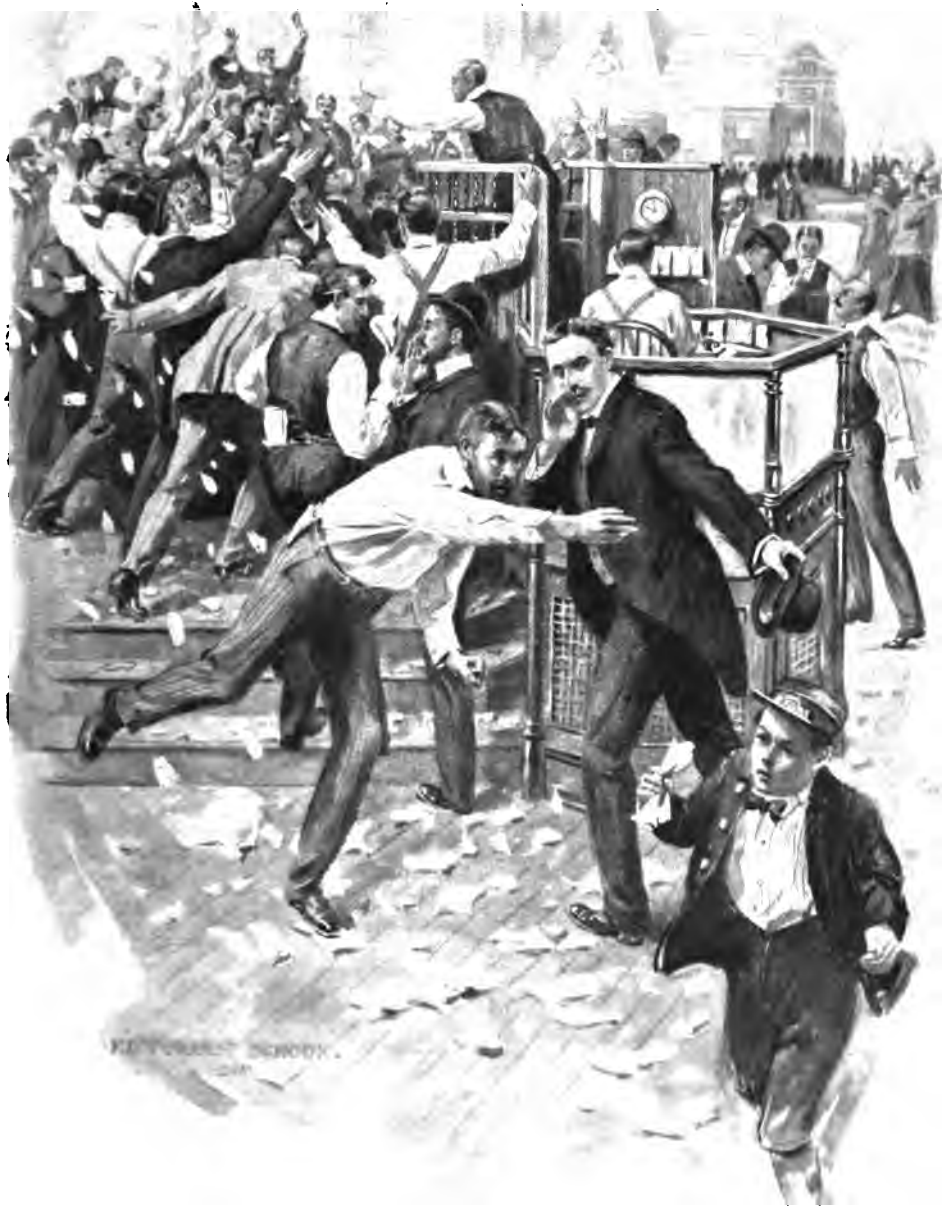
Some said this clique was John W. Mackay and his bonanza king friends; some said it was the Standard Oil millionaires. More said it was E. L. Harper, vice-president of the Fidelity National of Cincinnati, and some Cincinnati associates; but Harper denied this.

The air of the Board was tense with battle. It was a fight between the clique and the trade.

Saturday, June 11, the market opened firm, with May wheat at 86 cents, the clique apparently in full control. But some operators of skill and power were at length ready to come to close quarters—to try a thrust of pikes. There was a furious raid on "May," and the price broke to 82½ cents—not so much, only it showed that the clique was not omnipotent, after all. Monday there was a truce, partly because it was known that Wilshire of Cincinnati had come to town, and it was said that he brought a great roll of clique money. But early Tuesday morning the story got around that Wilshire and Kershaw, the chief clique broker, had been closeted at the Richelieu Hotel well into the night, and that Kershaw had come away looking worried and discouraged. Defeat was in the air. At the first tap of the bell the bears rushed on, and in ten minutes July was down to 80 cents. Then it became a rout, a panic. The immense structure of the clique, built into the trade by enormous purchases extending over four months, was plainly going to pieces. The bears flung themselves upon it without thought of caution. By noon cash wheat had dropped 20 cents. At that hour Secretary Stone appeared in the small south gallery and began announcing the failures. That morning the clique had been long some 40,000,000 bushels. The next morning one of its brokers said: "I know of 19,000,000 bushels of actual wheat that the clique had bought and paid for. This wheat it held yesterday morning; but where it is now God only knows." There were nineteen failures on the Board.

When the wreck was cleared up a few days later it was found that E. L. Harper was the clique; that he had ruined himself and looted the Fidelity Bank of its last available dollar to carry on the deal.

The final details were brought out in



Drawn by F. De Forrest Schook. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

# THE WHEAT-PIT



Drawn by F. De Forrest Schick

#### THE VISITORS' GALLERY—I

Harper's testimony, given while he was in the Ohio penitentiary, serving his term for looting the bank, and whence he was pardoned only to die.

This testimony is exceedingly interesting to the student of speculation. After Harper had thrown all of his own money, said to have been \$1,000,000, into the maw of the wheat-pit, he began taking the bank's money in this way: One of his brokers or one of the several corporations which he controlled would give a check on the Fidelity Bank or some other bank. But this check would not be charged up to the account against which it was drawn, or, if on another bank, it would not be forwarded for collection. Instead, the teller of the Fidelity, under Harper's orders, would hold it and count it as cash. By May 10 these bogus "cash items" amounted to \$730,000, by May 20 to \$845,000, by May 27 to \$920,000,—the wheat-pit swallowed the money fast,—and so on until, when the crash came, they amounted to \$1,250,000.

Giving his testimony in the penitentiary, Harper was asked if he had ever spoken to any other director of the bank regarding these bogus "cash items" which were draining the life of the concern. He answered:

"I can't say that I did. It was like a ghost. We were afraid to look at it or go near it. I never looked at it myself until the bank failed. I looked at the teller's scratcher every day and knew what the amount was; but I was afraid to look at the items themselves. I was afraid it would paralyze me. It was like a corpse that everybody is afraid to look at or mention."

Nevertheless, he kept on playing the game to the ruinous end.

Harper, by the way, had gained considerable notoriety for his "nervy" speculations in wheat before he took control of

this national bank with its \$7,000,000 of assets.

After the failure of the Harper deal, it became a tradition on the Board that the man who tried to corner the market was as good as "broke." There were a number of conspicuous instances later. In 1893 a huge lard corner went to pieces, wrecking at least two large private fortunes.

In 1897 appeared Joseph Leiter, the boldest and strongest of them all—or the most reckless man with the greatest amount of money to lose, as the critic chooses. He had the strongest wheat position ever known in the trade. The importing countries of Europe had produced only 770,000,000 bushels of wheat, against 990,000,000 bushels the year before. Reserves everywhere were low. Among exporting countries the United States alone showed any considerable surplus. To buy this surplus was to make Europe pay the holders' own price for it—theoretically. But with every five cents' advance at Chicago, grain appeared as if by magic. The Northwest scraped its granaries. Russia ate rye and emptied its mill-bins of wheat. Argentina swept the floor. In December the Chicago market was cornered—on paper; but Armour kept steel-prowed tugs plowing up the ice at the head of the Lakes, and, by lake and rail, moved 6,000,000 bushels from Minnesota and the Dakotas to Chicago in midwinter. Mr. Leiter paid for every bushel of it, and marked the price up from 85 cents to \$1.09. Still more granaries were emptied, and wheat poured to market. The war between the United States and Spain came on, as opportunely for the deal as though it had been carefully devised. Europe became panic-stricken over a vision of American wheat shipments cut off by Spanish men-of-war. France suspended her wheat import duties of 36½ cents a bushel. Other





Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

## THE VISITORS' GALLERY—II

countries followed. At Chicago \$1.45 was paid for cash wheat for export. The newspapers figured Mr. Leiter's profits far into the millions. But with every advance in price more wheat appeared, and when it came to disposing of the forty or fifty million bushels that had been accumulated in controlling the market, the paper profits melted; a huge deficit appeared.

Mr. Hutchinson, the first cornerer, said that the trouble was, not in getting control of the market, but in "getting rid of the corpse"—that is, in disposing of the wheat accumulated during the deal. His own great winnings finally vanished. Only recently Mr. Phillips twice controlled the corn market, and twice went through an adjustment with his creditors. The record is singularly uniform. Nearly all of the great deals which aimed at control of a market have ended in disaster.

The fortunes have been made, not by men who entered the market with a preconceived theory as to its course, which they attempted to make good through thick and thin, but rather by those who took things as they came, watching the drift, shaping their way from day to day, like prudent merchants, according to the current.

This is confusing to the novice, for the novice almost always comes in with a preconceived theory. Some time ago a young man with large hope, a moderate fortune, and considerable social prestige, was shown the enormous possibilities in December pork. It looked absolutely convincing; but he called upon a great packer with whom he had a personal acquaintance. Yes, the packer thought very well of pork—was buying it, in fact. Thus doubly assured, the young man bought. The market went his way, and he bought more. Then the market turned. The young man re-

viewed his convincing statistics, remembered the words of the packer, and stood stubbornly upon his line. When he was getting near to the end of his margins he was horrified to learn that his friend the packer had shifted to the other side of the market two weeks before. He visited him, recalled their conversation, and explained the situation. The packer stared. "Do you mean you've been holding 2500 barrels of pork all this time?" he demanded. "Yes," said the young man; "and I have it yet. Now, what can I do with it?" "I don't know," said the packer, "unless you can eat it."

The novice-prophets in speculation do not come up to the Board of Trade in the same throngs as formerly. The mountain has moved to Mohammed. There is now a bucket-shop in the home town where they can exploit their theories and lose their money very comfortably without coming to the city. And the bigger game in Wall street has attracted many.

Still, the recruits do come in. The local bucket-shop is as efficacious, but it lacks the size, the color, the atmosphere, the effect of being at the very heart of the fight, which the dingy granite pile in La Salle street has.

There the recruits can find the big brokers' offices, always with a crowd of men watching the blackboard where quotations are posted, reading the bulletins, listening to the latest market gossip, fraternizing more or less, exchanging views, lounging, and smoking. They can get the tips that are handed around hot from the pit. They can receive advice from many quarters and of every conceivable complexion. They can join those of their own way of thinking—whichever way it happens to be—in pitying the poor imbeciles on the other side of the market. The broker will get them cards of admission to the trading-floor,—a privi-

lege prized only by the very new,—so that they can go up-stairs and wander about in the thronged bedlam, watching the frantic turmoil of the pits, if the market is active, at close range, or loafing down the long rows of little tables over a floor half an inch deep with strewn cereals, where real

A good observer said that at the end of the Harper deal 10,000,000 bushels of wheat were sold in the pit in less than ten minutes after Secretary Stone, from the gallery, announced the failure of one of Harper's brokers.

The speculating novice gets this effect



Drawn by F. De Forrest Schook. Half-tone plate engraved by J. Tinkey

"THE MALTSTER, LOUNGING COMFORTABLY UNDER A BROAD WINDOW"

grain is sold by sample in a quiet and leisurely way, serenely regardless of the tremendous hubbub of the option traders. They learn the hand-signs by which the price is indicated. In time they even become so expert that, standing near the pit in which prices are made, they can tell what the market is doing without having to go down to the broker's office and look at the blackboard.

There is no record of the volume of the trading in the options, but in a lively market it runs into the millions of bushels daily.

of size, of a world-wide trade; and this doubtless helps him to think that his own operations are worthy of more respectful consideration than is really their due. When he tells his broker to buy "five May" (5000 bushels), he feels himself, if not actually participating in the breadstuff movement of the globe, at least engaging in a game so imposing as to be eminently respectable.

His order to buy "five May" is, however, only an infinitesimal drop in a very large bucket. His broker transmits the



Drawn by F. De Forrest Schook. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

THE USUAL FROLIC ON THE CLOSING DAY OF THE YEAR

order to a floor trader in the pit; the man in the pit executes it by a shout, a nod of the head, a hurried scratch on a card. There is no other original record of transactions involving millions upon millions of dollars than this mere scrawl upon a trading-card. The trading-cards are handed in at the offices at the close of the session, —a quarter after one,—and an army of settlement clerks goes to work on them. Then the trades are "rung up." That is, Broker A has bought 5000 bushels of May from Broker B, and sold 5000 bushels to Broker C. Broker B has sold 5000 bushels to Broker A, and bought 5000 bushels from Broker C. Broker C has bought 5000 bushels from Broker A, and sold 5000 bushels to Broker B. Here is a "ring"; the transactions balance—there must be three parties under the rules. Accordingly, all three transactions are taken out of the clearing-house. They exist only on the books of the brokers in accounts between themselves and their respective customers. If the novice sells his "five May" the next day, he settles with his broker, and the slate is clear. Nothing has occurred which affects the movement of a kernel of wheat.

Nevertheless, the bucketful is made up of drops, and the great volume of these transactions does, in fact, powerfully affect the price and movement of bread-stuffs throughout the world. A sufficient number of optimistic novices, a billow of bull "wind" at Chicago, means a higher price for wheat in India, in Argentina, and on the Danube. Frequently the individual novice does not last long. The interval is often brief between the swelling days of his initiation, when he looks at the black-board with an important air, delivers his opinions in confidence, is handed the tips with deference, and his disappearance. But while he lasts he is contributing his fractional mite toward maintaining the equilibrium of opinion. It is a strictly arithmetical proposition that with ten thousand persons trading the price will be higher than with one thousand persons trading, for the larger part of the crowd is always on the bull side and speculating for a rise.

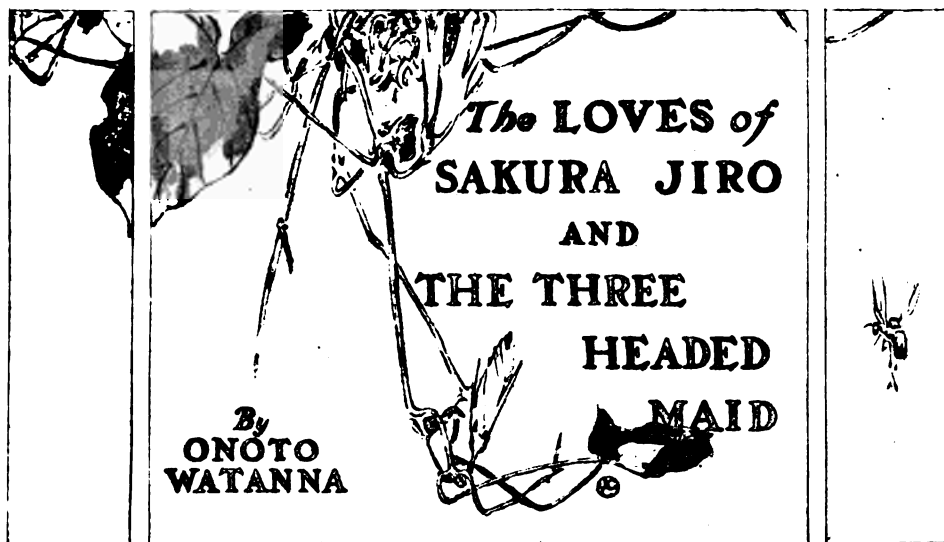
It is hard on the individual, but the individual must not ask consideration in this game. The principle is so well understood by the experienced that time was when many of the novice's orders were

simply "bucket-shopped"; that is, the broker did not execute them in the market, but let them stand upon his books, himself paying the winnings if the novice won, and pocketing the margins if the novice lost. He found a good account in it, for the adage was that you might start a sucker right on a ten-point movement and he would still lose his money.

A more stringent rule—possibly a higher moral sense—has put an end to the "bucket-shopping" of orders by members of the Board. But in lieu of that, the confessed bucket-shop has come up, and spread its tentacles everywhere. Its proposition is that it will take the other side of any bet you are pleased to lay; that, if you speculate, you are bound to lose. But even while you are losing you are contributing your infinitesimal drop to the bucketful, you are helping by that little to shape the price and movement of the world's bread-stuffs. There is always somebody on the other side.

It is as a clearing-house of opinion that the Board of Trade becomes a national institution. The \$400,000,000 of grain and provisions that are annually handled are merely incidental.

There is plenty of drama. In one of the earlier deals the deliveries—that is, the handing out of regular warehouse receipts for the grain—were made by a corps of trained messengers three minutes before the close, in the pious hope that many of the recipients would not have time to indorse the certificates and pass them on before the bell rang. At one stage of the Harper corner everything hinged upon the prompt arrival of a train from Cincinnati, bearing a man with drafts. When that corner went to smash, a tug was sent into the lake to serve an attachment upon a cargo of grain before it could get out of State jurisdiction. In December of the Leiter deal it was a question whether Armour could keep the ice broken up to let his wheat-laden steamers through. At the end of that deal there was a race against time to land cargoes in France before the day when the suspension of duties should expire—a difference of a day meaning a difference of 36½ cents in the price of the wheat. In one of Phillips's corners, success was won by the arrival of a capitalist before nine o'clock rather than after that hour.



Drawn by John Cecil Clay

SAKURA JIRO had not been in the country long, nor, indeed, had he attained to that exalted position that he afterward occupied in the regard of fad-seeking society women, fascinated by the serpent of mysticism, when he found himself walking through East Fourteenth street. Nowadays Jiro rarely goes beyond the environs of a certain pretentious hyphenated hostelry, but in those days he had no social position to cherish on the better streets. On the day when ambition was suddenly presented to him through the medium of a glaring poster, Jiro had eaten no breakfast. His resources would not permit that extravagance. Jiro had been expecting a remittance from home that thus far had obstinately refused to come out of the East.

Jiro's people were not always to be depended upon. Their respect for him had not been increased by his latter courses. When the time had arrived for Jiro to go into the army, he had demurred.

"What I mek myself fighter for, which-even?" he asked his American friend in Yedo. "Me? Why, I a poet, a dreamer, no swallower of blood."

His friend agreed. "Why not go to America?" he had suggested.

"I go ad your honorable country," Jiro decided.

That had been some eight months before. Up to this time Jiro's relatives had furnished him with the means to pursue his

study of the "barbarians" who fascinated him. Now, seemingly, they had deserted him. The conviction had been steadily forced upon Jiro that he must find employment. So he had gone to certain Japanese business men in New York. Some of them had liked him and some of them had not. One of the former told him that he had a very promising opening that would just suit Jiro.

"You will have to attend to my Japanese correspondence, be down here in the morning to open up the place, do the type-writing, wait on customers, and solicit orders from the mail department in the evenings. It's a very fine opening. You will start on seven dollars a week, and win rapid promotion as ability is shown," was the attractive proposition made to him.

Jiro had just come from this man's place as he wandered depressed through Fourteenth street. He had paused to look at the red-brick building which housed "those strange barbarian gents who come from liddle bit isle to run New York," when a gaudy poster caught his eye. The main figure was that of a man picturesquely attired. But it was not the dress or the frankly Irish face that held the attention of Sakura Jiro; out of the mouth of the poster man rolled a mass of flame as red as flaring ink could make it. Underneath was a legend that Jiro made out to be something about "Ostero, the Spanish juggler."

The thing amused him. Familiar as he was with the marvelous feats of his countrymen, it seemed ridiculous, and sad too, that

quicken movement of a man who thinks he sees a way out of despair, moved farther through the street. At last he stood before



Drawn by A. de Ford Pitney. Half-tone plate engraved by J. W. Evans

"HE WAS NOW STAGGERING"

a mere fire-eater should be billed as a feature.

"Any babby in all Nippon do thad," he muttered.

Yet, yet if people wanted to see such a poor antic as that, why could n't he—? Yes, he could; he would. Jiro, with the

the entrance of the place where "the wonders of every clime, assembled from millions of miles into one colossal aggregation, were offered to public gaze for the nominal sum of one dime." Up to the box-office he went. The ticket-seller eyed him stolidly.

"Say, you god one manager ad this place?" queried Jiro.

"Yes, we 've got one manager," testily answered the other.

"Say, I wan' go in unto this place to see thad same manager, augustness," continued Jiro. "I belong unto thad—thad—thad—profesh."

It was an inspiration, the source of which was a chorus-girl who lived in Jiro's boarding-house.

"Got any credentials?"

"Creden'ls! Whad may those honorable things be?"

"Oh, can you prove you belong to the profesh?"

"Say, augustness, you look ad me liddle bit while."

Jiro was busy fumbling in an inner pocket. Then he drew forth what seemed to be a long, slender Japanese dagger, which he handed to the man behind the window.

"It 's jus' a liddle knife, you see," observed Jiro, carelessly.

"Seems to be nothing more. Well?"

Jiro laid his hand palm upward upon the ledge in front of the window. Then, with a sharp, quick movement, he seemingly drove the blade completely through his hand, so that the point protruded on the other side. Smiling, he held aloft the pierced hand.

The ticket-seller looked startled. Jiro held out the hand to him.

"Pull out thad honorable knife," he said.

The ticket-man hesitated.

"Pull it out. See, ther' 's nod blood."

With a nervous movement the man removed the knife from the wound of Jiro. The Japanese passed his other hand lightly over both sides of the wounded member. Offering it again to the gaze of the other, he smiled.

"Say, it 's good as new. It naever hurt."

The ticket-man's eyes bulged.

"Say, young fellow," he gasped, "you're all right. Men like you ought to have carpets put down for you. The earth ain't good enough for your feet. Pass in."

Jiro went in. The crowd about the entrance, having seen a part of his feat, sent up a cheer. Before Jiro could reach the interior hall, where were assembled the "illustrious galaxy," an attendant sent by the box-office man rushed the manager to

the side of the Japanese. There was some business parley, and then the manager conducted Jiro through the place. Jiro, however, thinking to appear familiar with American ways, held back from any bargain.

"We 'll have to have another platform in here if you join us," the manager explained to Jiro, as they traversed the main hall.

While they were talking Jiro regarded with tolerating cynicism the performance of "Ostero, the Spanish juggler." All of the attractions were ranged about the room, each upon its own platform. Next to Ostero was Yido, the snake-charmer. Just across the hall was a figure inclosed in a cabinet that pleased Jiro. It was Marva, the three-headed lady. In his own country Jiro never had heard of any such wonder; but these Americans were capable of producing anything, and why not a three-headed lady? So Jiro had no doubt that it was genuine, and must be a mark of the extreme favor of the gods.

"Thad a beautiful thought of the gods," he told the manager; "she mek good wife."

"Yes, she would," said the manager; "but think what a talkin' to she could give a fellow."

"No, nod thad; but there 's three mouths to kiss." For Jiro had learned American ways.

The manager pointed across the hall to Ostero.

"He 's rather stuck on her himself," he said — "Ostero there—though Kelly 's his real name."

Jiro now saw that all of the Irish Spaniard's feats were directed at the three-headed lady. His mind was now decided.

"Gentle lady of the three heads," he murmured, "I 'll join myself unto this honorable company."

"I 'm wiz you," he told the manager.

"Good!" exclaimed the purveyor of amusement. "We 'll put you up a stand there by Ostero. It will be the East and the West, side by side, exploiting the best of their characteristic civilizations."

Then he sent for the press-agent, and the fact was duly chronicled. Thus it was that Sakura Jiro, descended from the samurai, came to earning his living in Fourteenth street through illusionary feats.

For a time Jiro prospered. His tricks and demonstrations, though of a subtle,



weird, delicate character, excited the wonder of Third Avenue and the approbation of the snake-charmer, his neighbor.

"You are a real addition to us with talent," she told him on an off day when the crowd was small because of the storm.

Although the manager and his patrons were pleased with the new acquisition, there was one who could not be won to more than a passing interest in anything Jiro did. The three-headed lady, although possessed, in popular belief at least, with three times the eyesight of ordinary folk, remained indifferent to the subtle courtship established by Jiro. In vain he threw three balls into the air, to have them descend a shower that filled a bushel basket; in vain he grew a multitude of arms out of his body; and all in vain he borrowed lace handkerchiefs, to turn them into white rabbits that ran about upon the heads of the favored spectators.

"Them are all very fine," the three mouths said, "just like any lady that happened to be born a Hindu could do; but there 's nothin' manly and bold-like 'bout them."

Ostero had only to put a quid of tobacco into his mouth, with his Gaelic grin, and shoot out balls of flame, to move the triple-necked lady to admiration.

"That Kelly 's a monstrous fine man, bold and brave-like," would float across the hall.

Then the inspired Kelly would stand upon his head, while flames belched forth from his toes.

Jiro was not despondent at first. Every time Kelly, basking in the lady's favor, invented a new trick, he would follow suit. In this way were born many of those illusions that in later days made the name of Sakura Jiro renowned among polite people. Alas! it was to no purpose.

One dull, rainy day Jiro gave signs of breaking down under the strain of the competition that led nowhere. He had just borrowed a baby from the throng and grown from its hair a beautiful flowering plant that, springing upward inch by inch, was applauded by the outsiders, without winning more than a pitying smile from the lady with whom Jiro now openly admitted he was madly in love.

"What 's the use?" he sighed.

Yido, the snake-charmer, lounging easily upon a corner seat composed of the inter-

twining bodies of two boa-constrictors, leaned across to him.

"You 're not doin' the right thing to win her over, old man," she whispered.

It did n't occur to Jiro to ask how the snake-charmer knew. He was concerned only with her hint.

"My tricks—they are good," he hazarded.

Yido answered:

"Good! Of course they are. They 're 'way above the heads of our people, and 'll make your fortune some day; but they 'll never give you her."

"Why nod?"

"The way to get her is to do something more in Kelly's line, but something better than he can ever do."

Jiro looked across the hall at the radiant blond three heads of his mistress. All the intense longing of his soul throbbed through his being. He could not live without those three heads. How dear they all were to him! He must win the right to kiss them. He would! For, despite his months of residence in America and his Oriental familiarity with illusions, Jiro still had faith in the reality of his three-headed lady-love. Perhaps Yido was right. He would adopt her suggestion.

"Not only do that, but make her jealous. Get me on your platform to aid you in some new feat you think up," went on Yido. "Besides, the manager is thinking of getting rid of one juggler and paying the other more money."

Here were incentives enough. Jiro, earning an increased salary, could easily afford to marry, even if he added to himself all three of the heads requiring separate hats and individual meals.

FOUR days later, the manager, in leading the crowds from platform to platform in his adjective-distributing trip, paused dramatically before the platform of Jiro. He waited a moment for complete attention.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "each of you has some ambition in life dearer than all else. Each of you has some wish to whose fulfilment every step of your life thus far has been directed. To some of you it is a great fortune, to some a limit to your fortune with which you will be content; to others simpler, more elementary things, such as the possession of a little home of your own. The people here on

our platforms are no different from you in this. They, too, have ambitions. Sakura Jiro, known throughout the world as the 'Japanese wonder,' has an ambition, great as have been the things he has already accomplished. He has striven during his whole life to perfect a feat he is now about to perform. Now success seems within his reach.

"You, ladies and gentlemen, may know the joy—the holy joy, I might say—that comes with the accomplishment of your greatest, your dearest ambition. You are now about to witness the accomplishment of the ambition of Sakura Jiro, known through the world as the 'Japanese wonder,' and to share with him the joy—the holy joy—of accomplishment."

It was a good speech, the manager felt. It had been written by the new press-agent. Women throughout the crowd were in tears, and men felt a quickened pulsation. Some held up their children that all might see clearly what the manager told them in an addition to his speech made without the advice of the press-agent. About the hall the other attractions leaned far out across their platforms, lost in an absorbing interest. The lady of the three heads was watching the scene with all six of her organs of sight. The intense gaze of all was concentrated upon Jiro.

Upon the platform with the Japanese wonder was Yido, the snake-charmer, in rather unusual attire. She wore a dainty red dress cut as a kimono. Upon her head was a white cap, and a housewife's apron was about her waist.

"She looks quite domestic," one woman told another.

With a low obeisance, first to the snake-charmer and then to the throng, Jiro walked steadily to the back of the stage, where a long rubber tube led down from a gas-jet. With another bow he turned the cock and placed the tube to his lips.

"Heavens! He wants to kill himself!" cried a woman.

"His dearest wish is to die," added a man who appeared to be a country clergyman.

The manager waved a silencing hand.

"Hush! Stuff!" he said sternly.

Jiro filled his lungs with gas without seeming to be affected beyond a slight bulging of his eyes. Then he picked up from a little table a long iron tube, the

end of which, resting on the table, terminated in a gas-burner that looked as though it had just been taken from some gas-cooking range. The other end Jiro applied to his mouth. Slowly he blew through it with distended cheeks.

The domesticated snake-charmer applied a match to the burner on the table. The gas ignited. There was a burst of applause from the crowd, in which the ossified man joined. Quickly the snake-charmer set a frying-pan over the flame, the source of which was in Jiro's chest. From a little pail at her side she poured a batter into the pan. It sizzled and smoked. Four cakes were cooking in the pan. When they seemed done, she turned them with a little shovel. The other attractions were dumfounded. Marva was pale, and Ostero looked completely crestfallen.

"Breakfast is ready," called the snake-charmer.

Jiro lowered the pipe from his mouth. Pale and trembling, he approached Yido. She offered him the cakes. One he ate, amid thunderous applause. The second he passed to the audience, where it fell from the frightened fingers of an old woman into the eager hands of a newsboy.

The third cake Jiro hurled defiantly into the face of Ostero. He was now staggering, and had just strength enough to toss the last feebly at the feet of Marva, his triple love. Then, with a half-sigh, he toppled over on the floor.

Upon the instant there was wild confusion. The spectators were seized with a panic. Unmindful of the dignity of her position, and forgetful of the presence of spectators, Marva, slipping off her two false heads, vaulted over the rail to the floor. Her two abandoned heads flapped forlornly behind in their place in her cabinet. In a moment she had two heads on her body, but one was that of Sakura Jiro, the Japanese wonder.

"He did it for me, he did it all for me!" she sobbed.

The snake-charmer bent pityingly over both.

"If he had only known," said the snake-charmer.

"I love him," fiercely retorted the one-headed lady.

WHEN Jiro regained consciousness in the hospital, four hours later, he found one of

the three heads dear to him bowed above his bed.

"I feelin' so queer, an' you look lek you only had one head," he moaned, gazing up at her.

"You did it all for me, dear," she said amid her tears.

"I am mad," he said. "Where are those udder heads?"

"Why, dear, I have only one, like you," she said. "It was all a trick. But this one head is yours. I love you."

"Dear ledddy, I so happy I shall love you enough for three," he said.



## HUMORS OF CONGRESS

BY  
FRANCIS E. LEUPP.

THE humors of Congress are easier to write about than its wit. Congress is rarely witty. Most of its fun is of the farcical kind, delivered in broadsides rather than in points. As a gathering, not of the brightest and cleverest men of the country, but of a fair average skimmed from the surface of some four hundred and fifty districts and States, this is to be expected of it. The many have not the gift, and even the witty few rarely exercise their faculty within the walls of the Capitol. On the crowd assembled there it would almost surely be lost, and it can be put to more effective use at a dinner-table than in a noisy forum.

But of humor there is no end. It is the sweetmeat that makes palatable the day's dry sandwich of work. The men who can furnish it enjoy doing so, for it insures them a hearing whether their logic is grateful or not; and the men who cannot furnish it feel abundant admiration for the men who can. The trouble with trying to reproduce humor is that, unlike wit, it depends so much upon the train of events leading up to it, and the background against which it is projected. It is evanescent, a thing of

the moment. Snap—flash! and it is gone; and the raconteur who tries to repeat its effect, even while the air it stirred is still in agitation, is puzzled to know which of the original ingredients his version lacks, that it should seem so tame.

John C. Calhoun, when Vice-President, did not believe that, as the presiding officer of the Senate, he had any right to call senators to order for words spoken in debate. John Randolph of Roanoke abused this license by opening a speech with the words: "Mr. Speaker—I mean, Mr. President of the Senate, and would-be President of the United States—which God, in his infinite mercy, avert!" and then launching into one of his characteristic tirades.

Calhoun's name recalls nullification. When this heresy was at its most rampant stage, the Northern senators depended largely upon John Holmes of Maine as champion of their side of the chamber, on account of his ready wit. John Tyler tried to badger him one day by asking what had become of that political firm once mentioned by Randolph as "James Madison, Felix Grundy, John Holmes, and the devil."

"The partnership," answered Mr. Holmes, promptly, "has been legally dissolved. The senior member is dead; the second has gone into retirement; the third now addresses you; and the last has gone over to the nullifiers, and is electioneering among the honorable senator's constituents."

Clay and Webster were not habitual humorists, but both had the gift of entertaining as well as of enthralling their audiences. Clay ran most to illustrative anecdote. While he was in the House, a prominent politician deserted the Whig party in the hope of starting a general revolt. To his dismay, he found himself quite alone, and then bent all his energies to getting back into good standing. The incident reminded Clay of a story. Said he:

A stage-coach took aboard a passenger who insisted upon riding with the driver, and who diligently drew upon the contents of a bottle carried in his greatcoat pocket. When his potatoes at last overcame him, he fell off. The coach stopped long enough for some charitable travelers to alight and pull the poor fellow out of the mud.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, as he looked down at his tattered garments, "we had quite a [hic] turnover, did n't we?"

"Oh, no," answered one of his rescuers, "there was no turnover. You only fell off."

"I say," he persisted, "there *was* a [hic] turnover, and I leave it to the company."

Every one joined in assuring him that the coach had not upset.

"Well," he remarked ruefully, as he tried to climb back to his former perch, "if I'd known that [hic] I would n't have got off."

On a certain afternoon the Senate clock got a fit of striking in the midst of one of Webster's most effective speeches. After it had struck fourteen or fifteen, Webster held up one finger. "Mr. President," said he, "the clock is out of order. I have the floor."

When General Crarey of Michigan accused William Henry Harrison of lack of strategy at Tippecanoe, Tom Corwin of Ohio came to the defense of the old hero. Whatever Crarey knew of strategy he had learned as a militia officer, and this fact furnished his opponent with a text, thus:

We all, in fancy, now see the gentleman from Michigan in that most dangerous and glorious event in the life of a militia general

on the peace establishment,—a parade-day,—the day for which all the other days of his life seem to have been made.

We can see the troops in motion: umbrellas, hoe and ax handles, and other like deadly implements of war, overshadowing all the field; when, lo! the leader of the host approaches—

"Far off his coming shines."

His plume, white, after the great Bourbon, is of ample length, and reads its doleful history in the bereaved necks and bosoms of forty neighboring hen-roosts.

In this strain Corwin went on, describing the charge of the militia host upon a battalion of watermelons, until he had completely routed his adversary, who thenceforward was known as "the late General Crarey."

It was Abraham Lincoln, by the way, who, some eight years later, had to flay another man—General Cass, who was then aspiring to the Presidency as a military hero—with a sarcastic humor not unlike Corwin's, but richer. Said Mr. Lincoln:

He was not at Hull's surrender, but he was close by; he was volunteer aide to General Harrison on the day of the battle of the Thames, and as you said in 1840 Harrison was picking huckleberries two miles off while the battle was fought, I suppose it is a just conclusion with you to say Cass was aiding Harrison to pick huckleberries. That is about all, except the mooted question of the broken sword. Some authors say he broke it, some say he threw it away, and some others, who ought to know, say nothing about it. Perhaps it would be a fair historical compromise to say, if he did not break it, he did not do anything else with it.

By the way, Mr. Speaker, did you know I am a military hero? Yes, sir; in the days of the Black Hawk War I fought, bled, and—came away! Speaking of General Cass's career reminds me of my own. I was not at Stillman's defeat, but I was about as near it as Cass was to Hull's surrender; and, like him, I saw the place very soon afterward. It is quite certain I did not break my sword, for I had none to break; but I bent a musket pretty badly on one occasion. If Cass broke his sword, the idea is, he broke it in desperation; I bent the musket by accident. If General Cass went in advance of me in picking huckleberries, I guess I surpassed him in charges upon the wild onions. If he saw any live, fighting Indians, it was more than I did, but I had a good many bloody struggles with the mosquitos, and although I never fainted from the loss of blood, I can truly say I was often very hungry.

Here and there a single remark of a speaker in Congress has become historic, as when Proctor Knott, in his celebrated speech on Duluth, the "Zenith City of the Unsalted Seas," described it as a place "so exalted in the center of the visible universe that the sky comes down at precisely the same distance all around it." Knott's humor on this occasion saved the government from being seriously victimized. To a small branch railroad in the Northwest, Congress was asked, in 1871, to renew a land grant of nearly one million five hundred thousand acres which the company had forfeited by neglect. The Senate had passed the bill, but in the House Mr. Knott delivered a satirical speech which killed it. The road had been described as having one of its termini at Duluth, then so insignificant a settlement as to be unknown to the general map-makers. Mr. Knott, throwing himself into a mock rhapsody, exclaimed:

Duluth! The word fell upon my ear with peculiar and indescribable charm, like the gentle murmur of a low fountain stealing forth in the midst of roses, or the soft, sweet accents of an angel's whisper in the bright, joyous dream of sleeping innocence. Duluth! 'Twas the name for which my soul had panted for years, as the hart panteth for the water-brooks. But where was Duluth? . . . I was overwhelmed with the conviction that Duluth not only existed somewhere, but that, wherever it was, it was a great and glorious place. I was convinced that the greatest calamity that ever befell the benighted nations of the ancient world was in their having passed away without a knowledge of the actual existence of Duluth; that their fabled Atlantis, never seen save by the hallowed vision of inspired poesy, was, in fact, but another name for Duluth; that the golden orchard of the Hesperides was but a poetical synonym for the beer-gardens in the vicinity of Duluth. I was certain that Herodotus had died a miserable death, because in all his travels and with all his geographical research he had never heard of Duluth. I know that if the immortal Homer could look down . . . he would weep tears of bitter anguish that, instead of lavishing all the stores of his mighty genius upon the fall of Troy, it had not been his more blessed lot to crystallize in deathless song the rising glories of Duluth. . . .

Then, sir, there is the climate of Duluth. . . . Now, I have always been under the impression, as I presume other gentlemen have, that in the region around Lake Superior it was cold enough for at least nine months in the year to freeze the smoke-stack off a locomotive.

But I see . . . that Duluth is situated exactly half-way between the latitudes of Paris and Venice, so that gentlemen who have inhaled the exhilarating airs of the one or basked in the golden sunlight of the other must see at a glance that Duluth must be a place of untold delights, a terrestrial paradise, fanned by the balmy zephyrs of an eternal spring, clothed in the gorgeous sheen of ever-blooming flowers, and vocal with the silvery melody of nature's choicest songsters. . . .

But human life is too short, and the time of this House far too valuable, to allow me to linger longer upon the delightful theme. I think every gentleman on the floor is as well satisfied as I am that Duluth is destined to become the commercial metropolis of the universe, and that the road should be built at once.

I should perhaps add, in passing, that subsequent history seems to have turned his own joke upon Mr. Knott, Duluth having grown so rapidly in size and importance as to threaten to-day to make his satire over into fact.

John Q. Wright of Ohio answered a challenge from Romulus M. Saunders: "I have received your challenge, but cannot accept it. Owing to the imperfection of my vision, I could not tell your honor from a sheep at ten paces."

Matt Carpenter of Wisconsin never tired of poking ridicule at Charles Sumner. Once, in answer to something Sumner had said with an assumption of superior knowledge, Carpenter burst forth: "The senator from Massachusetts identifies himself so completely with the universe that he is not at all certain whether he is part of the universe or the universe part of him. He is a reviser of the Decalogue. You will soon see the Sermon on the Mount revised, corrected, and improved by Charles Sumner."

The author of the warning to the reconstructed South that it "had better raise more hogs and less hell" was Roswell G. Horr of Michigan, a jester who sometimes kept the House in good spirits for most of an afternoon, but who has left few relics of his humor behind him. Mr. Horr became notable, however, through another fact—his marvelous resemblance to a twin brother who occasionally came to visit him in Washington. One day this brother approached the main door of the House, and the polite functionary in charge promptly opened the green baize door and bowed him in upon the House floor. He strolled

over to his brother's seat, sat down, and took part in all the opening ceremonies of the legislative day except that he failed to answer the roll-call. The late Thomas B. Reed, then a representative from Maine, who knew the brothers apart and thought he would have a little fun, slipped over and notified the doorkeeper of what had happened. The doorkeeper stalked across to the desk of the congressman, and informed the intruder that he must come out. "But," said the occupant of the place, "my name is Horr, and I'm from Michigan." The doorkeeper looked hard at him, and was somewhat nonplussed.

"But you're not Representative Horr," said he, doubtfully, "and you must step outside."

Just then the representative came in, and the doorkeeper tried hard to explain matters.

"All right," said Representative Horr to his brother; "you go outside, and I'll come out and talk to you."

As the brother passed out, the doorkeeper took a mental photograph of him, and remarked to a colleague: "I'll be blowed if he comes that game on me again!"

In a minute or two Mr. Horr left the floor and joined his brother in the corridor. After they had finished their chat, the representative said to his brother: "You go in now and take my seat again."

As the brother passed in, the doorkeeper smiled confidently, and said: "All right, sir. I know which is which now."

But no sooner was he fairly inside than Mr. Reed beckoned the doorkeeper to him and said: "Great heavens! you've let the wrong man in again!" and then pointed to Representative Horr, who was coming in through another door.

The bewildered officer stared at the two Horrs, and then, as the cold sweat gathered on his brow, stammered out: "For the Lord's sake, mark 'em some way, or I'm likely to let the other fellow into a caucus any night!"

A couple of witticisms by Reed of Maine will last as long as Congress. One was his description of the Senate as "the place where politicians go to when they die." The other was his retort to Judge Springer, who had declared that he had rather be right than be President: "The gentleman is in no danger of ever being either."

Indeed, the two men whose sallies have run the longest gantlet of quotation in recent years are Reed and John M. Allen of Mississippi. What first brought Reed to the front in this way was a trifling incident soon after he had taken his seat in Congress. He was saying a few words on a measure before the House, when some older member, thinking to break him up, began to interrupt him with questions. Reed answered every one, till he left his tormentor nothing more to say. Then he faced the Speaker again, and drawled:

"And now, having embalmed that fly in the liquid amber of my remarks, I will proceed."

The newspapers of the whole country told the story next day, and Reed found himself endowed with a national reputation.

In the stormy days of the Fifty-first Congress, everything the House Committee on Rules did was denounced on the floor by the Democrats as a gross act of usurpation and tyranny. The committee consisted of Mr. Reed, by virtue of his office as Speaker, Representatives McKinley of Ohio and Cannon of Illinois, Republicans, and McMillin of Tennessee and Blount of Georgia, Democrats. As the Republicans were able to outvote the Democrats on every disputed point, Blount gave up coming to the meetings. One morning McMillin came late. The three Republicans had their heads together as he entered. The Speaker looked up, and remarked on his tardiness.

"Yes," answered McMillin, sarcastically, "I am a little behind time, but I hope I have not obstructed business."

"Not at all," said Reed. "Joe and Mack and I went right along by ourselves. And, by the by,"—handing out a paper,—“we have just decided to commit the herein-mentioned outrage, and we thought you'd better glance over it so as to be able to tell your Democratic friends."

Representative Terry of Arkansas had been waiting anxiously for most of a session to secure recognition by the chair for the purpose of calling up a bill to recompense a church in his district for damages suffered at the hands of Union troops during the Civil War. After much importuning, Speaker Reed consented to recognize him. The promise was made in the Speaker's private room at the Capitol. While

Terry was expressing his gratitude at great length, the Speaker sent a page into the House to tell Representative Dalzell of Pennsylvania that he was wanted immediately. Dalzell reached the room before Terry had taken his leave.

"John," said the Speaker, "I have just told Terry that I would recognize him to call up his church bill. I want you to be in your seat, and when he calls up his bill you must object to its consideration."

Terry was somewhat mystified by this proceeding, but was inclined to look upon it as a joke. Soon after the session began he crossed to the Republican side, sat down by Dalzell, and remarked jocosely: "So you are going to object to my bill?"

"I most certainly will," Dalzell assured him.

"But that will kill it."

"Of course."

Terry, dumfounded, went back to his desk for a few minutes, and then started to leave the chamber. As he passed the Speaker's chair, Reed called to him:

"You are not going to quit now, Terry, just as I am about to recognize you to call up your church bill?"

"There is no use of calling up my bill, Mr. Speaker," said Terry, "when you have already arranged with Dalzell to object to its consideration."

"Why," exclaimed the Speaker, with a twinkle in his eye, "I thought you would like to call the bill up anyhow, so as to convince your folks at home that you are doing the best you can."

When it came to a game of bluff on the floor, William E. Mason of Illinois was Reed's match. While Mason was a new member Reed was somewhat fearful of letting him loose upon the House, and so carefully ignored him when he rose and attempted to catch the Speaker's eye. One day Mason learned that the Speaker took a great interest in a certain bill which was to be called up; so, when the title of the bill was read, Mason promptly objected, and it went over. The next day another attempt was made to call it up, and again Mason objected. Then Reed sent a friend to Mason to inquire why the latter objected to this bill.

"I am a member of Congress," answered Mason, "but the Speaker seems to think otherwise. He treats me as if he did not know me by sight."

That afternoon Reed and Mason met in the corridor. Without making any reference to what had occurred, Reed advanced and held out his hand, remarking: "Mr. Mason, I believe that if you were to rise and address the chair to-morrow, the chair would know who you are."

"Mr. Speaker," answered Mason, looking as grave as Reed did, "I have been giving greater attention to a certain bill in which I hear you are interested, and I have come to the conclusion that it ought to pass."

Both men bowed and went their way. The next day Reed's bill came up for the third time, and went through without objection. As soon as it was passed, Mr. Mason was on his feet.

"Mr. Speaker!" said he.

"The gentleman from Illinois," responded the Speaker at once, and Mason obtained his long-coveted chance to be heard.

Reed had an honest man's contempt for the "shady" claims before Congress. When unanimous consent is asked to call a bill up, the stereotyped formula of the Speaker is: "Is there objection?" On one occasion, when a particularly offensive job came to the front in this way, the Speaker inquired, as usual: "Is there objection?" Nobody responding, he rapped with his gavel, and in a louder voice called out, pausing between the words: "Is—there—objection?" Still no response. Then the Speaker pounded the head of his gavel nearly off, shouting meanwhile: "Did—any—gentleman—object?"

The uncommon form of his question, together with his vociferation, brought the buzz of voices on the floor to a short stop, and then the House roared itself hoarse; somebody found his wits and made an objection, and the Speaker passed on to the next business.

When the late President McKinley was chairman of the Ways and Means Committee and ex officio leader of the House, he had an arrangement one day with the Speaker to adjourn the House early, but was called out by a constituent, and forgot all about it. As the hour drew around to three o'clock, Reed fidgeted in his chair, and looked all over the hall for McKinley in vain; but when a lull occurred in the proceedings, he gravely announced:



"The gentleman from Ohio moves that the House do now adjourn."

Then, leaning across to the clerk, and in a stage-whisper which could be heard throughout the chamber, he inquired: "Where in thunder *is* the gentleman from Ohio?"

Nobody else could see McKinley, but the Speaker put the question, declared it carried, and adjourned the House without more ado.

On a very warm summer day Representative Walker of Massachusetts, in the midst of a debate, removed his coat, and addressed the House in his shirt-sleeves. Speaker Reed was not in the chair, but the incident was described to him afterward, and the next day it was noted that he did not leave his place even to go out to lunch. When some one paused at the desk to inquire why he had stuck so closely to his post, Reed answered: "I found it was five degrees hotter than yesterday, when Joe Walker took off his coat. I did n't know but some Democrat would try to answer Walker; and as there is no telling what one of those fellows might want to take off, I thought I'd better stay and keep order."

"How much do you weigh?" a fellow-member once asked Reed.

"Two hundred pounds," he answered.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed his friend. "You weigh more than that."

"No," said Reed, solemnly; "no gentleman weighs more than two hundred pounds."

Reed, it will be recalled, was a very pronounced opponent of annexation and expansion. When, in the midst of the excitements of the spring of 1898, he was asked in what order of precedence the annexation of Hawaii and the conquest of Cuba ought to stand, he responded: "That depends on whether you prefer to take your leprosy before your yellow fever, or your yellow fever before your leprosy."

He was listening, one day, to a report on the siege of Manila, when a member of the House, noted for his strong evangelical convictions, approached the desk. Reed turned to him with the remark:

"Well, I see that you have got four thousand fewer Filipinos to convert to Christianity than you had a day or two ago. At that rate, they will not last more than six months, and the spiritual work of prepar-

ing them for the other world should begin at once and be prosecuted with zeal."

A certain senator attempted to account for Reed's objection to war on the ground that he was interested in several large life-insurance companies. When this was repeated to Reed, he retorted:

"The reason the senator wants war is because he has a contract to sell grave-stones to the government."

Reed used to have a good deal of fun over the first discussion of his chances as a Presidential candidate. He had been reading a four-sided interview with a particularly anxious aspirant noted for being "all things to all men," when he was asked whether he had a platform of his own.

"Oh, yes," said he; "and if I don't get the nomination it won't be because I am not willing to give satisfaction to people of all colors, races, religions, and political views. Here it is:

"I believe in giving every man equal rights and a fair show. I believe that it is the duty of Congress to pass a judicious silver bill, and am in favor of such a revision of the tariff as shall give the capital and labor employed in the manufacturing industries of the country every protection they ask, and at the same time place the luxuries as well as the necessities of life within the reach of all. I believe that every man, woman, and child should receive a pension who is entitled to it; that every just claim upon the government should be promptly and duly paid, with interest to date; that sectional strife should be smothered in fraternal love, and that the dead issues of war should be decently buried at government expense. I am in favor of applying the principles of civil-service reform to all the offices of the government, so as to give entire satisfaction to those who are in as well as those who are out, and that all legislation intended to promote the prosperity of the country should be promptly enacted by Congress. On the labor question I am as sound as an oak saw-log, and urge upon Congress the passage of a bill that would settle forever and set at rest all controversies between the employer and the employed. I believe that the surplus in the Treasury should remain unimpaired so far as is consistent with the financial welfare of the country, and that Congress should take such action in reference to the finances as will bring the greatest good to the greatest number. I hold it to be the duty of the President to protect the prerogatives of his office, and to hand them down unstained to his successor, done up in tissue-paper or in a silk handkerchief. And I will further say that if I have omitted to declare

my position regarding any interest representing a considerable number of votes, it shall be my earnest endeavor to amend and enlarge my platform accordingly. The motto on my escutcheon is, 'I strive to please,' and my aim is to merit the approbation and secure the support of all Republicans, Democrats, and Mugwumps. I desire to be considered a non-partizan candidate, and would prefer that my nomination should be unanimous."

Allen had nothing corresponding to Reed's gift of epigram, though he said one bright thing in that line which has held its own for years. It was the retort of a railroad conductor to a passenger who, when warned not to ride on the platform of a car which was speeding at the rate of fifty miles an hour, demanded to know what in Halifax platforms were for, anyhow.

"Platforms," said the autocrat of the train, severely, "are not made to stand on; they are made to get in on."

This, explained the congressman, is always the attitude of the political party in power when reminded of its ante-election promises.

Another hit was made in his speech against the bill to repeal the silver-purchase law. He said that he had never favored the law, and had voted against its passage; but to repeal it without putting something in its place he felt sure would throw the business of the country very much into the condition of the negro's cow. The old fellow had been left in charge of a Mississippi farm while the owner was away. The cow was taken sick. In writing to the family he said:

The cow have been sick. I done give her some medicine, and she are now well of the disease, but I think she will die of the remedy.

Allen's specialty, indeed, was negro oddities and dialect. In answering a speech delivered by Representative Dooliver of Iowa, defending the course of the administration in the Philippines as the product of Destiny and Duty, he said:

I am reminded of an old colored man who lived near my home, known as Uncle Jack. He was a devout old negro, but he loved poultry. His master caught him in the act of cooking a stolen turkey, and rebuked him for making a profession of religion and at the same time committing the sin of stealing.

"I did n't steal de turkey, massa," argued

Uncle Jack; "de Lord sent it. I prayed for it."

His master was skeptical, and asked: "How does it come that the Lord sends you turkeys, while I have to raise mine?"

"You jest try it, massa," said the negro; "try de Lord, and see if he won't send you a turkey."

The master tried it, but failed to get a turkey, and, full of wrath, came back to flog his servant for stealing and then lying about it. But Uncle Jack stood firm.

"You did n't pray right, massa," he pleaded. "You prays a formal prayer, like the Phar'ees. You must pray like Uncle Jack prays. When he pray, 'O Lord, send a turkey to Uncle Jack,' de prayer ain't never answered; but when he pray, 'O Lord, send Uncle Jack foh de turkey,' de turkey come ebery time."

An opponent in debate once admitted that Allen had the better of him.

"Then do be good, and stay on the right side hereafter," said Allen.

"I 'm not sure that I can promise that," was the answer.

Allen drew a mock expression of mingled pain and surprise, and remarked with a sigh:

Mr. Speaker, the gentleman is as hard to hold down as an old negro servant of mine who was a good darky in many ways, but a hopeless thief. I tried for years in vain to reform him. One day he stole a big piece of side-meat from the plantation storehouse, and I lost all patience, and had him arrested; but he broke down and pleaded so hard for forgiveness that my heart began to soften. So I said:

"Now, Uncle Rufus, if you will bring back that side-meat, and give me your written pledge that you will never steal another thing off this plantation, I will let you go."

Uncle Rufus hesitated a moment, and then answered:

"Mahs' John, I 's willin' to give you back de side-meat. Yes, sah, I 'll do dat, I 'll do dat; but—now look heah, Mahs' John, you can't 'spect me to sign away my rights!"

Referring, in a speech, to a certain eminent statesman who had repeatedly tried without success to obtain a high office, Allen said:

I had just returned home after my last campaign when I was met at my door by Auntie Allison, an aged negro woman who had nursed me in childhood. With her big black, good-natured face all wreathed in smiles, she said: "Bless ma soul, Mahs' John, but how yo' does

remin' me o' yo' deah old gran'fa'r. Yo' walk like him, yo' talk like him, yo' act like him, an' yo' am jes like him in politics, too."

"Why, aunty," said I, "I never knew that my grandfather had been active in politics."

"Oh, 'deed an' 'deed he wah, Mahs' John. He wah jes like yo'self in dat pat'ic'lah."

"In what way, aunty?"

"Oh, he wah all de time a-holdin' office."

"What office did grandfather hold, aunty?"

"Jes de same as yo'—candidate."

After Speaker Reed had refused to recognize a certain filibuster who had made several attempts to get the floor for a motion for adjournment, Allen had a pat story to tell:

A colored preacher down our way was arrested for chicken-stealing, and came to me to defend him. When we tried the case, the evidence was so clear against him that I warned him to prepare for the worst. He looked pretty puzzled himself, but his courage was good till the jury came back after an absence of only five minutes. The foreman was beginning to read the verdict when the old preacher jumped from his seat and bawled out:

"Yo' Honah, I 's—"

"Sit down!" thundered the judge, and, turning to me, inquired: "What does the prisoner mean?"

"Yo' Honah," persisted the prisoner, "I move dat dis co't do now adjou'n."

"Well," responded the judge, becoming amused, "why do you expect the court to adjourn?"

"Because," said the prisoner, proudly, "a motion to adjou'n is always in ordah, sah."

Apropos of modesty in politics, Allen told a story one day of an aspiring citizen in Mississippi who used to quote grandiloquently the familiar saying, "The office should seek the man, not the man the office." A few days later he was observed electioneering for himself in the old-fashioned style, with whisky, cigars, etc. Being reminded of his recent lofty utterances, he answered: "I still maintain my position. The office should seek the man; but, by gad! sah, the man should be around when the office is looking for him."

Several other Southern representatives have been noted for their negro stories. One of these was O'Ferrall of Virginia, who had charge of a contested election case in which an eminent New York orator had poured forth a perfect deluge of sentimental eloquence. The Virginian heard him through, and then remarked:

As I sat listening to the gentleman, and reflected on his riot of words without purpose or aim, or any fleeting glimmer of good sense, I began to feel like the old darky who was plodding and plashing homeward through a midnight storm. The winds were blowing, and the rain was sheeting down, and the thunder rolled crash on crash, as if the very roots of the hills were being torn from their home of the ages, while the night became bleaker and more impenetrable every moment. At last the old fellow became frightened, and, following a thunderous peal of unusual horror, he plumped down on his knees in the mud, and began to pray. "O Lawd!" he cried, "far be it from one so humble as me to tell dee dy business. But if it's all de same to dee, an' doan't pester dee or change too much dy infinite plans, could n't dis yere storm be managed so as to give us a leetle less noise an' a leetle mo' light? Amen!"

Mason and Terry I have already mentioned in connection with other men's jokes, but both tell some of their own. Mason, returning from a brief absence, found his desk overflowing with letters.

"Twenty-seven candidates after one post-office!" he exclaimed wearily, as he emptied the last envelop. "I'm like the son whose father died and left him all the property, disinheriting the rest of the family. The lawyers broke in and began to eat up the estate. After two years or more a friend asked him when the litigation would end. 'I don't know,' replied he. 'It has given me a world of trouble; and, between you and me, I sometimes almost wish that the old man had n't died.'"

Terry was expressing, in satirical style, his sympathy with another representative who had, for party purposes, made some professions which did not comport with his past record. Said he:

There was a farmer in my home State of Arkansas, during the Civil War, who owned a valuable shot-gun. When the Federals came into that country, plundering everything in sight, he hid the gun away, and told no one except his daughter. But one day, while he was absent, the Federals dropped down on the farm. They had heard of that fine shot-gun, and asked the daughter if she knew where it was. She answered that she did, and was finally induced to tell, so that they could go and get it. When the old man came back and found the gun gone, he upbraided his daughter, who replied that she had always been taught by him to tell the truth.

"But," he shouted in his anguish, "my goodness, daughter, *these* are no times to be telling the truth!"

Jerry Simpson of Kansas, when he figured in Congress as the chief exponent of the Farmers' Alliance, illustrated his view of the general uselessness of both of the old political parties by a story of two neighbors of his, named Jim and Joe, who set out to raise swine:

Each bought a pair of fine Berkshires, and began at once, in imagination, to count his profits. Unfortunately for their hopes, both pairs of hogs were taken with some kind of malady which threatened their lives. Jim heard that arsenic administered in small doses would cure the disease; so he bought an ounce and administered it. A day or two afterward Joe called out to him, when they met:

"Hello, Jim! I hear you've been giving your hogs arsenic for the distemper. How much did you give them at a dose?"

"An ounce," replied Jim, without stopping.

Joe bought some arsenic, and administered it in ounce doses. A few days later, meeting Jim again, he hailed him with:

"I say, Jim, that arsenic killed my hogs."

"That's what it did to mine," answered Jim.

Another Simpson story had for its text the popular belief in the omnipotence of the government:

At a mass-meeting held in Wichita, an old fellow offered a resolution "that Congress be instructed to build an irrigation ditch extending from the Missouri River, at some point about the center of Nebraska, in a southwest direction to the Arkansas River, west of Dodge."

The resolution was hailed with marks of approval; but, just as it was about to pass by an almost unanimous vote, some one called attention to the fact that the Arkansas River, at the point indicated, was a thousand feet higher than the Missouri, and he doubted whether the water could be made to flow uphill. This caused some hesitation, which might have proved fatal to the resolution, but before the meeting could come to its senses, the mover made an impassioned harangue, closing with the words:

"Just you pass this here resolution, and Congress will fix the rest."

The resolution was adopted.

(To be continued.)



## CONFESSION

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

WHEN I was young I made a vow  
To keep youth in my heart as long  
As there were birds upon the bough  
To gladden me with song:

To learn what lessons Life might give,  
To do my duty as I saw,  
To love my friends, to laugh, and live  
Not holding Death in awe.

So all my lyrics sing of joy,  
And shall until my lips are mute:  
In old age happy as the boy  
To whom God gave the lute.

# THE PASSING OF ELKANAH RITTER


A "PA GLADDEN" STORY

BY ELIZABETH CHERRY WALTZ

WITH PICTURES BY W. L. JACOBS

"My soul chooseth death."

I

HE sensation of the year in the Long Valley was a unique one. The breathless attention of the good folk of all the settlements could be at once gained by a mention of old Elkanah Ritter of the Crossroads, and his efforts to pass over the river of Death. Other happenings might temporarily switch off the gossip, but, in the end, Elkanah Ritter and his last vagary in "passin' over" claimed attention and held the interest.

The old Elkanah had long considered himself as but a pilgrim in this vale of tears. He had a grievance that had embittered existence—the one that, in the parlance of the Long Valley, he was not an "inheritor." This constituted the aristocracy of the region; but Elkanah's father had owned nothing but the ax with which he had helped to level virgin forests. Elkanah the younger took care to remedy the matter, as far as possible, by marrying land about the Crossroads Settlement with both a first and a second wife. He thus gained the appellation of a "double furriner," and with no hope of shaking it off in this life. His earlier wives were good, hard-working women, who soon succumbed to heavy cares. Finally Elkanah Ritter married Abigail Ann, who had youth and a pretty face, but was at times notoriously flighty.

There was not a more stubborn or perverse man in the whole valley than the old

Elkanah, but he never showed the full strength of his perversity until told by Doc Briskett of the existence of a disease that would soon end his days. Then, as his neighbor, Pa Gladden, expressed it, he "began dyin'." To the surprise of his world, he accepted this fiat of fate with a becoming stoicism, and began to prepare for what he chose to regard as a scriptural translation into heaven. He arranged his earthly affairs, and prepared to get as much enjoyment as was possible out of his own demise. The idea took on wonderful proportions. Whereas other men mourned over the approach of death, he would rejoice. One spring morning he issued horseback invitations to all kith, kin, and connections to see him die before night-fall.

Meat was this to Pa Gladden's soul. He loved to tell of it.

"We arrove breathless," he narrated; "but quick ez I seen Brother Elkanah, I knew he war good fer many a long day. So, ez I had a big potato-sortin' on hand, I 'scused myself, leavin' Mis' Gladden thar, ez she war blood-kin. Thet reception kep' up fer three hull days, an' the victuals gettin' a leetle low, most folks went home. Thet war Elkanah's fust trial at it, an' he liked it fust-class. Folks all laid his gettin' up ter a plumb meracle, but it war n't."

"Ye must n't say too much erbout Elkanah's feelin's, pa," said Ma Gladden; "it air a solemn subject, to my mind."

"I 'm tellin' Persephone here erbout it jes ez a story like," resumed Pa Gladden,

recklessly. "It does rouse me up ter think erbout Elkanah's play-actin' with his passin' over. It air uncommon intrustin' when ye takes a survey o' it. It air really techin' ter see how shore Elkanah air thet he air goin' jes a few steps over a big ditch er wet creek-bottom, an' land at glory on the other side. He 'most feels the angels' hands a-holpin' him up the bank, an' hez clean lost all his nateral fear o' meetin' the Almighty, 'cause he 's thort o' it so much. I allers been shore thet a tombstone man brung on thet mortal bad spell o' Elkanah's last fall. Ye see, Elkanah had it all writ down in his will erbout a monymint; but one o' them agents heared erbout his state, an' come cl'ar out ter see him with a big book plumb full o' pictur's o' stuns. He stayed all day, an' sold Elkanah whut he called an 'obbulusk'—some kind o' heathen doin's. Abigail Ann says sharp things sometimes, an' she ripped out thet the stun an' the price war truly ongodly an' onchristian. Elkanah declared he 'd hev thet er nothin' ter lie under, an' got so mad over it thet he come purty nigh ter the river afore any one got thar. He never would have pulled through ef Abigail Ann had n't put on her blue gownd. He riz up ter give her a ratin', an' got inter a sweat thet brung him eroun'."

"An' the fifth time you an' him had a fuss over his will," sighed Ma Gladden.

"We did," assented Pa Gladden, promptly. "I told him thet he orter leave thet lower eighty acres he got with his second, Elmiry, ter her sister Lorisy, who hez got nine childern an' a man thet 's no 'count whutever. An' he jes erbout turned me outdoors thet time. But I hear he hev since changed the will, which air comfordin' ter my feelin's. An' the sixth time I war on the better business of bringin' Persephone here hum. Thar 's no tellin' the day ner the hour when we wull all be called on ter contribute ter the excitement over ter Ritter's, fer Doc Briskett hev told Elkanah thet thar air two suttin things fer him this year—taxes an' his passin' over; an' doc shorely knows."

## II

In the eery gray of the next morning, Salmon Ritter rode once more through the red wagon-gate to Ma Gladden's kitchen door, and gave out the solemn intelligence that

his father lay apparently at the point of death, and that even Doc Briskett had countenanced the issuance of those pressing invitations to all concerned that had been ordered by the man most interested.

"So 'Ligy Wood went Pegram way an' I come up Crossroads," he announced to Pa and Ma Gladden, who confronted him in hasty toilets, "an' I 'm likewise sendin' two men over by Sinai an' down through Obermeier's Holler to tell the Omerod connection. I reckon it air the last time I 'll hev this solemn ride. We warnt you petic'lar, Pa Gladden. My departin' parent says he to me only yestidday: 'My son, ef it comes to real goin', I warnt Pa Gladden here fer two reasons: fustly, he hev scrubbed the last blot off my conscience, an', secondly, he believes in the other side ez few actoolly do.' So you must come over, pa; an' Abigail Ann an' me don't mind erbout the lower eighty, ef the dyin' air at peace."

"Thet speaks well fer ye," said Pa Gladden, perhaps a little dryly, "ez ye 'll hev erbout ez much ez ye 'll keer ter handle, won't ye?"

"Yes," sighed Salmon, somewhat ruefully; "an' I 'm tied to it now. I calkilated to sell, but pa put his word on me. He felt porely, an' he comes out to the woodpile, an' says he: 'Salmon, I hev a sinkin' in my mind erbout ye an' the land yer ma brung me an' thet 'll be yourn. Air ye thinkin' o' sellin'?' I s'posed Abigail Ann told it, so I owns up. He ast me the man in the offer an' the price, an' then he says, with his hand riz up: 'Salmon, sell yer shirt, but don't sell yer land, er ye 'll hev no more shirts.' So thar I be, bound shore enough."

"Elkanah's deeds wull live after him," commented pa; "but thet hain't tellin' ye thet I don't mind yer pa's flyin' up at me because I uptipped his conscience erbout Lorisy hevin' the lower eighty. I don't hold bad feelin' any easier than a flour-sieve holds water. I 'll be on hand ter engineer any sort o' doin' thet 'll add ter Elkanah's good feelin' er make his goin' more glorious. Ma an' me 'll snatch a mouthful o' victuals, sonny, an' be right erlong."

A busy scene met the eyes of the pair as they crossed the pastures to the Ritter homestead. Horseback-riders and vehicles dotted the long house-lane, although Sal-

mon and his messengers could not have covered half their route. The great stone chimneys smoked a welcome into the lowering February day. Pa Gladden's prophesied thaw was at hand, and the roads were muddy and heavy. Outside the house, among the numerous vehicles, sturdy men, with their hands in their pockets, kicked at the sturdy tree-trunks and gossiped over morning pipes.

"It 'pears like he's got a crowd ag'in," said Pa Gladden, as they drew near; "an' Abigail Ann hez got two black gals cookin' up victuals lively in the kitchen, so he air shorely wuss 'n usual."

"I don't hold with ye," said Ma Gladden, "fer she hev got on a pink ribbing, an'—onless he air onconscious-like—Elkanah 'd never let thet go on. He air sot ag'in' colors, like he air ag'in' a circus."

"I 'm goin' right in myself, Drusilly," continued pa. "It air no time ter be hevin' a mor'gidge on any one's conscience, an' ye see I won my p'int. So I 'm goin' ter be friendly ter oncet."

Elkanah Ritter's dwelling was by far the largest house in the Crossroads neighborhood, a rambling affair, built one room at a time, and with no attempt at embellishment without. Its stiff, bare look was well in keeping with the aspect of the gaunt old man who was now propped up in a great bed in the middle room. He meant to die in cleanliness and purity. The bed was a white island of spread and ruffled pillowcases, and in it Elkanah, also clad in snowy white, reposed ceremoniously, with a gilt-edged Bible and a hymn-book near him. Restless, roving eyes, fiery yet, looked out from his waxen face. His hands were crossed, his lips moved. About him sat stiff rows of elderly female relatives. The overflow spread to rooms to the right and the left, and the conduct became less decorous as the distance increased between the apartments and Elkanah's bedside. Abigail Ann, flushed with importance, flitted in and out of the kitchen, loving something to happen as well as Pa Gladden. She was aided by half a dozen young women and their attendant swains, who pretended to help, but were, in reality, altogether in the way. As the crowd grew larger there were inextricable confusions, suppressed shrieks, even smothered laughter in the distances, and always the low

hum of voices that was like the buzzing of many hives of bees in the springtime.

Through this gathering Pa Gladden pushed a way to the sick man.

"It air Brother Gladden, Elkanah," announced a woman, who, like an automaton, was moving a palm-leaf fan in the close, overheated atmosphere.

The old man turned his restless eyes toward Pa Gladden. What he saw there fully reassured him, and he moved one feeble hand toward a chair beside him.

"Thet air properly Abigail Ann's cheer," said Pa Gladden, "but she air suttinly engaged jes now in the feedin' o' the multitude. An' air ye bound ter go this time? Hev the Lord sent ye a clear call?"

"I hev sech a cravin' ter go," replied Elkanah, eagerly, "thet my speerit air leapin'-like to the idee. The pain yestidday hev made it. Whutever air waitin' over thar won't be any sech misery, I 'm shore. I 'm plumb sick ter be away."

"Ye air plumb wore out," said Pa Gladden; "an' the best I could wish ye this minute air a leetle quiet nap ter gather up yer strength."

"I b'lieve I could drop off," said the old man, "ef ye 'll sit by me. It air sort o' soothin' ter see ye here ag'in."

"I 'll holt ye by the hand," said Pa Gladden.

For a long hour he sat a silent sentinel, while the others stole out and joined those who laughed and buzzed busily. At length Pa Gladden was left, the only one upon whom the aged eyes could rest when they at last unclosed.

"Whar air the rest?" he asked grimly.

"Perusin' their pleasures an' different subjects," replied Pa Gladden, gently. "An' now, bein' ez we 're ter ourselves, whut air yer idees regardin' yer departin' from among us? I hain't heard o' yer new plans sence I war over here, an' mebbe I kin help ye."

"Hev ye seen the new stun I got up?" inquired the sick man, eagerly. "It air beyond anything ever sot up in the hull valley. It air the kind the millunaries air hevin' in the East—suthin' plain an' imposin'-like, the agent says. It jes does make me feel good ter ricollect how it do rise on Crossroads Hill. It 'll be a long time afore any one outdoes it."

"I swanny," assented Pa Gladden, "ez I hev heard it mentioned. But air all



these folk comfortin' ter ye in the hour o' passin'? They can't git inter the house now, an' thar air more a-comin'."

"I am a man rejoicin' in death," asserted the sick man; "I warnt ter set an example."

"Whew!" whistled Pa Gladden. "Thet air brave enough. How long does doc give ye, sence ye don't mind mentionin' it?"

"Told me I 'd do well ter see night-time, but not ter bring old Father Wister out another time. So I 'm reconciled, Pa Gladden, ter meet the Lord alone, ef Elder Becks hain't able ter be on hand. I 've been cl'ar down ter the bank several times, brother, an' it seems like I can 'most see over, so I 'm gettin' past all fear an' tremblin'."

All day the people stood about, ate, drank, waited, buzzed, and heard bulletins from the middle room. At nightfall many, of a necessity, had to return home. Yet there remained a goodly number, who again feasted and idled and waited away the night hours. Sometimes hymns were sung, sometimes prayers were made. Doc Briskett came and departed Pegram way, saying that the hour was indeed near at hand. Toward midnight Pa Gladden once more pushed his way to the bedside. Something in the sufferer's feeble glance touched his tender heart.

"Ye air weary o' waitin', Brother Elkanah. Shell we pray fer ye ter go?"

The old man nodded his head, so Pa Gladden, standing in the midst, said a prayer for the dying:

"Lord o' all souls, we come before thee this night ter ast thee ter notice our brother waitin' on the bank fer the angels ter beckon him acrost. Thou knowest thet his hour air at hand, an' the clockworks o' his bein' air clean out o' repair. Lord, he air willin' an' eager ter pass over. He air all ready an' firm in believin' thet thar air a foothold on the other side. Lord, send fer him! Lord, call him home 'thout any more delayin', whar he 'll never be a pilgrim ner a furrier, but an inheritor o' thy grace an' thy love onspeakable."

Through the sound of muffled sobs came a shrill, dissonant note. In the less reverent distances a young creature made merry. There came the untimely levity of laughter.

Salmon Ritter stole abruptly from the room. The dying man opened his eyes angrily.

"Whar air Abigail Ann?" he asked.

"Busy in the kitchen," apologized Abigail Ann's aunt. "She hez ter see arter things."

"Fotch her!" ordered the old man, breathing hoarsely. "I heard her laughin'. She allus hed a weak headpiece."

Fluttered and frightened, Abigail Ann came in. The dim old eyes scanned her coldly enough.

"Take off them pink strings on yer ha'r," he ordered, "an' don't yer stir from thet cheer till I tell ye. Ef I don't go this time it 's all yer doin's."

No mysterious change came to the weary spirit. That unfortunate laugh had indeed swept away all spiritual comfort, and produced a physical reaction that made Elkanah Ritter keenly alive, sensitively restless. In the midnight hours he sent away every one but Pa Gladden.

"My mind air plumb torn away from passin'," he groaned. "It air now all dark. Am I weakenin'?"

"No," said Pa Gladden, stoutly; "it air suthin' else. Whut air yer mind perusin' on onstead?"

"On mortal things," returned the old Elkanah—"on mortal things. It will wander in the past time. Why, would ye know it, thet I shet my eyes an' kin fairly see Zereldy, in a pink gownd, comin' down the front walk o' thet old house-lot on Paynter's Knob, whar I co'rted 'er, an' jes ez plain ez daylight. Salmon's ma—an' I did n't hev a shillin' when we war married. I never have been the same man sence she passed over. I wonder why I seen her."

"Mebbe she air actoolly standin' over yonder a-waitin'," mused pa, awe-struck. "D' ye see any one else—Elmiry, yer second?"

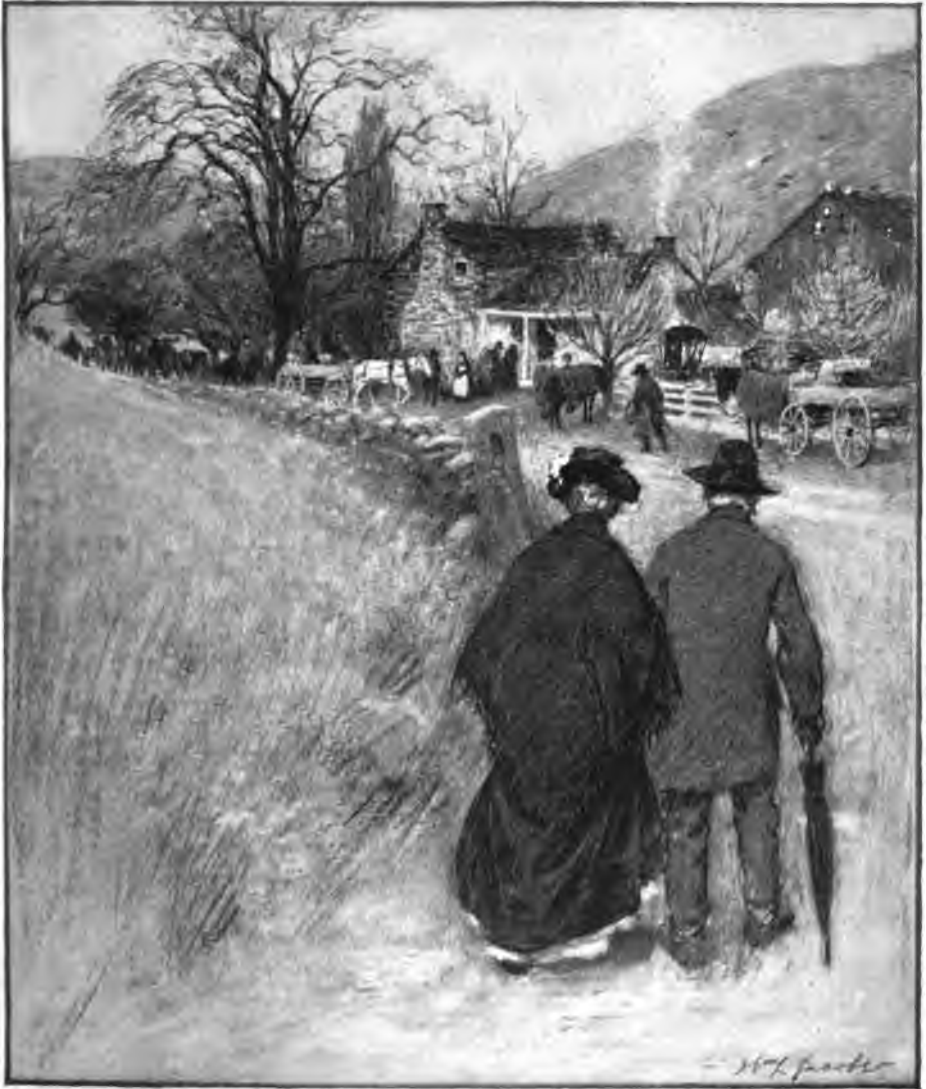
"No; I don't see Elmiry at all. It air only Zereldy, with her leetle tight black shiny curls in so many rows. It air a plain pictur'. I tell ye I treated her squar'. I could n't even bear ter put her out in the buryin'-lot, an' I kep' her under the parlor winder until Elmiry went an' she could hev some comp'ny. Elmiry allers felt real friendly ter her, an' uster put flowers on her grave 'most every mornin'. Doc Briskett onsistin' it was bad fer the health war the only reason I ever put them two over in the church lot on the hill. I wisht Zereldy was lyin' out thar now, I do."

"Kin you see any more than jes her?"

whispered pa, eagerly. "Kin you see any sort of place? Do the birds sing, an' air thar flowers, an' is thar the voice of the turtle in the land? Or air it the Golden City?"

"I don't 'pear ter be onywhar 'cept on

intense eagerness, he roused the household and bade the remaining guests be gone. He was much better; death had again retreated, and left him on earth. Pa Gladden trudged homeward to tend his stock while



Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"A BUSY SCENE MET THE EYES OF THE PAIR"

Paynter's Knob," returned the sick man—"Paynter's Knob in the airy evenin', with the air a-smellin' o' grape, an' the big apple-orchard a-bloomin'. An' now thet air glimmerin' erway—an' gone."

In the last hours of darkness new strength returned to the old man, and, with

there were bright stars in the sky and only a premonitory light on the eastern horizon.

Drusilly, who could sleep as comfortably as any one in a big rocker, brought home the latest news in time to serve it with a good hot breakfast at the Crossroads farm.

"I felt shore, arter Abigail Ann laughed



Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Halfstone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill  
"HE MEANT TO DIE IN CLEANLINESS AND PURITY"

in the back lot, thet he 'd return ter earth," said Pa Gladden, with conviction. "They do tell thet he air given ter spankin' her at times. Waal, I give yestidday ter a neighbor, an' I must give ter-day ter burnin' thet bresh in the north pastur's. But Doc Briskett says Elkanah's life air hangin' on a very thread."

"Mebbe it wull snap off," said Ma Gladden; "but thet would be a shame arter all this prelim'nery. We never would know how he tuk it."

### III

ANOTHER day passed by, and Pa Gladden's predicted freeze-up still held off. The sun shone so brightly that the more enterprising of the valley farmers plowed up small and well-drained pieces and cleared up their pastures. The north fields of Pa Gladden's land lay over against the Ritter acres, and while he worked busily he noted the incomings and outgoings through the Ritter lane, and drew his own conclusions therefrom.

The second noon, however, when Pa Gladden rode up to the brown house for his dinner, there was an unwonted expression on his face. Persephone noted it at once, and made haste to aid him in his "reddin' up" for dinner. She held a clean towel and handed him the comb without questions. Ma Gladden, out of the steam of a boiled dinner, did not seem to heed the silence of her spouse until seated at the table, when she said, while handing over a cup of coffee:

"Whut hev happened this mornin', pa? I 'm dyin' ter hear."

Pa wiped his mouth reflectively.

"D' ye mean over ter Elkanah's? Nothin' at all. Doc Briskett hain't been thar yet, so he hain't any oneasy."

"Waal," said Ma Gladden, sagely, "it 's happened ter ye, then; I seen it on ye when ye come in at the door."

"T ain't nothin', an' it is suthin'," acknowledged pa; "but ye 'll shorely say it war one o' my quare spells, ye wull."

"Not till I hev heard whut it air," retorted his spouse, "though I may hev ter confess it then."

"It war more a feelin' than a sight," began Pa Gladden, "but the sight war out of the ordinary. I war trailin' the bresh up ter the pile. The wind hev littered up thet hull creek pastur' this winter from them old

black locusts. Waal, I thort it war gettin' a leetle hazy erbove, an' I looked up at the sun an' the clouds. Ef ye did n't notice it ye could n't understand, but it seemed as ef I could eenymost look inter the glory of heaven. The sun war in the middle, an' fair white clouds war partin' a leetle an' curvin' like angels' wings. Thar war long rays reachin' down ter earth. Outside o' thet circle o' big clouds, thet war like archangels, war some jes a leetle smaller, an' them war the angel clouds. An' they kept gettin' smaller in circles roun' an' roun' until they war real leetle ones—they baby angels thet look out o' folds o' clouds in pictur's. An' thet thar apparition war durrectly erbove Elkanah's house, them rays fallin' down behind the roof-pitch. An' I do feel thet he air acctoolly called, Drusilly an' Persephone, an' thet I war the mortal witnessin' o' it. It air, indeed, a solemn thort."

It was such an impressive one to the two women that their meal was a comparatively silent one. What was said was uttered in subdued tones.

"Me an' Persephone hev got a kittle o' dye fer carpet-rags on, er I 'd go right over thar," stated Ma Gladden; "but ef I hain't plumb worn down when I 'm done, I 'll step acrost ter Ritter's, pa," she added to the departing farmer. "An' don't ye stay out late, wull ye? It does git raw towards night."

It was surely an afternoon to enjoy good brushwood fires. There was no wind, and a yellow-gray sky from horizon to horizon. Toward the middle of the afternoon the field was made ready, and Pa Gladden began to fire his outer piles of brush and scattered stalks. The cheerful blazes went up, first at one place and then at another, in the long pasture. The country-side, near and far, seemed to Pa Gladden strangely silent. There was nothing but the crackling flames to cheer him; no roll of wagon-wheels or sound of horses' feet on the roads or lanes. Sheila, the collie, had deserted him for a litter of furry puppies in the great barn. From pile to pile went Pa Gladden, and at length he reached the central pile, the one about a large oak-stump, which he hoped to burn by burying it under brush.

Up flashed the first long fork of flame, and a hundred others kindled and danced in the next second. Across the flame from

where he was warming and rubbing his chilled fingers, Pa Gladden saw a figure stumbling over the pasture toward him. It was the gaunt and bent form of old Elkanah Ritter, hastily clad in whatever garments he had found near him. A pair of trousers, carpet slippers, and Abigail

"No, no. Take me to the fire. I am colder the marrer. They left me all alone over thar. I am cold—cold—cold. Let me set down, Brother Gladden. Air this the call?"

Pa Gladden looked into the ashen face, the dimmed eyes, and at the trembling limbs. He scanned the world from right



Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"SO WULL YER SPEERIT RISE TER YER MAKER"

Ann's gay plaid shawl were the principal articles of his attire. His thin gray locks were rough and straggling.

Pa Gladden rushed toward him, dismayed for the moment. He tried to wrap the small shawl about him.

"Oh, Brother Elkanah! Ye must n't—indeed ye must n't! Why did ye come out here? Ye must go back."

But the old man stretched out his hands to the leaping fire.

to left for any aid, but there was none. So he pulled and led the old man toward the blaze, and covered a flat rock with his own rough overcoat.

"Sit thar, Brother Elkanah. I won't leave ye. I feel fer ye, an' I'll go with ye jes ez fur ez I kin. Grip on ter my hand. Thar; it air best ter hev a human's hand in yer own till ye feel the angels' hands layin' holt. Mebbe ye won't know the difference—till ye 're comforted."

Elkanah's labored breathing alone broke the stillness until a frightened bird flew screaming across the firelit space. Then he strove to look up.

"Air this—it?"

"I reckon, Elkanah. Meet it like a man. Ye hain't afeared, ye know. 'T ain't accordin' ter yer wishes, but it air all quiet an' warmin'. Watch them flames risin'—so wull yer speerit rise ter yer Maker. Shell I pray? Jes lean on me, an' I 'll pray."

But the tired head had fallen upon the heaving chest. There was only a faint pressure of the hand.

"God, thou onspeakable! we air in the deep floods o' death, yer hevin' given Brother Elkanah the call. Holt up our brother, an' part the dark waters. In the arms o' thy marcy holt him up till the angels' hands lay holt ter show him the light o' glory. Amen."

The limp hand fell away, the last gasp came and died in a fluttering sigh. In the open field, with no pomp or prearranged ceremony, Elkanah Ritter had "passed over," with only Pa Gladden to close his eyes and to lay him gently down beside the leaping and aspiring altar of flame.



From photographs

U. S. SIGNAL STATION ON PIKE'S PEAK



TEMPORARY STATION ON MT. WILSON

## AN OUTLOOK INTO SPACE

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF A FAR SEARCH BY AMERICAN  
ASTRONOMERS FOR AN OBSERVATORY SITE

BY WILLIAM H. PICKERING

THE gift of a new astronomical station in Chile to the Lick Observatory by Mr. D. O. Mills, together with the work which the Harvard Astronomical Station at Arequipa, Peru, has accomplished, and the recently announced results of the Harvard expedition to the island of Jamaica, have probably led many people to wonder why American astronomers have gone so far from home to do their work. There are

great observatories in this country which have done work which the whole world has recognized as of the first importance, and it might naturally be thought that it would be better to remain at home, with all the advantages of a complete equipment and all the conveniences of a permanent plant, rather than to go to the ends of the earth to establish new stations under difficult conditions. But in certain classes of astronomical work



From a photograph

#### THE ASTRONOMICAL STATION IN JAMAICA, SHOWING THE TELESCOPE

it is not, as a matter of fact, as well, and the sacrifices of the pioneer astronomers have been amply repaid by the results. To show just the advantages of the scientific outposts, and to relate some of the peculiar difficulties and unusual experiences which have confronted those establishing them, is the object of the present article.

Astronomical science is divided naturally into two parts, that pertaining to the stellar universe and that pertaining to our own immediate family of planets. The latter are the only bodies in the heavens of which we are aware that at all resemble our earth, and they are all, comparatively speaking, our near neighbors, and have, therefore, a much more personal and popular interest than the stellar

universe at large. The study of their relative motions was virtually completed during the last century, so that at the present time the astronomy of the planets is confined chiefly to a study of their dimensions and surface conditions.

For this study there is one paramount requisite, and that is a steady atmosphere. With a good atmosphere, important results

may be obtained even with a small telescope of only five or six inches diameter; but without such an atmosphere the very largest telescope will be of no avail. This is not the case in other departments of astronomy: for many kinds of observations on the stellar universe the quality of the atmosphere is of little account, provided only that it



From a photograph

METEOROLOGICAL STATION ON CHACHANI; ALTITUDE 16,600 FEET; DISTANCE 11 MILES FROM AREQUIPA OBSERVATORY



is cloudless and transparent; but for planetary and lunar astronomy a steady atmosphere is the fundamental requisite. To understand what is meant by a steady atmosphere, we have only to look at some object across a hot stove, or along the line of a railroad-track upon a summer day. There is a shimmer in the air, a wavering motion, with which we are all more or less familiar. This wavering is always present in our atmosphere, although we usually cannot see it; but when we magnify the image of a planet in a telescope one thousand times, we magnify the atmospheric tremors in the same proportion, and they are then not only conspicuous, but they interfere very seriously with our observations.

In some parts of the world the atmosphere is much more steady than in others, and it is evidently a matter of the highest importance for the astronomer interested in planetary research to find where these places are situated. To illustrate the importance of this matter, I may say that two



From a photograph

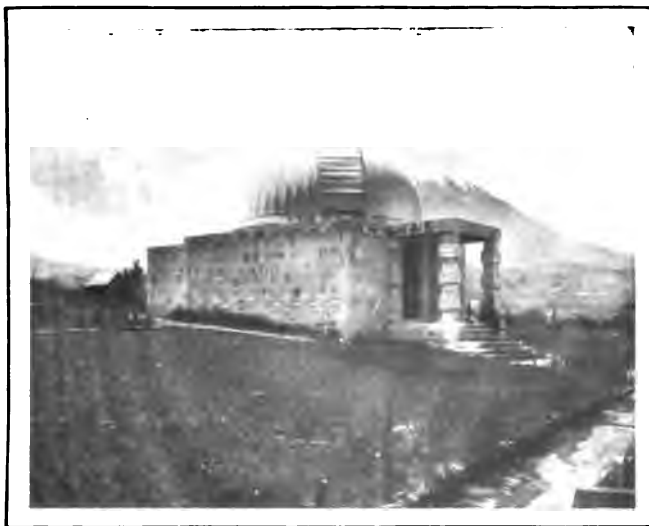
EL MISTI AND THE AREQUIPA STATION

years ago, situated in one of these favored spots, I saw night after night, with a five-inch and even with a four-inch lens, planetary markings and details that I have never seen even with the largest telescope in Cambridge.

Fifteen years ago none of these places was known; indeed, many astronomers even doubted their existence, although the matter had been investigated somewhat at the Lick Observatory, and also by Piazzi

Smyth and Copeland.

One man, not an astronomer, but several years in advance of his time, the late Uriah A. Boyden, not only believed that such places existed, but left a large sum of money, which was deposited with Harvard College, to find such a place and to build an observatory there. Two problems at once presented themselves to the astronomers; the first was to find the place, and the second to find some means of recognizing it when it was found. Perhaps this latter statement will show better than any other how little



From a photograph

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC TELESCOPE BUILDING AT AREQUIPA



THE SUMMIT OF EL MISTI, SHOWING SNOW-  
CAP, AND CROSS ERECTED TO WARD  
OFF THE PLAGUE

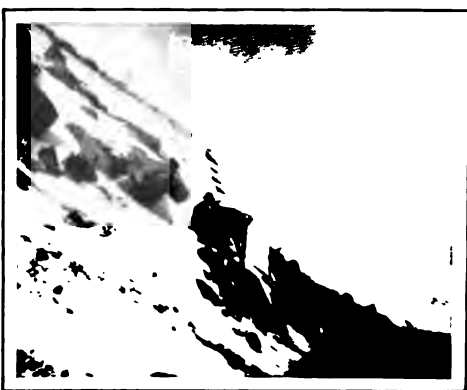


HIGH MASS ON THE TOP OF EL MISTI.  
THE SUMMIT CROSS AT  
THE RIGHT

From photographs



THE HARVARD EXPEDITION TRANSPORTING  
INSTRUMENTS AND SHELTERS TO  
THE TOP OF EL MISTI



ON A SLOPE OF EL MISTI DURING ONE  
OF THE ASCENTS OF THE HAR-  
VARD EXPEDITION

From photographs

was known of the matter at that time. A few observations had, indeed, been made for this purpose on close double stars, but

the results were far from satisfactory, and an entirely new method had to be devised. The method finally selected depends on



From a photograph

THE CRATER OF EL MISTI AS SEEN FROM A POINT  
NEAR THE METEOROLOGICAL STATION

the appearance of the brighter stars seen under very high magnification.

It was at first, and very naturally, supposed that at a great altitude, where the observer was above a large part of the earth's atmosphere, the proper atmospheric conditions would certainly be secured. A visit to Pike's Peak, in Colorado, with a large telescope, quickly disposed of this hypothesis, as it was there found that the atmosphere was, if possible, more unsteady than it is even in Cambridge. This was somewhat discouraging, because it seemed so evident that the atmospheric conditions, or, as astronomers say, the "seeing," should have been very much better at such an altitude than at the sea-level. The next hypothesis was that a dry climate was required, and one expedition was accordingly sent to southern California and another to northern Peru. The results obtained by these two expeditions were eminently satisfactory, although we now know that the hypothesis upon which the stations were selected was entirely incorrect.

There were some experiences in connection with these expeditions which bring out vividly some of the difficulties of this pioneer work. The Pike's Peak expedition was the first of its kind, and transportation presented a problem. We wished to make our tests with a large lens, and this ordinarily means a long tube and a heavy mounting. These, it was obvious, we could not get up to the summit of Pike's Peak, 14,155 feet above sea-level, even though we had chosen this mountain as the most accessible of the several hundred peaks in this country which seemed to have been leveled off by nature at between 14,000 and 14,500 feet above sea-level. For it must be remembered that in those days there was no railroad, nor even a carriage-road, to the summit. Everything had to be transported on the backs of mules, and no package weighing over two hundred pounds was allowable. The problem was met by a recourse to the carpenter spirit of boyhood days, and a device was planned so that all that the mules had to carry up the mountain were the lens, the eyepiece, and some boards. Two boards, seventeen feet long, were set on edge, with the eyepiece fastened at one end and the lens at the other, with wooden braces to keep the boards apart. This was hung in the middle of a vertical wooden truss, so that the temporary tube

could be pointed up or down. The truss was then fastened on the side of a house or to the side of a tree in such a manner that the whole apparatus could move in the horizontal plane, and in this way a working telescope mounting was obtained which, however crude in appearance, sufficed for our tests.

Our first experiments on the Pike's Peak expedition were made at Colorado Springs, at an altitude of 6000 feet, and were fruitless, so we moved 5000 feet higher, to the Seven Lakes Hotel, on the side of Pike's Peak. The hotel was built of hewn logs, and was very comfortable, but the astronomical results were still unsatisfactory. We next moved to the summit of the peak itself, where we made a record by setting up the largest telescope that has ever been used at such an altitude. On the summit we found three of the United States Signal Service men, leading as lonely lives as the crew of a light-ship, and at an elevation where many persons are incapacitated by mountain-sickness. We shared their quarters, and when they found that astronomical work involved a training in meteorology as well, we soon shared their work.

This expedition to Pike's Peak helped to destroy one old popular superstition. It had frequently been stated that from the bottom of a deep well or from the top of a high mountain the sky would appear dark even at noon, so that some of the brighter stars could be seen. Observations from the bottom of deep mining-shafts had disproved the first, and our expedition disproved the second. From the top of El Misti, in Peru, at an altitude of over 19,000 feet, the sky is somewhat darker, perhaps, than at sea-level,—what might be described as a deeper color,—but it is not enough so to warrant the old-time belief.

The expedition to southern California was a more comfortable experience and a decided scientific success. In fact, had the people of that region not been divided in their policy, we might have located there permanently, though later experience has shown the superior advantages of Arequipa.

Some speculators took up the top of Mount Wilson, the mountain where we had located our station, and the residents of the vicinity did not take enough interest to secure us the site. A public-spirited banker of Los Angeles had already offered fifty thousand dollars to help build a telescope

of the largest size. The policy of the Harvard Observatory, however, was to build a telescope on new lines, such as were later followed in the great Bruce 24-inch doublet, now in Arequipa, the largest star camera in the world. The effectiveness of this instrument did not appeal to the popular fancy at that time so much as the mere size of objective, and the people wanted a telescope just a trifle larger than that of the Lick Observatory, then just started. The result was that nothing was done; for fifty thousand dollars would not build the large telescope, and when our temporary observations were complete it was then too late for southern California, as by that time we had decided to go into the Southern Hemisphere.

The sojourn at Pasadena had not been wasted, however, for we obtained there the best photographs of the moon that have until very recently been taken, and it was there that we discovered the enormous nebula in Orion, which fills a large part of the constellation, and which has since been confirmed by independent discovery by Professor Barnard at the Lick Observatory. This nebula, of which the Great Nebula of Orion is a small part, is, next to the Milky Way, the largest in the heavens.

The only adventure with a wild creature that I ever had on my various trips was when I was near the summit of Mount Wilson. I was photographing the view with a small camera, and was bending down, with a focusing-cloth over my head. Some of my friends were seated not far off. Suddenly I was startled by a tremendous *swish-sh-sh-sh*. I threw off the focusing-cloth, and saw a huge eagle not ten yards away. My friends told me that it had swooped down toward me, but when just above my head it had suddenly changed its mind, perhaps owing to their presence, and had then made off with all possible speed.

It is interesting to note, in passing, that under the astronomical reasoning at that time accepted, which, as I have before said, has since been shown to be incorrect, the Sudan, in the vicinity of Khartum, was the ideal point for our observatory, but with the mountain regions of Peru second, and almost as satisfactory. Khartum was not chosen, for the natural reason that the Mahdi was then at the height of his power, and had just captured Khartum, killed Gordon, and defeated the Egyptian armies.

A third expedition, sent to northern Peru under the charge of Professor S. I. Bailey, had brought back excellent results. Accordingly, a fourth expedition, well supplied with telescopes and cameras, was sent out in January, 1891, this time to southern Peru, and located near the city of Arequipa. It is with this expedition and one of its successors that we shall hereafter be chiefly concerned.

Unlike the higher mountains of other continents, those of South America stretch for the most part in a single chain, separated from the coast by a comparatively narrow strip of land varying in breadth from one hundred to two hundred and fifty miles. South of the equator this strip of land is chiefly desert, a portion of its length being absolutely waterless and without any vegetation whatever. In southern Peru a line of volcanoes, many of them extinct, separate the mountains proper, or cordillera, from the coast. In a mountain valley at the foot of two of these volcanoes, watered by the river Chile, lies the little city of Arequipa. Although the fourth city in the republic, its population is only twenty-nine thousand, and it has changed very little for many years. It was settled by the Spaniards in 1540, but it had even at that time a considerable Indian population. Although connected by rail with the sea, there is little or no immigration or emigration, and the result is that the habits and religious ideas of the inhabitants are virtually those of southern Europe of three centuries ago.

The streets of the city, we found, were so badly paved and so rough that, excepting for the mule-cars and *carretas*, a species of heavy two-wheeled dump-cart, there were absolutely no vehicles whatever in the city. Everybody who traveled at all traveled on horseback. Later, when we gave a reception at the observatory one evening, a number of our guests arrived in *carretas*. Shortly after we reached Arequipa, the city government opened the new waterworks. The city had of course no underground drainage system, but the water from the river was turned so as to run through paved gutters at the sides of the streets. The city was so small that the gutters had previously served the double purpose of water-supply and drainage. With the advent to power of certain reformers, however, the new system of water-

works was introduced, much to the indignation of many of the older citizens, who preferred the good old way. It should be stated, however, that prior to the reform many among the wealthier citizens supplied themselves with fresh water by other methods.

The costumes of the women at once struck us as unusual. The Indian women generally wore dark blue, which is their mourning color, and is worn in memory of their last Inca, murdered by Pizarro. In the streets the women of Spanish blood dressed in black in the morning, their heads and shoulders being covered by a long silk shawl called a *manta*. Modern hats are worn only by the better classes, and only in the afternoons when making calls. They are not permitted inside the churches.

When a death is imminent, the Host is borne through the streets, and every one seeing it coming is expected to kneel and take off his hat. Heretics not wishing to kneel usually pass into a side street or enter a shop. No one is permitted on horseback on Good Friday, as I discovered by experience shortly after my arrival. I was stopped at once by two policemen; but it was only necessary to lead one's horse a short distance in order to satisfy the city authorities. Religious processions must not be viewed from roofs or balconies, as it is not considered proper to look down on the saints or on their images. These images are frequently borne through the streets, and sometimes an image from one church goes to visit another image, and is set up beside it, both images being specially dressed and decorated in honor of the occasion.

The better class of houses are built of a white volcanic stone called *sillar*. It is so soft and easily cut that it is shaped with a tool like an adz. In the distance the houses and churches look as if made of white marble; but the former are sometimes painted pink, sky-blue, yellow, green, or violet, the first two being the favorite colors. They are usually but one story in height, on account of the earthquakes, and are built on the Pompeiian plan, about a central court or *patio*. The walls are frequently three feet in thickness, the ceiling consisting of a vaulted stone arch. The construction is so solid that little trouble is experienced from earthquakes, but higher structures,

especially towers, are frequently injured. The wreckage caused by the last great earthquake, that of 1868, is still everywhere to be seen in the form of broken towers and damaged walls, for the inhabitants are not as enterprising as they are in some parts of the world. The poorer class of houses are built either of adobe or rough stone, with a thatched roof. They contain one room, one door, no chimney, and no windows. Such a one was built for us far up on the side of Chachani, at an elevation of 16,600 feet above the sea, or about 1000 feet higher than the summit of Mont Blanc. Its cost, with the five-mile mule-trail leading to it, was fifty dollars, which was, I fear, on looking back at it, a most exorbitant charge. It was used for meteorological purposes until it was superseded by a higher station on the summit of El Misti.

Many a time have I sat shivering in front of that building, though wearing an ulster and thick flannels, with the thermometer at about the freezing-point—the trouble being, not that the temperature was too low, but that, at that altitude, we could not get enough oxygen into our blood to keep ourselves warm. Exercise under these circumstances is inadvisable, as it is liable to bring on *soroche*, or mountain-sickness, frequently accompanied by nausea. As soon as the sun rose over the cliff, however, we quickly thawed out, a thermometer exposed to its rays rapidly reaching 100° or over, such is the intensity of the tropical sun shining through the thin, transparent atmosphere at these heights.

At the observatory station itself, 8000 feet lower, the highest temperature recorded during our stay was 78°, and the lowest 38°; yet, if exposed to the sun, our steel tools would quickly get so hot that we could not handle them until they had been placed in the shade for a few minutes to cool. In the winter, during the night, pools of water would frequently skim over with ice from the excessive radiation, although the temperature of the air might still be 8° or 10° above the freezing-point. For nine months of the year there was not a drop of rain, yet the dust was not excessive, except when stirred up by the passage of one of the large flocks of llamas which occasionally passed the observatory, bearing wool or silver on their backs from far up in the cordillera to the Arequipa railway-station. It is said that no one but an

Indian can drive a llama, such is the exasperating nature of the beast and the marvelous imperturbability of the Indian. Altogether, what with its delightful climate and quaint customs, Arequipa is a most interesting and fascinating spot to visit, although it is said that no man who once fairly gets upon the west coast (South American) ever escapes from it again. I can well believe that this is more or less true, and I think it is the general experience, although we ourselves were fortunate exceptions.

After some investigation of our surroundings, we located the observatory on a hill about 300 feet above the city and at an elevation of 8060 feet above the sea. Looking across a narrow gorge some 200 feet in depth, in which flows the river Chile, the visitor sees before him the magnificent volcano known as El Misti, rising to an altitude of 19,200 feet, its crater situated at a distance of ten miles in an air-line. Twelve miles behind him rises Chachani to an altitude of just 20,000 feet. This latter volcano is apparently entirely extinct, its geological structure alone showing its origin; but one morning, a few weeks after the observatory was completed, a little cloud of steam rising from the crater of El Misti attracted our attention, and as this was soon followed by another and another, we were quickly made aware that our neighbor across the valley was by no means as quiescent as its companion behind us. The natives told us that the phenomenon was unheard of, and some of them hinted that it was our fault. Unpleasant memories passed through our minds of the inhabitants of Pompeii who used to pasture their cattle inside the green and fertile crater of Vesuvius, never suspecting that it was of volcanic origin. However, after a few days El Misti again slumbered, as it doubtless has done, with a few brief exceptions, for countless centuries, and probably will continue to do for centuries to come. As not even an earthquake occurred, the natives apparently forgave us, and only somewhat later, when the observatory was struck by lightning during the only thunder-storm that had visited the valley for years, did any of them venture to remark, "I told you so."

An interesting instance of astronomical superstition came to our notice during our stay in this region. One evening there was

a total eclipse of the moon. This had been duly predicted to the natives by a local "astronomer." This gentleman I never met, and it has always been a source of regret to me that I did not obtain a copy of an almanac that he is said to have issued. As soon as the shadow completely covered the moon, innumerable bonfires flashed out all over the valley. This, we were afterward told, was done by the natives, not so much to protect themselves, or because they were frightened by the eclipse, but rather from a friendly desire to assist the moon out of its difficulties.

We stayed in Arequipa over two years, devoting ourselves largely to celestial photography, but also giving a certain portion of our time to visual observations of the moon and the planets, for which the climate proved to be wonderfully well adapted. It was here that we noted the extraordinary and sudden changes produced upon the surface of Mars by the rapid melting of the snow-cap surrounding its southern pole, as the sun rose higher and higher upon it. Here were discovered the canals crossing the so-called seas, since so carefully studied by Douglass, and which he has shown are closely related to the more conspicuous canals in the bright regions previously discovered by Schiaparelli. Here also were found the numberless little lakes or oases which thickly stud portions of the surface of the planet. And here again, when the telescope was turned on Jupiter, the extraordinary oval shapes of its satellites were detected almost at a glance. Not one of these observations could have been made in Cambridge, on account of its unsteady atmosphere, and their mere enumeration serves to point out the gain to astronomy that may be secured by an observatory site properly selected. Indeed, I have never found a more steady atmosphere than that of Arequipa. The place has, however, the disadvantage of being rather inaccessible, and its sky is usually cloudy during the first four months of the year.

The difficulties attending the transportation of the photographic plates to and from Arequipa bring out better than anything else just how inaccessible this station really is. All plates are shipped from New York, and having been exposed and developed, are returned to Cambridge for study, classification, and to become a part of the

great library of photographic plates of the heavens, now numbering over one hundred thousand. They go to the observatory station first by steamer to Panama, next across the isthmus by rail, and thence by steamer to Peru. Mollendo, the port of Arequipa, has no harbor, so lighters go off and take plates and passengers ashore from the vessel, occasionally a hazardous and at no time a pleasant experience.

This may be the better appreciated when it is stated that the boatmen themselves are occasionally drowned, and that rollers fully twenty feet in height sometimes break upon the beach, where upon calmer days numerous bathers may be seen taking advantage of what is even then a magnificent surf. When the water is "smooth" the passenger merely waits a favorable opportunity and jumps from the side of the steamer into the lighter. If he jumps at the wrong time it may involve a drop of five or six feet. When the water is rough, however, he is lowered over the side of the steamer to the lighter in a bucket. The bucket is really a large tub, in which the passenger stands erect, holding on to the rope. Its swinging and twisting as the steamer rolls and pitches in the huge waves is by no means soothing to those of unsteady nerves. Occasionally the steamer captains refuse to land passengers, and then there is nothing to be done but to proceed to the next port and take the first steamer back. Once ashore at Mollendo, there is a railroad journey of one hundred miles over a typical South American railway, rising nearly a mile and a half vertically in that distance. From the Arequipa railway-station the visitor either takes a mule-car to the city, or proceeds on horseback directly to the observatory itself. The return journey is made in reverse order. So a plate which has been to Arequipa and returned has traveled about ten thousand miles. The experiment was tried of shipping by way of the Strait of Magellan to avoid breakage from transshipment, making the journey several thousand miles longer, but was abandoned through the uncertain times of delivery.

After we left, Professor Bailey established a meteorological station upon the very summit of El Misti. Until its abandonment a few years ago, when its work had been accomplished, this was by far the highest meteorological station in the world. It was not occupied permanently, but once

a week one of the assistants at the observatory would visit it, take the records, and wind up the self-recording instruments. No one can comfortably get up El Misti unassisted, and so mules have been a necessary part of the equipment of the Arequipa station. It does not seem to trouble them, for Professor Bailey had one mule that ascended to the summit no fewer than fifty times, and she was an old mule at that—a remarkable record in mountain-climbing.

Although the station had been carefully protected by a cross placed over it, and some of the priests from the cathedral at Arequipa had ascended the mountain, blessed the station, and said a mass over it, making it virtually a shrine, yet this did not protect it from some irreligious Indian who pried open the door and stole one of the brass instruments, doubtless thinking it was made of gold. The theft was very annoying, as a break was made in the series of accumulated records which were of quite as much value to us as the instrument itself. This act of violence was the foundation of a somewhat sensational newspaper story that the Arequipa station had been attacked by a mob. In point of fact, no trouble from mobs or revolutions has ever been experienced by the observers. Indeed, with this single exception, we have been treated with nothing but courtesy and respect, perhaps a little awed and fearsome on the part of the natives of the lower classes, but most friendly and cordial on the part of priests and officials. The attitude of the former was shown by the service of invoking a blessing on El Misti station. This service probably has the distinction of being literally the highest Christian service ever held. It was no easy task, even with the aid of mules, to reach the summit with a full set of vestments and all the paraphernalia for the service. As it was, the candles had to be inclosed in glass screens for protection from the never-ceasing wind at that height, and the holy water was brought up in a large bottle.

This service was probably the second, at least, held on El Misti, for a hundred years before, when Arequipa was suffering terribly from the plague, the priests promised that if the plague abated a cross should be erected on the mountain; and the promise was fulfilled, for on our first ascent we found a heavy cross standing upon the summit, invisible from below to the naked



eye, but plainly discernible with a telescope. This cross has now been replaced by a still larger and more pretentious affair.

A description recently received from a friend may be of interest in this connection. It says:

The Bishop of Arequipa has gone to-day to try El Misti, and to-morrow morning at eight (or later) they expect to celebrate mass at the new cross on its summit. Francisco has arranged for hiring the men and mules and transporting the seventeen hundred pounds of iron of which the cross is composed to the summit, and placing it in position. It stands thirty feet high, is made of iron rails, and was constructed in the railroad-shops here. Two rails are placed side by side and bolted together, making a flat surface several inches wide. It is an immense affair, was built in sections, and put together on the summit, piece by piece. To-morrow will be a great day in the city: processions all bearing crosses instead of candles, and masses in the different churches at the same time that mass is held on the summit. The bishop carried up several pounds of powder,—the kind which makes a heavy black smoke,—and intends to set fire to it just before beginning his mass, as a signal. The bells have been ringing for three days, and minor processions, fireworks, etc., have been in progress all the time.

The next of the astronomical exploring expeditions was to Flagstaff, Arizona, where a private observatory was erected for Mr. Lowell. This was furnished with an eighteen-inch telescope, since replaced by one of still larger size. It is at an altitude of 7250 feet, and is therefore the second highest astronomical observatory in the world. It is in a dry climate, and the astronomical conditions are excellent during the warmer portion of the year.

At the present time it seems probable that a steady atmosphere is most likely to be found in those localities where great cyclonic disturbances rarely occur, where there are no high winds, and where the daily fluctuations of the barometer and thermometer are small and regular. These conditions are never found far from the tropics, and it seems, therefore, that the question of good seeing is largely one of latitude. To put this question to the test, a few years ago I visited the island of Jamaica during the summer months, taking with me a five-inch telescope. Although the atmosphere was exceedingly moist, yet the seeing was excellent, thus completely

contradicting the former supposition that good seeing is due to a dry climate. The definition was found to be better at an altitude of 2000 feet than at sea-level, and it is probable that a moderate altitude is on the whole advantageous.

Since the rainfall of Jamaica is comparatively small during the first four months of the year, it was hoped that the sky would prove to be clear at that season, and that the seeing would also be good, in this way remedying the defects of the Arequipa climate, and supplementing the work of that station. A second expedition to Jamaica, to be located at Mandeville, was therefore planned. It was to leave Cambridge in the autumn of 1900, and stay through the following spring.

A special instrument was proposed for this expedition, to consist of a telescope of twelve inches aperture, and of greater length than any other in actual use at the present time. The total length was fixed at 135 feet. It would be impracticable to mount such an instrument to swing at its middle, like an ordinary telescope, on account of the expensive dome necessary to cover it. It was decided, therefore, that the tube should be stationary, being fastened securely in position, and supported a short distance above the ground on wooden posts. In front of the lens a mirror was placed that could be made to point so as to reflect any desired portion of the sky through the tube of the instrument to the eye of the observer. By this device only a small shed had to be built, with a movable roof large enough to house the mirror and its mounting.

The construction of the apparatus could be greatly simplified if the direction of the tube of the telescope was made parallel to the earth's axis. This was perfectly practicable in a low latitude, and was accomplished by simply placing the apparatus on the side of a hill sloping steeply toward the south and at the proper inclination. In a more northern latitude a greater inclination would have been necessary, involving the construction of tall masonry piers. As finally set up, therefore, the light from the star was reflected from the mirror through the lens and up the tube to the observer, who saw it by looking down the tube, and always in the same direction, no matter in what part of the heavens the star might happen to be situated. The mirror was

driven by an electric motor in place of a driving-clock, and all of its motions were controlled electrically by the observer from the room at the upper end of the telescope. This is believed to be the first telescope where gravity and the mechanical motions have been entirely superseded by electricity, and on account of the great length of the tube the change was, indeed, almost indispensable. The astronomical work of the expedition was confined almost exclusively to visual and photographic observations of the moon. For the photographic work the room at the upper end of the telescope was darkened by closing all the shutters; the plate-holder carrying the sensitive plate was placed in the end of the telescope, and the slide drawn, exposing the plate, the observer virtually standing inside of his camera, where he could watch the image of the moon while it was being impressed upon the sensitive surface of the photographic film.

The altitude of the Jamaica station was 2080 feet. Meteorological observations were begun in November and continued through the following August. The highest temperature recorded was  $86^{\circ}$  in April, the highest during the summer months  $83^{\circ}$ . The lowest temperature at night was  $60^{\circ}$ . On seventy per cent. of the nights some astronomical work could be done—an unusually large proportion.

The deposition of dew was sometimes surprisingly large, and from the iron roof of a small building measuring but sixteen by twenty-four feet on the ground-plan occasionally over three gallons of dew were collected in a single night. In fact, for a portion of the time some of the members of our party subsisted largely on dew as a beverage, as it was found more palatable than the water collected in cisterns. Indeed, one of the striking recollections of our night-work in Jamaica is the memory of the constant rattle of the dew as it fell from the leaves of the surrounding forest. Another feature, as annoying as it was beautiful, consisted in the presence of the innumerable tropical fireflies. The brightest of these insects are large beetles, and carry three lights, two green and one orange. They are about half as bright as an ordinary candle, and even at a distance of fifty yards are as bright as the brightest stars. At cer-

tain seasons their numbers seem almost countless. They are strongly attracted by an artificial light, and many a time were we annoyed by their flying against our faces and dazzling our eyes while we were observing. They were very fond of the room at the end of the telescope, and I frequently had to throw them out lest they should fog our photographic plates.

There are no poisonous snakes in Jamaica, but the scorpions seemed particularly attracted to our photographic dark room. Their sting is said to be rather more severe than that of a wasp, but although we killed nearly a score of them, we fortunately had no opportunity to determine the severity of the sting experimentally. Among the smaller insects the mosquitos are of no consequence, being by no means as annoying as our own. Fleas there are a few. But the pest of the island is the tick, the smaller specimens being almost invisible, but capable of inflicting a sting far worse than our worst mosquitos, and with some persons liable to supuration.

In the winter months, during the dry season, it was found, as had been expected, that we had little trouble from clouds, but, unfortunately, the sun was so far to the south of us that the seeing, while it was much better than in Cambridge, was not all that could be desired; indeed, it did not become very good till toward the end of February. It was at its best during the summer months.

As a result of the investigations of the last fifteen years, we have now learned how to determine when a place is well suited for an astronomical observatory. It has been found that a steady atmosphere is quite independent of the dryness of the climate and is not much affected by the altitude. It does depend, however, upon the latitude, and it is probable that, could a location be found that was sufficiently cloudless at night, the nearer it was to the equator the better it would be. When the work on the isthmian canal is begun, that region will at once become very accessible, and although its rainfall is large, and there is a great deal of cloud by day, the nights are frequently clear, and it is quite possible that further research may show the isthmus to have the ideal astronomical climate.

# THE GREAT BUSINESS COMBINATIONS OF TO-DAY

## THE SO-CALLED TOBACCO TRUST

BY GEORGE BUCHANAN FIFE



AS the world now goes swinging down the years at a pace which man has urged to a gallop, trade has come to mean not so much the act as the art of buying and selling. Moreover, it has arisen to the exacting art of warfare, with its ambushes, its incredible assaults, its annihilating defeats, its triumphs, and its cruelties. The romance which clung to the East-Indiaman, to the slaver with his battened hatches and raving cargo, and to the venturesome soul with his pack of looking-glasses, beads, and knives, has crystallized anew in the battles of millions against millions, the warfare of trade armies, with their scouts and skirmishers and frowning lines, and their generals on commanding knolls to direct the combat, to order amazing sacrifice if need be—to win at any cost.

This is the story of the trade of to-day, and just now the theater of war is ringing with a clamor of victory which has echoed around the world. The fight was long in the waging and full of determination, but it has been won, and the victor, the so-called American Tobacco Trust, has carried its standard oversea and planted it firmly there, the first great American corporation to rule its chosen trade throughout the world, the first to demonstrate to the utmost the force of that pregnant, foreign-coined phrase, "the American invasion." Viewed in another light, its achievement has been the formation of the first international trust and the acquirement, virtually by force, of two thirds of its stock and two-thirds representation in its directorate.

This successful foreign campaign was not undertaken, however, until the trust had achieved domination of the industry in this country. The ease with which this was at-

tained tempted it to reach across the Atlantic and lay a hand upon the trade of the British Isles. Then followed the subjugation, by extraordinary competition, of a doughty British rival, and after that the way was clear. Master of the situation, and able, thereby, to dictate its own terms, the trust bade the British rival keep his island trade, but not attempt an encroachment upon American business. "I will supply America," it said, "you supply your islands, and together we will go forth and control the trade of the world. But, mind you, I am to rule by two thirds to your one." And as the Britisher had no alternative, this compact was made; he was buying his life when he signed it.

So the Tobacco Trust to-day commands the trade of virtually every country on the globe save those in which the business is a government monopoly. In the United States it controls ninety per cent. of the cigarette trade, seventy-five per cent. of that in smoking- and chewing-tobaccos, ninety-five per cent. in snuff, and fifteen per cent. in cigars; in Canada, ninety per cent. of the cigarette business and half of the general trade; in Cuba, eighty per cent. of the entire trade; in Germany, twenty per cent. of the cigarette trade, the only branch in which it is now engaged; in Australia, the entire cigarette trade and half of the general business; in Japan, ninety per cent. of the cigarette trade; and in China, India, Straits Settlements, and Burma, one hundred per cent. It owns one hundred and thirty-one factories in nine countries, and its assets in actual property reach \$150,000,000. The aggregate capital of the companies composing it is about \$400,000,000. And thirteen years ago the Tobacco Trust

began its life with \$25,000,000 capital, only \$10,000 of which was paid in!

The birthday of the trust occurred in January, 1890, and from that time until last March its progress was along a comparatively smooth road. It believed in a sort of Donnybrook Fair plan of action, modified from "When you see a head, hit it," to "When an obstreperous factory pops up, buy it," and this solved no end of difficulties, because the organization had almost limitless means. But in March, when ambition lured it to cross swords with the British, the first serious obstacle was encountered and at last overcame in a struggle which set the world between mirth and amazement. Now there is a great hue and cry about the trust resounding through the land, and retail dealers are up in arms against it, protesting that it is seeking to crush them, to stop their profits, to drive them from their long-held position between manufacturer and consumer.

Color has been given to the outcry by the sudden growth, in New York city particularly, but also in Jersey City, Newark, Albany, Rochester, Syracuse, Boston, Providence, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, Washington, and Kansas City, of a chain of retail stores. These, the retailers say, are property of the trust, and intended to do away with the independent retailer. Yet a high official of the trust, to whom the writer referred the matter, said: "These stores are in no way connected with the Tobacco Trust. It has not one dollar's interest in any of them. They sell our goods, yes, and our particular brands of cigars, and the reason for that is that these stores—I have the New York ones in mind now—agreed to sell them after several of the largest retailers in the city had refused to do so, although we offered them unheard-of inducements. I deny officially and emphatically that the Tobacco Trust has any other interest in the stores in question."

But the retailers are not to be convinced by this reply. They point to the recognized ambition of the man who stands at the head of the Tobacco Trust, and say that he has said, "The middleman is superfluous; he must go." They say, too, that what the trust aims for, now that it dominates manufacturers, is control of the entire available field from crop to consumer. And they ever hark back to the chain of stores as indicative of the trust's latest move against

the retailer. The trust officials, however, reply that they cannot understand why the retailers declined their inducements when they seem to have been so profitable to the stores which accepted them.

By far the most interesting incident in the life of the Tobacco Trust was its conquest of the British company, which thought to win by resort to truly Yankee business methods. It was fought with its own weapons, and vanquished utterly. It was this conquest which sent the Tobacco Trust to the forefront, and conferred upon it the before-mentioned distinction, not previously attained by any similar combination of capital, of planting its banner across the sea.

To turn back a page, the trust began life as the American Tobacco Company, which was formed of five companies, makers of cigarettes only: W. Duke Sons & Co., Allen & Ginter, Kinney Bros., Goodwin & Co., and W. S. Kimball & Co. This was in January, 1890. In June, 1901, the Consolidated Tobacco Company, the present name of the trust, was incorporated at Trenton, New Jersey, with a paid-up cash capital of \$30,000,000, which, on January 20, 1902, was increased to \$40,000,000. It was composed of the American Tobacco Company, dealing exclusively in cigarettes and smoking-tobacco; the Continental Tobacco Company, making only chewing-tobaccos, plug and fine-cut; the American Snuff Company; the Havana-American Company, manufacturing in this country Havana tobacco cigars; the American Cigar Company, makers of domestic cigars; Blackwell's Bull Durham Tobacco Company; the S. Anargyros Company, Incorporated, manufacturers of Turkish cigarettes; the American Tobacco Company of Canada; the S. Jasmatzky Company of Dresden; the American Tobacco Company of Australia; the Murai Brothers Company of Japan; and Mustard & Company of Shanghai, China. The total capitalization of these companies was about \$400,000,000. Their common stock was bought by the Consolidated, being paid for by bonds issued by the new company. The preferred stock was firmly clung to by the original holders. The several companies continued the manufacture of their goods, and the Consolidated grew rich. The fixed charges on the stock and securities of the trust are \$11,000,000, including

interest on the Consolidated's bonds, so that all earnings of the constituent companies in excess of this sum go to the stockholders of the Consolidated, wherefore there is no room whatever for doubt of the wealth of the trust. And without this wealth it is improbable that it would have been able to do what it did when it essayed war in England.

The formation of the trust placed in the hands of the Consolidated the balance of power in the tobacco trade of this country and that of the greater part of the world. In France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Rumania, and Turkey, the tobacco industry is a matter of government monopoly: so the trust could only cast covetous eyes thereon; it could not touch. But in the British Isles it was possible to do business.

The guiding spirits of the trust, having learned the efficacy of purchase in their dealings at home, knew that only by purchase could they hope to gain a footing in England; so they began a quiet search for standing-room, and found it in Ogden's, Limited, of Liverpool. This company and Wills's, Limited, were the two chief makers of cigarettes and smoking-tobaccos in the isles. Negotiations were opened, and in September, 1901, a controlling interest in Ogden's was purchased by the trust for the sum of \$4,250,000. The Britishers awoke to find the Americans "in their midst."

American blending of tobacco has always appealed strongly to the English palate; so one of the first things the trust did after the purchase was to instal in the Liverpool factory a Virginian expert in blending. The effect of this man's skill was an increase in the volume of the company's business under the new management and signs of restlessness on the part of the Wills concern. The cheerfulness of the Americans was the most exasperating part of the business. They were charged with attempting to drive the English firm from the field, but they disclaimed such intention, saying they sought only to sell tobacco, just as their English cousins were doing, or as they hoped they were not doing; and thus it became a question of business methods, the Americans eminently satisfied with their own, the Englishmen apprehensive, but plucky.

The Englishmen determined to fight fire with fire, so they, too, formed a trust, gathering all the companies they could lay

hands on, and combining them in the Imperial Tobacco Company. They even went further than the Americans, and bought up a great number of retail stores operated by one firm in many of the larger English cities. They hoped by doing this to gain control of the retail trade and wrest the market from the invaders.

But the strategy failed. The American trust continued to do business. Its cigarettes and tobaccos were advertised, displayed, and sold everywhere. Thousands upon thousands of dollars were expended by the Americans to maintain the prominence of their goods, and every dollar yielded its return; the purchase of the retail stores might just as well not have been effected so far as benefit to the Imperial Company was concerned. The Englishmen realized this, and their affairs approached a crisis, because trade was slipping from them every day.

So, with the American goods gaining in popularity in face of all the efforts of the Imperial Company, the British trust found itself *in extremis*. It determined to stake its all upon a single cast—it would win or lose in handsome fashion. This was in March, 1902, and the cast took the form of a circular issued to the retail tobacco-nists of the British Isles in which the Imperial Company agreed to divide among its thirty-four thousand customers, during the next four years, in pro rata bonuses, the sum of £50,000 a year, promising later to disburse a sum equal to one fifth of the profits on its home trade after the debenture and preferred shareholders had been paid their dividends. The conditions the Imperial Company imposed upon those desiring to participate in the bonus scheme, as set forth in the "agreement" offered them for signature, were mainly as follows:

Not without your consent to buy or (except goods already or previously bought by me) stock or sell any proprietary goods manufactured or sold by the American Tobacco Company or by Ogden's, Limited, or by the British Tobacco Company, Limited (recently promoted by the American Tobacco Company), or by any person, firm, or company objected to by your company in writing.

To accept as final the certificate of your auditors upon all questions necessary for ascertaining the bonus payable to me.

To continue and perform this agreement until the 31st October, 1906, and thenceforth

unless and until you or I shall by six calendar months' notice in writing determine it.

The English tobacco tradesmen had been surprised when the Imperial Company first announced its intention to give away £50,000, and they wondered when they read the conditions. The British trust had expected not only to gain immediate control of the trade, but to stagger its American adversary with this generous offer. But neither of these things happened. Just as soon as the Imperial's circular was issued the American company despatched ten thousand telegrams to the leading retailers, asking them to postpone acceptance of the plan until they should see what the American company (Ogden's, Limited) would offer them. And when the offer was made it caused a sensation. It was this:

*Boundary Lane, Liverpool,  
March, 1902.*

#### BONUS DISTRIBUTION

OUR ENTIRE NET PROFITS AND TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS PER YEAR  
FOR THE NEXT FOUR YEARS

Commencing April 2d, 1902, we will, for the next four years, distribute to such of our customers in the United Kingdom as purchase direct from us our entire net profits on the goods sold by us in the United Kingdom.

In addition to the above, we will, commencing April the 2d, 1902, for the next four years, distribute to such of our customers in the United Kingdom as purchase direct from us the sum of Two Hundred Thousand Pounds per year.

Distribution of net profits will be made as soon after April 2d, 1903, and annually thereafter, as the accounts can be audited, and will be in proportion to the purchases made during the year.

Distribution as to the Two Hundred Thousand Pounds per year will be made every three months, the first distribution to take place as soon after July 2d, 1902, as accounts can be audited, and will be in proportion to the purchases during the three months' period.

To participate in this offer we do not ask you to boycott the goods of any other manufacturer.

Yours faithfully,  
*Ogden's, Limited.*

London was amazed. Such a trade war had never been known before, and the tactics of the combatants were regarded with more or less suspicion. The boycott plan

was recognized as businesslike, perhaps, if not altogether politic, but the American idea of virtually throwing money away to spite a rival was incomprehensible. But when the British public had revolved the matter in mind, the action of the Imperial Company and its appeal for boycotting were condemned. The action of the American company (Ogden's) was then instantly recognized as a fine bit of Yankee acumen. Ogden's had attached but one condition to its offer: it declined to permit any dealer who signed the Imperial's agreement to share in its bonuses. It did not attempt to hold a dealer to the sale of Ogden's wares alone. On the contrary, it conceded his right to buy and sell any goods he chose; all it asked was an equal chance with its competitors.

This had its desired effect, and there were meetings of retailers throughout the British Isles. Many English, Irish, and Scotch dealers voted at once to reject the Imperial's offer. Matters were going badly for the Englishmen, and in order to temper their first circular they issued another circular in which they stated that retailers might avail themselves of the Imperial's offer if they would agree not to display in their shop-windows the wares made by Ogden's, although they might sell them.

But even this modification could not win back the retailers who had forsaken the Imperial Company. The business of the American company almost doubled at once, and the Englishmen were distraught. They saw themselves being forced to the wall, and they put their pride in their pockets and sued for peace. In June, 1902, they opened negotiations with the American company for a cessation of hostilities, and, if one is to believe accounts as they are transmitted oversea, they were willing to make any concession to accomplish it. They were sick of the fight. As one of the directors of the trust said: "They wanted to settle at almost any terms. It was a side issue with us, but meant life or death to them. The secret, too, of the business was that they did not play a 'table-stake' game; they had a limit. I don't know what they could have done in the bonus affair, but we had a surplus of something more than \$5,000,000 on which to draw. When they reached the point of asking for an end of the fight, they hurried over to New York before we paid our first bonus. As it was,

we paid half a million dollars in bonuses in two instalments for the six months from April 2 to September 30, one concern in London receiving \$30,000 for three months' business."

To the requests of the representatives of the Imperial Company the American trust replied that the tobacco war in England could be brought to an end at once by the purchase of Ogden's, Limited, under conditions named by the American combination. Its conditions included transfer of shares in the Imperial Company, and an agreement as to the export business throughout the world. The offer did not appeal very strongly to the Englishmen, and they went home to think it over. In July they cabled to New York, asking that the managers of the trust come to England and settle matters. And this was the beginning of the first international trust, the British-American Tobacco Company.

When the American managers reached London this company was formed for the purpose of taking over the export business of the American and British companies, and was capitalized at \$30,000,000, the American company dictating the terms of its organization. The Ogden's export business was sold to the British-American Company, and its domestic trade was allotted to the Imperial Company, in which the Consolidated Tobacco Company, the American trust, took one seventh of the shares. The title of the international company, British-American, was a concession to the English. An American was placed at the head of the new organization, and two thirds of the directors therein were named by Americans. Two thirds of the stock was taken by the Consolidated, the remaining third being given to the Imperial Company. And thus dominated by Americans, the British-American Tobacco Company in October last set forth to gain the trade of that part of the world not already apportioned to the Consolidated and the Imperial.

According to the terms of the agreement which brought about the formation of the international company, the Consolidated is to pursue its business in the American field, which includes not only the United States, but Cuba, Porto Rico, the Hawaiian Islands, and the Philippines. In this field the Imperial Company is not to compete, nor is the Consolidated to enter the

allotted territory of the Imperial, which is the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, including Scotland and Wales. The British-American Company takes over the entire business of the Imperial and Consolidated companies in all foreign countries and in the colonies of Great Britain—India, Canada, and Australia. The capital of the British-American Tobacco Company was divided into \$7,500,000 preferred and \$22,500,000 common shares.

So this was the end of the pyrotechnic battle of the trusts, and when the smoke lifted the American company's standard was found firmly set upon foreign soil, and the American managers returned to their country well contented with themselves. The proposition they are now considering is to form a trust in Germany centered about the S. Jasmatzky Company of Dresden, and subservient, of course, to the American trust. "And when we form it," one of the trust directors said, "we'll give it a German name,—that's policy, you know,—and it will make another powerful link in the chain. Then there will be no question whatever about American control of the world's tobacco trade. But I don't know that there's much question about it now."

An interesting example of the perseverance of the Americans is to be found in what the Tobacco Trust accomplished in Japan. A few years ago—somewhat less than five—the corporation regulations of the Mikado's realm were so "crude" (the characterization is that employed by an official of the trust) that foreigners were not permitted to hold interest in a Japanese corporation as incorporators. When the trust decided to engage in the tobacco business of Japan, it was not at all pleased with the "crudeness" of the regulations governing trusts, so it determined to combat them. It formed the corporation of Murai Brothers Company, with American as well as Japanese incorporators, and took the matter to the courts, with the result that the trust officials were sustained, and the first American-Japanese corporation was officially recognized.

Determination and directness of this sort distinguished the onward march of the trust, but more than once it has met with stout resistance. The trust, some time ago, decided that it could do a better business by declining the services of the



leaf-tobacco dealers—"the Water-street combination," as the New York merchants have been dubbed. Year after year these dealers had bought the leaf-tobacco crop of the country. The trust, to circumvent them, went directly to the growers, and bargained with them for their crops. Then the dealers rose in their wrath, and with them the retailers, and the fight, which is now waging bitterly, began.

There is no doubting the earnestness of the retailers and their forces. Singly and collectively, in mass-meeting assembled, they have denounced the trust, charging it with trickery of every kind to rob the retailer of his trade. No amount of protestation convinces the tobaccoists that the score or more of new, well-equipped, expensively located stores which, under one name, have sprung up like mushrooms all over New York and many other large cities of the country are not trust stores operated by persons in the employ of the trust and designed solely to carry out the veiled intention of that organization to control the tobacco trade from the planter's field to the smoker's pocket. It is a fact that these stores have, in several instances, sprung up very close to the establishments of retailers known to have refused all offers of the trust in the matter of selling certain brands of wares, and it would seem to be a fact that at the "cut prices" at which the stores sell their goods the payment of rent must necessitate a prodigious trade—or, perhaps, the backing of a rich owner. One of these stores is said to pay \$25,000 a year rental for its prominent location, and it is stated upon the authority of a well-known retailer that three stores of this chain pay an aggregate annual rental of nearly one hundred thousand dollars.

In further token of the trust's plan not to be embarrassed for any length of time by anything that money might overcome, the retailers cite the experience of a plug-tobacco maker whose business was coveted by the combination. To offset, if possible, the popularity of this brand, the trust introduced a brand of its own, and is credited with having lost \$4,000,000 in "pushing" it. But the expenditure of this sum enabled the trust to force the rival brand from the market. Since then the trust has made \$12,000,000 net on its brand, and the independent manufacturer has been driven out of business.

These and similar charges form the foundation of the protest of the retailers, and although they see the floating trade—the designation they apply to the class of not-overparticular buyers—forsaking them, they are banded to resist. What they will accomplish remains to be seen, but it seems to be a fight of thousands against millions, with the odds obviously located.

When the trust acquired control in May, 1902, of several of the larger tobacco companies dealing in Cuban cigars and tobaccos,—namely, the Havana Commercial Company, the Henry Clay and Bock & Company, Limited, the H. de Cabanas y Carbajal Company, the Havana Cigar & Tobacco Factories, Limited, and the house of J. S. Murias,—it took a great stride forward. The acquisition of these companies did not become known until the Havana Tobacco Company was incorporated at Trenton, New Jersey, with a capital of \$35,000,000, dominated by the American Cigar Company, one of the many branches of the Consolidated Company. Control of the Henry Clay and Bock & Company was obtained late last December by an increase in the number of directors from seven to fifteen. The company owns twenty-five factories in Cuba.

The latest acquisition by the trust was the Harry Weissinger Tobacco Company of Louisville, Kentucky. The Continental Company was announced as the purchaser and as the future selling agent of the Kentucky company. There is a probability that the company will be liquidated.

To consider the extent and the ramifications of the Tobacco Trust one must picture to himself a sort of genealogical tree with the Consolidated Company at the trunk. A short distance above-ground two branches spring out, the American and the Continental, and from these the British-American Company, the American Cigar Company, the American Snuff Company, the Dresden company, and the Japanese and Chinese companies. Year by year the branches multiply, and so do the millions, and year by year the trunk of the tree gains in girth. Of the 290,000,000 pounds of manufactured tobaccos produced yearly in this country the trust makes fully 225,000,000 pounds, and this is exclusive of snuff, cigars, and cigarettes. In round figures, the trust's annual output of cigars is more than 1,350,000,000 pieces, including those made in

Cuba; of cigarettes more than 3,000,000,000, and of snuff nearly 16,000,000 pounds. In addition to this it manufactures at least seventy per cent. of all the tin-foil used in this country, and utilizes fully that amount of the output of manufactured licorice, having, in fact, its own plantations in Asia Minor for growing the root. It will not be very long, the officials say, before the trust has a hand in the cigar-box trade, and it has already purchased a controlling interest in a brier-pipe factory in order to supply its customers with "premiums," which it exchanges for wrappers, labels, and box-tops.

"We are going to show the people of the

world how an American corporation does business," one of the officials said. "We are not seeking to hurt the retailer,—he makes thirty-three and a third per cent. profit now selling our goods, and we are content to let him have that,—but we are going to carry our business to the ends of the world, and our shareholders are not going to lose money. On December 31, 1902, the Consolidated Tobacco paid a cash dividend of twenty per cent."

Lying before the official was a huge map of the two hemispheres, which a thoughtless lithographer had failed to label "The Selected Field of the American Tobacco Trust."

## THE ORGANIZATION OF CAPITAL

BY HERMAN JUSTI

Commissioner of the Illinois Coal Operators' Association

**T**HE public mind seems confused as to the proper distinction to be drawn between what is called "consolidated capital" and what is termed "organized capital." In fact, that there is any difference is generally denied. This is not strange. And yet, while capital is consolidated for every other purpose than to deal with the problem of labor, it ought to be organized with the purpose that the problem of labor may become its main, if not its sole, concern. This statement is made in the face of the charge that capital has consolidated with the end in view of overawing labor in order to make it accept terms which capital believes to be fair, and also of the graver charge that consolidated capital designs to make itself so powerful that it can oppress labor, and so force it to accept terms that are manifestly unfair. If it were true that capital really had such a motive in consolidating, which few thoughtful men seriously believe, the futility of such a plan has certainly been demonstrated each time that consolidated capital and organized labor have come in conflict. What the country wants, what it demands, what it must have, is immunity from the frequent strikes and lockouts that

disturb, at short intervals and for long periods of time, our national serenity. Whatever can mitigate this evil will be gratefully accepted by a long-suffering people; and that an eminently practical people like ours has provided all kinds of safeguards against loss from fire and not from strikes is beyond comprehension.

Organized labor assumes the responsibility for bringing on a conflict with capital. It makes demands which capital refuses. Idleness follows, then follow concessions, after which a truce is signed and work resumed; and such concessions are usually made, not because they are just either to capital or to labor, but simply to enable capital to resume work. It is a truce only, not a treaty of peace; and after a short interval hostilities are again resumed. All this is natural, and hence strikes and lockouts will continue to occur until organized labor is confronted by organized capital—not with hostile intent, but to treat on the subject of the wages and the conditions of labor in a friendly spirit and on an equitable business basis. This stage in industrial evolution once reached, the masses will soon have been educated properly to discriminate between consolidated capital and organized capital, and then, too, the public

will have lost its dread of consolidated capital, because, having become organized, it will have become educated to practical, wise, and humane methods, and quite able to deal with labor, whether organized or not.

The very same process that has transformed consolidated capital will eliminate what is obnoxious to the country and hurtful to our commerce in trade-unionism, and so make it in practice what it is now largely only in theory. Human nature has not changed since capital could command labor at its will because labor was then not organized. At present organized labor, which is less than ten per cent. of all the labor of the country, has reversed the situation; and it now not only to a degree dictates terms to capital, and sets at defiance the ninety per cent. of labor not organized, but it has the great political parties bidding for its favor, and of late the churches, through sympathy, and with perhaps only a superficial knowledge of the points at issue, have generally taken its side. The organization of capital in every great industry for the purpose of dealing exclusively with questions of labor becomes, therefore, a necessity, because nothing else, not even the most stringent laws, can so materially help to raise labor-unions to a higher and a more efficient level, and no other known force is strong enough to compel the masses to take a rational, businesslike view of the relations of labor to capital. Not even the wisest or the most powerful labor leaders can so well restrain the insatiable hunger of victorious labor as this businesslike, peace-conserving force.

Each successive conflict between capital and labor should make ever plainer to all observing persons this wide difference between consolidated and organized capital, illustrating, at the same time, the tremendous advantage enjoyed by those who engage in an organized attack over those who are summoned to participate in unorganized resistance. The thousands of millions of wealth controlled by the capital class has generally been considered in itself a bulwark against any encroachments upon its domain, but the influence and power of organized labor have clearly demonstrated the fallacy of such a claim.

The reason that these vast millions belonging to the capital class are of no particular value in industrial warfare is that they are not available, and that therefore

they might as well be units as millions. Not so with the merely paltry thousands or tens of thousands of dollars belonging to organized labor, every dollar of which is available at any time and for any cause deemed sufficient by its leaders, every dollar of which is willingly sacrificed to a cause which the laborer has at heart.

It is this which gives to organized labor, with an insignificant bank balance to its credit, so tremendous an advantage over unorganized capital with its countless millions, to every dollar of which there is a string attached.

But the unavailability of this wealth is, after all, not the only or the weakest point in capital's armor. The true reason for the failure of capital in its conflicts with labor is that capital has always refused, in such an emergency, to act as a unit, and hence it has paid the awful penalty.

After all, capital and labor, if properly organized, will be virtually equal in influence and power, and all the money necessary for either is just so much as is found adequate to provide effective organization for both.

The issues between capital and labor are to be determined, not by the force of numbers on the side of labor, or by the weight of gold upon the side of capital, but by the natural laws which control in the industrial world. In the very nature of things they move in parallel lines, and when they cross each other it is because they are opposing natural laws. The chief need—the only need, in fact—is to hold both capital and labor where they must conform to the natural laws of trade.

The marked difference between what is called organized capital and consolidated capital has been shown in every industrial conflict in recent years, and the distinction to be drawn between them is this: Capital generally appears to the superficial observer to be, not a divided force, but a united and irresistible force, while the conflicts in labor organizations give color to the belief that they are often rent into numberless warring factions. Still, when a conflict between unorganized capital and organized labor is precipitated, we soon discover that organized labor is virtually a unit, and that it speaks through one man—a leader. Unorganized capital, on the other hand, although it has just entered upon a conflict with organized labor, soon

discloses, as if by design, its internal differences, and, as a result, nearly every representative of the capital class speaks for his own individual interests, regardless of what may be the interests of the employer class in general. The outcome of such a conflict can be easily foretold.

That capital is not organized, and that *consolidated capital is not only not organized capital*, but its owners are at war with one another, have been glaringly illustrated in the recent anthracite strike. Even in the deliberations incident to a settlement of the questions in dispute, after the strike had been called off and work had been resumed at the mines in the anthracite region, the need of organization was, as never before, clearly shown. Here the organized labor of one industry nearly half a million strong spoke through one man whose word was law. No other figure was seen, no other voice heard. The representatives of unorganized capital, on the other hand, could not even agree with themselves, much less reach an agreement with labor. As a result, the intelligence, if not the honesty and sincerity, of the employer class generally was seriously questioned, and a prejudice already great, unjust, and harmful was increased. It would be useless, if not unfair, to criticize the anthracite operators. The fault, after all, is not with the men, but with the system, or rather the complete absence of system.

These men, with their inherited prejudices and with their out-of-date methods of dealing with labor,—particularly organized labor,—failed to recognize certain fixed principles, certain laws which are as un-repealable as the laws of nature. The labor-union has proved a great training-school for labor leaders by the thousands, and it has sent forth to battle in the industrial arena a few notable leaders whose skill in

controversial warfare is trained to a point of scientific excellence. They are, strictly speaking, labor experts; and no novice, however learned or well equipped otherwise, can successfully cope with them. Warfare, whether of that sterner kind where arms clash and lives are sacrificed, or that warfare which is a conflict of ideas or interests between capital and labor, is a science; and in the one, as in the other, those who contend under untrained and unscientific leaders, and are opposed by trained bodies of men under the direction of skilled leaders, simply defy experience and tempt fate.

In every great industry the experience of experts and the knowledge of scientists is a prime necessity, and in no other department of any great industry more so than in the department of labor.

Thus we shall cease stubbornly to declare that organized labor is wrong and that it must be resisted; but, thus equipped, we can meet and reason with it, and seek to persuade it to do what is wise and fair and best for all. Thus we apply the skill of the specialist to the tangled problem of labor, and bring every great industrial branch under the influence of economic science and all the departments of industry under the control of labor experts, to the end that we shall find labor and capital "melting into each other," so to speak.

But ignore scientific knowledge and skill, and we shall find reason to agree with the Duke of Argyll that "there is danger lest the spirit of association should attempt to act against nature instead of with it." Many years ago Abraham Lincoln said: "This government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free." With equal truth we can declare now: Industrial peace cannot be preserved with labor organized and capital unorganized.

## LOVE-WATCH

BY CALE YOUNG RICE

MY love's a guardian angel  
Who camps about thy heart,  
Never to flee thine enemy,  
Nor from thee turn apart.

Whatever dark may shroud thee,  
And hide thy stars away,  
With vigil sweet his wings shall beat  
About thee till the day.

# TOPICS OF THE TIME

## The Misuse of the Word "Faction"

**I**N a recent election the honest element in a certain American community powerfully asserted itself and swept aside all the candidates of the corrupt local machine, electing the reform ticket in all its parts. The after comments of a newspaper that supported the machine were, to the initiated, food for amusement as well as for reflection. Without being aware of the fact, the apologist assumed the tone always taken by such apologists: rehearsed the same well-worn arguments, and with an air of fairness and philosophy looked forward to the good time coming when this "factional" fight would be forgotten, and all the members of the good old dominant party would once more be dwelling together in harmony.

That degraded and degrading institution which has managed to acquire the stamp of regularity from a great national party in the metropolis of America is constantly being opposed by honest and disinterested members of that party—sometimes to the disgust of partizans in distant States, who think of nothing but the success of a national ticket, and who fear that such success will be endangered by lack of coöperation in local contests. Then do these distant party friends send up loud-voiced wailings at the "factional" contests in the city of New York.

Recently a good deal has been heard of the "factions" engaged in bitter contention over the election of a United States senator in one of our Eastern States.

As a matter of fact, whenever honest citizens come to the conclusion that the machine of their own party has become corrupt, whereupon they determine to correct strenuously the abuse, the corrupt party leaders invariably start the cry of "faction," and endeavor to cast aspersion upon the reforming movement by the opprobrious word.

In the case of the community first referred to above, there was not the slightest question of faction, as the "kickers" took

special (and, to the outside independent view, even unnecessary) pains to prove their fundamental regularity by simultaneously voting the straight State ticket. In the case of Tammany, as was said years ago when the same term of "faction" was misapplied to reform movements in the State of New York, it is never so much a fight between partizans as an irrepressible conflict between common honesty and uncommon dishonesty. In the case of the little commonwealth whose honest citizens have made so desperate an effort to maintain the honor of their State in the face of alleged unblushing bribery, the use of the word "faction" as descriptive of the situation lacks the element of historical accuracy.

The voter who is frightened from doing his duty as an honest man and patriotic citizen in any given election by the stereotyped tactics of interested political managers, who try to frighten him with the threat of irregularity and "factionalism," must lack some important elements of manhood, besides being greatly deficient in the sense of humor.

## News from the South

At a public dinner given by a private person in the city of New York, this last winter, the guests had the pleasing and unusual sensation of a series of speeches of a high character, most of the speakers being, except by name, quite unfamiliar to the attendants upon metropolitan "occasions." We refer to the banquet tendered by Mr. Robert C. Ogden in honor of the Southern and of the General Education Boards, where one Southern governor (Montague of Virginia) and several presidents of Southern universities, and others interested in education, spoke on the subject of education in the South with a conviction, an intelligence, a sentiment, and an illustrative humor characteristic of the part of the Union which they so brilliantly represented.

It was all very pleasing as oratory, in some instances even thrilling. To those not

already thoroughly posted it was indeed something in the way of a revelation of a movement which is truly one of the most important now taking place on the face of the earth. We hear, with shame and grief, of certain conditions, certain shocking events, in some of the Southern States; but there is little that is telegraphic, and nothing that is sensational, in the one great piece of news from the South in our day—news of the tremendous educational wave which is sweeping over those lately war-harried States; news of the stirring of heart and conscience in that section as to the primal necessity of *education for all*; news of the labors and sacrifices of Southern men and women in this great cause; news of the generous help that is being extended to the South, in its emergency, by Northern sympathy and Northern capital.

The special difficulties of the situation in the South were described by the Hon. Hoke Smith of Atlanta, in the Fifth Conference for Education in the South, held at Athens, Georgia, in April, 1902. He pointed out the fact that sparsity of population brings enormous increase of expense, and he illustrated Southern difficulties by comparison between Massachusetts and Georgia—Massachusetts having eight thousand square miles and Georgia fifty-eight thousand, the people of Massachusetts being five times richer per capita than the people of Georgia; Massachusetts having four hundred thousand more inhabitants than Georgia, yet Georgia having two hundred thousand more children. Massachusetts, he said, can build a school to every square mile, and have sixty-five children to put in it, while Georgia has but eleven children to every square mile; and of these six are white and five black, requiring separate schools. In the same conference of 1902, President Alderman of Tulane University, New Orleans, well said of these conditions: "I believe that the nicest and most difficult task of a democracy is the education of all the people. This supreme task is especially difficult in

a rural democracy where there are two races which must be forever educated apart. It is still more difficult in a rural, bi-racial democracy but yesterday submerged by war and invasion, and just freeing itself from the stunting inheritance of grinding days of poverty in which small means were used to forward great ends."

At the New York dinner and meetings it was clearly shown that palpable and most encouraging advance has recently been made in the fight against both white and black illiteracy through the action of Southern legislators, executives, and educators, and through the willingness of the people to be taxed—all reinforced by timely financial aid from States containing greater concentration of wealth. The substantial advance made in the spread of education is gratifying not merely to the educational specialist, but to the patriotic citizen who looks with approbation upon every movement for the betterment of the whole people and the ennobling of the entire nation. For, as Dr. Albert Shaw said at Athens, "education means everything" for our country to-day.

A valuable by-product of this prodigious educational movement is a better acquaintance and better mutual understanding between the leaders of education and of thought, North and South. Essentially it is, indeed, an enterprise of the highest patriotism, of the most genuine nationalism; though before this, and beyond this, it is a movement of humanitarianism which will have fruits not only on our own continent, but in distant parts of the world,—for it is being watched from afar by good men and wise, with curiosity, profound interest, and intelligent hope.<sup>1</sup>

### Two Women of the Republic

A CHARACTERISTIC of the day in which we live is an insistence upon the public and private virtues of the men and women who fashioned the republic. Societies exist for the very purpose of making much both of

<sup>1</sup> SOUTHERN EDUCATION BOARD: Dr. Edwin A. Alderman (President Tulane University, New Orleans), William H. Baldwin, Jr., Dr. Wallace Buttrick, the Hon. J. L. M. Curry, Dr. Charles W. Dabney (President University of Tennessee), Dr. H. B. Frissell (Principal Hampton Institute), the Hon. H. H. Hanna, Dr. Charles D. McIver (President North Carolina State Normal and Industrial

College), Edgar Gardner Murphy, Robert C. Ogden, Walter H. Page, George Foster Peabody, Dr. Albert Shaw. GENERAL EDUCATION BOARD: William H. Baldwin, Jr., Dr. Wallace Buttrick, Hon. J. L. M. Curry, Frederick T. Gates, Dr. Daniel C. Gilman (President Carnegie Institution), Morris K. Jesup, Robert C. Ogden, Walter H. Page, George Foster Peabody, Dr. Albert Shaw.

hereditary relation to the ancient worthies, and of their character and services.

This is right. But it is a fortunate fact that the worthies of the republic have lived not only in the old days, but in our own day. Of these, the pure and disinterested leaders of our own time, we hear, naturally, more concerning the men than concerning the women; for the work of the women, even their public work, is apt to be less conspicuous than that of the men, and this doubtless is well.

Two Daughters of the Republic, as they may well be called, have just passed away, who, in their different spheres, each represented, in a peculiar sense, the highest types of American womanhood.

One of these was Alice Freeman Palmer, once president of Wellesley, long associated with the management of the Woman's Department of the University of Chicago, holding other important official positions in education, and identified with the cause of education in general, as an adviser and as a wise and eloquent advocate. Such conspicuity as was acquired by this most womanly woman was forced upon her by the circumstances of a career distinguished by keen intelligence, energy, good will, devotion, and by modesty no less. Conspicuity as a means of self-gratification was a thing unthought of in her busy and eager life. Her powers of persuasion by speech were great, but were solely a means for the accomplishment of good. After hearing Mrs. Palmer address an educational audience, one critic said that, for the time, it seemed that oratory must be exclusively a feminine accomplishment, there was in her delivery such grace, dignity, fire, and persuasiveness. It is in accordance with her own activities that the friends of such a woman should attempt to memorialize her personality and influence by many endowments rather than by a single one.

At nearly the same time has passed away a woman of America who never was called by duty to public prominence, and yet whose whole life was dedicated to patriotism and to the refining and uplifting of her fellow-men and -women. Long before the Civil War, her heart was enlisted in the cause of the downtrodden; and throughout her many years not merely individuals in need, but whole classes of the needy and the oppressed, received her inspiring and

substantial sympathy and help. Even her esthetic tastes—especially in music—were not selfishly indulged; she performed an unusual part in giving to the community that in which she herself took such keen pleasure. There was something so gentle, so tender, so generously affectionate, and, too, so heroic in her personality that it is no wonder that she was the center of a group of prominent men and women—some of them closely related to herself—who have helped to shape the destiny of the republic; names like those of the Lowells, of Curtis, of Barlow, and of the family of her high-minded and patriotic husband. Her interest in public affairs remained unabated to the last. That recent hostilities in Venezuela should have been put a stop to by the successful suggestion of arbitration was a keen satisfaction to her. Her greatest regret in recent years was that the attitude of the American government toward the Filipinos seemed inconsistent with the principles of freedom in which our nation was founded.

It may be that her statue will adorn no public place; yet she would be well contented if, when future generations gaze upon St. Gaudens's monument, on Boston Common, to the memory of the intrepid, the devoted Robert Gould Shaw, it should not be forgotten that he was the son of a woman who truly loved her fellow-men, and was capable of sacrifice in behalf of the cause of human liberty.

#### A Suggestion from Illinois

THE practical suggestions contained in the brief paper on "The Organization of Capital," in this number of *THE CENTURY*, have special interest coming from one who has dealt prominently and successfully for years with questions arising between employed and employers. Mr. Justi has been the Commissioner of the Illinois Coal Operators' Association from its organization in June, 1900, and in this capacity he has been remarkably successful, as our readers are aware, owing to statements already made in these pages. Under a system of consultation and conciliation, it has not been necessary for either side, hitherto, even to invoke arbitration. The system adopted, which includes the recognition of the representative of the Miners' Union, has not entirely corrected known evils, and



there still remains much to be done in this direction. But that much has been accomplished is shown by the fact that Mr. Justi is able to write as follows, on a recent date, to the editor:

Although conditions are not ideal, the improvement since the establishment of the commission by the operators has been, in some respects, wonderful. I can give you an idea of what this improvement really means by mentioning the change wrought in correcting one common abuse. Prior to the establishment of the commission, whenever it suited the whim of the miner to close down a mine, he would do so, and it would remain closed down a week, ten days, two weeks, three weeks, or a month. At present we often learn in advance when the miners contemplate shutting down a mine, and so we immediately notify the State officials, and ask them to warn the men against such a step. If, however, the mine is closed down

before we know that such a thing has been in contemplation, and this office has been advised of the unwarranted action of the men, we immediately call up the State officials of the Miners' Union over the long-distance telephone, with the result that the mine is started up either the morning after the closing down or on the second morning. Thus never more than one or two days are lost, where formerly it was anywhere from a week to a month.

The saving to both operators and miners is very great, and, in addition to this, the plan is establishing a higher regard for authority and for contractual relations.

The apparent success of the experiment in Illinois naturally leads the Commissioner to a broader view. What he here urges is sure to receive the most careful consideration of all who are conscientiously and anxiously seeking for the peaceful and wise solution of our labor problems.

## OPEN LETTERS

### Child Labor

AN OPEN LETTER BY THE HEAD WORKER OF THE UNIVERSITY SETTLEMENT, AND CHAIRMAN OF THE NEW YORK CHILD LABOR COMMITTEE

ONE of the most difficult arguments to meet, which come from those who oppose a restriction of child labor, is that the earnings of the children are necessary to the support of the family. This statement is specially used in the case of children who support widowed mothers. Now, investigations in certain States have shown that the earnings of children hardly support the children themselves, and sometimes pay only for certain things which the children require. In other words, their labor does not give them even a subsistence wage. But even if the earnings of the children were necessary to the support of certain families, it would be wiser for those children to be supported, with their widowed mothers, by private or public charity than that their lives and health should be sacrificed at an early age. There is all the more reason that the productive power of a child should be given every opportunity to grow and develop in childhood, since it is known that this productive power is the only thing that will later stand between a widowed mother and habitual poverty.

This great evil of child labor is not one of those vague abuses for which no reasonable

remedy can be found. A review of the legislation of this and other countries brings out a definite program of legislation that will meet every evil, and will appeal to all those who realize that millions of the future workers and mothers of America are being molded day by day in our factories and workshops. This program, which has been tested at every point by experience, has for its fundamental and first principle an absolute limitation of the age at which children may be employed. Every progressive manufacturing country has placed such a limit on its statute-books. At first, in this country, this age limit was placed at twelve and thirteen years, not because the promoters of the legislation believed such a limit was high enough, but because they had to compromise with unenlightened manufacturers. The age limit has now, however, reached fourteen in the most important manufacturing States. This is the limit recognized by the New York law and applied to mercantile and manufacturing occupations. However, there are many very important and unusually injurious occupations of children which are not dealt with by law; for instance, children as young as eight and nine years are found on the streets as boot-blacks, newsboys, and peddlers. The Child Labor Committee, in its investigation of child-labor conditions, has re-

vealed an alarming state of affairs in these street occupations, and is attempting to secure the enactment of a law similar to that of Massachusetts by which children under fourteen should be forbidden such occupations, and those over fourteen should be compelled to secure a permit to wear a badge.

Another very serious imperfection in the New York law is that children are allowed to work in mercantile establishments during vacation and after school-hours. The clause permitting this largely destroys the value of the child-labor law and the compulsory-education law. Every prominent educator of to-day realizes thoroughly that the play-hours and vacations which are a part of the educational system are as essential to the normal development of the child as the school itself. If we see fit to put a limit to our school-hours because the children are not able to stand longer hours in school, and urge the need of recreation, then we should certainly forbid their employment after school-hours and in vacation periods at the tasks of drudgery at which children are now employed.

There is still another very fundamental fault with all our child-labor legislation—a fault confessed by the factory inspectors of the various States, and proved by innumerable cases. The only method of enforcing the age limit which has been discovered is to require children to bring with them, when they go to work, an affidavit sworn to by their parents, stating the date of their birth. *It has become a common practice with the parents of working children to perjure themselves in making out these affidavits.* As the system of registry of birth in this State is imperfect, and many of the children are born abroad, it is impossible to prosecute these parents. This evil is difficult to overcome entirely, but by a more rigid enforcement of the compulsory-education law, and by other measures which will be proposed by the legislature this session, it can largely be overcome. Some of these requirements are that every child employed shall be in fit condition for the work it intends to undertake, that, in the absence of evidence of date of birth, the child shall have reached the normal development of children of fourteen, and that it shall pass certain educational tests.

The second part of the program of child-labor legislation is the limitation of the period of labor of young people between fourteen and eighteen to ten hours a day. It will not be questioned by any one that young people are not in any sense matured before reaching eighteen, and that outside of their working-hours some slight opportunity for normal development should be allowed. Ten hours is an exceedingly long day for such young people to work, but these are the hours that prevail in a large number of factories and stores. The

ten-hour day has been recognized in a number of States, including New York; but the present law is totally ineffective on account of an exceptional clause which allows the working-time to be extended on any day of the week so as to allow for shorter time on Saturday. On its face it is a just clause; but as it works, it makes the whole law inoperative, since it is quite impossible of enforcement. In other States, if the employer wishes to give a Saturday half-holiday, he is not allowed to tax the employees for this purpose. This clause should be repealed. Further, young people should be forbidden night-work. There is also a clause in the present law to this effect; but it is not uniform in factories and mercantile establishments, and does not extend to the age of eighteen in both classes of employment.

The third division of the practical child-labor program is the prohibition of child labor in certain dangerous trades; but effective legislation in this direction must be preceded by a scientific investigation. This investigation has taken place in all the more important countries of Europe, and a commission should be appointed in our leading manufacturing States for the same purpose.

This whole program is one that can be at once indorsed and made effective in all our States, since many precedents can be found for every one of its proposals. It does not pretend to offer a final solution for the child-labor question, for the child-labor question is a part of the great problem of free public education, and will be a subject for popular agitation and continuous advancement for years to come. What is offered now is a minimum demand in which all can unite.

*Robert Hunter.*

#### Mr. Sargent's Portrait of Mr. Chase

THE portrait of Mr. William M. Chase by Mr. John S. Sargent, which stands as the frontispiece to this number of *THE CENTURY*, is interesting not merely as a portrait of one American artist of distinction by another, and as itself a remarkable work of art, but as a testimony of the appreciation by artists of Mr. Chase as an artist and teacher. The movement for a permanent testimonial to Mr. Chase, "on account of his unceasing devotion to American students and American art," was started among his students by Miss Susan F. Bissell. The necessary funds have been mainly supplied by Mr. Chase's students, and it is intended that the picture shall finally be presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It is understood that Mr. Sargent met the wishes of the students with enthusiasm, setting aside for the time much more remunerative work. The result is one upon which all parties may be congratulated.

## IN LIGHTER VEIN

### A Dose of Sunshine

A MONOLOGUE

NO, Bradley; you're all wrong about sarcasm being of any value. Let's get out of the cabin and get some fresh air. No; these men who are always making fun of the world and saying unpleasant things about it in a sarcastic way or otherwise ought to be stopped by law. You don't come in to town often, and you don't know what a set of backbiters most men are. Now I believe in sunshine myself. And there's no such thing as sunshine if a man is all the time saying something against his neighbor. There's Joel Chase, standing beyond the chain there. He's about the most sour-visaged killjoy I ever saw, and he's always harping on the shortcomings of his neighbors. Why can't he find out their good qualities and do a little shouting about them? I like to see a man act as if he thought the world was a pretty decent sort of place. I like to hear a man tell me of the good things that people are doing; but I never hear any accounts of them, and I guess the reason is there's nothing doing. It's just as easy to say nice things as it is to say nasty things; but to hear old Chase talk you'd think there were no decent people in the world, and I half believe there ain't.

And then there's that thin-nosed, tight-lipped Meacham talking to Chase. He never has a good word for anybody, and I'm glad to say that nobody ever has a good word for him. What we want is men who can preach the gospel of sunshine all the time. What if I do happen to know that Old Man Pettingale pays his stenographer starvation wages? I would n't tell it to everybody, and I hope you won't spread it any further, because, if you do, it will be malicious gossip. Say something nice about Pettingale if you can. He's a hard subject, and I don't believe you can; but even if you have to give him up as a bad job, there are lots of people who are doing nice things all the while. I don't happen to think of any just at present, but I guess they could be found. Only who wants the trouble of looking them up? That's the rub. You may and I may, but there's mighty few who will go out of their way to find out something good about a man.

You may think I'm a crank, and I *am* a crank on the subject. There's nothing like sunshine and good nature and spreading good reports; but do you suppose that the average man would agree with me? Take Carpenter,

for instance. He's that homely-looking duck with the Gladstone bag. He has one of the most cantankerous tongues you ever heard, and it's set against everybody all the time. What does he expect to gain by saying mean things of his neighbor? He gains nothing but a reputation for meanness that I take pleasure in spreading because he deserves it. And I'm the last man to say a mean thing of a man, unless he brings it on himself. If I can't say something nice about a person, I generally keep my mouth shut, unless I'm hard up for conversation. But most people roll a bit of scandal under their tongues like a piece of candy.

Speaking of scandal reminds me that there are whispers going about affecting Robert H. Swetland, the cashier of the 'Teenth National of Cranfield. I happen to know him, because we used to go to the same church when we were living at Demarest. I don't think it's got into the papers yet, and I hope it won't, because most people say there's nothing in it. But when you think of the numbers of upright cashiers who have gone wrong, there's not much chance for him, in my opinion. Now Swetland generally has a kind word for every one, and he's my ideal of a man in some ways, and he's generous too, but of course if he gets his money crookedly that neutralizes the generosity. I really have enough human nature in me to make me look forward to something turning up in his case. I understand the bank examiners are at work, and it will make a stir in Bergen County if he really is dishonest; and excitement makes the world go round. But is n't it a pity? The very men who like him to-day will turn against him tomorrow and exaggerate his misdoings, and they'll recall the fact that his father was mixed up in some land steal out West. I happen to know about it, because my wife's folks were interested. I say let bygones be bygones, but that is n't the way of this censorious world. You watch the papers, and you'll see what a sensation they'll make of it. And true every word; that's the pity of it.

You going up-town? Well, I'm going down. But you take the advice of a man older than you and try to be sunny. It don't cost anything— (Who are you shoving, young man? Is n't this gangway wide enough for you? Talk about the Great American Porker!) So long, Bradley. Drop in and see me sometime and spread sunshine.

*Charles Battell Loomis.*

## Just a Woman!

WHAT a pity! people cried  
 When she graduated,  
 That she thus should step aside—  
 She, so educated!  
 Was there any reason, pray,  
 She should lag with *him*?  
 Simply throw herself away—  
 Go and marry Jim?

After all the years that went  
 For her course at college,  
 After all the money spent  
 In acquiring knowledge,  
 Was n't it a shame, they said,  
 Such a funny whim,  
 When she might climb on—instead,  
 She should marry Jim!

Did n't she with ease outstrip  
 Those against her pitted?  
 For some fine professorship  
 She was surely fitted.  
 Did n't she with lettered lore,  
 Ancient, modern, brome?  
 Had she forced the Magi's door  
 Just to marry Jim?

Ah, how vain each plea and case  
 Which they might propound her,  
 As opposed to Jim's dear face,  
 Jim's strong arms around her!  
 What are learning and degree,  
 Sneer or comment prim,  
 What the world—compared, you see,  
 With the love of Jim!

*Edwin L. Sabin.*

## A Breach of Etiquette

ABOUT the town, a-walking down  
 This avenue and that,  
 I meet him frequently—the man  
 Who bows to my new hat.

He does n't see me when I wear  
 An old, *passé* chapeau;  
 He makes it clear that it 's the hat,  
 Not me, he cares to know.

And I—since even gallantry  
 Should follow logic's law,  
 And he is so devoted to  
 The latest shapes in straw—

Have wondered how it is that he  
 Can rudely pass before,  
 Without a most profound salute,  
 The millinery store!

*Catharine Young Glen.*

## An Optimist

## I

DE worl' 's all right jes lak it is,  
 Beca'se de good Laud made it so.  
 Hain't nothin' in it gone amiss,  
 Excep' de folks 'at grumbles so.  
 W'y, evahthing jes suits ma style,  
 'N' yourn, 'n' evahbody's, chile;  
 'N' ef you 'll ph'losophize awhile,  
 You 'll have to 'gree de thing is so.

## II

You see dem fishes in de rill?  
 Dey 's glad dey was created so;  
 Dem cattle, grazin' on de hill,  
 Dey great Creatah's praises low.  
 De streams is laughin' es dey run;  
 De lambs jes capahs roun' foh fun—  
 I 's jes es smaht es *dey* is, son:  
 I 'm *hyeah*; 'n' I 'm glad it 's so!

## III

Some folks, it seem lak 'ca'se dey can't  
 Jes undahstan' why things is so,  
 Dey 'll fret an' fume an' whine an' rant  
 'Bout this 'n' that, 'n' thus 'n' so.  
 Now, lookkee hyeah, dey ain't no use  
 In all 'at nonsense an' abuse:  
 Jes be a *human*, not a goose;  
 Beca'se de good Laud *made* you so.

## IV

De worl' an' all 'at libs in it  
 Should thank de Laud 'at made it so;  
 'Ca'se evahthing seem jes to fit  
 (De good Laud he jes fixed it so):  
 De grass is jes lak grass should be,  
 De propah colah 's in de sea;  
 Moles, mountains, fishes, you 'n' me,  
 De Laud created all jes so.

## V

He mout o' made de fool a mule—  
 I thanks de Laud he did n't, dough;  
 He mout o' gib de white folks wool—  
 De white man 's glad to stay jes so.  
 God mout o' made de black man white,  
 'N' sot de whole race problem right;  
 But, sence he did n't, le' 's not fight  
 'N' qua'l; de good Laud lef' us so.

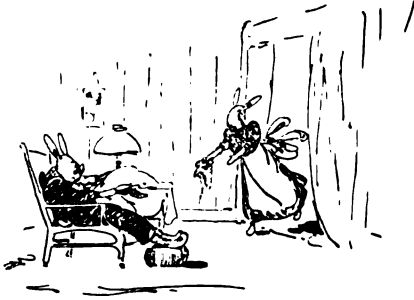
## VI

'N' ef we can't explain 'n' prove  
 De good Laud's doin's, so 'n' so,  
 'N' tell whut makes creation move,  
 Le' 's say, es Pat did once, jes so:  
 "Th' *idee* av th' plan wuz great;  
 Th' way it 's worrikin' can't be bate;  
 It 's filled th' bill clane up to date:  
 Le' 's thank th' Laud, an' *lave* it so."

*James D. Corrothers.*

The Cook

DRAWN BY E. WARDE BLAISDELL



"Cook has insulted me again!"



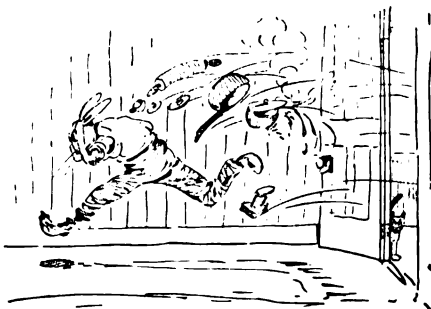
"Remember, Lionel dear, she's but a woman, after all."



"See here, Sylvia! What do you mean —"



"Hold on, there — I only want to ask —"



Biff! Bang!



"Grace dear, I have decided to give her another trial."

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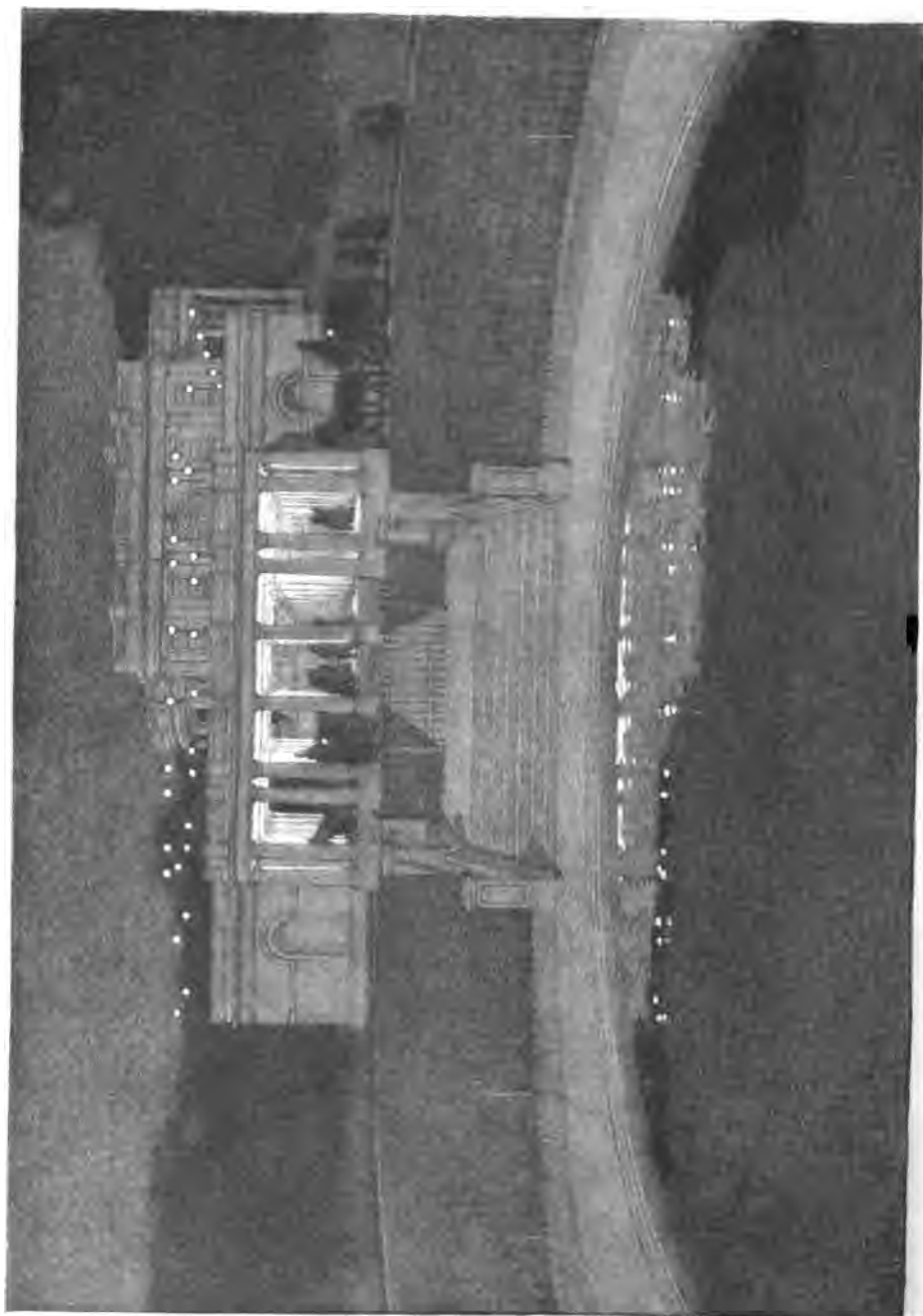
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# SAPOLIO

*Saves time  
in the kitchen*

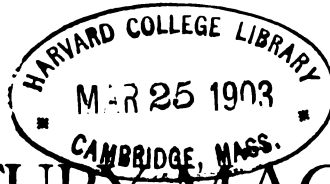






Drawn by Jules Guérin. Halfstone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

NEW EAST ENTRANCE TO THE WHITE HOUSE — AN EVENING RECEPTION

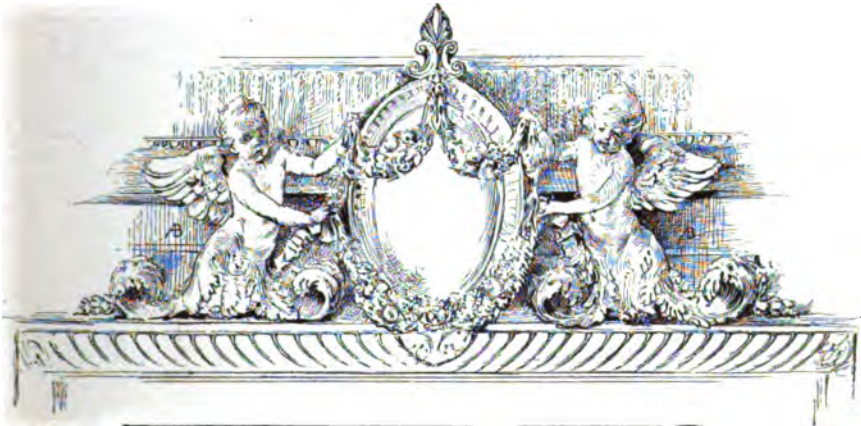


# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXV

APRIL, 1903

NO. 6



Decoration in the East Room over the main entrance. Drawn by Alfred Brennan

## THE RESTORATION OF THE WHITE HOUSE

BY CHARLES MOORE

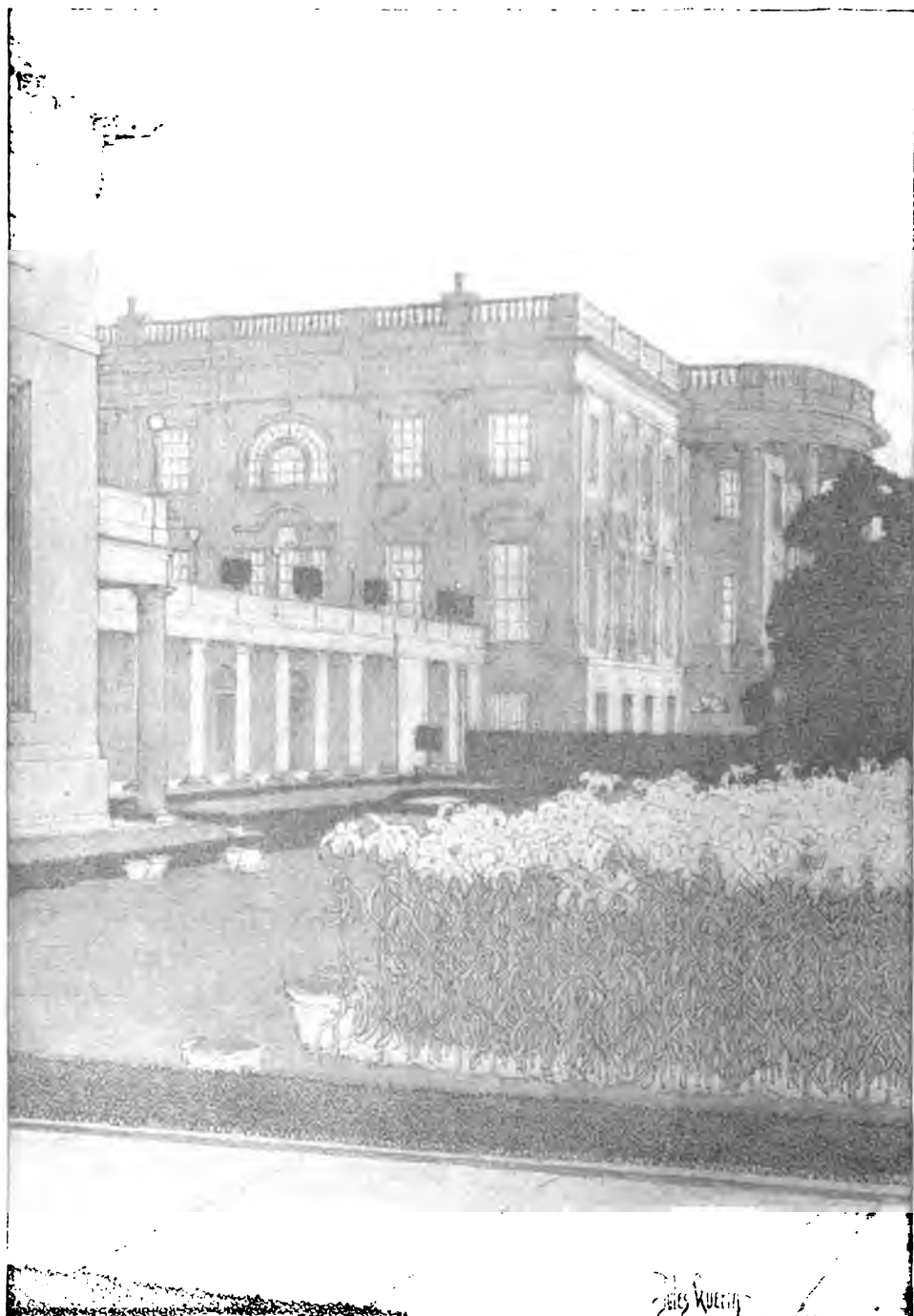
Clerk of the Senate Committee on the District of Columbia

TO the American people the White House represents the personality of the President of the United States. To the politician the magic words may stand for the goal of an ambition too often associated with the deepest and most poignant disappointment; while to the historian the name may typify decisions that have marked epochs in the affairs of nations. In the mind of the people, however, the official character of the building has always been

subordinate to its domestic uses. Popularly speaking, the White House is the place not where the President works, but where he entertains.

To the great majority statecraft is a closed book and national politics are a quadrennial affliction, whereas they have a decided interest in all that pertains to the daily life of the chosen one of the nation. They remember that under the sheltering roof of the White House children have first opened their eyes





Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

**THE WHITE HOUSE FROM THE NEW OFFICE BUILDING, SHOWING THE WEST TERRACE**

upon the world; brides have been given away with smiles and tears; and the nation's dead have found brief resting-place before passing for the last time through its familiar portals.

The President's House—as the appropriation bills for half a century style the White House—is but another name for the house of the people; and dear to the American heart is every stone of it. There it stands as it has stood through more than a hundred years of our national life. Let it be restored, dignified, enriched as the country increases in wealth and power; but no despoiling or profaning hand should be allowed to touch it.

## II

THE site for the President's Palace, as the first maps name it, was selected by President Washington and Major L'Enfant when they laid out the Federal City in 1792. They purposed to have the President's House and the Capitol reciprocally close the long vista formed by Pennsylvania Avenue; and they also laid out a park-like connection between the two great buildings, after the manner now proposed by the Park Commission. The plans for the house, selected by Washington and Jefferson as the result of a competition in which L'Enfant took part, were drawn by James Hoban, a native of Dublin, and a medal man of the Society of Arts of that city.

As a young man Hoban had come to South Carolina, where his plans for the old State-house at Columbia brought him to the notice of Laurens, who commended him to Washington.

Hoban superintended not only the construction of the White House, but also its reconstruction after the British burned it in 1814; and he was also one of the superintendents of the Capitol. During forty-two years he had charge of one government work after another, the length of his service being due probably to his willingness to superintend the carrying out of the plans of the various architects without presuming to know more than they knew. Doubtless he was content to let his fame as an architect rest on the design of the White House; and surely he had reason to be satisfied with his work. It has passed into a tradition that in planning the White House

Hoban copied the residence of the Duke of Leinster in Dublin; but Mr. Glenn Brown, the secretary of the American Institute of Architects, has proved that in no sense is one a copy of the other. The fact that the pediments of the windows of the main floor may be traced to the Farnese Palace in Rome, while the windows of the garden-floor are taken from the French royal château of Compiègne, suggests that to Hoban the design for the White House was a proposition of the schools.

Aside from the sentiment connected with the building, the question naturally arises, Is the White House, architecturally considered, worthy to be retained among the permanent government buildings of the national capital?

One moonlight night in June, 1902, while strolling through the grounds with Mr. Charles F. McKim, one of the members of the Park Commission, we seated ourselves on one of those mounds which tradition ascribes to John Quincy Adams's taste in landscape-architecture. That afternoon crowds of people arrayed in joyous costumes befitting the semi-tropics had come from the hot city to rest under the trees and listen to the Saturday concert of the Marine Band. The musicians, clad in white duck, were located in a little depression, so that the sound of the music rolled up the slopes to the attentive audience.

A year before we had observed the same effect at Versailles; and both the similarities and the differences of the two pictures were being discussed as we sat in the quiet night, behind the locked gates, where not a sound from the city streets broke the grateful noise of water splashing in the fountains. On the high portico the President sat amid a group of dinner-guests, and the lights of their cigars were "echoed" by the drowsy fireflies flitting about the grounds, only the brilliantly lighted windows of the secretary's office even suggesting the workaday world. The moonlight, shining full on the White House, revealed the harmonious lines of its graceful shape.

"Tell me," I asked the architect, "among the great houses that have been built during recent years in the general style of the White House,—many of them larger and much more costly,—is there any that, in point of architecture, surpasses it?"





Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE WEST TERRACE AND OFFICE BUILDING AS SEEN FROM THE STATE DINING-ROOM  
WINDOWS—THE STATE, WAR, AND NAVY BUILDING IN THE BACKGROUND

"No; there is not one in the same class with it," he replied deliberately—a judgment confirmed later under the noonday sun.

## III

THE history of the White House is difficult to trace with accuracy. Hoban's design, as carried out, resulted in a substantial building, 160 feet in length, similar in size and dignity to houses of English country gentlemen of that period—a fact attested by frequent comparisons found in the writings of travelers. In 1803 Latrobe drew plans for enriching the structure by the addition of those essential features the north and south porticos, which were not constructed until a quarter of a century after the house was first occupied. Under Thomas Jefferson's direction, he also added two terraces, extending for 150 feet on the east and on the west. These terraces were built as component portions of the structure; but in the course of time the west terrace came to be degraded into a mere foundation for greenhouses, and the fine row of stone columns which once formed a sunny arcade on its southern side was shut in by glass houses, all brutal disfigurements of beautiful architecture. The eastern terrace was removed entirely in the early sixties, and its place was taken ultimately by a flower-garden, although the language of appropriation bills makes it probable that as late as 1866 a cow-stable occupied the site. Neither terrace ever performed the function implied by that term.

## IV

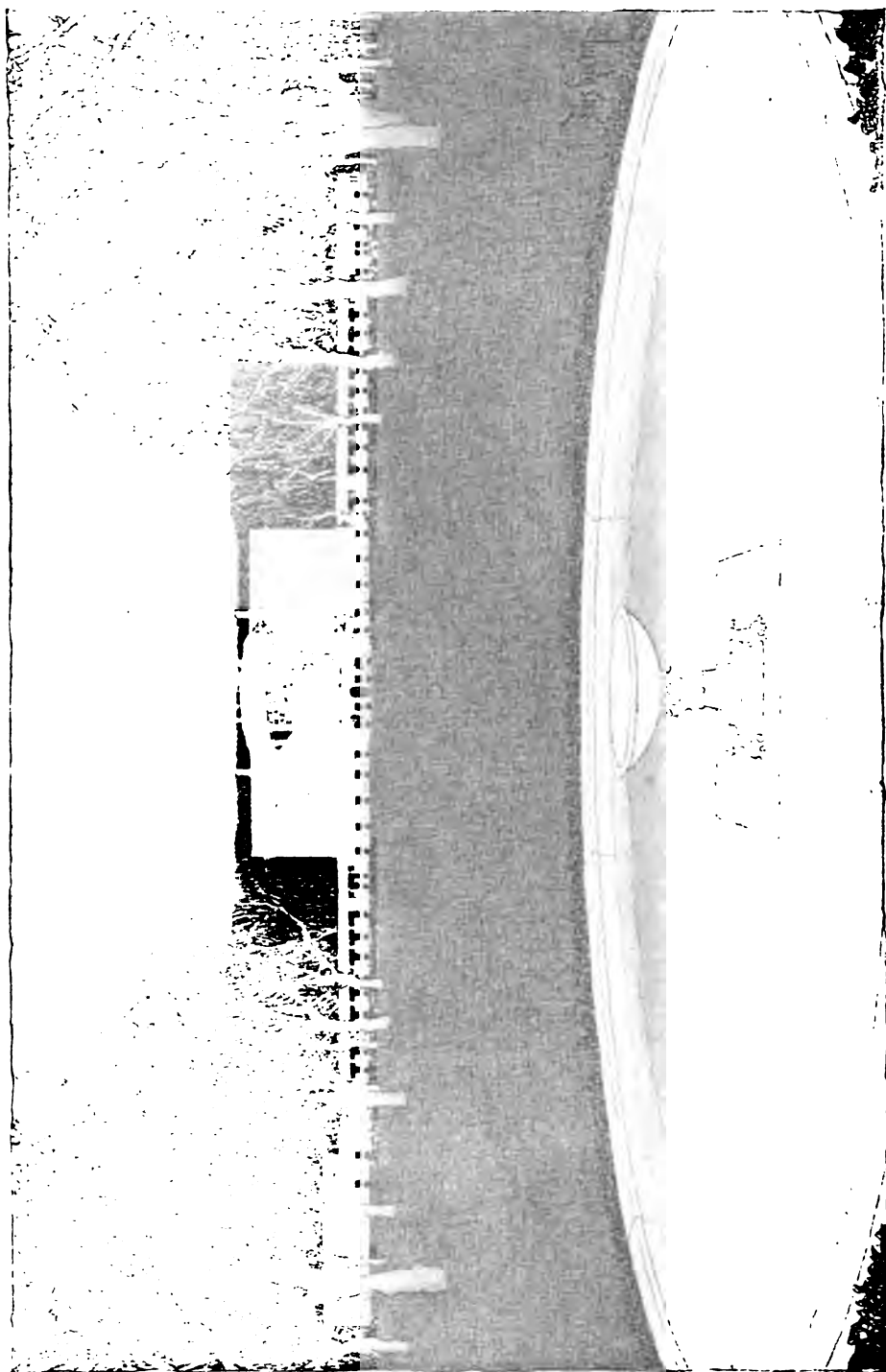
WHEN Mrs. John Adams took possession of the White House, on the removal of the seat of government from Philadelphia to the District of Columbia, in the autumn of 1800, she found a half-finished building set in the midst of a space used chiefly for brick-yards. There was a rough post-and-rail fence on the north, and the entrance to the house was by means of a wooden bridge crossing the area now spanned by the north portico. Then the present Blue Room was used as a mere vestibule; the Red Room was the antechamber to the library and Cabinet Room, now known as the state dining-room; the Green Room was the "common" dining-room; and the present private din-

ing-room and the pantry were used as the public dining-room. The East Room was not entirely finished until 1836, and before 1803 the ceiling had given way. Mrs. John Adams used the room for drying linen.

In an often-quoted letter the first mistress of the White House has put on record the amount of discomfort she experienced during the single winter of her sojourn in Washington. Although Congress had placed \$25,000 in the hands of the Secretaries of State, of the Treasury, and of War for the purpose of furnishing the President's House, those worthy gentlemen entirely neglected to provide a system of bells; there was neither fire-wood nor were there persons to cut it in the surrounding forests, and, the fireplaces being without grates, it was impossible to have recourse to coal. Notwithstanding her many discomforts, however, Mrs. Adams saw the large possibilities of the house, while of the District of Columbia she wrote with enthusiasm: "It is a beautiful spot, capable of every improvement, and the more I view it the more I am delighted with it."

From administration to administration Congress made small appropriations for furniture; but even down to the days of Andrew Jackson each President was compelled to supply from his own home some portion of the furnishings necessary to make the White House habitable. On the reconstruction of the building, after the fire of 1814, Congress allowed President Madison \$50,000 for refurnishing; and a portion of the sum was spent abroad. In 1841, however, Congress stipulated that "all articles purchased for the President's House shall be of American manufacture, so far as may be practicable and expedient," a bit of ambiguity not infrequent in acts of Congress. Another piece of unconscious humor is found in the appropriation of 1867, granting \$250 for "the removal of the old and useless lightning-rods on the President's House and the substitution of Hawley's Improved Patented Conductors"!

The fact is that although something more than a half-million of dollars was spent on the furnishings of the White House during the first three quarters of a century of its existence, there were not, last June, half a dozen pieces of furniture which were intrinsically worth keeping.



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-stone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE SOUTH PORTICO AND THE NEW WINGS AS SEEN FROM THE WHITE HOUSE GROUNDS

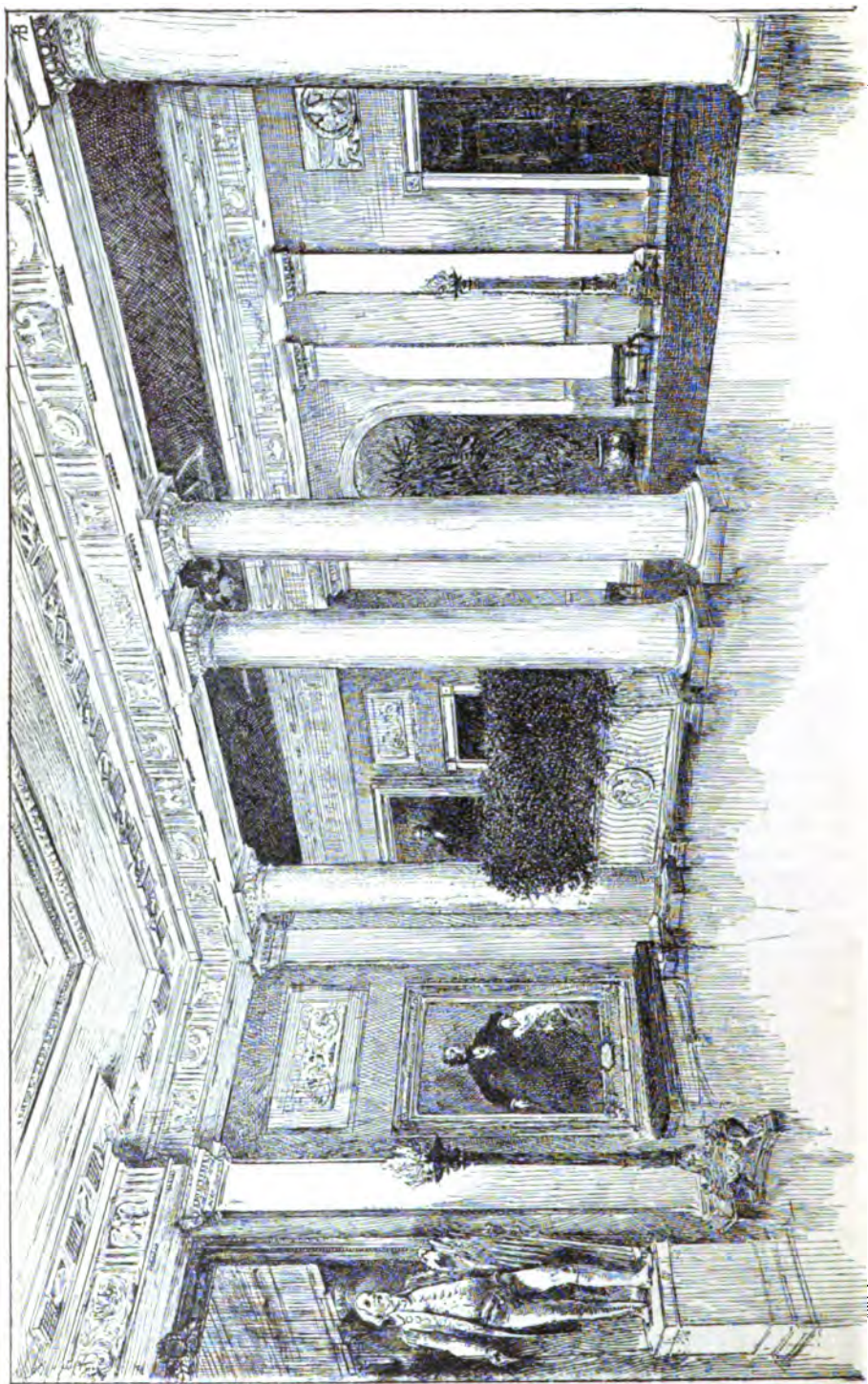
BEFORE attaining the Presidency, John Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and John Quincy Adams all were familiar with the social usages of the most brilliant courts of Europe; and the lack of formality and etiquette, according to Old World standards, which undoubtedly existed in the White House during their administrations clearly was due to intention rather than to ignorance. It is true that opportunities for social brilliancy did not abound in a capital just emerging from the woods; levees such as those held by Martha Washington in New York and Abigail Adams in Philadelphia were manifestly impossible in the midst of a society made up of a few government officials and the old families of Georgetown, a place which Mrs. Adams, after an afternoon's round of fifteen calls, compares with Milton, Massachusetts, much to the advantage of the latter. When social functions really began at the White House, they were, perforce, democratic in character, for reasons quite apart from any political ideas the President for the time being might have entertained.

Thomas Jefferson, indeed, announced with satisfaction that even the frail barriers of official etiquette his predecessors had erected between themselves and the public were broken down, and that the people were free to come and go at the White House. However, President Jefferson was a widower, and his two daughters were kept at home by domestic cares to such an extent that they exercised no influence whatever on the life of the house. During the eight years of Jefferson's administration the only hostess the White House knew was the wife of the Secretary of State, Mrs. Madison, whom the President frequently called upon to preside at dinners and receptions. For these entertainments Jefferson, with his usual attention to detail, prescribed a code of etiquette designed, as he believed, to teach republicanism by the very fact that it outraged all the rules and regulations to which the representatives of monarchy were accustomed. During his administration all European customs were represented in Washington by their antipodes. Mrs. Madison, however, exerted herself to mitigate the rigors thus brought upon the outraged guests; and on becoming in fact the mistress of the White House,

she adopted a system of entertainment in which the predominant quality came from her own large heart.

Mrs. Madison had no experience of European courts, and her husband had no ambition socially. Guests, because they kept him from his books, bored him. But probably he did not underestimate the political advantage he derived from his wife's entertainments, where, for the time being, political differences were laid aside, and elements the most diverse were fused by the bright smiles of a woman of tact. When it was objected that her dinners were better suited to a harvest-home party than to the official entertainment of the Secretary of State, she retorted good-naturedly that the profusion of her table resulted from the prosperity of her country, and that she must continue to prefer Virginia liberality to European elegance. Her snuff-box, freely offered, proved a balm for many a political wound; and there was the contagion of good nature in the nodding of her wonderful turban. When Congress gave her \$6000 for furnishing the White House, \$458 was spent on a piano and \$28 on a guitar; but the greater portion went for table-linen and mirrors, for furniture covered with yellow satin to be used in the drawing-room (probably the Blue Room), and for damask hangings festooned in "sunbursts" at the windows of that apartment. The British, exasperated rather than appeased by the abundant dinner which they found spread on the White House tables, and the excellent wines from the well-stocked cellar, tore down the yellow damask curtains, and piled the satin furniture about the piano to make a bonfire. Congress appropriated \$50,000 to repair the damages, and the floor timbers so recently replaced with steel beams were put in at this time.

Mrs. Madison finished her reign in the "Octagon," a house designed by Dr. Thornton, the architect of the Capitol, and built with an elegance which the White House never possessed. After a century of use and abuse the mantel of stucco, so beautifully fashioned as to bear worthily the signature of the London artist who created it, still adorns the drawing-room of this old mansion; and under the protecting care of its new owner, the American Institute of Architects, the house itself receives the considerate treatment due to its architectural



Drawn by Alfred Bretnan

THE MAIN ENTRANCE HALL (FORMERLY A SCREEN OF COLORED GLASS FILLED THE SPACE BETWEEN THE PILLARS)



and historic worth. Under its roof the treaty of Ghent was signed.

Mrs. Monroe was the first mistress of the White House who was familiar with foreign customs. The daughter of an English army officer, and a belle in New York society before her marriage, she made a name for herself in the official society of Paris during the years that Monroe was minister to France. As the wife of the Secretary of State during the Madison administration she became used to social precedents in so far as precedents existed in the official society of Washington; but on entering the White House, whether because of the perfunctory character of much of the enforced entertaining, or because the house itself was not sufficiently finished to allow elaborate dinners and receptions, Mrs. Monroe sought quiet and seclusion. Children romped in the great bare East Room; and although the crowds still claimed admittance at public receptions, her own entertainments were, in comparison with those of her predecessors, quite exclusive. The marriage in the White House of her youngest daughter, however, was an event of the first brilliancy in the social firmament of the capital.

Following Mrs. Monroe came Mrs. John Quincy Adams, who also had been schooled in the etiquette of European courts. The daughter of Joshua Johnson of Maryland, she was born and educated in London. The first years of her married life were spent at the Prussian court, and after breaking the social ice at St. Petersburg as the wife of the first American minister to Russia, she vastly

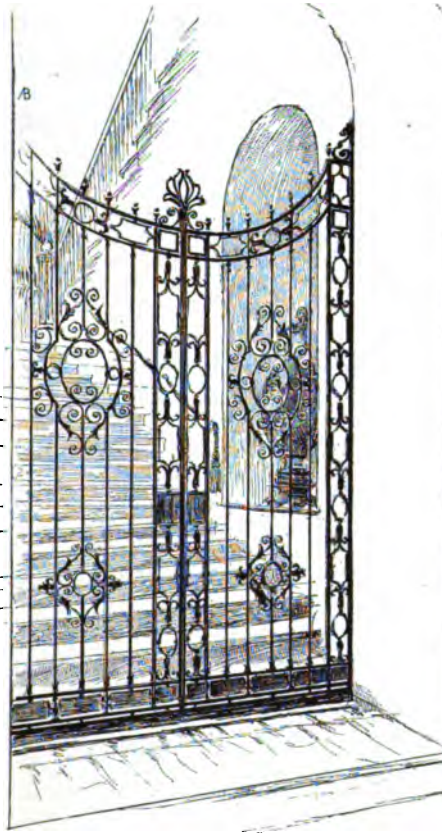
enjoyed by contrast a period at the much-coveted court of St. James. Then followed eight years as the wife of the Secretary of State, during which time she gave, in honor of General Andrew Jackson, a ball which surpassed any other that had ever been given at the capital. On that occasion in-

tensity of political feeling charged the social atmosphere with electricity, and if Jackson "smiled for the Presidency" by his entire absorption in his hostess, she, on her part, dazzled the immense throng not alone by the brilliancy of her "costume of steel," but also by the Juno-like manner in which she took to herself the honor of having for a guest the one man whom everybody was struggling to meet. The results of the election having given the Presidency to Adams and not to Jackson, for four years Mrs. Adams struggled hard against failing health, which sadly curtailed her social activities. During his stay in Washington, Lafayette was the first guest of distinction to enjoy the hospitality of the White House; and the wedding of John Adams was the sec-

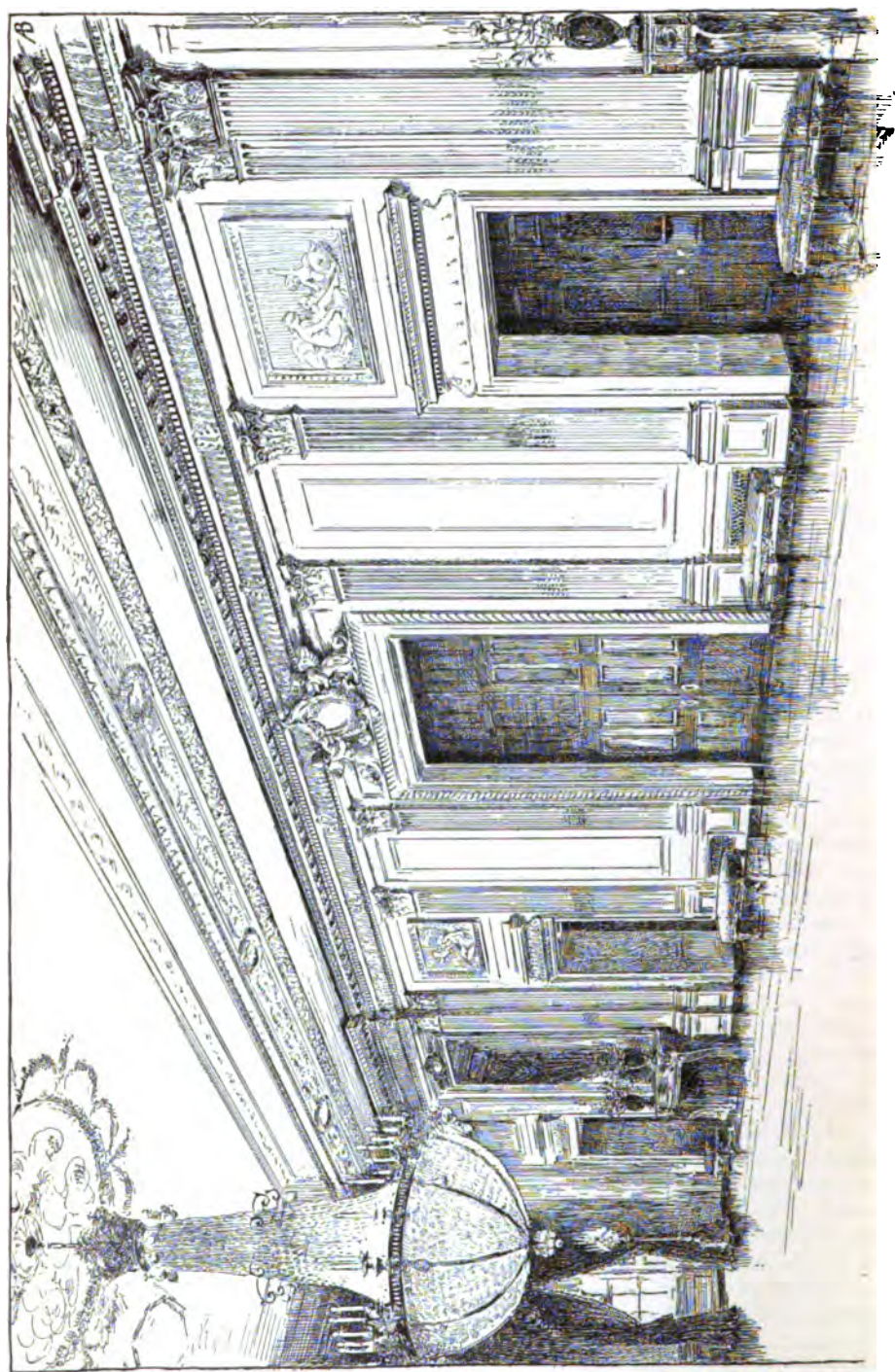
ond marriage of cousins which the Blue Room witnessed.

## VI

WITH the retirement of John Quincy Adams an era ended. Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe represented Southern hospitality: Monticello, Montpelier, and Oak Hill were houses that vied with the White House in size and social importance. After leaving the Presidency their owners retired to their estates, and there maintained establishments in patriarchal fashion; but either



Drawn by Alfred Brennan  
STAIRCASE GRILL



Drawn by Alfred Brennan  
**THE EAST ROOM**



before or immediately after their death, in each case, poverty caused the sale of all three places. Mrs. Adams's régime in the White House marked the height of the exclusive and aristocratic tendencies of the days when wealthy, pleasure-loving Southerners, making Washington their winter home, set the social pace. Her doors were open to men of every shade of political opinion; and whatever rancors congressional debate or executive-office interviews might beget, all were left outside her threshold. Those, too, were the stately days of knee-breeches and silk stockings for the men; while the women wore Paris gowns of richest material, and head-dresses fearfully and wonderfully made. Fierce as was political controversy, those about whom it raged were recognized as men of ripe experience in statesmanship, and when they met at state dinner or reception there was the common ground of birth and breeding on which every guest could stand. These conditions were radically changed by the election of Andrew Jackson.

Mrs. Jackson did not live quite long enough to assume the responsibilities of the White House; and the frequent pictures we have of the Jackson reign (as Von Holst stigmatizes his administration) show a latch-string out to all comers, the principle being, first come, first served. Often, in the pen-portraits of travelers, we see on the south portico a figure roughly clad, sometimes succumbing to the fervent heat by discarding both coat and waistcoat, and always with either a corn-cob or a long-stemmed pipe in mouth. Yet even the critical English visitor was forced to admit the strength of character, the shrewdness of wit, and the strong common sense of this most democratic of Presidents. Brilliant balls and stately levees were unknown, but mirth abounded, and children's voices echoed through the corridors; and on one occasion, when a faithful servant was taken ill with smallpox and the house-servants fled, President Jackson, making an isolating-ward in the White House, himself performed the duties of nurse until his humble patient was out of danger.

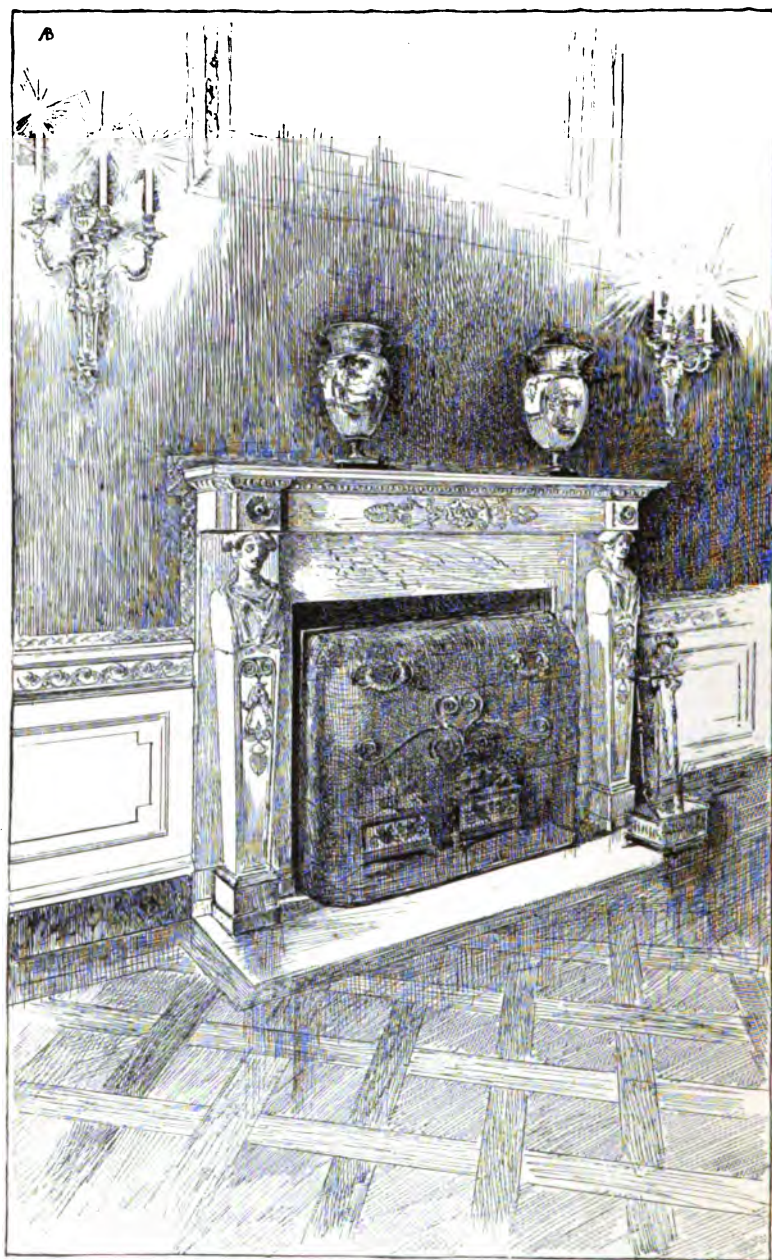
During Van Buren's administration, as during Jackson's, the honors of the President's house devolved on younger members of the family. Mrs. William Henry Harrison's stay was brief. The first Mrs. Tyler died there soon after her husband's

election, and her successor entered the house a youthful bride. Mrs. Polk created a reputation as an intellectual woman, and acted as her husband's secretary. Mrs. Taylor delegated to her youngest daughter the tasks of entertaining, for which she had no inclination. Mrs. Fillmore established the White House library, and Mrs. Pierce regarded official entertaining as a duty rather than a pleasure.

## VII

As the first era ended in the social glory achieved under the rule of Mrs. John Quincy Adams, so a second era was brought to a brilliant termination by the beautiful and brilliant Harriet Lane, niece and adopted daughter of James Buchanan, who had received her social training at the court of St. James, where, at the command of Queen Victoria, she was accorded the rank of the wife of a minister. In her case, as in that of Mrs. Adams, the political unpopularity of the President was left behind at the door of the White House. Within that charmed abode all was gaiety, animation, and even friendliness, the popularity of the mistress being as unbounded as the unpopularity of the master.

Abraham Lincoln entered the White House amid national confusion. Added to the places to be changed in the civil service were thousands upon thousands of commissions in the new army and navy, and also the offices called into being by the war. Some indication of the altered conditions may be had from the fact that while former Presidents had been allowed only one private secretary, Mr. Lincoln could do with no fewer than three! The present large force of executive clerks is one of the penalties of the universal stenographer and type-writer. In some manner now incomprehensible, the President and his three secretaries were able to keep at bay the crowds that packed the offices and halls of the Executive Mansion, as the White House was coming to be called. Often office-seekers filled solidly the public staircase, the corridors on the first floor, the East Room, and the private parlors, while groups in the grounds watched for an opportunity to push in. In Mr. Lincoln's time the Cabinet Room, in which he wrote most of his state papers, was the one over the Green Room; and the room known



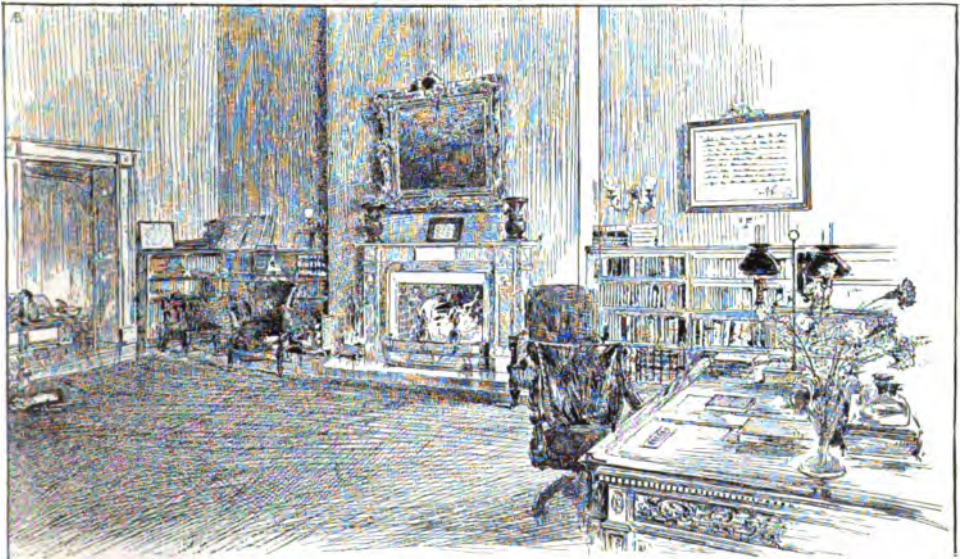
Drawn by Alfred Brennan

THE FIREPLACE IN THE RED ROOM

to the present generation as the Cabinet Room was then an antechamber. During the war, as the crowds increased and it became more and more difficult for the President to go from his working-room to his private apartments, he had the southern portion of this anteroom partitioned off as a passage between his office and the living-rooms.

During the war there were at the White House public levees which one might attend without the formality of an invita-

nished substantially as it continued until the recent repairs began. In Benjamin Harrison's day the inadequacy of the house as a combined residence and office became so apparent that Mrs. Harrison outlined plans for extensive additions to the building. These plans were completed and reported to Congress during the first administration of President McKinley; but because they involved virtually the extinction of the historic White House, they found small favor generally.



Drawn by Alfred Brennan

THE PRESIDENT'S STUDY (FORMERLY THE CABINET ROOM)

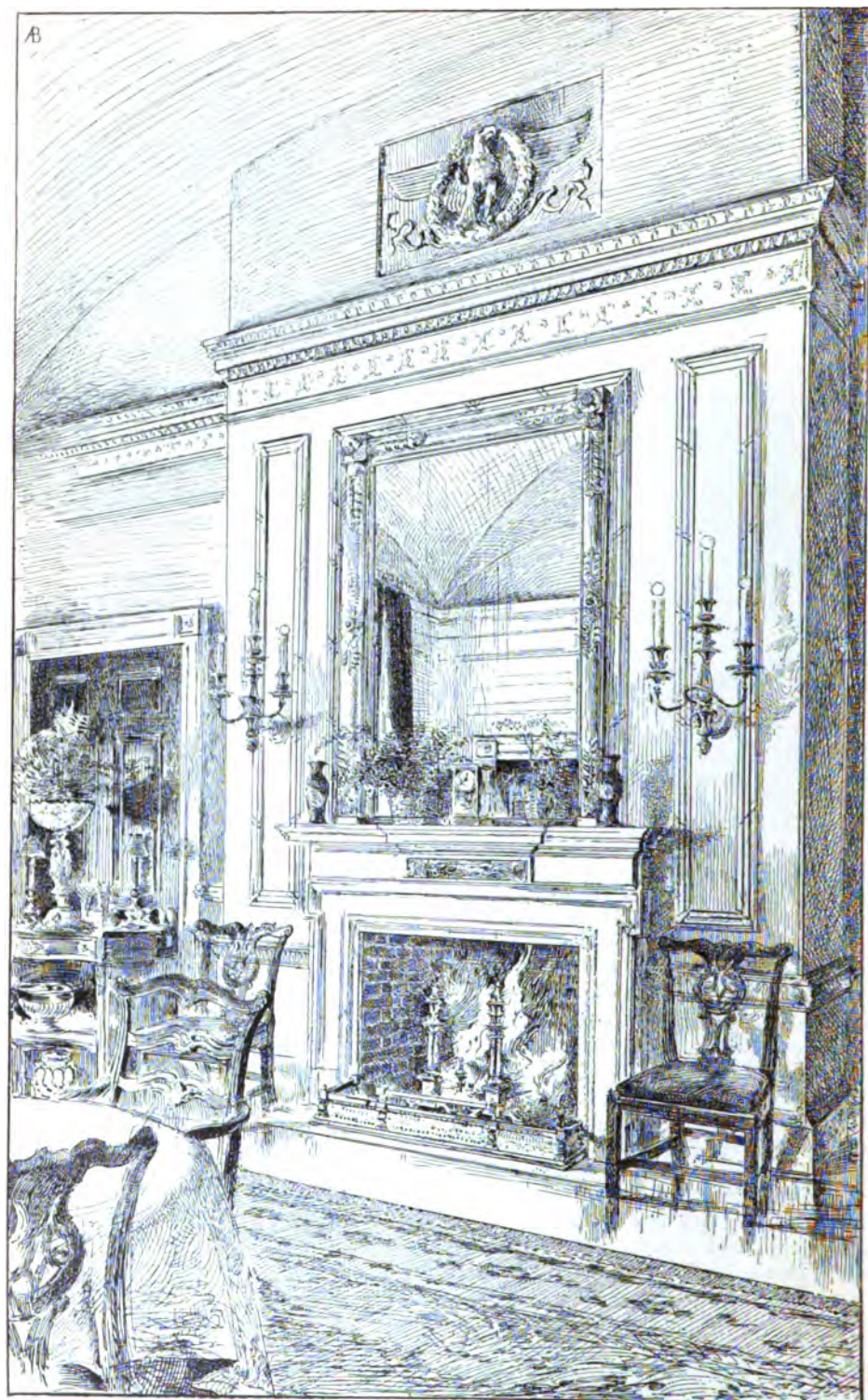
tion, the most notable of these receptions being that held on the evening of March 8, 1864, at which General Grant appeared unheralded, and was made to stand on a sofa so that all could see him. There were also state dinners; and one of these Mrs. Lincoln arranged for the newly commissioned lieutenant-general, who declined to remain in town for the occasion, saying that he had had enough of "show business." President Lincoln laughingly accepted a declination unique in his experience; but whether the mistress of the house was equally complaisant is not recorded.

The later days of the White House are too well known to require more than a passing mention. Under President Arthur the East Room was redecorated and refur-

#### VIII

VARIOUS methods have been proposed for accomplishing the separation of the President's home from the executive offices, and the arrangement now being carried out may or may not, in this respect, prove only temporary in character. In 1867, Senator B. Gratz Brown, then chairman of the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds, obtained, through the Secretary of War, an exhaustive report from Major Michler on the subject of a suitable location for a Presidential mansion. The report favored the site immediately south of the Soldiers' Home, land recently purchased by the government for a filtration plant. To the Senate Park Commission President Mc-





Drawn by Alfred Brennan

THE PRIVATE DINING-ROOM

Kinley said that he thought the President should be required by law to walk each morning a mile and a half to his office! This expression, however, indicated the pressure of public business on a President rather than a deliberate conviction as to the advisability of a new and separate residence. President Roosevelt very promptly put the question out of discussion when he announced that he felt that under no circumstances should the President live else-

the repair of the White House, and when the President sought the advice of Mr. McKim as to the expenditure of the appropriation for the current year, the architect frankly said that it was not worth while to patch a building that needed thorough reconstruction. When asked for his ideas as to such reconstruction, Mr. McKim advised that a temporary one-story building be located west of the White House, nearly on the site once occupied by



Drawn by Alfred Breunan

#### THE MAIN STAIRCASE

where than in the historic White House; and this sentiment struck a popular chord.

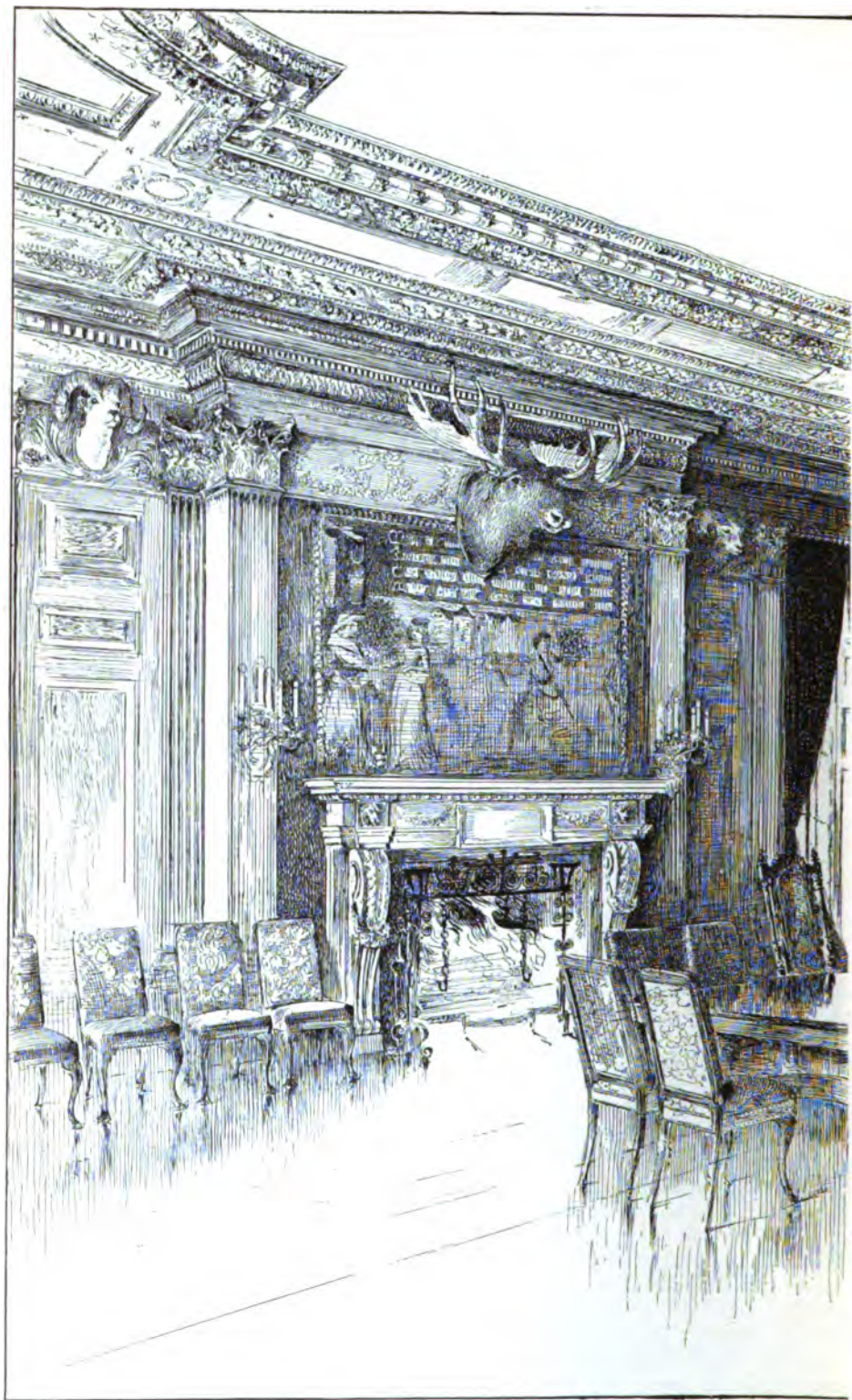
After examining the plans for the Washington improvements, however, President Roosevelt sent for Mr. Burnham, the chairman of the Park Commission, and talked over with him the perplexing problem. The commission is agreed that the idea of the President sharing an office building with one of the departments does not comport with the dignity of his office; that the White House, while adequate as a residence, is too insignificant as a mass to stand as one of a series of office buildings in a line with such great structures as the Treasury and the State, War, and Navy Building. Therefore they advised the removal of the President's offices to a new building to be constructed in the center of Lafayette Square, and to bear the same relation to the proposed executive group of buildings that the Capitol will bear to the legislative group when only public buildings shall face the Capitol grounds.

Congress annually provides a fund for

Thomas Jefferson's offices, and be distinctly subordinate to the main building; and that the White House be restored to its original uses as a residence. This solution commended itself to the President, but lateness in the session of Congress seemed to make the project impossible of immediate execution.

The discussion was still in the academic stage when, one day last May, Mr. McKim outlined his ideas to the late Senator McMillan, who straightway asked the cost of the proposed changes. Pressed for an immediate answer, Mr. McKim made a rough estimate. The Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill was then pending in the Senate Committee on Appropriations, and within an hour from the time the figures were given that committee agreed to insert an item for the restoration of the White House and for the construction of temporary executive offices. To Senators Allison and Hale the President afterward submitted the architect's scheme; and when the item was reached

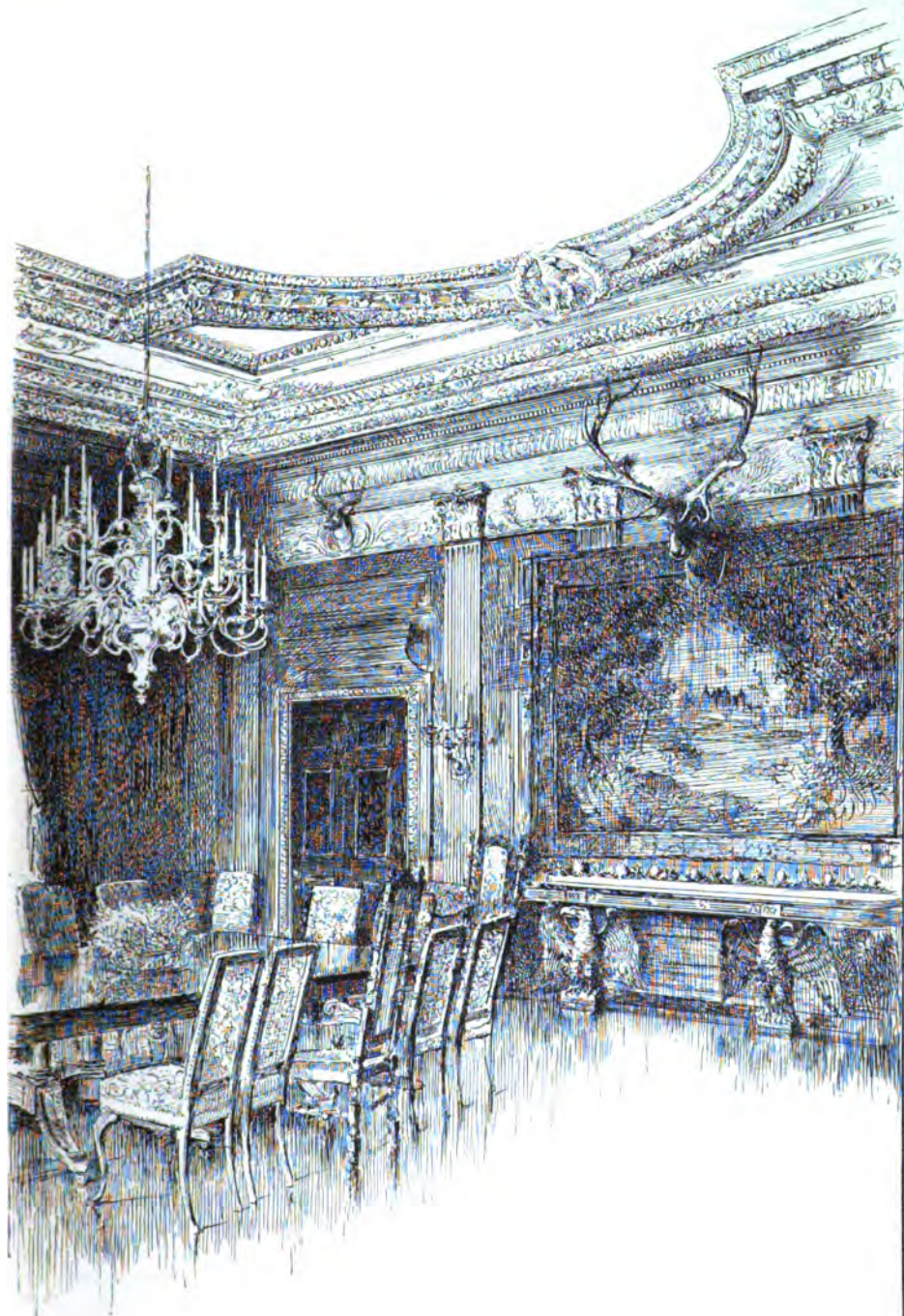




THE STATE DINING-ROOM—I

Drawn by





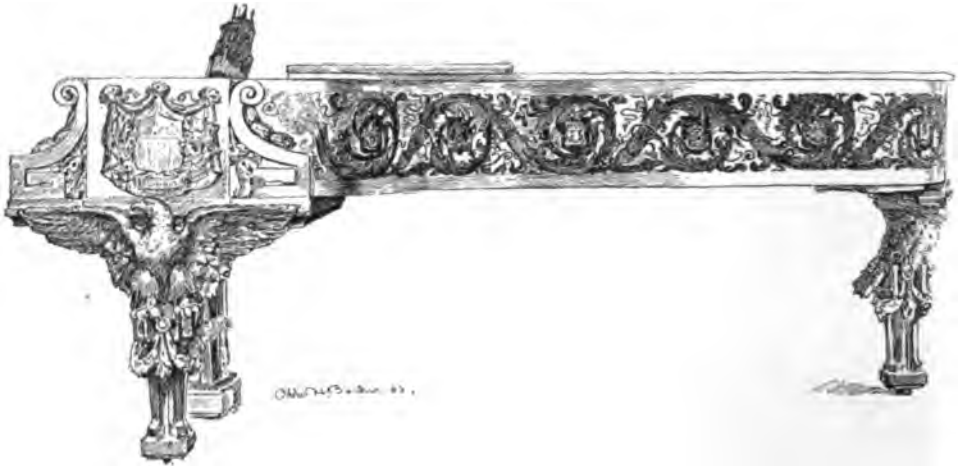


during the passage of the bill in the Senate, the plan was received with favor, and the appropriation was agreed to without objection.

Mr. Cannon, the chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations, remained to be dealt with. After listening to the recital of the proposed improvements, Mr. Cannon replied in his most emphatic manner: "I do not care—the American people

after, because in less than six months the White House was to be made over from cellar to garret, and every piece of wood-work, every item of furniture, each ceiling and panel and molding, must be both architecturally correct and also befitting a house of the latter part of the eighteenth century.

Such was the task which the architects, Messrs. McKim, Mead & White, took upon themselves, after having reached an under-



Drawn by Otto H. Bacher

THE NEW CONCERT GRAND PIANO, PRESENTED BY THE MAKERS TO THE GOVERNMENT  
FOR THE WHITE HOUSE, DESIGNED BY HUNT & HUNT, ARCHITECTS,  
AND PAINTED BY THOMAS W. DEWING

The piano, which is gilded, is mounted upon three eagles, half regardant, with outstretched wings, and standing upon square pedestals draped with laurel wreaths. The case is without moldings, but is adorned with a painted scroll of acanthus in varying tones of red, which serves to bind together the arms of the original States, which, beginning at the right, appear, displayed upon shields of dull maroon, in the order in which they adopted the Federal Constitution.

do not care—how much money it may cost to put the White House in proper condition; but before I will consent to this proposition I must be certain that the entire work, even to the furnishings, can be done, and will be done, within the sum provided." To Mr. Cannon's requirement the President added the provision that the work should be completed in time for the next social season, and that the executive offices and the living portion of the White House should be ready in November, 1902. That meant a campaign. Stones for floors and stairways must be selected piece by piece at the distant quarry; steel must be found to replace the over-tired wooden floor-beams; velvets and silks must be woven; hardware must be fashioned; and a thousand and one details must be looked

standing with the building firm of Norcross Brothers. Possibly the fact that between 1861 and 1865 the senior Norcross had spent seven months of his life guarding one end of Long Bridge made it appear to him a bit of patriotism to undertake the seemingly impossible in executing in so short a time a work of such magnitude. Indeed, almost every contractor who has had to do with the restoration has put aside other orders and has made personal sacrifices because of the sentiment connected with doing work for the White House.

The total amount which Congress placed in President Roosevelt's hands for both the executive offices and the White House was \$530,641, and he might expend the money either by contract or otherwise in his discretion. This amount was based on esti-

mates furnished by the architects, with the understanding that any portion saved on one item might be used on others, a very happy proviso, as it turned out, because the electric wiring had to be entirely renewed, new heating apparatus provided, and even a new roof put on the house—all unforeseen requirements.

## IX

THE very fact that the people are jealous for the integrity of the White House made the problems connected with its restoration the more perplexing. Ever since Lincoln's day the offices of the President have so encroached upon the space intended for his family that the Chief Magistrate of the nation has virtually been "living over his shop"; and, as a result of the crowds on business or pleasure bent, halls, stairways, and corridors have exhibited all the shabbiness which comes of turning a residence into an office.

Moreover, the thousands who attend the public receptions made it necessary to press into service as dressing-rooms the main hall, the offices, and even the state dining-room, thus diminishing the too scanty space available for receiving guests, and creating marked discomfort. Frequently ladies in evening dress have been kept for an hour or more in the crowd surging about the main door, subjected to the piercing winds of winter; while the utter lack of dignity at these official receptions may be measured by the fact that the guests made their exit by climbing through a window. Again, the state dining-room would accommodate not more than fifty persons at table, and for the larger dinners resort has been had to the corridor, and even to the East Room, the drawing-room of the house.

At the outset the architects discovered that simply by carrying out completely the early plans as to the exterior, and by making certain rearrangements in the interior, the three White House problems could be solved, at least for the immediate future, without destroying one single feature of the historic building. Had the White House ever been suitably finished and furnished, there would have been no question of restoration. But instead of construction there was decoration, and the furnishings yielded to the passing fancy of the day in-

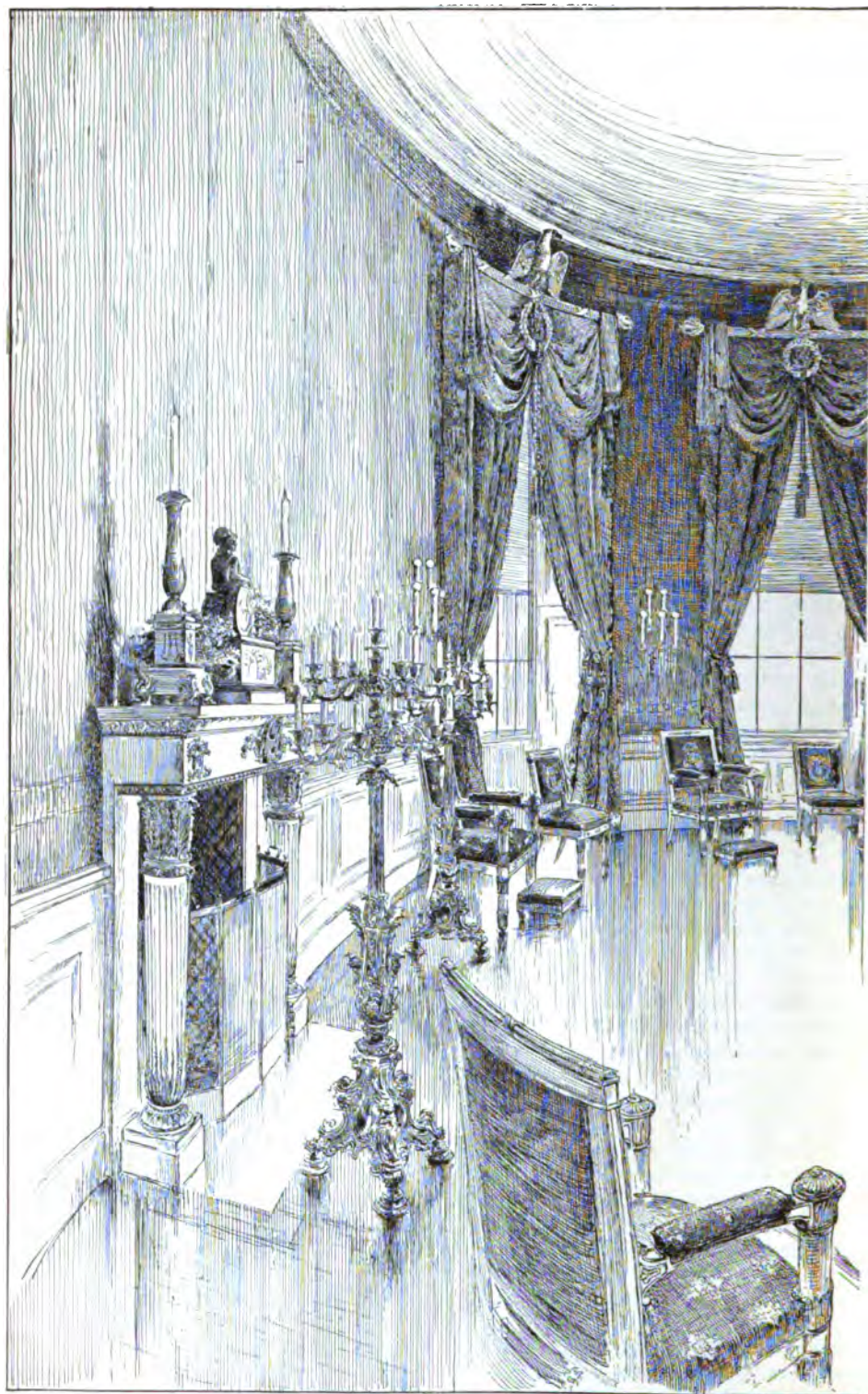
stead of having organic relationship with the building. The beautiful columns of the front portico were degraded by attaching to them great iron lanterns; a clumsy iron fence ornamented with gilded balls served as a resting-place for the bicycles of messenger-boys who came and went through the main doorway; a driveway of asphalt twice the width of the entrance-gates eats up space that should be devoted to green grass. Curiously shaped beds of flowers and mounds of potted palms fritter away areas that once were, and again may be, dignified by a simple treatment.

On the west the beautiful terrace of Latrobe had been perverted by constructing upon it a series of greenhouses that smashed into the fine features of the main building with all the results of an end-on railway collision; on the east the garden sloped toward the house instead of away from it; and a great fountain and terrace were placed on the axis of the Treasury Department, ignoring the White House itself in most cavalier fashion. On the south the Latrobe colonnade, with its fine stone columns, like some old cloister, had been closed by building against it a heterogeneous collection of cheap glass houses—one for a President fond of grapes, another for a Chief Magistrate who fancied big cucumbers! The rooms in this terrace, designed for house offices, had become the accessories of the greenhouses, as if the President of the United States were a commercial florist.

## x

By the restoration of the east and west terraces the White House now rises from a stylobate 460 feet in length, thus greatly enhancing the dignity of the structure. The roofs of these terraces (which are level with the ground on the north) are surrounded with stone balustrades bearing electric lamps. Brilliantly lighted at evening, and adorned with well-trimmed orange and bay-trees, they form promenades and places for out-of-door enjoyment during the long months when the Washington climate permits such diversion.

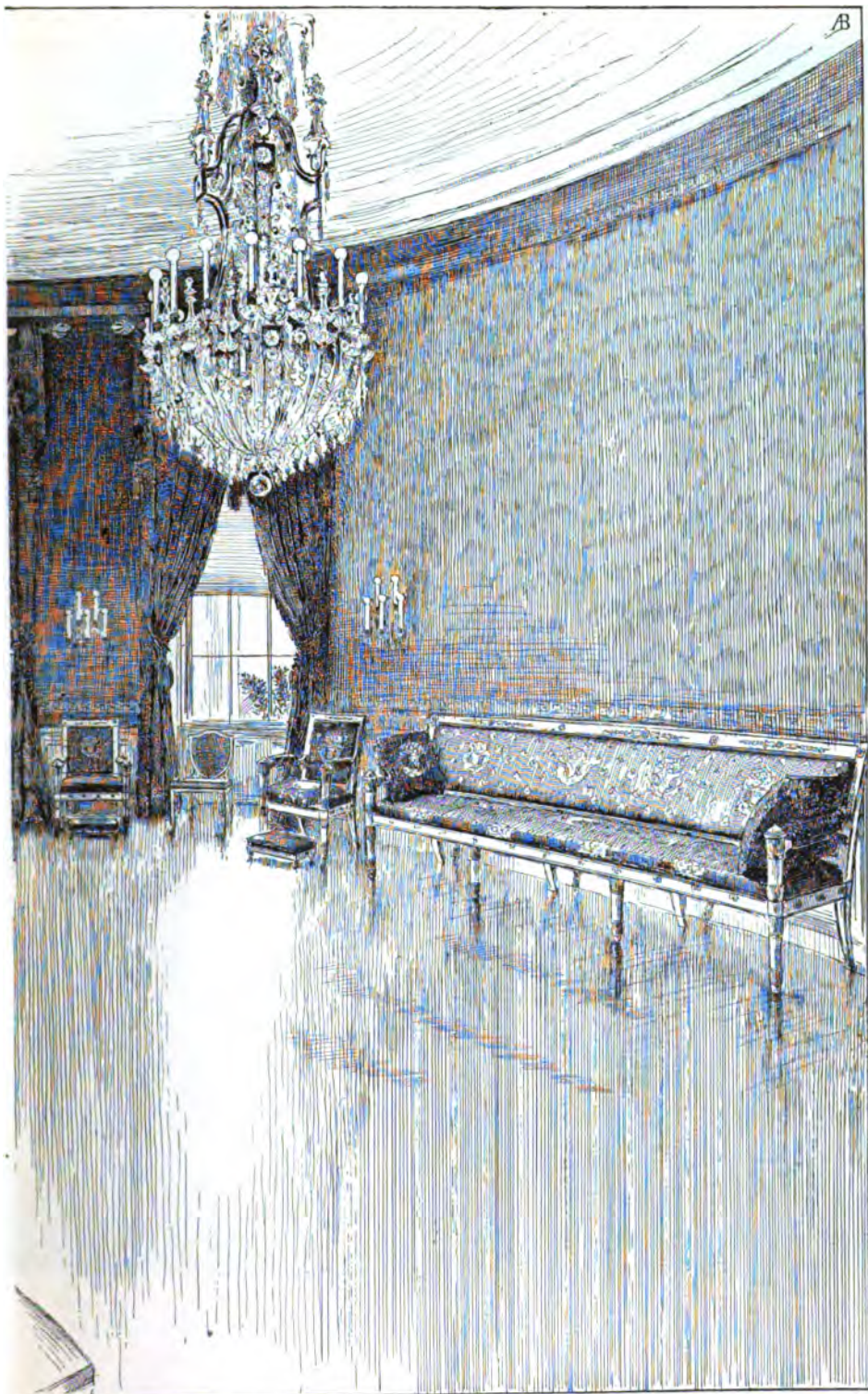
Now, on the occasions of large receptions, the guests drive into the grounds by a new entrance, opposite the west front of the Treasury. Alighting at a spacious porte-cochère, they enter a corridor formed by the east terrace, where are boxes



THE BLUE ROOM—I

Drawn by





Alfred Brennan

THE BLUE ROOM—II



From the painting by Cecilia Beaux. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

PORTRAIT OF MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT (WITH HER DAUGHTER ETHEL)

to accommodate the wraps of twenty-five hundred guests, the limit of the capacity of the house. Entering the main building on the garden level, one finds on each side of the broad corridor ample dressing-rooms, which take the place formerly given over to laundry and store-rooms. From the corridor the guests proceed, by a broad flight of stone stairs, to the main floor of the house, which is entirely at the service of the guests. The hall, no longer an improvised dressing-room, becomes an integral portion of the house, and, instead of being finished as a thoroughfare, is treated with the large and simple dignity befitting the room which hereafter will command the access to the various state apartments. On entering the White House, the first impression one gets is that its size has been greatly increased: there is a satisfying air of spaciousness combined with dignity. One is struck with the simplicity of treatment; and yet, on examination, it is discovered that ornament well subordinated is a characteristic of the work.

The well-known screen of colored glass which represented the high-water mark of the decorator's art when Chester A. Arthur was President has disappeared; original and ingenious designs, as ephemeral as fashion-plates, have been replaced with forms and materials that, belonging to all times, have been used by all great builders to express ideas of permanence and dignity. These universal elements are localized, so to speak, by the buff and white coloring, reminiscent of Continental days, and especially by the replicas of Houdin's statue of Washington and Saint-Gaudens's Lincoln, which are to constitute the chief ornaments of the hall.

The reconstructed state dining-room has paneled walls of oak, silver electric-light fixtures, a great stone mantel inclosing an ample fireplace, and at the windows hangings of richest green velvet. Flemish tapestries of the sixteenth century, illustrating passages from the "Eclogues" of Vergil, harmonize with the oak; and the richly carved cornice is further ornamented with heads of moose, deer, and other animals from American hunting-grounds. This room, enlarged by the addition of that portion of the corridor occupied by the private stairway, will accommodate about one hundred persons at table; and, on the other hand, a comparatively small party of

guests find the atmosphere of the room most hospitable.

The private dining-room, with its domed ceiling, is treated in white, with curtains of red velvet. The white mantel suggests those Italian mantels that were imported for both Capitol and White House early in the nineteenth century; the chairs, the table, and the mirror-frames all reproduce patterns representing the best workmanship of colonial days; and even the eagle, appearing in various places to mark the official character of the residence, is the reproduction of a design which has been exclusive property in a certain mansion that has persisted almost unchanged from colonial times even to our day.

The Red Room, adjoining the state dining-room on the east, has been set apart for use as a smoking-room, except that on formal occasions it falls into its place in the series of state apartments. The walls are covered with deep-red velvet, and many of the old portraits familiar to visitors find a place on them. The beautifully wrought mantels of white marble, always too small for the state dining-room, find harmonious settings, one in the Red and the other in the Green Room, where their real value is made apparent. A shimmering velvet showing a silver sheen where the light strikes across it finishes the walls of the Green Room; and when the portraits shall have their tarnished and over-elaborate frames exchanged for others of a fitting character, the grace and refinement of the room will be even more apparent.

The Blue Room is the gem of the restored White House, as it is also one of the most finely proportioned rooms in this country. Elsewhere throughout the building the official character of the structure is suggested; but in the Blue Room, the place where on occasions of state the President of the United States receives his guests, the character of the place is made clearly apparent. The pale-blue damask has disappeared from the walls, much to the consternation of the ladies, for the color was believed to be universally becoming; and in its place is heavily ribbed silk of steel-blue, embroidered in yellow silk at ceiling and wainscot lines with a narrow Grecian fret in which the star recurs. This key pattern is repeated delicately in the elliptical ceiling, while stars ornament the hang-

ings at the three long south windows, over each of which a golden eagle is perched. The mantel of purest marble is supported by sheaves of arrows feathered and tipped in gilt bronze, which material is used also in its other decorations. The location of the receiving-line has been changed to meet the new conditions. Instead of standing near the north end of the room, with the specially invited guests at their backs, as formerly was the custom, the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, supported by the members of the cabinet and their wives, now stand in front of the long and heavily draped windows; and those favored persons invited "behind the line" now occupy all the remainder of the room except the narrow passageway, marked off by a heavy silken rope, left for the procession of guests coming from the Red Room and, after greeting the hosts, proceeding through the Green Room to the great East Room. These changes add much to the dignity of an official reception.

The East Room, dear to the heart of the American woman, the object of keenest delight to the average female tourist, the scene of so many social triumphs and brilliant spectacles, has undergone transformation. It is true that already the guides have found out how many thousand pieces of crystal go to make up each of the three great chandeliers, and many of the old stories have been revamped to suit altered conditions; but for the most part they are at a loss for words to stop the torrent of exclamations on the part of visitors. The East Room, denuded of its life-size portraits, which formerly compelled attention, with its walls of white and its hangings of yellow; its simple enrichment in the shape of twelve panels in low relief, each illustrating some one of *Æsop's* fables; its elaborate but most delicately wrought ceiling; its four great mantels of richest-colored marbles; its gilt used with sparing hand and then only on metal; the great sweep of beautiful floor, rivaling the floors of Versailles and Fontainebleau—all these things excite the admiration of those whose taste has been formed by study of great models, and the criticism of many whose criteria are largely intuitive.

Now that the offices have been removed from the White House, the public stairway changes its character and direction. Beginning near the main entrance to the East

Room, stone stairs lead to the floor where the family life goes on. The President retains for his working-place the old Cabinet Room, hallowed by so many memories of momentous events that have taken place within its walls. Here he receives the special caller to whom he must give time after the close of the regular work of the day. But the click of the telegraph-sounder, the thump of a score or more of typewriters, the incessant pound of the feet on the stairs, the voice of the insistent reporter springing from ambush on a reluctant cabinet officer, and the important tones of the voluble visitor who interviews himself to some reluctant newspaper man—these sounds have now been banished from the White House. The rooms that once were offices become suites of bedrooms, and the White House is now provided for entertaining, if not on a large scale, at least with due respect to hospitality.

In the outline these changes seem simple; but the details have been a multitude for number, while not a few of them have been of a most perplexing character; for it is by no means a slight matter to adapt a house built in the eighteenth century to the imperative demands of twentieth-century family life.

The new executive building contains a central reception-room, about which are arranged a spacious cabinet room, a suite of rooms for the President, offices for his secretary and for one of the assistant secretaries, a telegraph-and-telephone room, a large room for the clerks, one for the press, and adequate file-rooms. Planned under the supervision of Mr. Cortelyou, the President's secretary, the new office building contains every convenience for the despatch of the great and constantly increasing work of the executive. Intentionally subordinated to the White House, both in location and in architecture,—or lack of it,—the President's offices in time will be made still less conspicuous by the growth of vines; and when once the public becomes used to the building, it will be only less noticeable than the ivy-covered wall it replaces.

## XI

IN all the work on the White House the aim of the architects has been seemingly a modest one; namely, to carry to completion Hoban's and Latrobe's plans for



the exterior of the President's house, and to construct and to furnish the interior of the building in architectural harmony with the exterior.

Between the central columns of the entrance hall, one stone of the floor bears an ellipse of forty-five gilt stars inscribing the dates 1792-1902, which mark the years of construction and reconstruction. It will not be questioned seriously that the character of the work of reconstruction is such as to entitle the architects of to-day to stand with the original designers of the

White House. As President Roosevelt says in his recent message: "Through a wise provision of the Congress at its last session, the White House, which had become disfigured by incongruous additions and changes, has now been restored to what it was planned to be by Washington. . . . The stately simplicity of its architecture is an expression of the character of the period in which it was built. It is a good thing to preserve such buildings as historic monuments which keep alive our sense of continuity with the nation's past."



## THE EVOLUTION OF AMERICAN CENSUS-TAKING

BY THE HON. W. R. MERRIAM

Director of the Census



FIFTY years of intense activity along every line of human endeavor have developed the keenest competition for commercial supremacy among the trading nations of the earth. The trend of modern thought is toward commercial success, the upbuilding of vast enterprises, and the aggregation of capital. In all history this is the period when the people of the civilized world are living best, are educated best, and enjoy most of the comforts of life. One natural result of such conditions has been a demand for definite facts and figures; these have now become a necessity.

The merchant, the banker, the shipper, and the manufacturer, in order to carry on their business affairs successfully, must have daily information regarding the condition of growing crops, the shipments of wheat and cotton, the output of iron, the increase in the world's supply of gold and silver, and many other items of a similar character. The activity in statistical research thus created

is one of the characteristics of the present period of the world's history, being, in a sense, its fruitage. Indeed, as Sir Robert Giffin recently declared, the century just closed could be called the "statistical century *par excellence*."

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the United States was the only nation which had made provision for a periodic census of its population. The collection of statistics relating to agriculture, manufactures, and mortality had not been attempted. Before the close of the century all civilized countries were making more or less extended investigation into population and into the most important facts of national life and progress.

It is the purpose of this article to trace briefly the conspicuous part which has been played by the United States in the evolution of census-taking.

The Constitution requires an enumeration once in ten years as a basis for the apportionment of representatives in Congress. The modern American census, which collects statistics relating to every important feature of national development, is

the outgrowth of that requirement. Beginning with six simple questions relating to population, the amount and scope of the information secured was steadily increased until it became too extensive to be tabulated by hand within a reasonable period. By 1890 this difficulty had grown so serious as to require the abridgment of inquiry, or relief through some form of mechanical tabulation. The application to the work of the eleventh census of the newly invented system of electrical tabulation (to be hereinafter described) completely solved this problem. The close of another decade, however, brought into prominence a new difficulty. The census had become the "account of stock" of the American people; increase in population and in the manifold activities reported by the census so augmented the task of organizing a temporary office and equipping an army of employees—almost 60,000 in 1900, and sure to increase at each future census—that it was evident that in 1910 further curtailment of inquiry might be necessary. This problem, like the earlier one, has been successfully solved. In 1902, one hundred and twelve years after the first census act became a law, the Census Office was made a permanent bureau of the government. This is probably the last radical change in the evolution of American census-taking.

Having thus outlined briefly the origin of census inquiry in the United States, and the two most important steps in its progress, it will be of interest to sketch some of the changes more in detail.

The first census act was passed at the second session of the First Congress. In accordance with the practice of that period, the task of securing the first enumeration of inhabitants was placed upon the President, whose duties included active supervision of all the routine affairs of government. In the days of the early Presidents even the issuing of a patent, afterward a mere incident in bureau routine, was a matter for Presidential consideration, requiring a parchment from the State Department, signed by the President, the Secretary of State, and the Attorney-General. Indeed, all duties which did not clearly devolve upon some department or official of the youthful republic fell to the President himself.

The census law was signed by President Washington March 1, 1790. By it the

marshals of the several judicial districts were required, with the aid of assistants to be appointed by themselves, to ascertain the number of inhabitants within their respective districts, omitting Indians not taxed, and distinguishing free persons (including those bound to service for a term of years), the sex and color of free persons, and the number of free males sixteen years of age and over.

The object of the inquiry last mentioned was, undoubtedly, to obtain definite knowledge as to the military and industrial strength of the country. This fact possesses special interest because the Constitution directs merely an enumeration of inhabitants, and it appears, therefore, that the demand for information more extensive than that previously required, which has been so marked a characteristic of census legislation, began with the first Congress that dealt with the subject.

The method followed by the President in putting into operation the first census law, although the object of extended investigation, is not definitely known. It is generally supposed, and occasionally stated as though beyond challenge, that the President or the Secretary of State despatched copies of the law, and perhaps of instructions also, to the marshals. There is, however, some ground for disputing this conclusion. The correspondence files of the State Department suggest an interesting inference—one which, I believe, has never before been noted. The only correspondence with the marshals recorded for 1790 is that transmitting their commissions; but there was despatched, in March of that year, a circular letter to the governor of each State, inclosing two copies of the census act. At that period it was customary to transmit to the governors of the States copies of all important federal laws, and therefore the letter concerning the census cannot be taken as conclusive evidence that the Secretary of State, acting for the President, notified the governors to issue instructions to the marshals. But in one case, at least, the procedure is clearly indicated. The letter to the governor of the Southwest Territory was as follows:

*To Governor Blount*

PHILADELPHIA March 12, 1791

SIR

I am honored with your favor of February 17, as I had been before with that of Novem-

ber 26, both of which have been laid before the President.

Within a few days the printing of the laws of the 3d. session of Congress will be completed, and they shall be forwarded to you the moment they are so.

As the census of all the rest of the Union will be taken in the course of this summer, and will not be taken again under ten years, it is thought extremely desirable that that of your Government should be taken also, and arranged under the same classes as prescribed by the act of Congress for the general census. Yet that act has not required it in your Territory, nor provided for any expense which might attend it. As, however, you have Sheriffs who will be traversing their Districts for other purposes, it is referred to you to consider whether the taking the census on the general plan, could not be added to their other duties, and as it would give scarcely any additional trouble, whether it would require any additional reward, or more than some incidental accommodation or advantage, which, perhaps, it might be in your power to throw in their way. The returns by the Sheriffs should be regularly authenticated, first by themselves, and then by you, and the whole sent here as early in the course of the summer as practicable. I have the honor to be with great esteem & respect, Sir &c

*Th: Jefferson*

The report for this Territory appears in the records of the first census. Therefore at least one of the reports in that volume was furnished by a governor. This, together with the fact that there is no record of correspondence on the subject of the census with the marshals, but that there is a record of such correspondence with the governors, makes very strong the inference that the marshals received through the governors of the States their instructions relating to the first census of the republic. This inference is strengthened by the fact that in 1790 the State of Massachusetts furnished printed blanks, which it would have been unlikely to do had the State officials been in no way connected with the enumeration, and also by the fact that the law relating to the second census specifically charged the Secretary of State to superintend the enumeration and to communicate directly with the marshals.

It will be interesting to consider briefly the difficulties which confronted President Washington, the first superintendent of census. In March, 1790, the Union consisted of twelve States—Rhode Island, the

last of the original thirteen to enter the Union, being admitted May 29, and Vermont, the first addition, in the following year, before the results of the first census were announced. Maine was a part of Massachusetts, Kentucky was a part of Virginia, and the present States of Alabama and Mississippi were parts of Georgia. The present States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin, with part of Minnesota, were known as the "Northwest Territory," and the present State of Tennessee, then a part of North Carolina, was soon to be organized as the "Southwest Territory."

The gross area of the United States was 827,844 square miles, but the settled area was only 239,935 square miles, constituting about twenty-nine per cent. of the total. Western New York was a wilderness, Elmira and Binghamton being but detached hamlets. With the exception of a portion of Kentucky, the territory west of the Allegheny Mountains was unsettled and scarcely penetrated. Detroit and Vincennes were so small and isolated as to merit no consideration, and they were not included in the report of the first census. Philadelphia was the capital of the United States. Washington was a mere government project, not even named, but known as the "Federal City." Indeed, by the spring of 1793 only one wall of the White House had been constructed, and the site for the Capitol had been merely surveyed.

The United States was bounded on the west by the Mississippi River, beyond which stretched that vast and unexplored wilderness belonging to the Spanish king which was afterward ceded to the United States as the Louisiana Purchase and now comprises Louisiana, Arkansas, Indian Territory, Oklahoma, Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, South Dakota, North Dakota, and Montana, and most of Colorado, Wyoming, and Minnesota. On the south was another Spanish colony known as the Floridas. Texas, then part of the colony of Mexico, also belonged to Spain, as did, indeed, those far-away Southwestern regions now divided into California, Utah, Arizona, and New Mexico, which, while penetrated here and there by venturesome explorers and missionaries, were, for the most part, an undiscovered wilderness.

Though the area covered by the enumeration in 1790 seems very small when

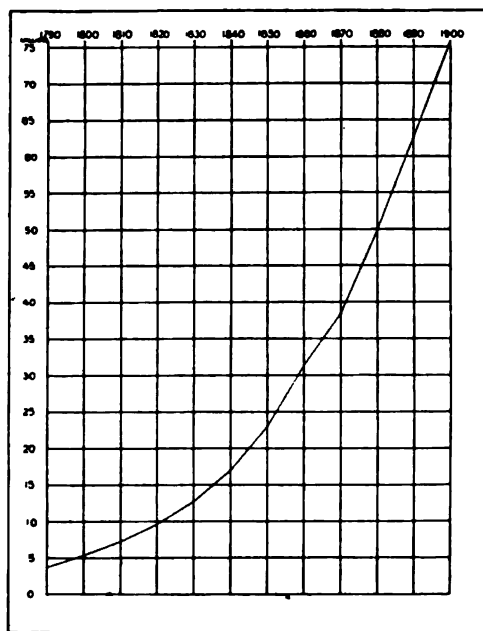


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE TOTAL POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES AT THE SEVERAL CENSUS PERIODS FROM 1790 TO 1900

compared with the present area of the United States, the difficulties presented were vastly greater than in 1900. In many localities there were no roads, and where these did exist they were poor and frequently impassable; bridges were almost unknown. Transportation was entirely by horseback, stage, or private coach. A journey as long as that from New York to Washington was a serious undertaking, requiring eight days under the most favorable conditions. According to the unpublished diary of a citizen of Connecticut, who in the spring of 1793 traveled on horseback from Georgia to his home near New Haven, the trip consumed thirty-nine days, and required an expenditure of seventy-two dollars for subsistence alone. Moreover, this amount was paid in different kinds of currency, each of which was accepted only in certain localities.

Mails were transported in very irregular fashion, and correspondence was expensive and uncertain. New York city, which in 1900 ranks as the second city in the world in population, with 3,437,202 inhabitants, in 1790 possessed a population of only 33,131, although it was the largest city in the United States; Philadelphia was second, with 28,522; and Boston third, with 18,320.

There were, moreover, other difficulties which were of serious importance in 1790, but which long ago ceased to be problems in census-taking. The boundaries of towns and other minor divisions, and even those of counties, were in many cases unknown or not defined at all. The hitherto semi-independent States had been under the control of the federal government for so short a time that the different sections had not yet been welded into a harmonious nationality in which the federal authority should be unquestioned and instructions promptly and fully obeyed. The inhabitants, having no experience with census-taking, imagined that some scheme for increasing taxation was involved, and thus to the other difficulties of the assistant marshal was added the caution of the citizen lest he reveal too much of his own affairs. Moreover, there was opposition to enumeration on religious grounds, for the Old Testament recorded a most unpleasant account of a venturesome king who brought down the wrath of Heaven by taking a census of the children of Israel. The plight that resulted from the efforts of that early Jewish ruler—who seems to have had in him the making of a statistician—was regarded by many as a warning of possible disaster to the republic.

At the first census nine months were allowed in which to carry out the provisions of the law. There were seventeen marshals. The records showing the number of assistant marshals (or enumerators) employed in 1790, 1800, and 1810 were destroyed by fire, but the number employed in 1790 has been estimated at 650.

The returns of the marshals were sent to the President, and by him turned over to the Secretary of State. Little or no tabulation was required, and the report of the first census, as well as the reports of the second, third, and fourth, was produced without the employment of any clerical force, the returns being transmitted directly to the printer. The population of the United States in 1790 was 3,929,326, and the entire cost of the census was \$44,377.

The difference between the cost of securing the returns from the six simple questions asked in 1790, and that of the extended inquiry made a century later, is illustrated by the per capita cost, which in 1790 was 1.13 cents, and in 1900 15.5 cents. In 1790 Vir-

ginia was the most populous State in the Union, having 747,610 inhabitants. The records of the Treasury Department show that at the first census the cost of making the enumeration in that State was \$7553.90. Moreover, at that enumeration the underpaid assistant marshals supplied their own blanks, an item which was of considerable importance in the days when all paper was made laboriously by hand. In 1900 the population of Maine—about 700,000—most nearly approximated that of Virginia in 1790. At the twelfth census the cost of actual enumeration in Maine, including the pay of supervisors, was \$34,560.90, or more than three fourths of the amount expended for the enumeration of the entire United States in 1790, though the pay of an enumerator in 1900 did not exceed the wages of an intelligent day-laborer.

A summary of the results of the first census, not including the returns for South Carolina, was transmitted to Congress by President Washington, October 27, 1791. The legal period for enumeration, nine

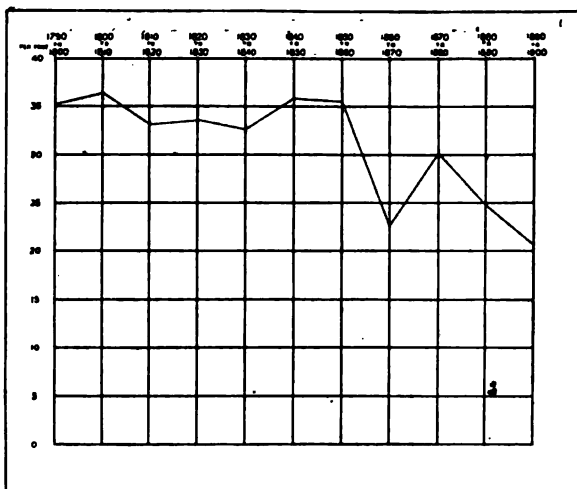


DIAGRAM SHOWING PER CENT. OF INCREASE IN THE POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES FOR EACH CENSUS PERIOD FROM 1790 TO 1900

months, had been extended; the longest time consumed being eighteen months, in South Carolina. The report of October 27 was printed in full, and published in what is now a very rare little book of fifty-six pages; the report for South Carolina, which was printed later, was afterward "tipped in." To contain the results of the twelfth census, ten large quarto volumes, comprising in all ten thousand four hundred pages, are required. No other illustration of the expansion of census inquiry can be more striking than this.

The original schedules of the first census are now contained in twenty-six bound volumes, preserved in the Interior Department. For the most part the headings of the schedules were written in by hand. Indeed, up to and including 1820 the assistant marshals generally used such paper as they happened to have, ruling it, writing in the headings, and binding the sheets together themselves. In some cases merchants' account-paper was used, and now and then the schedules were bound inside of a newspaper.

Examination of the volumes of old census schedules reveals the fact that here and there printed heads were used for the second census, that of 1800. In the returns from different States exactly the same form appears, proving conclusively that the federal government sent to the marshals one or more printed blanks, perhaps intended as samples,

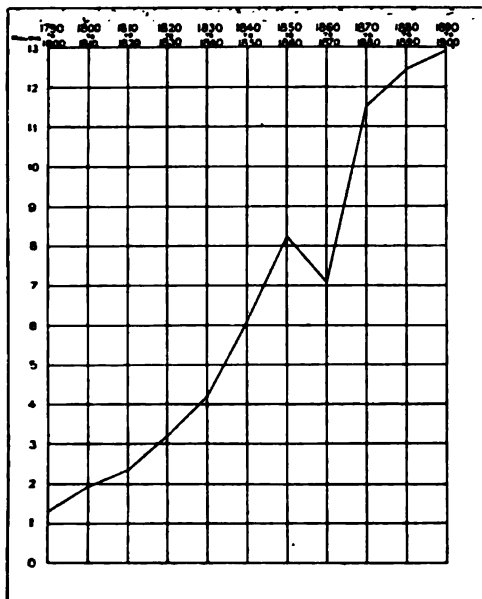
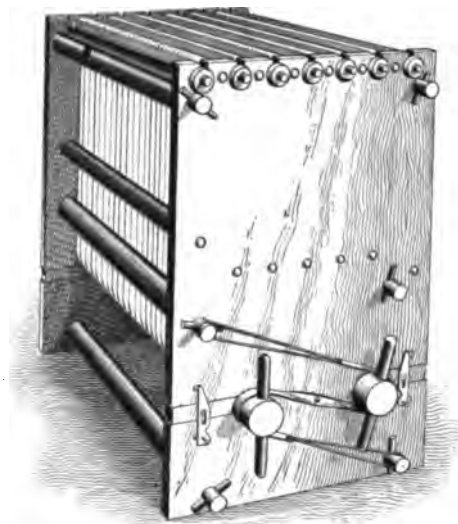


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE ABSOLUTE INCREASE IN POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES FOR EACH CENSUS PERIOD FROM 1790 TO 1900

These blanks are about ten inches wide by eight inches deep, and where used in the reports they have been pasted at the top of the returns, so as to form the box heads, the rules being extended upon the blank paper which has been added.



THE SEATON DEVICE FOR TABULATION,  
MODEL OF 1880. IN POSSESSION  
OF MR. HERMAN HOLLERITH

This machine (the invention of C. W. Seaton) was first utilized in 1872, and extensively used in tabulating the tenth census of 1880. It was constructed of wood, and contained a roll of paper which unwound from one of the large rollers near the bottom, back and forth over two series of small rollers, one series located at the top of the machine and the other near the bottom, and finally wound on the second large roller at the bottom. The object of the machine was to condense a lengthy tally-sheet so as to present a small surface upon which could be indicated items relating to seven different classes of facts. By a partial turn of the winding roller the blanks advanced and exposed on each small roller at the top another series of columns.

In many cases, moreover, especially in the large cities, blanks were printed by marshals for their own use. These blanks are evidently copies of those sent out by the federal government, of which, apparently, there were not enough to go round. No printed schedules were furnished until 1830. Prior to 1850 the names of heads of families, only, were written on the schedules.

In consequence of the informal method of procedure described above, the one hundred and ninety-three volumes containing the schedules from 1790 to 1820, inclusive, vary in size from about seven inches long, three inches wide, and half an inch thick to twenty-one inches long, fourteen inches

wide, and six inches thick. Some of the sheets in these volumes are only four inches long, but a few are as much as three feet in length, necessitating several folds. In some cases leaves burned at the edges have been covered with transparent silk to make them easy to turn.

In the early days of census-taking, the hard-worked and underpaid enumerator appears to have felt free to express his feelings occasionally on the margins of the schedules which the federal government expected him to supply. At the distance of a century, some of these faded documents are very interesting. The returns for Delaware for 1800 are typical. On the left-hand margins of the sheets are the names of the places visited. The names of the heads of families are given in the second column, and other information, by numbers, in columns to the right. The following entry illustrates the problem of uncertain geographic boundaries, so serious in the early censuses, and still somewhat in evidence in 1900:

#### Kent County

Duck Creek Hundred

Forrest and Grog Town.

Duck Creek Neck, embracing Hill's  
Blacksmith Shop.

Duck Creek Cross Roads.

Those persons between ye road leading  
from Worrell's Bridge to Old Duck  
Creek, from thence to Grog Town and  
from thence down the stream to the  
beginning.

The Alley.

Near Jamestown, (a village of no acct.)

Duck Creek Hundred Forrest, near Lewis'  
X Roads.

Below the Province Branch.

These schedules abounded in curious  
entries, such as the following:

Binding on the County Road below Fred-  
erica.

On the Bay Shore.

Bottom of ye Neck.

Between the Neck and Milford.

New Whark—so called—on Mispillion  
Creek.

A small Village called Cullen Town.

Middle Ground Forrest—so called.

Mashahope Broad Arm—so called.

Near ye Maryland line, also a small village  
called Whitelesburgh, a place of no note.  
Canterbury commonly called Irish Hill.

Binding on the Forrest of Murderkill Hun-  
dred.

Binding on Murderkill Neck in ye neighborhood of Smack's Hill.

Woodley Town, a small village containing 9 dwellings & 43 inhabitants, lying on a small prong of St. Jones's Creek, about 9 miles from Dover.

Between Forrest and ye Neck, below Bedwell Maxwell's Old Tavern.

Binding on the Forrest and Stone Line near Cow Marsh.

The South Side of Isaac Branch, in ye neighborhood of Poor House.

Georgetown, a small village in the Forrest of Cow Marsh.

Tappannah, it contains 8 houses and 36 inhabitants.

Remainder of New Castle Hundred.

Remainder of White Clay Creek Hundred.

The assistant marshals often distinguished the larger geographic divisions from the smaller by writing the names of the former in large capitals, as MISPLION HUNDRED.

In making returns the assistants followed local divisions. In South Carolina it was the

custom, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, to hold certain persons responsible for the maintenance of good order in their respective localities. The person—called a captain—in charge of a certain place was often better known than was the territory itself. The assistants' returns reflected this custom, for among the 1800 schedules for South Carolina are such items as the following:

#### Laurens District

Enoree Regiment of the Upper Battalion.

Capt. Francis Ross' Company.

Capt. Sam'l Parsons' Company.

Capt. Wm. Garrett's Company.

Capt. Wm. Owens' Company.

Capt. John Pugh's Company.

Table I shows very clearly the slow, steady expansion of census inquiry up to 1850. Table II shows the variations in the time allowed and consumed for enumeration, as well as other interesting details to which no more detailed reference need be made.

TABLE I. THE EXPANSION OF CENSUS INQUIRY FROM 1790 TO 1850

| SUBJECT                                                                               | 1790 | 1800 | 1810 | 1820 | 1830 | 1840 | 1850 |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|
| Head of family . . . . .                                                              | *    | *    | *    | *    | *    | *    | *    |
| Free white males over 16 . . . . .                                                    | *    | *    | *    | *    | *    | *    | *    |
| Free white males under 16 . . . . .                                                   | *    | *    | *    | *    | *    | *    | *    |
| Free white females . . . . .                                                          | *    | *    | *    | *    | *    | *    | *    |
| All other free persons . . . . .                                                      | *    | *    | *    | *    | *    | *    | *    |
| Slaves . . . . .                                                                      | *    | *    | *    | *    | *    | *    | *    |
| Name of county, town, or city . . . . .                                               |      | *    | *    | *    | *    | *    | *    |
| Extension of age inquiry . . . . .                                                    |      | *    | *    | *    | *    | *    | *    |
| Manufactures . . . . .                                                                |      |      | *    |      |      |      |      |
| Colored by sex and age . . . . .                                                      |      |      |      | *    | *    | *    | *    |
| Foreigners not naturalized . . . . .                                                  |      |      |      | *    | *    |      |      |
| Occupation by three classes . . . . .                                                 |      |      |      | *    |      |      |      |
| Further extension of age inquiry . . . . .                                            |      |      |      |      | *    | *    | *    |
| White deaf, dumb, and blind . . . . .                                                 |      |      |      |      | *    | *    | *    |
| Colored deaf, dumb, and blind . . . . .                                               |      |      |      |      | *    | *    | *    |
| Printed schedules . . . . .                                                           |      |      |      |      | *    | *    | *    |
| Extension of occupation inquiry . . . . .                                             |      |      |      |      |      | *    | *    |
| White and colored insane and idiots . . . . .                                         |      |      |      |      |      | *    | *    |
| Education . . . . .                                                                   |      |      |      |      |      | *    | *    |
| Agriculture . . . . .                                                                 |      |      |      |      |      | *    | *    |
| Fish and fisheries . . . . .                                                          |      |      |      |      |      | *    | *    |
| Mines and mining . . . . .                                                            |      |      |      |      |      | *    | *    |
| Commerce . . . . .                                                                    |      |      |      |      |      | *    | *    |
| Revolutionary pensioners, with age . . . . .                                          |      |      |      |      |      | *    | *    |
| Dwellings and families numbered . . . . .                                             |      |      |      |      |      |      | *    |
| Name of every free person . . . . .                                                   |      |      |      |      |      |      | *    |
| Value of real estate owned . . . . .                                                  |      |      |      |      |      |      | *    |
| Nativity . . . . .                                                                    |      |      |      |      |      |      | *    |
| Married within the year . . . . .                                                     |      |      |      |      |      |      | *    |
| Paupers and convicts . . . . .                                                        |      |      |      |      |      |      | *    |
| Separate schedule for slaves . . . . .                                                |      |      |      |      |      |      | *    |
| Mortality . . . . .                                                                   |      |      |      |      |      |      | *    |
| Social statistics . . . . .                                                           |      |      |      |      |      |      | *    |
| Inquiries concerning population, agriculture, and manufactures systematized . . . . . |      |      |      |      |      |      | *    |



TABLE II. NUMBER OF ENUMERATORS AND CLERKS, AND TIME REQUIRED, FOR COLLECTING AND TABULATING CENSUS RETURNS, WITH NUMBER OF PAGES OF MAIN REPORTS PUBLISHED, AND COST

| CENSUS YEAR | NUMBER OF MARSHALS OR SUPERVISORS | NUMBER OF ASSISTANT MARSHALS OR ENUMERATORS | LEGAL PERIOD FOR ENUMERATING EXTENSIONS | TIME ACTUALLY CONSUMED FOR COMPLETE ENUMERATION | GREATEST NUMBER OF CLERKS EMPLOYED | TOTAL NUMBER OF PAGES IN PUBLISHED REPORTS | TOTAL POPULATION | TOTAL COST    | COST PER CAPITA | ELAPSED TIME FROM CENSUS DATE TO DATE OF PUBLICATION | POPULATION VOLUME |
|-------------|-----------------------------------|---------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------|------------------|---------------|-----------------|------------------------------------------------------|-------------------|
|             |                                   |                                             | Months                                  | Months                                          |                                    |                                            |                  |               |                 | Yrs.                                                 | Mo.               |
| 1790 . .    | 17                                | 1650                                        | 9                                       | 18                                              | None                               | 56                                         | 3,929,214        | \$ 44,377     | \$.0113         | 1 - 8                                                |                   |
| 1800 . .    | 24                                | 1900                                        | 9                                       | 16.5                                            | None                               | 74                                         | 5,308,483        | 66,386        | .0125           | 1 - 6                                                |                   |
| 1810 . .    | 30                                | 1,100                                       | 5                                       | 10                                              | None                               | 413                                        | 7,239,881        | 177,699       | .0245           | 1 - 3                                                |                   |
| 1820 . .    | 31                                | 1,188                                       | 6                                       | 15                                              | 2                                  | 288                                        | 9,638,453        | 208,526       | .0216           | 1 - 7                                                |                   |
| 1830 . .    | 36                                | 1,519                                       | 6                                       | 14                                              | 43                                 | 171                                        | 12,866,020       | 378,545       | .0294           | 1 - 10                                               |                   |
| 1840 . .    | 41                                | 2,167                                       | 5                                       | Unknown                                         | 28                                 | 890                                        | 17,069,453       | 833,371       | .0488           | 1 - 9                                                |                   |
| 1850 . .    | 45                                | 3,231                                       | 4                                       | 20.5                                            | 160                                | 1,605                                      | 23,191,876       | 1,423,351     | .0613           | 1 - 9                                                |                   |
| 1860 . .    | 64                                | 4,417                                       | 5                                       | Unknown                                         | 184                                | 2,879                                      | 31,443,321       | 1,969,377     | .0626           | 3 - 9                                                |                   |
| 1870 . .    | 75                                | { 268<br>6,530 }                            | 4                                       | 15                                              | 438                                | 2,406                                      | 38,558,371       | 3,421,198     | .0877           | 2 - 4                                                |                   |
| 1880 . .    | 150                               | 31,382                                      | 1                                       | 1                                               | 1,495                              | 5,245                                      | 50,429,345       | 5,790,678     | .1148           | 2 - 10                                               |                   |
| 1890 . .    | 175                               | 46,804                                      | 1                                       | 1                                               | 3,143                              | 10,220                                     | 62,979,766       | 11,547,127    | .1833           | 4 - 10                                               |                   |
| 1900 . .    | 300                               | { 2,648<br>52,871 }                         | 1                                       | 1                                               | 3,554                              | 10,900                                     | 76,149,386       | 11,854,817.91 | .1550           | 1 - 7                                                |                   |

<sup>1</sup> Estimated; records destroyed by fire. <sup>2</sup> Amount expended for clerks, \$925.

<sup>3</sup> Field-agents, not included with enumerators.

Miscellaneous information, such as the names of persons temporarily residing in the district at the time the census was taken, was occasionally written on the schedules. In 1800 some of the assistant marshals in Massachusetts added in the right-hand margin of their schedules statements concerning the number of "people of color housekeeping by themselves"; others estimated the value of houses occupied by persons enumerated, and one closed his report by giving some figures to show the total number of "soles" in the three towns enumerated by him.

Complaint of the inadequacy of the compensation allowed was often made by assistant marshals. On the sheet which inclosed the returns for Annapolis City, Maryland, for 1800, the assistant wrote a statement as follows:

William Alexander begs leave to represent to the Marshal of the District of Columbia that the sum mentioned in the laws for taking the Censuses of Anne Arundel County is insufficient. The inhabitants in many parts of the country are very much dispersed, beside he is obliged to make 3 complete lists, which requires considerable time and labor; he therefore respectfully solicits an increase of the allowance. He further begs leave to subjoin the opinion of responsible Gentlemen, who have knowledge of the country, in support of his request.

Then follows the indorsement of the application, as follows:

We the undersigned having been applied to by W. Alexander, freely declare as our opinion that one dollar for every hundred persons for taking the enumeration of the inhabitants of Anne Arundel County is not adequate compensation, for the faithful performance of the duty.

To this are affixed the names of five "Gentlemen."

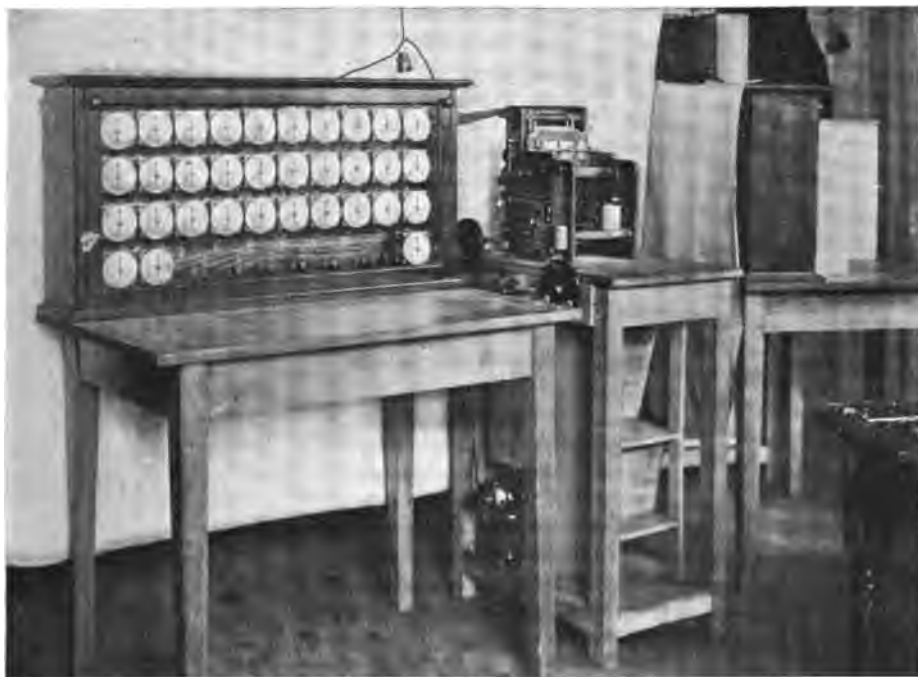
Bound in with the Maryland schedules for 1800 is a copy of an indictment brought by the grand jury against one Thomas Bailey, assistant marshal, for his failure to enumerate Baltimore County. He appears to have failed to make his returns within the time allowed by law. There is no evidence here, however, that Maryland enumerators had learned thus early the art of counting dead men, for proficiency in which certain enumerators in that State were vigorously prosecuted by the Census Office in 1901.

For all the early censuses the six questions asked at the first census formed the basis of the inquiry. The second census extended the age questions; the third attempted a record of manufacturing establishments; the fourth enumerated colored persons by sex and age, and foreigners not naturalized, gave statistics of occupations,

and again attempted a record, slightly more elaborate, of manufacturing interests. The fifth census is memorable for the adoption of printed schedules. That census, and the sixth as well, further broadened the range of census inquiry. The seventh census—authorized by the passage of a law drawn with great deliberation—marked the beginning of scientific census inquiry in the United States. In consequence the census of 1850 is known as the first “modern census” of the United States.

different blanks or tables—were brought into close proximity, thus effecting a great saving in the time of the clerk. At the tenth census the Seaton machine was extensively used and thoroughly tested. Like hand-tabulation, however, this device became inadequate, as the mass of detail rapidly increased.

The census of 1880 is notable for the radical change effected in the method of enumeration. From the first to the ninth census, inclusive, this task had been per-



TABULATION BY ELECTRICITY—AUTOMATIC TABULATOR USED IN 1900

By 1870 census inquiry had become so extended, and the increase in population and material development was so enormous, that tabulation by hand was necessarily inaccurate and extremely expensive. It was clear, moreover, that a point must be reached, before many more decades had passed, where complete tabulation within the census period would be actually impossible. General Walker, superintendent of the ninth census, casting about for mechanical assistance, found some relief in the Seaton machine (see page 836), a simple affair composed of parallel rollers by which blanks were unwound from a roll, and six columns—one from each of six

formed by the marshals, though it was early evident that such an arrangement was highly unsatisfactory. By the law providing for the tenth census there was created a new body of census officials, known as supervisors, of whom there were to be one or more for each State. The supervisor's district was divided into enumeration districts, each of which was assigned to an enumerator. The change from marshals and assistants to supervisors and enumerators was so beneficial that this provision of the law of 1880 has become established census practice.

As the eleventh census approached, it was clear that the scope of inquiry must

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|   |   |   |   |    |    |    |    |     |    |    |    |    |     |    |     |    |     |     |    |     |      |     |     |     |     |
|---|---|---|---|----|----|----|----|-----|----|----|----|----|-----|----|-----|----|-----|-----|----|-----|------|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | W  | M  | 0  | 1  | 5   | 0  | U  | 0  | 6  | 12  | 0  | 6   | 12 | Me  | NH  | Vt | Ont | Mch  | Ja  | SD  |     |     |
| 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | B  | F  | 10 | 15 | 25  | 1  | 6  | 8  | 1  | 7   | 13 | 1   | 7  | 13+ | Mas | RI | Ct  | Ind  | Wis | Mo  | Nbr |     |
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | Ch | 20 | 21 | 25 | 30  | 2  | 7  | MO | 2  | 8   | 14 | 2   | 8  | 14  | NY  | NJ | Pa  | Ill  | Mtn | ND  | Kan |     |
| 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | Jp | 35 | 40 | 45 | 50  | 3  | 8  | MI | 3  | 9   | 15 | 3   | 9  | 15  | Nw  | OK | Wa  | AI   | Sp  | In  | SA  |     |
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | In | 55 | 60 | 65 | 70  | 4  | 9  | W4 | 4  | 10  | 16 | 4   | 10 | 16  | Del | NC | SC  | Mis  | La  | Tex | Ore | Wab |
| 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 75 | 80 | 85 | 90 | 95+ | 5  | 10 | Un | D  | 5   | 11 | 17+ | 5  | 11  | DC  | GA | Fla | Okla | IT  | Ark | Ide | Nev |
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | En | OK | 0  | a  | 4   | 17 | 11 | 5  | Un | 15  | 2  | 0   | US | Un  | En  | US | Un  | En   | Uta | PI  | Ari |     |
| 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | Ot | NR | 1  | b  | 5   | 0t | 12 | 6  | NG | 20+ | 3  | 1   | Gr | Ir  | Sc  | Gr | Ir  | Sc   | NM  | Fap | Col |     |
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 2  | NW | 4  | c  | 6   | 0  | 13 | 7  | 1  | Ma  | 4  | As  | Sw | OK  | Wa  | Sw | OK  | Wa   | Wyo | FE  | Mnt |     |
| 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 4  | 0  | 7  | d  | 7   | 1  | 14 | 3  | 2  | Pa  | 5  | Es  | Nw | OF  | En  | Nw | OF  | En   | Alk | Pt  | Ab  |     |
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 6  | 12 | 10 | e  | 8   | 2  | 15 | 9  | 3  | Al  | 6  | Fe  | Dk | Fr  | It  | Dk | Fr  | It   | An  | Sea |     |     |
| 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 8+ | Un | g  | f  | 9   | 3  | 16 | 10 | 4  | Un  | 10 | Ot  | En | Bo  | Ot  | En | Bo  | En   | Fe  | NE  |     |     |

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INDIVIDUAL POPULATION CARD, UNPUNCHED

The illustration shows the form of card used for each individual at the twelfth census. The six "fields" to the left of the first vertical line are for the identification of the enumeration district. To the right of this line there are thirteen fields, some of which are subdivided by dotted lines. Starting at the upper left-hand corner, and proceeding from left to right in the upper half of the card, and then from right to left in the lower half, the subjects of the fields are race or color, sex, age, conjugal condition, number of children born and living (for females), nativity, nativity of father, nativity of mother, citizenship and years in the United States (for foreigners), occupation, months unemployed, literacy or school attendance, and ability to speak English. In the field for nativity the punch represents the State or the foreign country, according as "N" or "F" is punched. For a person having no gainful occupation, "NG" is punched, and no punch is made in the field for months unemployed. There are therefore only three fields which are not punched for every person—number of children, citizenship, and months unemployed.

be curtailed, or some very rapid and accurate form of mechanical tabulation must be supplied. This requirement was effectively met; the census of 1890 is notable for the introduction of electrical tabulation, the principle of which is apparently capable of responding to all the demands likely to be made upon it for many years to come.

By this system the facts entered upon the various schedules are copied upon cards by punching holes. The position of each hole indicates its significance; no writing is required.

The cards, when punched, are tabulated by an ingenious machine provided with a pin-box which contains a needle, set on a

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|   |   |   |   |    |    |    |    |     |    |    |    |    |     |    |     |    |     |     |    |     |      |     |     |     |     |
|---|---|---|---|----|----|----|----|-----|----|----|----|----|-----|----|-----|----|-----|-----|----|-----|------|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | ●  | ●  | 0  | 1  | 5   | ●  | Un | 0  | 6  | 12  | 0  | 6   | 12 | Me  | NH  | ●  | Ont | Mch  | Ja  | SD  |     |     |
| 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | B  | F  | 10 | 15 | 25  | 1  | 6  | 8  | 1  | 7   | 13 | 1   | 7  | 13+ | Mas | RI | Ct  | Ind  | Wis | Mo  | Nbr |     |
| ● | 3 | 3 | 4 | Ch | 20 | 21 | 25 | 30  | 2  | 7  | MO | 2  | 8   | 14 | 2   | 8  | 14  | NY  | NJ | Pa  | Ill  | Mtn | ND  | Kan |     |
| 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | Jp | 35 | 40 | ●  | 50  | 3  | ●  | 3  | 9  | 15  | 3  | 9   | 15 | Nw  | OK  | Wa | AI  | Sp   | In  | SA  |     |     |
| ● | 3 | 3 | 4 | In | 55 | 60 | 65 | 70  | 4  | 9  | W4 | 4  | 10  | 16 | 4   | 10 | 16  | Del | NC | SC  | Mis  | La  | Tex | Ore | Wab |
| 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 75 | 80 | 85 | 90 | 95+ | 5  | 10 | Un | D  | 5   | 11 | 17+ | 5  | 11  | DC  | GA | Fla | Okla | IT  | Ark | Ide | Nev |
| 1 | 2 | 3 | ● | ●  | ●  | ●  | ●  | 4   | 17 | 11 | 5  | Un | 15  | 2  | 0   | US | Un  | ●   | US | Un  | ●    | Uta | PI  | Ari |     |
| 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | Ot | NR | 1  | b  | 5   | 0t | 12 | 6  | NG | 20+ | 3  | 1   | Gr | Ir  | Sc  | Gr | Ir  | Sc   | NM  | Fap | Col |     |
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 2  | NW | 4  | c  | 6   | ●  | 13 | 7  | 1  | ●   | 4  | As  | Sw | OK  | Wa  | Sw | OK  | Wa   | Wyo | FE  | Mnt |     |
| 5 | 6 | 7 | ● | 4  | 0  | 7  | d  | 7   | 1  | 14 | 3  | 2  | Pa  | 5  | Es  | Nw | OF  | En  | Nw | OF  | En   | Alk | Pt  | Ab  |     |
| 1 | ● | 3 | 4 | 6  | 12 | 10 | e  | 8   | 2  | 15 | 9  | ●  | Al  | 6  | Fe  | Dk | Fr  | It  | Dk | Fr  | It   | An  | Sea |     |     |
| 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 8+ | Un | g  | f  | 9   | 3  | 16 | 10 | 4  | Un  | ●  | Ot  | En | Bo  | Ot  | En | Bo  | En   | Fe  | NE  |     |     |

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INDIVIDUAL POPULATION CARD, PUNCHED

The punched holes in this card tell the following story: White male, forty-five years of age, married one or more years, foreign-born, having been born in England, both parents also born in England; has been in the United States ten years, naturalized; teacher by profession; not unemployed during any portion of the census year; can read, write, and speak English; and, supposedly, resided in the thirtieth enumeration district of the eighth supervisor's district of New York, which was located in Ward 8 of Albany.

fine spiral spring, for each possible hole in a card. The pin-box is brought down over each card in turn; those needles which meet an unpunched surface are repressed, while those which pass through a hole make an electric contact below, and by an arrangement of relays, permitting any desired combination, cause one or more counters, or dials, to register. At the conclusion of each "run" the counters are read and the results entered upon a result slip.

With the aid of one of these machines an experienced and capable clerk can tabulate on an average from 8000 to 10,000 cards in a working-day of six and a half hours. The importance of this system lies in its ability to count facts, not singly, but in combination.

The law providing for the twelfth census was a notable one, drawn with great care. It recognized the fact that the question of tabulation, which for several decades had been the leading problem in census methods, had now given place to the general question of the organization and equipment of a vast machine in a limited time. The maximum force required had grown from about 650 employees in 1790 to 59,373 in 1900, more than the entire population, in 1790, of New York and Boston combined. At the twelfth census the electrical tabulating-machine was freely used (see page 839). Toward the close of the work this machine was perfected by the addition of automatic feeders, the record for which was the tabulation, by one machine, of over 84,000 cards in one working-day. Automatic electrical sorters, also, were used to great advantage, and special tabulating-machines with adding-machine attachments were employed in preparing the statistics of agriculture.

It may not be clearly appreciated how great has been the assistance rendered to the Census Office by electrical tabulation. It need only be said that if, at the twelfth census, the three tallies of age and sex, nativity, and occupation had been made by hand, the tabulation of the statistics for these three subjects alone would have required the time of a hundred clerks for seven years, eleven months, and five days.

It is exceedingly difficult for one not connected with such work to understand how vast an undertaking is a modern American census. Perhaps the following figures may suggest some idea of the ex-

tent of detail which has been handled by the Census Office:

## EMPLOYEES OF THE TWELFTH CENSUS

|                                       |        |
|---------------------------------------|--------|
| Supervisors . . . . .                 | 300    |
| Special agents in the field . . . . . | 2,648  |
| Enumerators . . . . .                 | 52,871 |
| Clerical force (maximum) . . . . .    | 3,554  |
| Total . . . . .                       | 59,373 |

## SCHEDULES RECEIVED

|                            |           |
|----------------------------|-----------|
| Population . . . . .       | 900,000   |
| Agriculture . . . . .      | 5,738,524 |
| Manufactures . . . . .     | 608,401   |
| Vital statistics . . . . . | 50,000    |
| Total . . . . .            | 7,296,925 |

## CARDS PUNCHED

|                            |             |
|----------------------------|-------------|
| Population:                |             |
| Individual . . . . .       | 76,303,387  |
| Family . . . . .           | 16,239,797  |
| Agriculture:               |             |
| Farm . . . . .             | 5,739,657   |
| Crop . . . . .             | 116,571,239 |
| Vital statistics . . . . . | 1,039,094   |
| Total . . . . .            | 215,893,174 |

NUMBER OF TIMES CARDS PASSED THROUGH  
TABULATING-MACHINES

|                            |             |
|----------------------------|-------------|
| Population . . . . .       | 375,410,161 |
| Agriculture . . . . .      | 237,929,289 |
| Vital statistics . . . . . | 6,234,564   |
| Total . . . . .            | 619,574,014 |

It may be that these figures, which possess such weighty significance in the Census Office, will not impress the reader so deeply as some of the statistical facts the twelfth census has produced. Since 1790 the area of the United States has increased from 827,844 to 3,622,933 square miles; the number of counties has increased from 307 to 2867; and the total population has increased from 3,929,214 to 76,303,387, or nineteenfold. There are four States each possessing, in 1900, a population greater than that of the entire nation in 1790, at which time two of the four were an untrodden wilderness. The number of cities with a population of 8000 or over has increased from 6 to 546, and the number with a population of 25,000 or over from 2 to 161. There are now 38 cities having a population exceeding 100,000, and 3 of these have over 1,000,000 each. In 1900 the record of capital, wages, and value of products of manufactures rises to figures almost beyond comprehension. The capital invested was \$9,846,628,564; the salaries and wages paid amounted to \$2,735,430,848; and the value of products was \$13,039,279,566. In agriculture the figures are almost equally impressive. The total value

of farms in 1900 was \$16,674,690,247, and that of agricultural products in 1899, \$4,739,118,752. To gather and collate such stupendous figures, not only with accuracy, but so swiftly that the record of population in 1900 appeared as quickly as did the little report of the first census, was a task of the first magnitude. It was indeed an evolution.

Such is the modern census. It is a decennial snap shot of the nation for the benefit of all time. Patrick Henry declared that there was but one lamp by which his feet were guided—Experience. But so important has the study of facts become that statistics presenting the facts analyzed and classified is the lamp which guides the statesman and the student of to-day.



## WINKELRIED

BY FRANK WATERS

THE Austrian ranks were serried deep,  
That day at Sempach on the shore;  
The spears did build a bristling sweep  
Their mailed men before.  
In vain the mountain forces charged;  
And many a hardy mountaineer  
Was there to heaven or hell enlarged  
Before the stabbing spear.

Stout Winkelried he mused awhile,  
With brooding brow and bended head;  
Then up he looked, a rugged smile  
O'er rugged features spread.  
"Now, brothers, I will make a way:  
Sweep, you, to victory o'er my blood!  
Farewell! I died for freedom, say,  
And for my country's good."

Then, charging all the men of mail,  
With arms abroad a sheaf of death  
Full-gathering to his bosom hale,  
He shed his heart and breath  
Heroic on that storm of steel,  
And brake the death-line's horrent frown,  
And, dying, grimly smiled to feel  
How victory trod him down.

Old hero of a rugged brood,  
A lasting honor crowns thy name!  
Thine was a pith of manlihood  
Degenerate days to shame.  
Thou, freely yielding blood and breath  
In noble cause, rebukest well  
Small hearts that deem a pin-prick death.  
Rest, hero son of Tell!

# THE WIZARD'S DAUGHTER

BY MARGARET COLLIER GRAHAM

Author of "Stories of the Foot-hills"

WITH PICTURES BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE



HERE had been a norther during the day, and at sunset the valley, seen from Dysart's cabin on the mesa, was a soft blur of golden haze. The wind had hurled the yellow leaves from the vineyard, exposing the gnarled deformity of the vines, and the trailing branches of the pepper-trees had swept their fallen berries into coral reefs on the southerly side.

A young man with a delicate, discontented face sat on the porch of the Dysart claim cabin, looking out over the valley. A last gust of lukewarm air strewn the floor with scythe-shaped eucalyptus-leaves, and Mrs. Dysart came out with her broom to sweep them away.

She was a large woman, with a crease at her waist that buried her apron-strings, and the little piazza creaked ominously as she walked about. The invalid got up with a man's instinctive distrust of a broom, and began to move away.

"Don't disturb yourself, Mr. Palmerston," she said, waving him back into his chair with one hand, and speaking in a large, level voice, as if she were quelling a mob — "don't disturb yourself; I won't raise any dust. Does the north wind choke you up much?"

"Oh, no," answered the young fellow, carelessly; "it was a rather more rapid change of air than I bargained for, but I guess it's over now."

"Sick folks generally think the north wind makes them nervous. Some of them say it's the electricity; but I think it's because most of 'em's men-folks, and being away from their families, they naturally blame things on the weather."

Mrs. Dysart turned her ample back

toward her hearer, and swept a leaf-laden cobweb from the corner of the window.

The young man's face relaxed.

"I don't think it made me nervous," he said. "But then, I'm not very ill. I'm out here for my mother's health. She threatened to go into a decline if I did n't come."

"Well, you've got a consumptive build," said Mrs. Dysart, striking her broom on the edge of the porch, "and you're light-complexed; that's likely to mean scrofula. You'd ought to be careful. California's a good deal of a hospital, but it don't do to depend too much on the climate. It ain't right; it's got to be blessed to your use."

Palmerston smiled, and leaned his head against the redwood wall of the cabin. Mrs. Dysart creaked virtuously to and fro behind her broom.

"Is n't that Mr. Dysart's team?" asked the young man, presently, looking down the valley.

His companion walked to the edge of the porch and pushed back her sunbonnet to look.

"Yes," she announced, "that's Jawn; he's early."

She piled her cushiony hands on the end of the broom-handle, and stood still, gazing absently at the approaching team.

"I hope your mother's a Christian woman," she resumed, with a sort of cor-pulent severity.

The young man's face clouded, and then cleared again whimsically.

"I really never inquired," he said lightly; "but I am inclined to think she is. She is certainly not a pagan."

"You spoke as if she was a good deal

wrapped up in you," continued his hostess, addressing herself unctuously to the landscape. "I was thinkin' she 'd need something to sustain her if you was to be taken away. There 's nothing but religion that can prepare us for whatever comes. I wonder who that Jawn 's a-bringin' now," she broke off suddenly, holding one of her fat hands above her eyes and leaning forward with a start. "He does pick up the queerest lot. I just held my breath the other day when I saw him fetchin' you. I 'd been wantin' a boarder all summer, and kind of lookin' for one, but I was n't no more ready for you than if you 'd been measles. It does seem sometimes as if men-folks take a satisfaction in seein' how they can put a woman to."

Mrs. Dysart wabbled heavily indoors, where she creaked about unresignedly, putting things to rights. Palmerston closed his eyes and struggled with a smile that kept breaking into a noiseless laugh. He had a fair, high-bred face, and his smile emphasized its boyishness.

When the wagon rattled into the acacias west of the vineyard, he got up and sauntered toward the barn. John Dysart saw him coming, and took two or three steps toward him with his hand at the side of his mouth.

"He 's deaf," he whispered with a violent facial enunciation which must have assailed the stranger's remaining senses like a yell. "I think you 'll like him; he 's a wonderful talker."

The newcomer was a large, seedy-looking man, with the resigned, unexpectant manner of the deaf. Dysart went around the wagon, and the visitor put up his trumpet.

"Professor Brownell," John called into it, "I want to make you acquainted with Mr. Palmerston. Mr. Palmerston is a young man from the East, a student at Cambridge—no, Oxford—"

"Ann Arbor," interrupted the young man, eagerly.

Dysart ignored the interruption. "He 's out here for his health."

The stranger nodded toward the young man approvingly, and dropped the trumpet as if he had heard enough.

"How do you do, Mr. Palmerston?" he said, reaching down to clasp the young fellow's slim white hand. "I 'm glad to meet a scholar in these wilds."

Palmerston blushed a helpless pink, and

murmured politely. The stranger dismounted from the wagon with the awkwardness of age and avoirdupois. John Dysart stood just behind his guest, describing him as if he were a panorama:

"I never saw his beat. He talks just like a book. He 's filled me chuck-full of science on the way up. He knows all about the inside of the earth from the top crust to China. Ask him something about his machine, and get him started."

Palmerston glanced inquiringly toward the trumpet. The stranger raised it to his ear and leaned graciously toward him.

"Mr. Dysart is mistaken," called Palmerston, in the high, lifeless voice with which we all strive to reconcile the deaf to their affliction; "I am a Western man, from Ann Arbor."

"Better still, better still," interrupted the newcomer, grasping his hand again; "you 'll be broader, more progressive—'the heir of all the ages,' and so forth. I was denied such privileges in my youth. But nature is an open book, 'sermons in stones.'" He turned toward the wagon and took out a small leather valise, handling it with evident care.

Dysart winked at the young man, and pointed toward the satchel.

"Jawn," called Mrs. Dysart, seethingly, from the kitchen door, "what 's the trouble?"

John's facial contortions stopped abruptly, as if the mainspring had snapped. He took off his hat and scratched his head gingerly with the tip of his little finger. He had a round, bald head, with a fringe of smooth, red-brown hair below the baldness that made it look like a filbert.

"I 'm coming, Emmeline," he called, glancing hurriedly from the two men to the vicinity of his wife's voice, as if anxious to bisect himself mentally and leave his hospitality with his guest.

"I 'll look after Professor Brownell," said Palmerston; "he can step into my tent and brush up."

Dysart's countenance cleared.

"Good," he said eagerly, starting on a quick run toward the kitchen door. When he was half-way there he turned and put up his hand again. "Draw him out!" he called in a stentorian whisper. "You 'd ought to hear him talk; it 's great. Get him started about his machine."





Drawn by Mary Hallock Foote. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

**"A YOUNG MAN WITH A DELICATE, DISCONTENTED FACE SAT ON THE PORCH"**

Palmerston smiled at the unnecessary admonition. The stranger had been talking all the time in a placid, brook-like manner while he felt under the wagon-seat for a second and much smaller traveling-bag. The young man possessed himself of this after having been refused the first by a gentle motion of the owner's hand. The visitor accepted his signal of invitation, and followed him toward the tent.

"Our universities and colleges are useful in their way; they no doubt teach many things that are valuable: but they are not practical; they all fail in the application of knowledge to useful ends. I am not an educated man myself, but I have known many who are, and they are all alike—shallow, superficial, visionary. They need to put away their books and sit down among the everlasting hills and think. You have done well to come out here, young man. This is good; you will grow."

He stopped at the door of the tent and took off his rusty hat. The breeze blew his long linen duster about his legs.

"Have you looked much into electrical phenomena?" he asked, putting up his trumpet.

Palmerston moved a step back, and said: "No; not at all." Then he raised his hand to possess himself of the ear-piece, and colored as he remembered that it was not a telephone. His companion seemed equally oblivious of his confusion and of his reply.

"I have made some discoveries," he went on; "I shall be pleased to talk them over with you. They will revolutionize this country." He waved his hand toward the mesa. "Every foot of this land will sometime blossom as the rose; greasewood and sage-brush will give place to the orange and the vine. Water is king in California, and there are rivers of water locked in these mountains. We must find it; yes, yes, my young friend, we must find it, and we *can* find it. I have solved that. The solution is here." He stooped and patted his satchel affectionately. "This little instrument is California's best friend. There is a future for all these valleys, wilder than our wildest dreams."

Palmerston nodded with a guilty feeling of having approved statements of which he intended merely to acknowledge the receipt, and motioned his guest into the white twilight of the tent.

"Make yourself comfortable, professor,"

he called. "I want to find Dysart and get my mail."

As he neared the kitchen door Mrs. Dysart's voice came to him enveloped in the sizzle of frying meat.

"Well, I don't know, Jawn; he may n't be just the old-fashioned water-witch, but it ain't right; it's tamperin' with the secrets of the Most High, that's what I think."

"Well, now, Emmeline, you had n't ought to be hasty. He don't lay claim to anything more 'n natural; he says it's all based on scientific principles. He says he can tell me just where to tunnel— Now, here 's Mr. Palmerston; he 's educated. I 'm going to rely on him."

"Well, I 'm goin' to rely on my heavenly Fawther," said Mrs. Dysart, solemnly, from the quaking pantry.

Palmerston stood in the doorway, smiling. John jumped up and clapped his hand vigorously on his breast pockets.

"Well, now, there! I left your mail in the wagon in my other coat," he said, hooking his arm through the young man's and drawing him toward the barn. "Did you get him turned on?" he asked eagerly, when they were out of his wife's hearing. "How does he strike you, anyway? Does n't he talk like a book? He wants me to help him find a claim—show him the corners, you know. He 's got a daughter down at Los Angeles; she 'll come up and keep house for him. He says he 'll locate water on shares if I 'll help him find a claim and do the tunneling. Emmeline she 's afraid I 'll get left, but I think she 'll come round. Is n't it a caution the way he talks science?"

Palmerston acknowledged that it was.

"The chances are that he is a fraud, Dysart," he said kindly; "most of those people are. I 'd be very cautious about committing myself."

"Oh, I 'm cautious," protested John; "that's one of my peculiarities. Emmeline thinks because I look into things I 'm not to be trusted. She 's so quick herself she can't understand anybody that 's slow and careful. Here 's your letters—quite a batch of 'em. Would you mind our putting up a cot in your tent for the professor?"

"Not at all," said the young fellow, good-naturedly. "It 's excellent discipline to have a deaf man about; you realize how little you have to say that 's worth saying."

"That 's a fact, that 's a fact," said Dysart, rather too cheerfully acquiescent. "A man that can talk like that makes you ashamed to open your head."

Palmerston fell asleep that night to the placid monotone of the newcomer's voice, and awoke at daybreak to hear the same conversational flow just outside the tent. Perhaps it was Dysart's explosive "Good morning, professor!" which seemed to have missed the trumpet and hurled itself against the canvas wall of the tent close to the sleeper's ear, that awoke him. He sat up in bed and tried to shake off the conviction that his guest had been talking all night. Dysart's greeting made no break in the cheerful optimism that filtered through the canvas.

"Last night I was an old man and dreamed dreams; this morning I am a young man and see visions. I see this thirsty plain fed by irrigating-ditches and covered with bearing orchards. I am impatient to be off on our tramp. This is an ideal spot. With five acres of orange-trees here, producing a thousand dollars per acre, one might give his entire time to scientific investigation."

"He 'd want to look after the gophers some," yelled Dysart.

"I am astonished that this country is so little appreciated," continued Brownell, blindly unheeding. "It is no doubt due to the reckless statements of enthusiasts. It is a wonderful country—wonderful, wonderful, wonderful!"

There was a diminuendo in the repeated adjective that told Palmerston the speaker was moving toward the house; and it was from that direction that he heard Mrs. Dysart, a little later, assuring her visitor, in a high, depressed voice, that she had n't found the country yet that would support anybody without elbow-grease, and she did n't expect to till it was Gawd's will to take her to her heavenly home.

John Dysart and his visitor returned from their trip in the mountains, that evening, tired, dusty, and exultant. The professor's linen duster had acquired several of those triangular rents which have the merit of being beyond masculine repair, and may therefore be conscientiously endured. He sat on the camp-chair at Palmerston's tent door, his finger-tips together and his head thrown back in an ecstasy of content.

"This is certainly the promised land," he said gravely, "a land flowing with milk and honey. Nature has done her share lavishly: soil, climate, scenery—everything but water; yes, and water, too, waiting for the brain, the hand of man, the magic touch of science—the one thing left to be conquered to give the sense of mastery, of possession. This country is ours by right of conquest." He waved his hands majestically toward the valley. "In three months we shall have a stream flowing from these mountains that will transform every foot of ground before you. These people seem worthy, though somewhat narrow. It will be a pleasure to share prosperity with them as freely as they share their poverty with me."

Palmerston glanced conversationally toward the trumpet, and his companion raised it to his ear.

"Dysart is a poor man," shouted Palmerston, "but he is the best fellow in the world. I should hate to see him risk anything on an uncertainty."

Brownell had been nodding his head backward and forward with dreamy emphasis; he now shook it horizontally, closing his eyes. "There is no uncertainty," he said, lowering his trumpet; "that is the advantage of science: you can count upon it with absolute certainty. I am glad the man is poor—very glad; it heightens the pleasure of helping him."

The young man turned away a trifle impatiently.

"A reservoir will entail some expense," the professor rambled on; "but the money will come. 'To him that hath shall be given.'"

Palmerston's face completed the quotation, but the speaker went on without opening his eyes: "When the water is once flowing out of the tunnel, capital will flow into it."

"A good deal of capital will flow into the tunnel before any water flows out of it," growled Palmerston, taking advantage of his companion's physical defect to relieve his mind.

Later in the evening Dysart drew the young man into the family conference, relying upon the sympathy of sex in the effort to allay his wife's misgivings.

"The tunnel won't cost over two dollars a foot, with what I can do myself," maintained the little man, "and the professor says we 'll strike water that 'll drown us

out before we 've gone a hundred feet. Emmeline here she 's afraid of it because it sounds like a meracle, but I tell her it 's pure science. It is n't any more wonderful than a needle traveling toward a magnet: the machine tells where the water is, and how far off it is, something like a compass—I don't understand it, but I can see that it ain't any more meraculous than a telegraph. It 's science."

"Oh, yes, I know," mourned Mrs. Dysart, who overflowed a small rocking-chair on the piazza; "there 's folks that think the creation of the world in six days is nothin' but science, but they 're not people for Christians to be goin' pardners with. If Gawd has put a hundred feet of dirt on top of that water, I tell Jawn he had his reasons, and I can't think it 's right for anybody whose treasure ought to be laid up in heaven to go pryin' into the bowels of the earth huntin' for things that our heavenly Fawther 's hid."

"But there 's gold, Emmeline."

"Oh, yes; I know there 's gold, and I know 'the love of money is the root of all evil.' I don't say that the Lord don't reign over the inside of the earth, but I do say that people that get their minds fixed on things that 's underground are liable to forget the things that are above."

"Well, now, I 'm sure they had n't ought," protested Dysart. "I 'm sure 'the earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof,' Emmeline."

Mrs. Dysart sank slowly back in her chair at this unexpected thrust from her own weapon, and then rallied with a long, corpulent sigh.

"Well, I don't know. You recollect that old man was up here last winter, hammerin' around among the rocks as if the earth was a big nut that he was tryin' to crack? I talked with him long enough to find out what he was; he was an *atheist*."

Mrs. Dysart leaned forward and whispered the last word in an awe-struck tone, with her fat eyes fixed reproachfully upon her husband.

"Oh, I guess not, Emmeline," pleaded John.

Mrs. Dysart shut her lips and her eyes very tight, and nodded slowly and affirmatively. "Yes, he was. He set right in that identical spot where Mr. Palmerston is a-settin', and talked about the seven theological periods of creation, and the fables

of Jonah and the whale and Noah's ark, till I was all of a tremble. Mebbe that 's science, Jawn, but I call it blaspheming."

Dysart rested his elbows on his knees and looked over the edge of the porch as if he were gazing into the bottomless pit.

"Oh, come, now, Mrs. Dysart," Palmerston broke in cheerfully; "I 'm not at all afraid of Mr. Dysart losing his faith, but I 'm very much afraid of his losing his money. I wish he had as good a grip on his purse as he has on his religion."

Mrs. Dysart glanced at the young man with a look of relief to find him agreeing with her in spite of his irreverent commingling of the temporal and the spiritual.

"Well, I 'm sure we 've lost enough already, when it comes to that," she continued, folding her hands resignedly in her convex lap. "There was that artesian well down at San Pasqual—"

"Well, now, Emmeline," her husband broke in eagerly, "that well would have been all right if the tools had n't stuck. I think yet we 'd have got water if we 'd gone on."

"We 'd 'a' got water if it had 'a' been our heavenly Fawther's will," announced Mrs. Dysart, with solemnity, rising slowly from her chair, which gave a little squeak of relief. "I 've got to set the sponge," she went on in the same tone, as if it were some sacred religious rite. "I wish you 'd talk it over with Mr. Palmerston, Jawn, and tell him the offer you 've had from this perfessor—I 'm sure I don't know what he 's perfessor of. He ain't a perfessor of religion—I know that."

She sent her last arrow over her wide shoulder as she passed the two men and creaked into the house. Her husband looked after her gravely.

"Now that 's the way with Emmeline," he said; "she 's all faith, and then, again, she has no faith. Now, I 'm just the other way." He rubbed his bald head in a vain attempt to formulate the obverse of his wife's character. "Well, anyway," he resumed, accepting his failure cheerfully, "the professor he wants to find a claim, as I was telling you, but he wants one that 's handy to the place he 's selected for the tunnel. Of course he won't say just where that is till we get the papers made out, but he gave me a kind of a general idea of it, and the land around there 's all mine. He 'd have to go 'way over east to find a

government section that has n't been filed on, and of course there'd be a big expense for pipe; so he offers to locate the tunnel for half the water if we get ten inches or

"About ten, as near as I can guess."

"Well, suppose he locates the tunnel so it will drain your spring; are you to have the expense of the work and the privilege



Drawn by Mary Hallock Foote. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"MRS. DYSART . . . OVERFLOWED A SMALL ROCKING-CHAIR"

over, and I'm to make the tunnel, and deed him twenty acres of land."

"Suppose you get less than ten inches—what then?"

"Then it's all to be mine; but I'm to deed him the land all the same."

"How many inches of water have you from your spring now?"

of giving him half the water and twenty acres of land—is that it?"

John rubbed the back of his neck and reflected.

"The professor laughs at the idea of ten inches of water. He says we'll get at least a hundred, maybe more. You see, if we were to get that much, I'd have a lot of

water to sell to the settlers below. It 'u'd be a big thing."

"So it would; but there 's a big 'if' in there, Dysart. Do you know anything about this man's record?"

"I asked about him down in Los Angeles. Some folks believe in him, and some don't. They say he struck a big stream for them over at San Luis. I don't go much on what people say, anyway; I size a man up, and depend on that. I like the way the professor talks. I don't understand all of it, but he seems to have things pretty pat. Don't you think he has?"

"Yes; he has things pat enough. Most swindlers have. It 's their business. Not that I think him a deliberate swindler, Dysart. Possibly he believes in himself. But I hope you 'll be cautious."

"Oh, I 'm cautious," asserted John. "I 'd be a good deal richer man to-day if I had n't been so cautious. I 've spent a lot of time and money looking into things. I 'll get there, if caution 'll do it. Now, Emmeline she 's impulsive; she has to be held back; she never examines into anything; but I 'm just the other way."

IN spite of Palmerston's warning and Mrs. Dysart's fears, temporal and spiritual, negotiations between Dysart and Brownell made rapid progress. The newcomer's tent was pitched upon the twenty acres selected, and gleamed white against the mountain-side, suggesting to Palmerston's idle vision a sail becalmed upon a sage-green sea. "Dysart's ship, which will probably never come in," he said to himself, looking at it with visible indignation, one morning, as he sat at his tent door in that state of fuming indolence which the male American calls taking a rest.

"Practically there is little difference between a knave and a fool," he fretted; "it 's the difference between the gun that is loaded and the one that is not: in the long run the unloaded gun does the more mischief. A self-absorbed fool is a knave. After all, dishonesty is only abnormal selfishness; it 's a question of degree. Hello, Dysart!" he said aloud, as his host appeared around the tent. "How goes it?"

"Slow," said John, emphatically, "slow. I 'm feeling my way like a cat, and the professor he 's just about as cautious as I am. We 're a good team. He 's been over the cañon six times, and every time that

machine of hisn gives him a new idea. He 's getting it down to a fine point. He wanted to go up again to-day, but I guess he can't."

"What 's up?" inquired Palmerston, indifferently.

"Well, his daughter wrote him she was coming this afternoon, and somebody 'll have to meet her down at Malaga when the train comes in. I 've just been oiling up the top-buggy, and I thought maybe if you—"

"Why, certainly," interrupted Palmerston, responding amiably to the suggestion of John's manner; "if you think the young lady will not object, I shall be delighted. What time is the train due?"

"Now, that 's just what I told Emmeline," said John, triumphantly. "He 'd liever go than not, says I; if he would n't, then young folks has changed since I can remember. The train gets there about two o'clock. If you jog along kind of comfortable you 'll be home before supper. If the girl 's as smart as her father, you 'll have a real nice visit."

Mrs. Dysart viewed the matter with a pessimism which was scarcely to be distinguished from conventionality.

"I think it 's a kind of an imposition, Mr. Palmerston," she said, as her boarder was about to start, "sendin' you away down there for a total stranger. It 's a good thing you 're not bashful. Some young men would be terribly put out. I 'm sure Jawn would 'a' been at your age. But my father would n't have sent a strange young man after one of his daughters—he knowed us too well. My, oh! just to think of it! I 'd have fell all in a heap."

Palmerston ventured a hope that the young lady would not be completely unnerved.

"Oh, I 'm not frettin' about *her*," said his hostess. "I don't doubt she can *take* care of *herself*. If she 's like some of *her* folks, she 'll talk you blind."

Palmerston drove away to hide the smile that teased the corners of his mouth.

"The good woman has the instincts of a chaperon, without the traditions," he reflected, letting his smile break into a laugh. "Her sympathy is with the weaker sex when it comes to a personal encounter. We may need her services yet, who knows?"

Malaga was a flag-station, and the shed

which was supposed to shelter its occasional passengers from the heat of summer and the rain of winter was flooded with afternoon sunshine. Palmerston drove into the square shadow of the shed roof, and set his feet comfortably upon the dashboard while he waited. He was not aware of any very lively curiosity concerning the young woman for whom he was waiting. That he had formed some nebulous hypothesis of vulgarity was evidenced by his whimsical hope that her prevailing atmosphere would not be musk; aggressive perfumery of some sort seemed inevitable. He found himself wondering what trait in her father had led him to this deduction, and drifted idly about in the haze of heredity until the whistle of the locomotive warned him to withdraw his feet from their elevation and betake himself to the platform. Half a minute later the engine panted onward, and the young man found himself, with uplifted hat, confronting a slender figure clad very much as he was, save for the skirt that fell in straight, dark-blue folds to the ground.

"Miss Brownell?" inquired Palmerston, smiling.

The young woman looked at him with evident surprise.

"Where is my father?" she asked abruptly.

"He was unable to come. He regretted it very much. I was so fortunate as to take his place. Allow me—" He stooped toward her satchel.

"Unable to come—is he ill?" pursued the girl, without moving.

"Oh, no," explained Palmerston, hastily; "he is quite well. It was something else—some matter of business."

"Business!" repeated the young woman, with ineffable scorn.

She turned and walked rapidly toward the buggy. Palmerston followed with her satchel. She gave him a preoccupied "Thank you" as he assisted her to a seat and shielded her dress with the shabby robe.

"Do you know anything about this business of my father's?" she asked as they drove away.

"Very little; it is between him and Mr. Dysart, with whom I am boarding. Mr. Dysart has mentioned it to me." The young man spoke with evident reluctance. His companion turned her clear, untrammelled gaze upon him.

"You need n't be afraid to say what you think. Of course it is all nonsense," she said bitterly.

Palmerston colored under her intent gaze, and smiled faintly.

"I have said what I think to Mr. Dysart. Don't you really mean that I need not be afraid to say what *you* think?"

She was still looking at him, or rather at the place where he was. She turned a little more when he spoke, and regarded him as if he had suddenly materialized.

"I think it is all nonsense," she said gravely, as if she were answering a question. Then she turned away again and knitted her brows. Palmerston glanced covertly now and then at her profile, unwillingly aware of its beauty. She was handsome, strikingly, distinguishedly handsome, he said to himself; but there was something lacking. It must be femininity, since he felt the lack and was masculine. He smiled to think how much alike they must appear—he and this very gentlemanly young woman beside him. He thought of her soft felt hat and the cut of her dark-blue coat, and there arose in him a rigidly subdued impulse to offer her a cigar, to ask her if she had a daily paper about her, to—She turned upon him suddenly, her eyes full of tears.

"I am crying!" she exclaimed angrily. "How unspeakably silly!"

Palmerston's heart stopped with that nameless terror which the actual man always experiences when confronted by this phase of the ideal woman. He had been so serene, so comfortable, under the unexpected that there flashed into his mind a vague sense of injury that she should surprise him in this way with the expected. It was inconsiderate, inexcusable; then, with an inconsistency worthy of a better sex, he groped after an excuse for the inexcusable.

"You are very nervous—your journey has tired you—you are not strong," he pleaded.

"I am *not* nervous," insisted the young woman, indignantly. "I have no nerves—I detest them. And I am quite as strong as you are." The young fellow winced. "It is not that. It is only because I cannot have my own way. I cannot make people do as I wish." She spoke with a heat that seemed to dry her tears.

Palmerston sank back and let the case



go by default. "If you like that view of it better—"

"I like the truth," the girl broke in vehemently. "I am so tired of talk! Why

"but it would be honest, and we might learn to like it. Besides, the truth is not always disagreeable."

"Would n't the monotony of candor appal us?" urged Palmerston. "Is n't it possible that our deceptions are all the individuality we have?"

"Heaven forbid!" said his companion, curtly.

They drove on without speaking. The young man was obstinately averse to breaking the silence, which, nevertheless, annoyed him. He had a theory that feminine chatter was disagreeable. Just why he should feel aggrieved that this particular young woman did not talk to him he could not say. No doubt he would have resented with high disdain the suggestion that his vanity had been covertly feeding for years upon the anxiety of young women to make talk for his diversion.

"Do you think my father has closed his agreement with this man of whom you were speaking—this Mr. Dysart?" asked Miss Brownell, returning to the subject as if they had never left it.

"I am very certain he has not; at least, he had not this morning," rejoined Palmerston.

"I wish it might be prevented," she said earnestly, with a note of appeal.

"I have talked with Dysart, but my arguments fail to impress him; perhaps you may be more successful."

Palmerston was aware of responding to her tone rather than to her words. The girl shook her head.

"I can do nothing. People who have only common sense are at a terrible disadvantage when it comes to argument. I know it is all nonsense; but a great many people seem to prefer nonsense. I believe my father would die if he were reduced to bare facts."

"There is something in that," laughed Palmerston. "A theory makes a very comfortable mental garment, if it is roomy enough."

The young woman turned and glanced at him curiously, as if she could not divine what he was laughing at.

"They are like children—such people. My father is like a child. He does not live in the world; he cannot defend himself."

Palmerston's skepticism rushed into his face. The girl looked at him, and the color mounted to her forehead.



Drawn by Mary Hallock Foote. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"SHE TURNED AND WALKED RAPIDLY TOWARD THE BUGGY"

must we always cover up the facts with a lot of platitudes?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Palmerston, lightly. "I suppose there ought to be a skeleton of truth under all we say, but one does n't need to rattle his bones to prove that he has them."

The girl laughed. Palmerston caught a glimpse of something reassuring in her laugh.

"It might not be cheerful," she admitted,

"You do not believe in him!" she broke out. "It cannot be—you cannot think—you do not know him!"

"I know very little of your father's theories, Miss Brownell," protested Palmerston. "You cannot blame me if I question them; you seem to question them yourself."

"His theories—I loathe them!" She spoke with angry emphasis. "It is not that; it is himself. I cannot bear to think that you—that any one—"

"Pardon me," interrupted Palmerston; "we were speaking of his theories. I have no desire to discuss your father."

He knew his tone was resentful. He found himself wondering whether it was an excess of egotism or of humility that made her ignore his personality.

"Why should we not discuss him?" she asked, turning her straightforward eyes upon him.

"Because"—Palmerston broke into an impatient laugh—"because we are not disembodied spirits; at least, I am not."

The girl gave him a look of puzzled incomprehension, and turned back to her own thoughts. That they were troubled thoughts her face gave abundant evidence. Palmerston waited, curiously eager for some manifestation of social grace, some comment on the scenery which should lead by the winding path of young-ladyism to the Mecca of her personal tastes and preferences; should unveil that sacred estimate of herself which she so gladly shared with others, but which others too often failed to share with her.

"I wish you would tell me all you know about it," she said presently, "this proposition my father has made. He writes me very indefinitely, and sometimes it is hard for me to learn, even when I am with him, just what he is doing. He forgets that he has not told me."

The young man hesitated, weighing the difficulties that would beset him if he should attempt to explain his hesitation, seeing also the more tangible difficulties of evasion if she should turn her clear eyes upon him. It would be better for Dysart if she knew, he said to himself. They had made no secret of the transaction, and sooner or later she must hear of it from others, if not from her father. He yielded to the infection of her candor, and told her what she asked. She listened with knitted brows and an introspective glance.

"Mr. Dysart might lose his work," she commented tentatively.

Palmerston was silent.

The girl turned abruptly. "Could he lose anything else?" The color swept across her face, and her voice had a half-pathetic menace in it.

"Every business arrangement is uncertain, contains a possibility of loss."

Palmerston was definitely aware that he had not answered her question. He emphasized his defiance by jerking the reins.

"Don't!" said the girl, reproachfully. "I think his mouth is tender."

"You like horses?" inquired the young man, with a sensation of relief.

She shook her head. "No; I think not. I never notice them except when they seem uncomfortable."

"But if you did n't like them you would n't care."

"Oh, yes, I should. I don't like to see anything uncomfortable."

Palmerston laughed. "You have made me very uncomfortable, and you do not seem to mind. I must conclude that you have not noticed it, and that conclusion hurts my vanity."

The young woman did not turn her head.

"I try to be candid," she said, "and I am always being misunderstood. I think I must be very stupid."

Her companion began to breathe more freely. She was going to talk of herself, after all. He was perfectly at home when it came to that.

"Not at all," he said graciously; "you only make the rest of us appear stupid. We are at a disadvantage when we get what we do not expect, and none of us expect candor."

"But if we tell the truth ourselves, I don't see why we should n't expect it from others."

"Oh, yes, if we ourselves tell the truth."

"I think you have been telling me the truth," she said, turning her steadfast eyes upon him.

"Thank you," said Palmerston, lightly. "I hope my evident desire for approval does n't suggest a sense of novelty in my position."

Miss Brownell smiled indulgently, and then knitted her brows. "I am glad you have told me," she said; "I may not be able to help it, but it is better for me to know."

They were nearing the Dysart house, and Palmerston remembered that he had no definite instruction concerning the newcomer's destination.

"I think I will take her directly to her father's tent," he reflected, "and let Mrs. Dysart plan her own attack upon the social situation."

When he had done this and returned to his boarding-place, there was a warmth in the greeting of his worthy hostess which suggested a sense of his recent escape from personal danger.

"I'm real glad to see you safe home, Mr. Palmerston," she said amply. "I don't wonder you look fagged; the ride through the dust was hard enough without having all sorts of other things to hatchel you. I do hope you won't have that same kind of a phthisicky ketch in your breath that you had the other night after you overdone. I think it was mostly nervousness, and, dear knows, you've had enough to make you nervous to-day. I told Jawn after you was gone that I'd hate to be answerable for the consequences."

Two days later John Dysart came into Palmerston's tent and drew a camp-stool close to the young man's side.

"I'm in a kind of a fix," he said, seating himself and fastening his eyes on the floor with an air of profound self-commissionation. "You see, this girl of Brownell's she came up where I was mending the flume yesterday, and we got right well acquainted. She seems friendly. She took off her coat and laid it on a boulder, and we set down there in our shirt-sleeves and had quite a talk. I think she means all right, but she's visionary. I can't understand it, living with a practical man like the professor. But you can't always tell. Now, there's Emmeline. Emmeline means well, but she lets her prejudices run away with her judgment. I guess women generally do. But, someway, this girl rather surprised me. When I first saw her I thought she looked kind of reasonable; maybe it was her cravat—I don't know."

John shook his head in a baffled way. He had taken off his hat, and the handkerchief which he had spread over his bald crown to protect it from the flies drooped pathetically about his honest face.

"What did Miss Brownell say?" asked Palmerston, flushing a little.

John looked at him absently from under

his highly colored awning. "The girl? Oh, she don't understand. She wanted me to be careful. I told her I'd been careful all my life, and I was n't likely to rush into anything now. She thinks her father's 'most too sanguine about the water, but she does n't understand the machine—I could see that. She said she was afraid I'd lose something, and she wants me to back out right now. I'm sure I don't know what to do. I want to treat everybody right."

"Including yourself, I hope," suggested Palmerston.

"Yes, of course. I don't feel quite able to give up all my prospects just for a notion; and yet I want to do the square thing by Emmeline. It's queer about women—especially Emmeline. I've often thought if there was only men it would be easier to make up your mind; but still, I suppose we'd ought n't to feel that way. They don't mean any harm."

John drew the protecting drapery from his head, and lashed his bald crown with it softly, as if in punishment for his seeming disloyalty.

"You could withdraw from the contract now without any great loss to Mr. Brownell," suggested Palmerston.

John looked at him blankly. "Why, of course he would n't lose anything; I'd be the loser. But I have n't any notion of doing that. I'm only wondering whether I ought to tell Emmeline about the girl. You see, Emmeline's kind of impulsive, and she's took a dead set against the girl because, you see, she thinks,"—John leaned forward confidentially and shut one eye, as if he were squinting along his recital to see that it was in line with the facts,—“you see, she thinks—well, I don't know as I'd ought to take it on myself to say just what Emmeline thinks, but I think she thinks—well, I don't know as I'd ought to say what I think she thinks, either; but you'd understand if you'd been married."

"Oh, I can understand," asserted the young man. "Mrs. Dysart's position is very natural. But I think you should tell her what Miss Brownell advises. There is no other woman near, and it will prove very uncomfortable for the young lady if your wife remains unfriendly toward her. You certainly don't want to be unjust, Dysart."

John shook his head dolorously over this extension of his moral obligations.

"No," he declared valiantly; "I want to be square with everybody; but I don't want to prejudice Emmeline against the professor, and I'm afraid this would. You see, Emmeline's this way—well, I don't know as I'd ought to say just how Emmeline is, but you know she's an *awful good woman!*"

John leaned forward and gave the last three words a slow funereal emphasis which threatened his companion's gravity.

"Oh, I know," Palmerston broke out quickly; "Mrs. Dysart's a good woman, and she's a very smart woman, too; she has good ideas."

"Yes, yes; Emmeline's smart," John made haste to acquiesce; "she's smart as far as she knows, but when she don't quite understand, then she's prejudiced. I guess women's generally prejudiced about machinery; they can't be expected to see into it: but still, if you think I'd ought to tell her what this Brownell girl says, why, I'm a-going to do it."

John got up with the air of a man harassed but determined, and went out of the tent.

The next afternoon Mrs. Dysart put on her beaded dolman and her best bonnet, and panted through the tar-weed to call upon her new neighbor. Palmerston watched the good woman's departure, and awaited her return, taunting himself remorselessly meanwhile for the curiosity which prompted him to place a decoy-chair near his tent door, and exulting shamefacedly at the success of his ruse when she sank into it with the interrogative glance with which fat people always commit themselves to furniture.

"Well, I've been to see her, and I must say, for a girl that's never found grace, she's about the straightforwardest person I ever came across. I know I was prejudiced." Mrs. Dysart took off her bonnet, a sacred edifice constructed of cotton velvet, frowzy feathers, and red-glass currants, and gazed at it penitentially. "That father of hers is enough to prejudice a saint. But the girl ain't to blame. I think she must have had a prayin' mother, though she says she does n't remember anything about her exceptin' her clothes, which does sound worldly."

Mrs. Dysart straightened out the varnished muslin leaves of her horticultural head-gear, and held the entire structure at

arm's-length with a sigh of gratified sense and troubled spirit.

"I invited her to come to the mothers' meetin' down at Mrs. Stearns's in the wash with me next Thursday afternoon, and I'm goin' to have her over to dinner some day when the old professor's off on a tramp. I try to have Christian grace, but I can't quite go him, though I would like to see the girl brought into the fold."

Palmerston remembered the steadfast eyes of the wanderer, and wondered how they had met all this. His companion replaced the bonnet on her head, where it lurched a little, by reason of insufficient skewering, as she got up.

"Then you were pleased with Miss Brownell?" the young man broke out, rather senselessly, he knew—aware, all at once, of a desire to hear more.

Mrs. Dysart did not sit down.

"Yes," she said judicially; "for a girl without any bringin' up, and with no religious influences, and no mother and no father to speak of, I think she's full as good as some that's had more chances. I've got to go and start a fire now," she went on, with an air of willingness but inability to continue the subject. "There's Jawn comin' after the milk-pail; I do wish he could be brought to listen to reason."

Palmerston watched the good woman as she labored down the path, her dusty skirts drawn close about her substantial ankles, and the beaded dolman glittering unfeelingly in the sun.

"I hope she has a sense of humor," he said to himself. Then he got up hastily, went into the tent, and brought out a letter, which he read carefully from the beginning to the signature scribbled in the upper corner of the first page—"Your own Bess." After that he sat quite still, letting his glance play with the mists of the valley, until Mrs. Dysart rang the supper-bell.

"If she has a sense of humor, how much she must enjoy her!" he said to himself, with the confusion of pronouns we all allow ourselves and view with such scorn in others.

WHEN a man first awakes to the fact that he is thinking of the wrong woman, it is always with a comfortable sense of certainty that he can change his attitude of mind by a slight effort of the will. If he does not make the effort, it is only because

he is long past the necessity of demonstrating himself to himself, and not from any fickleness of fancy on his own part. It was in this comfortable state of certainty that Sidney Palmerston betook himself, a few days later, to the Brownell tent, armed with a photograph which might have been marked "Exhibit A" in the case which he was trying with himself before his own conscience. If there was in his determination to place himself right with Miss Brownell any trace of solicitude for the young woman, to the credit of his modesty be it said, he had not formulated it. Perhaps there was. A belief in the general overripeness of feminine affection, and a discreet avoidance of shaking the tree upon which it grows, have in some way become a part of masculine morals, and Sidney Palmerston was still young enough to take himself seriously.

Miss Brownell had moved a table outside the tent, and was bending over a map fastened to it by thumb-tacks.

"I am trying to find out what my father is doing," she said, looking straight into Palmerston's eyes without a word of greeting. "I suppose you know they are about to begin work on the tunnel."

The young man was beginning to be a trifle tired of the tunnel. "Dysart mentioned it yesterday," he said. "May I sit down, Miss Brownell?"

She gave a little start, and went into the tent for another chair. When she reappeared, Palmerston met her at the tent door and took the camp-chair from her hand.

"I want to sit here," he said wilfully, turning his back toward the table. "I don't want to talk about the tunnel; I want to turn the conversation upon agreeable things—myself, for instance."

She frowned upon him smilingly, and put her hand to her cheek with a puzzled gesture.

"Have I talked too much about the tunnel?" she asked. "I thought something might be done to stop it."

Palmerston shook his head. "You have done everything in your power. Dysart has been fairly warned. Besides, who knows?" he added rather flippantly. "They may strike a hundred inches of water, as your father predicts."

"I have not been objecting merely to rid myself of responsibility; I have never

felt any. I only wanted—I hoped—" She stopped, aware of the unresponsive chill that always came at mention of her father. "I *know* he is honest."

"Of course," protested Palmerston, with artificial warmth; "and, really, I think the place for the work is well selected. I am not much of an engineer, but I went up the other day and looked about, and there are certainly indications of water. I—" He stopped suddenly, aware of his mistake.

The girl had not noticed it. "I wish I could make people over," she said, curling her fingers about her thumb, and striking the arm of her chair with the soft side of the resultant fist, after the manner of women.

Her companion laughed.

"Not every person, I hope; not this one, at least." He drew the photograph from his breast pocket and held it toward her. She took it from him, and looked at it absently an instant.

"What a pretty girl!" she said, handing it back to him. "Your sister?"

The young man flushed. "No; my fiancée."

She held out her hand and took the card again, looking at it with fresh eyes.

"A *very* pretty girl," she said. "What is her name?"

"Elizabeth Arnold."

"Where does she live?"

Palmerston mentioned a village in Michigan. His companion gave another glance at the picture, and laid it upon the arm of the chair. The young man rescued it from her indifference with a little irritable jerk. She was gazing unconsciously toward the horizon.

"Don't you intend to congratulate me?" he inquired with a nettled laugh.

She turned quickly, flushing to her forehead. "Pardon me. I said she was very pretty—I thought young men found that quite sufficient. I have never heard them talk much of girls in any other way. But perhaps I should have told you: I care very little about photographs, especially of women. They never look like them. They always make me think of paper dolls."

She halted between her sentences with an ungirlish embarrassment which Palmerston was beginning to find dangerously attractive.

"But the women themselves—you find them interesting?"

"Oh, yes; some of them. Mrs. Dysart, for instance. As soon as she learned I had no mother, she invited me to a mothers' meeting. I thought that very interesting."

"Very sensible, too. They are mostly childless mothers, and a sprinkling of motherless children will add zest to the assemblage."

They both laughed, and the young man's laugh ended in a cough. The girl glanced uneasily toward the bank of fog that was sweeping across the valley.

"Mr. Palmerston," she said, "the fog is driving in very fast, and it is growing quite damp and chilly. I think you ought to go home. Wait a minute," she added, hurrying into the tent and returning with a soft gray shawl. "I am afraid you will be cold; let me put this about your shoulders."

She threw it around him and pinned it under his chin, standing in front of him with her forehead on a level with his lips.

"Now hurry!"

A man does not submit to the humiliation of having a shawl pinned about his shoulders without questioning his own sanity, and some consciousness of this fact forced itself upon Palmerston as he made his way along the narrow path through the greasewood. He had removed the obnoxious drapery, of course, and was vindicating his masculinity by becoming very cold and damp in the clammy folds of the fog which had overtaken him; but the shawl hung upon his arm and reminded him of many things—not altogether unpleasant things, he would have been obliged to confess if he had not been busy assuring himself that he had no confession to make. He had done his duty, he said to himself; but there was something else which he did not dare to say even to himself—something which made him dissatisfied with his duty now that it was done. Of course he did not expect her to care about his engagement, but she should have been sympathetic; well-bred women were always sympathetic, he argued, arriving at his conclusion by an unanswerable transposition of adjectives. He turned his light coat-collar up about his throat, and the shawl on his arm brushed his cheek warmly. No man is altogether color-blind to the danger-signals of his own nature. Did he really want her to care, after all? he asked himself angrily. He might have spared himself the trouble of telling her. She was absorbed in herself,

or, what was the same, in that unsavory fraud whom she called father. The young man unfastened the flap of his tent nervously, and took himself in out of the drenching mist, which seemed in some way to have got into his brain. He was angry with himself for his interest in these people, as he styled them in his lofty self-abasement. They were ungrateful, unworthy. His eye fell upon two letters propped up on his table in a manner so conspicuous as to suggest a knowledge of his preoccupation—as if some one were calling him out of his reverie in an offensively loud voice. He turned the address downward, and busied himself in putting to rights the articles which John had piled up to attract his tardy notice. He would read his letters, of course, but not in his present mood: that would be a species of sacrilege, he patronizingly informed his restive conscience.

And he did read them later, after he had carefully folded the gray shawl and placed it out of his range of vision—half a score of closely written pages filled with gentle girlish analysis of the writer's love and its unique manifestations, and ending with a tepid interest in the "queer people" among whom her lover's lot was cast. "It is very hard, my dear," she wrote, "to think of you in that lonely place, cut off from everybody and everything interesting; but we must bear it bravely, since it is to make you strong and well."

Palmerston held the letter in his hand, and looked steadily through the tent window across the sea of fog that had settled over the valley.

"After all, she is not selfish," he reflected; "she has nothing to gain by saving Dysart, except"—he smiled grimly—"her rascally father's good name."

THE rains were late, but they came at last, blowing in soft and warm from the south-east, washing the dust from the patient orange-trees and the draggled bananas, and luring countless green things out of the brown mold of the mesa into the winter sun. Birds fledged in the golden drought of summer went mad over the miracles of rain and grass, and riotously announced their discovery of a new heaven and a new earth to their elders. The leafless poinsettia flaunted its scarlet diadem at Palmerston's tent door, a monarch robbed of

all but his crown, and the acacias west of the Dysart dooryard burst into sunlit yellow in a night.

The rains had not been sufficient to stop work on the tunnel, and John watched its progress with the feverish eagerness of an inexperienced gambler. Now that it was fairly under way, Brownell seemed to lose interest in the result, and wandered, satchel in hand, over the mountain-side, leaving fragments of his linen duster on the thorny chaparral, and devising new schemes for the enrichment of the valley, to which his daughter listened at night in skeptical silence. Now and then his voice fell from some overhanging crag in a torrent of religious rapture, penetrating the cabin walls and trying Mrs. Dysart's pious soul beyond endurance.

"Now listen to that, Emmeline!" said John, exultantly, during one of these vocal inundations. "He 's a-singin' the doxology. Now I believe he 's a Christian."

Mrs. Dysart averted her face with a sigh of long-suffering patience.

"Singin' is the easiest part of the Christian religion, Jawn. As for that,"—she jerked her head toward the source of vocal supply,— "it 's soundin' brass; that 's what I 'd say if I was settin' in judgment, which I thank our heavenly Fawther I 'm not."

"Well, there goes Mr. Palmerston and the girl, anyway," said John, with eager irrelevance; "they seem to be gettin' pretty thick."

Mrs. Dysart moved toward the open window with piously restrained curiosity.

"I 'm sorry for that girl," she said; "she 's got one man more 'n she can manage now, without tacklin' another."

"Oh, well, now, Emmeline, young folks will be young folks, you know." There was in John's voice something dangerously near satisfaction with this well-known peculiarity of youth.

"Yes; and they 'll be old folks, too, which most of 'em seems to forget," returned Mrs. Dysart, sending a pessimistic glance after the retreating couple.

Mrs. Dysart was right. Sidney Palmerston and his companion were not thinking of old age that winter day. The mesa stretched a mass of purple lupine at their feet. There was the odor of spring, the warmth of summer, the languor of autumn, in the air. As they neared the cañon the path grew narrow, and the girl walked

ahead, turning now and then, and blocking the way, in the earnestness of her speech. They had long since ceased to talk of the tunnel; Sidney had ceased even to think of it. For weeks he had hardly dared to think at all. There had been at first the keen sense of disappointment in himself which comes to every confident soul as it learns the limitations of its own will; then the determination, so easy to youth's foreshortening view, to keep the letter of his promise and bury the spirit out of his own sight and the sight of the world forever; then the self-pity and the pleading with fate for a little happiness as an advance deposit on the promise of lifelong self-sacrifice; then the perfumed days when thought was lulled and duty became a memory and a hope. Strangely enough, it was always duty, this unholy thing which he meant to do—this payment of a debt in base metal, when the pure gold of love had been promised. But ethics counted for little to-day as he followed a figure clad in blue serge down the path that led from the edge of the cañon to the bed of the stream. Budding willows made a green mist in the depths below them, and the sweet, tarry odors of the upland blew across the tops of the sycamores in the cañon and mingled with the smell of damp leaf-mold and the freshness of growing things.

The girl paused and peered down into the cañon inquiringly.

"Do you think of leaping?" asked Palmerston.

She smiled seriously, still looking down. "No; I was wondering if the rainfall had been as light in the mountains as it has been in the valley, and how the water-supply will hold out through the summer if we have no more."

Palmerston laughed. "Do you always think of practical things?" he asked.

She turned and confronted him with a half-defiant, half-whimsical smile.

"I do not think much about what I think," she said; "I am too busy thinking."

As she spoke she took a step backward and tripped upon some obstacle in the path.

Palmerston sprang forward and caught her upraised arm with both hands.

"I—I—love you!" he said eagerly, tightening his grasp, and then loosening it, and falling back with the startled air of one who hears a voice when he thinks himself alone.



The young woman let her arm fall at her side, and stood still an instant, looking at him with untranslatable eyes.

"You love me?" she repeated with slow questioning. "How can you?"

Palmerston smiled rather miserably. "Far more easily than I can explain why I have told you," he answered.

"If it is true, why should you not tell me?" she asked, still looking at him steadily.

Evasion seemed a drapery of lies before her gaze. Palmerston spoke the naked truth:

"Because I cannot ask you to love me in return—because I have promised to marry another woman, and I must keep my promise."

He made the last avowal with the bitter triumph of one who chooses death where he might easily have chosen dishonor.

His listener turned away a little, and looked through the green haze of the cañon at the snow of San Antonio.

"You say that you love me, and yet you intend to marry this other girl, who loves you, and live a lie?" she asked without looking at him.

"My God! but you make it hard!" groaned Palmerston.

She faced about haughtily.

"I make it hard!" she exclaimed. "I have been afraid of you—not for myself,

but for—for others, about something in which one might be mistaken. And you come to me and tell me this! You would cheat a woman out of her life, a girl who loves you—who promised to marry you because you told her you loved her; who no doubt learned to love you because of your love for her. And this is what men call honor! Do you know what I intend to do? I intend to write to this girl and tell her what you have told me. Then she may marry you if she wishes. But she shall know. You shall not feed her on husks all her life, if I can help it. And because I intend to do this, even if—even if I loved you, I could never see you again!"

Palmerston knew that he stood aside to let her pass and walk rapidly out of the cañon.

The call of insects and the twitter of linnets seemed to deepen into a roar. A faint "halloo" came from far up the mountain-side, and in the distance men's voices rang across the cañon.

A workman came running down the path, almost stumbling over Palmerston in his haste.

"Where 's the old man—where 's Dy-sart?" he panted, wiping his forehead with his sleeve. "We 've struck a flow that 's washing us into the middle of next week. The old professor made a blamed good guess this time, sure."



## LIFE AND DEATH

BY CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES

WHAT man hath looked on either? Yet the twain  
Are known to all, through mysteries they do.  
A breathing in—a breathing out again:  
We *know* no more, and no man ever knew.

"Shadow of God," the Hindu once named Death;  
And that it must be, for we feel the night  
Wherever he withdraws a human breath;  
And where Life brings one, we can feel the Light!

# MODERN MUSICAL CELEBRITIES

BY HERMANN KLEIN

## I. PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF VERDI, WAGNER, GOUNOD, LISZT, AND TSCHAIKOWSKY

THE present paper is the first of several selected from Mr. Hermann Klein's reminiscences of his thirty years' experiences as a London musical critic, in which position it was his good fortune to meet nearly all the figures prominent in the musical world since 1870. Later papers will treat of other famous singers (among them Mme. Adelina Patti and M. Jean de Reszke), and of the late Sir Augustus Harris and his distinguished services to opera. An interesting feature of the present paper is that it describes a personal meeting with each of the five composers on the occasion of their last visit to London.

EDITOR.

IN May, 1876, I saw Verdi conduct his Manzoni "Requiem" at the Royal Albert Hall. This was generally supposed to be his third visit to London, the previous occasions being when he came over, in 1847, for the production of the opera "I Masnadieri," which he wrote expressly for Her Majesty's Theatre; and again, in 1862 (the Exhibition year), when his "Inno delle Nazioni" was performed at the same theater. But, according to his intimate friend Mr. Randegger, the maestro also ran over from Paris one summer, without letting any one into the secret, for the purpose of hearing for himself what the world-famous Handel Festival was like. Mr. Randegger has told me that his surprise was indescribable when he came across Verdi at the Crystal Palace, with a score of "Israel in Egypt" tucked under his arm. He insisted, however, upon his presence being kept unknown, and seems to have returned to Paris as mysteriously as he came.

At the period of the "Requiem" visit there happened to be residing in London an elderly Italian musician named Deliguoro, upon whom Fortune had not smiled very kindly, and who frequently enjoyed the hospitality of my parents' house. An admirable contrapuntist, stuffed full of musical learning, he had the technic of

composition at his fingers' ends; but of individual or fresh ideas his brain was utterly devoid. Like most disappointed geniuses, he was unable to perceive his own lack of originality. Once he played me a melody in mazurka rhythm,—a commonplace Neapolitan tune enough,—which he fondly regarded as an inspiration; and I shall never forget the old gentleman's horror when, a day or two afterward, he caught me strumming his piece by ear upon the piano. I had to swear by all his own particular saints that I would never even hum his tune again. "Some one would be sure to steal it." He was utterly oblivious to the fact that he had virtually stolen it himself.

The announcement of Verdi's coming was a great event for Deliguoro, inasmuch as the master and he had been fellow-students at Milan, under Lavigna (1831–1833). This was just after the preposterous refusal of the authorities of the Milan Conservatory to admit Verdi as a pupil at that institution because they thought he did not display sufficient promise of talent. Deliguoro's delight at the prospect of meeting his old friend knew no bounds. He had not seen him for quite thirty years. "Giuseppe and I were like brothers. We ate, drank, and worked together the whole of the time. His harmony exercises always

had more mistakes than mine, and he could never master the art of writing a really good fugue. I wonder whether he has dared to put one into his 'Requiem.' We shall see; for I am going to write and ask him for a ticket to hear it."

In due course tickets arrived for the rehearsal and the concert, and Deliguoro showed them to me with the utmost pride. Most of the distinguished musical folk in London were present at the "grand rehearsal"; and yet the vast auditorium, capable of holding ten thousand persons comfortably, looked comparatively deserted. I sat with Deliguoro not far from the orchestra. He was so excited that I had the utmost difficulty in restraining him from climbing over the barrier and taking Verdi in his arms there and then. Nor were my own feelings altogether calm as I gazed for the first time upon the man who had composed the "Traviata," "Rigoletto," and "Aida." He was then sixty-three years of age, and his closely cut beard was fast turning gray; but he was as active and robust as a youth, his eyes were keen and bright, and his clear, penetrating voice, when he addressed the choir (in French or Italian, I forget which), could be heard all over the hall.

At the end of the fugal chorus "*Quam olim Abraham*" (which my neighbor declared to be more scholarly than anything he had anticipated), Verdi came round to speak to his friends among the select audience, and before long I could see that he was staring in an uncertain way at Deliguoro. Then, all of a sudden, he appeared to make up his mind, and took a bee-line over the stall chairs to the spot where we were standing. "*Tu sei Deliguoro, non è ver?*" exclaimed the maestro. "*Si, si, son Deliguoro,*" replied his old friend, his eyes brimming over with tears. And then followed a long and close embrace that I thought would never end. It would be hard to say which of the two former classmates evinced the fuller measure of joy.

But in the midst of the excitement I was not forgotten. Deliguoro presented me to Verdi as "the son of the best friends he had in London, and a youthful but modest

musical critic." I added that I had been indebted to Signor Deliguoro for much good teaching and advice in the study of the art. "And you could not do better," said Verdi, in French, as he shook me by the hand. "Deliguoro is not only a Colossus of counterpoint, but he has a great heart, and I feel personally grateful to any one who is kind to him."

Nor did the great man, who was the soul of generosity, forget his own duty in the matter; for, prior to leaving London, he sent a substantial money gift to the less fortunate friend of his youth, who was destined to survive only a year or two longer.

Surely none who heard that magnificent performance of the Manzoni "Requiem" can have ever forgotten the combined effect of the beautiful music, the superb singing of the Albert Hall choir (trained by Barnby), the wonderful voices of the soloists, and, pervading all, the subtle magnetic influence induced by the presence and personal guidance of the composer. The solo artists included three members of the original quartet, namely, Mme. Stolz, Mme. Waldmann, and Signor Masini. All possessed noble voices, and the famous tenor, who has never been heard in opera in England, was then quite at his best. But the undoubted gem of the whole performance was the "Agnus Dei," with its octave unison phrases for the two women's voices, sung by Stolz and Waldmann with a delicacy and charm of simply ethereal loveliness. Nor shall I forget the pains that Verdi took at rehearsal to obtain from his chorus and orchestra of eight hundred a pianissimo fitting in proportion to the exquisite tone of these singers.

Just a year later Richard Wagner came to London to take part in the series of Wagner Festival concerts at the Royal Albert Hall, which had been arranged with a view to paying off the debt on the new theater at Bayreuth.<sup>1</sup> The events of this visit are briefly narrated in "Grove" by Mr. Edward Dannreuther, at whose house in Bayswater Wagner stayed from April 30 to June 4. Evidently, however, Mr. Dannreuther

<sup>1</sup> It will be remembered that there was a deficit of something like 140,000 marks (\$35,000) after the opening season of 1876, when "*Der Ring des Nibelungen*" was performed for the first time in its entirety. London, however, did little toward liquidating this debt. It was ultimately paid off with the gross receipts of some cycles of "*The Ring*" at Munich, for which the performers all gave their services gratuitously.

had no desire to dwell in detail upon the incidents of this London episode. He was even a trifle ashamed that his name should have been associated with it in Glasenapp's biography of Wagner "and elsewhere"; and he expressly states that he "had *nothing whatever* to do with the planning of the 'festival,' nor with the business arrangements." All he did was to "attend to the completion of the orchestra with regard to the 'extra' wind-instruments, and at Wagner's request to conduct the preliminary rehearsals."

No doubt such was the case. But thus to disclaim all connection with the enterprise has always sounded to me rather like a slur upon the good intentions of those whose devotion to Wagner's cause had led to the inception and organization of this affair. That Wagner himself was annoyed at certain things which occurred, and that he went away, on the whole, extremely disappointed, may be safely assumed, if only from what was subsequently said by his native champions of the press in Bavaria and elsewhere. A great many of those statements, however, were either untrue or grossly exaggerated. The true facts have never been related, and as I happened to be behind the scenes more or less throughout the Wagner Festival of 1877, it may be interesting to my readers if I now endeavor, as concisely as possible, to tell the story.

To make matters clear, I must premise that the adversaries and supporters of Wagnerian art in London were then ranged in three distinct camps. There were, first, those who refused to accept his music under any conditions; secondly, those who would accept all he had written down to "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin"; and, thirdly, those who worshiped both at the temple and from afar, accepting and rejoicing in everything. The first of these sections was gradually dying out, or being absorbed by the second, as the beauty of Wagner's operas slowly but surely forced its way into the heart and understanding of the people. The prejudice against the later works still prevailed, however, and to such an extent that no London impresario yet

dreamed of mounting "Tristan," or "Die Walküre," or "Die Meistersinger," despite the success those works were then meeting with in many Continental cities. All one could say was that musicians were beginning to display an interest in the preludes and excerpts occasionally performed in the concert-room; while, as a matter of course, the London Wagner Society was constantly growing in numbers and strength, and working a steady propaganda in behalf of the cause.

Among the most popular artists appearing in England at that time was the eminent violinist August Wilhelmj, who was one of Wagner's most ardent disciples and the leader of the first Bayreuth orchestra. He was pretty accurately acquainted with the state of affairs, and he it was who originally conceived the idea of inviting Wagner to conduct a series of concerts upon a festival scale in the British capital. He broached the subject during the autumn of 1876, and at first, I believe, Wagner was utterly disinclined to consider the proposition. Twice already had the master been in England, once in the summer of 1839,<sup>1</sup> and again in 1855, when for a single season he took the baton laid down by Costa as conductor of the Philharmonic Society. His recollections of this second visit cannot have been wholly pleasant; but Wilhelmj showed him how completely the aspect of things had changed, and argued that there was now an immense curiosity to see him, as well as to hear more of his music. Besides, six concerts at the Albert Hall would assuredly result in a net profit of as many thousand pounds. The temptation was too strong to be resisted; Wagner ultimately decided to go.

Wilhelmj, delighted at having secured the master's promise, at once set about finding a responsible manager who would undertake the arrangements and advance the necessary capital for the preliminary outlay. Herein lay the initial mistake. Instead of employing some well-known concert agent, the violinist placed the whole business in the hands of a very respectable but entirely inexperienced firm named Hodge & Essex, London agents for certain

<sup>1</sup> He then stayed only eight days, and lodged, together with his wife, at a boarding-house (since pulled down) in Compton street, Soho. This short visit Wagner made en route for Paris, but he also stopped at Boulogne, where he made the acquaintance of Meyerbeer, and obtained from him the introductions which gave rise to Heine's oft-quoted remark: "Do you know what makes me suspicious of this young man? It is that Meyerbeer recommends him."

American organs, whose place of business was at the Hengler Circus building in Argyll street. I will not deny that Messrs. Hodge & Essex worked hard and did their best; but, unfortunately, both they and Herr Wilhelmj were far too lavish in their expenditure. They engaged Materna and the pick of the Bayreuth artists at big prices. The orchestra, with Wilhelmj as leader, was nearly two hundred strong. The disbursements for advertising, printing, programs, etc., were enormous, and everything was done in the costliest fashion. All this might have been justified had the attendance at the festival reached the expected level; but the prices charged for seats were almost prohibitive, and the public refused to come in anything like the necessary numbers.

On the night after Wagner's arrival in London a dinner was given in his honor by Messrs. Hodge & Essex at their show-rooms in Argyll street. Only recognized friends of the "cause" were invited, and I had the honor of being among the number. Toasts were given and responded to, and Wagner made one of the characteristic little speeches for which he was famous. Late in the evening I was introduced to him. He asked me to sit beside him for a few minutes, and began by asking me in German how old I was.

"Nearly twenty-one," I replied.

"Why, you were not born when I was last here. I suppose you know, though, that your critics did not display any great affection for me then. Do you think they are better inclined toward me now?"

I answered that I fancied he would perceive an improved attitude all round.

"I hope so," said Wagner. "I know that some of my best and truest friends live in London, and sooner or later their influence must begin to tell."

I ventured to remark that I thought his music, in the long run, would suffice to accomplish the desired conversion. He turned his keen glance toward me for a moment, and paused as though wishing to read me through. The inspection appeared to be satisfactory, for a smile suffused his features as he replied:

"Yes; but here they still call it 'music of the future,' and in this land of oratorio, who knows how long they will take to get rid of their prejudices, unless the agitators keep stirring them up? Well, we shall see what happens next week."

Then he turned to speak to Wilhelmj, and the brief chat was at an end. I sat still, however, a minute or two longer, and watched with intense interest the play of facial expression, the eloquent curves of the mouth, the humorous light in the eyes, the quiet, subtle laugh, while he addressed in turn the various friends gathered about him. That evening Wagner was thoroughly happy. He felt himself in a congenial atmosphere, content with the present, and hopeful, nay, sanguine, of the morrow. I was glad to have seen him in that beatific mood, and not a little proud to have spoken with him. What a pity that he was not to bid his final farewell to England in an equally satisfied frame of mind!

The final rehearsal for the opening concert of the festival took place at the Albert Hall on May 5. Wagner had himself chosen the programs. He was to conduct each first part, consisting of selections out of all his operas, from "Rienzi" to "Tristan," while Hans Richter, who now made his first appearance in England, was to direct the excerpts from "Der Ring des Nibelungen," which formed each second part. Most of the preliminary work had been done under Mr. Dannreuther, in whom Wagner reposed great confidence. All that remained was to put on the finishing touches and for the composer-conductor to accustom himself to the vast auditorium and the huge crescent-shaped phalanx of orchestral players spread before him.

From the outset, as it seemed to me, he failed to place himself *en rapport* with either. The abnormal conditions appeared completely to upset him. In a word, he succumbed there and then to a severe attack of Albert Hall stage-fright, an illness familiar to nearly every artist on stepping for the first time upon the platform of that gigantic amphitheater.<sup>1</sup> However, after a glance of astonishment round the empty

<sup>1</sup> Another bad sufferer that day was Frau Materna. I was speaking to her in the artists' room just before she went on to rehearse, and she was positively trembling with excitement and fear "lest she should be unable to make herself heard in such a huge place." I begged her to sing quite in her usual manner and, above all things, not to force her voice. She afterward thanked me, and said she had been simply amazed to find the hall so easy to sing in.

hall, and a few whispered words to Wilhelmj and a few more to Hans Richter (who was posted beside the conductor's desk), the great man raised his baton and gave the signal for a start. The inaugural piece was the "Kaisermarsch," and it was well chosen for the purpose. Its pompous and sonorous strains, proceeding with stately, rhythmical movement throughout, were perfectly calculated to show off the imposing volume of the big orchestra in such a building as this. It gave no trouble, and the effect was superb; but unluckily, instead of imbuing Wagner with a little confidence, this preludial essay left him more palpably nervous than before.

The second piece on the list was the overture to "Der Fliegende Holländer." Here, I confess, I looked for something exceptional. I had always understood that Wagner was a fine conductor (at least of works with which he was in true sympathy), and I expected his reading of the "Dutchman" overture to be in the nature of a revelation. Imagine, then, my disappointment and sorrow when it resulted in a complete breakdown! Twice, nay, thrice, did Wagner make a fresh start, while Mr. Dannreuther and Mr. Deichmann, the faithful leader of the second violins, took in turn the task of translating his complaints and instructions to the orchestra. But it was of no avail. He utterly failed either to indicate or obtain what he wanted, and at last, in sheer despair, he threw down his stick and requested Richter to do the work for him. Well do I remember the sharp round of applause with which the band greeted the Viennese conductor as he mounted the rostrum. It was thoughtless, unkind if you will, for it must have smitten with unpleasant sound upon the ears of the sensitive composer; but the overture went without a hitch. It was played as I had never heard it played before.

After this Wagner decided that he would conduct only one or two pieces at each concert, leaving all the rest to Richter. But would the public be satisfied? They were paying to see Wagner as well as to hear his music. The matter was discussed, and it was suggested, as a compromise, that when he was not conducting he should sit upon the platform in an arm-chair facing the audience. This course was actually adopted. At each of the six concerts comprising the festival scheme, after he had

conducted the opening piece and acknowledged a magnificent reception, he sat down in his arm-chair and gazed at the assemblage before him with a Sphinx-like expression of countenance that I shall never forget. He must have felt as though he were being exhibited, like some strange, interesting animal, for all the world to stare at; and his sensations were doubtless in an equivalent degree unenviable.

Obviously it would have been unfair to estimate Wagner's ability as a conductor by what he did at these concerts. Yet I fear some of his critics were not wholly considerate in that respect, for the comments uttered in several quarters showed plainly that no allowances had been made. I quite agree with Mr. Dannreuther, therefore, when he says that "at the Albert Hall Wagner did not do himself justice. His strength was already on the wane. The rehearsals fatigued him, and he was frequently faint in the evening. His memory played him tricks, and his beat was nervous."

To make matters worse, it was quickly perceived that the festival was going to prove a financial failure. Nothing could have been more discouraging than the sight of numerous unoccupied boxes and stalls, and in the cheaper parts "a beggarly array of empty benches." It was determined, just in time, that a couple of extra concerts should be given at reduced prices, the artists and executants accepting half-salary, while all the "plums" of the festival were crowded into the two programs. This move retrieved the fortunes of the venture. A heavy loss was converted into a profit of seven hundred pounds, which sum was duly handed over to Wagner for his Bayreuth fund. But it was a miserable result in comparison with the expected thousands, and, notwithstanding the polite letters of thanks which he afterward wrote to his English friends, I have more than a lingering suspicion that he always looked back upon this eventful visit with mingled feelings of anger and regret.

In the autumn of 1882 Gounod came to England to conduct the first performance of his fine sacred work "The Redemption." He was no stranger to London. One of the refugees of 1870, he had made a stay there of considerable duration, and among other pieces brought out his cantata

"Gallia," which he conducted at the opening of the Royal Albert Hall in 1871. Even previously to this, however, had he sketched his design for the work which he labeled "Opus vitæ meæ," and there is ample evidence that he spent from first to last upward of a dozen years upon the score of "The Redemption." Having arranged with Messrs. Novello & Co. for its publication (at the highest price ever paid at that time for an oratorio), Gounod arrived late in September to superintend the final rehearsals for its production at the Birmingham Festival. This was the last of the Midland gatherings over which Sir Michael Costa presided, and I owed to him the honor of a personal introduction to the composer of "Faust," who was then sixty-four years of age.

Gounod was one of the most fascinating men I have ever met. His manner had a charm that was irresistible, and his kindly eyes, as soft and melting as a woman's, would light up with a smile now tender, now humorous, that fixed itself ineffaceably upon the memory. He could speak English fairly well, but preferred his own language, in which he was a brilliant conversationalist; and he could use to advantage a fund of keen, ready wit. He was at this time influenced by a recrudescence of that religious mysticism which had strongly characterized his youthful career; but his tone, though earnest and thoughtful when he was dwelling upon his art, could brighten up with the lightness and gaiety of a true Parisian. He was rather upset, on the morning of the London band rehearsal at St. George's Hall, by the numerous mistakes in the parts, which led to frequent stoppages. The trouble reached a climax in the "March to Calvary," where, after about the ninth or tenth stop, Gounod turned to Costa and remarked:

"Seulement ici puis-je pardonner tous ces arrêts, quoiqu'ils gâtent ma musique."

"Pourquoi cela?" inquired Sir Michael.

"Parce que," replied Gounod, "à ce point il y a douze 'stations,' et à chaque station il faut naturellement un arrêt."

After all the typographical and other errors had been rectified, the march was tried through again, and went so magnificently as to arouse the master's undisguised admiration, which deepened with astonish-

ment when Costa informed him that the instrumentalists had never seen a note of the music until that morning. He said to me later on: "They are wonderful readers, these English players. There is scarcely a mistake that is due to inaccurate deciphering of the notes. And what makes it even more remarkable is that my work is so full of awkward chromatic progressions."

I ventured to observe that since he was last in London our orchestras had been turning their attention somewhat extensively to Wagner.

Gounod retorted quickly: "Yes, I know that. But you will not tell me that Wagner's four semitones in 'Tristan,' or his slurred runs [*notes coulées*] in 'Tannhäuser,' require more delicate care than my 'framework of the augmented fifth.'" <sup>1</sup> I thought I detected a slight touch of scorn in his voice, and made no attempt to argue the point.

At that same rehearsal Gounod did an unusual amount of singing. The solo vocalists comprised what the new critic of the "Times," Dr. Francis Hueffer, was then fond of describing as the "representative English quartet"—Albani, Patey, Edward Lloyd, and Santley; nor have I forgotten how exquisitely William H. Cummings (now principal of the Guildhall School of Music, London) delivered the touching phrase allotted to the Penitent Thief. But, as a matter of fact, Gounod, with his sympathetic *voix de compositeur*, was singing more or less all through the rehearsal, wisely exercising his rare faculty for impressing his exact ideas upon the interpreters of his music. And what beautiful music it was! What a tremendous effect it created at Birmingham! So deeply was Gounod impressed by his triumph there that, long before "The Redemption" had been produced in Paris, he set about writing his second great sacred work, "Mors et Vita," for the Birmingham Festival of 1885. He was paid an even larger price for this than for its predecessor (I believe the exact sum was twenty thousand dollars), and he fully intended to come over to conduct it. In the meanwhile, however, an action had been brought against him in the English courts by Mrs. Weldon, and, inasmuch as he was mulcted in heavy damages, the composer deemed discretion to be "the

<sup>1</sup> An allusion to the peculiar harmonic structure which the composer had avowedly employed as the predominant feature of the accompanying chords in "The Redemption."



better part of valor," and stayed at home in Paris. He never ventured across the Channel again.

THERE was, for musical dwellers in London, something almost providential about the visit paid by Franz Liszt during the spring of 1886. He had not stood upon British soil for forty-five years. There seemed to be but the remotest likelihood that, at the age of seventy-five, he would ever trouble himself again to travel over land and sea to a country whose attitude toward him and his works had invariably been chilly and unsympathetic. But the persuasions of his pupil and protagonist Walter Bache, who worked so long and lovingly to obtain recognition and appreciation for his master's works, at last proved effectual. On the evening of April 3 he arrived. On the morning of the 20th he departed. Three months later, on the night of July 31, he died at Bayreuth of pneumonia, resulting from a bronchial cold, which he aggravated by attending one of the first performances of "Tristan und Isolde" given at his old friend's Bühnen-festspielhaus.

I was one of a party of guests invited to meet the Abbé Liszt on the night of Saturday, April 3, at Westwood House, Sydenham, where he was to be the guest of Mr. Henry Littleton (then head of the firm of Novello & Co.) during his stay in England. I went early, and was just in time to see him welcomed by his host after a fatiguing journey from Paris. He had been met at Dover by Mr. Alfred Littleton, the eldest son and present head of the house, who gave me an interesting account of the trip. There could be no doubt that Liszt was extremely dubious about our real feelings toward him. In fact, the position was very much akin to that in which Wagner had stood nine years before, only with the important difference that Wagner came "professionally," for the purpose of extracting British gold from British pockets, whereas Liszt came purely in a private capacity, to attend some performances of his works. He was simply nervous, therefore, lest, being no longer a public artist, he should be shining in the reflected light of his past glories as a virtuoso, amid an atmosphere that was uncongenial to him as a creative musician.

An hour after his arrival he entered the

vast oak-paneled apartment which had just been added as a music-room to Westwood House. It was crowded with all the musical notabilities then in London, every one of them anxious to gaze upon the visage of the man who was then perhaps the most interesting musical figure in the world. Dressed in his semi-priestly garb, the venerable abbé walked slowly down the steps leading to the floor of the room, and smiled graciously upon the groups that saluted him as he passed. He looked somewhat tired, and it was remarked by those who knew him that he had aged considerably during the last few years. Still, his yet bright eye, his yet brilliant powers of conversation, his yet industrious habits, precluded the smallest suspicion that the end was so near. His attention that evening was largely monopolized by old friends; but many new ones were brought to his notice, and I had the pleasure of being introduced with a kind word or two by the loyal and indefatigable Walter Bache, who, with others, took part in a program of his compositions.

Liszt himself did not then play, though, when spending other evenings quietly at home in the Littleton family circle, he almost always went to the piano of his own accord and enchanted them with some piece or improvisation of his own. Once he surprised them by extemporizing marvelously upon themes from his oratorio "St. Elizabeth," performances of which he attended both at St. James's Hall and the Crystal Palace. The welcome he received everywhere exceeded in warmth and spontaneity the expectations of his most fanatical admirers. Still more did the scenes enacted during his stay astonish this most petted and fêted of septuagenarians, with whom—anywhere outside "cold, unmusical England"—such outbursts of enthusiasm had been the concomitants of a lifetime.

I first heard him play on April 6, when he went to the Royal Academy to hand over to the committee of management the sum of eleven hundred pounds, raised through the efforts of Walter Bache for the foundation of a "Liszt scholarship" at that institution. The howl of joy uttered by the students when he sat down to the piano was something to remember. It was followed by an intense silence. Then the aged but still nimble fingers ran lightly over the keys, and I was listening for the first time in my life

to Franz Liszt. To attempt to describe his playing, after the many well-known Weimar pupils and distinguished writers who have tried to accomplish that task, would be mere presumption on my part. Even at seventy-five Liszt was a pianist whose powers lay beyond the pale to which sober language or calm criticism could reach or be applied. Enough that its greatest charm seemed to me to lie in a perfectly divine touch, and in a tone more remarkable for exquisitely musical quality than volume or dynamic force, aided by a technic still incomparably brilliant and superb.

Two days later Liszt proceeded to Windsor Castle, where he was received with the utmost cordiality by Queen Victoria. He played several pieces to her Majesty, who told him that she cherished a vivid recollection of his playing when he last visited London in 1841. On his return to town in the evening he attended a reception given in his honor at the Grosvenor Gallery by Walter Bache. This was in some respects the most striking function of the series. The gathering was in every sense a representative one, and the famous abbé, as he went chatting from group to group, seemed positively radiant with happiness. To repeat his own words to me, "You have so overwhelmed me with kindness in this country that I shall be quite sorry when the time comes for me to leave you."

The program comprised his "Angelus" for strings, a chorus for female voices, a pianoforte piece, and some songs; and finally, amid a scene of great excitement, he himself played the finale of Schubert's "Divertissement à la Hongroise" and his own Hungarian Rhapsody in A minor. This glorious treat furnished the crowning feature of a memorable evening—doubly memorable because it was the last time but one that Franz Liszt touched his instrument in the presence of a public or quasi-public assemblage.

THE premature decease of the gifted American barytone Eugène Oudin is always associated in my mind with that of Tschaiikowsky. The reason lies in a rather curious chain of circumstances. In the

autumn of 1892 the Russian master's opera "Eugény Onégin" was produced in English at the Olympic Theatre, London, under the management of Signor Lago, with Eugène Oudin in the title-part. It met with poor success, and after a few nights was withdrawn.<sup>1</sup> In the June of 1893 Tschaiikowsky came to England to receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Music at Cambridge University, the same distinction being simultaneously bestowed upon three other celebrated musicians, Camille Saint-Saëns, Max Bruch, and Arrigo Boïto. By a happy chance I traveled down to Cambridge in the same carriage with Tschaiikowsky. I was quite alone in the compartment until the train was actually starting, when the door was opened and an elderly gentleman was unceremoniously lifted in, his luggage being bundled in after him by the porters. A glance told me who it was; I offered him my assistance, and after he had recovered his breath, he graciously recollected that I had been presented to him one night at the Philharmonic. Then followed an hour's delightful conversation.

Tschaiikowsky chatted freely about music in Russia. He thought the development of the last twenty-five years had been phenomenal. He attributed it, first, to the intense musical feeling of the people, now coming to the surface; secondly, to the extraordinary wealth and characteristic beauty of the national melodies or folk-songs; and, thirdly, to the splendid work done by the great teaching institutions at St. Petersburg and Moscow. He spoke particularly of his own conservatory at Moscow, and begged that if I ever went to that city I should not fail to pay him a visit.<sup>2</sup> He then put some questions about England, and inquired specially as to the systems of management and teaching pursued at the Royal Academy and Royal College. I duly explained, and also gave him some information concerning the Guildhall School of Music and its three thousand students. It surprised him to hear that London possessed so gigantic a musical institution.

"I don't know," he added, "whether to consider England an unmusical nation or

<sup>1</sup> The whole undertaking was ill-timed and ill-placed. One of its few creditable features was the début in England of the barytone Mario Ancona, who sang first in "La Favorita" and afterward in "Lohengrin." He was engaged the following season for Covent Garden.

<sup>2</sup> I did go there in the summer of 1898, and, on presenting my card as an English friend of the lamented master, was received with every attention and token of cordiality.

not. Sometimes I think one thing, sometimes the other. But it is certain that you have audiences for music of every class, and it appears to me probable that before very long the larger section of your public will be for the best class only." Then the recollection of the failure of his "Eugény Onégin" occurred to him, and he asked me to what I attributed that—the music, the libretto, the performance, or what? I replied, without flattery, that it was certainly not the music. It might have been due in some measure to the lack of dramatic fiber in the story, and in a large degree to the inefficiency of the interpretation and the unsuitability of the *locale*. "Remember," I went on, "that Pushkin's poem is not known in this country, and that in opera we like a definite dénouement, not an ending where the hero goes out at one door and the heroine at another. As to the performance, the only figure in it that lives distinctly and pleasantly in my memory is Eugène Oudin's superb embodiment of Onégin."

"I have heard a great deal about Oudin," said Tschaikowsky; and then came a first-rate opportunity for me to descant upon the merits of the American barytone. I aroused the master's interest in him to such good purpose that he promised not to leave England without making his acquaintance.

"And hearing him sing?" I asked.

"Not only hear him sing," was the reply, "but invite him to come to Russia and ask him to sing some of my songs there."

As he said this, the train drew up at the Cambridge platform, and we alighted. Tschaikowsky was to be the guest of the master of Merton, and I offered, with permission, to see him to the college before proceeding to my hotel. Telling the flyman to take a slightly circuitous route, I pointed out the various places of interest as we passed them, and Tschaikowsky seemed thoroughly to enjoy the drive. When we parted at the college he shook me warmly by the hand, and expressed a hope that when he next visited England he might see more of me. Unhappily, that kindly wish was never to be fulfilled.

The group of new musical doctors was to have included Verdi and Grieg, but those composers were unable to accept the invitation of the university. However, the remaining four constituted a sufficiently

illustrious group, and the concert at the Guildhall was of memorable interest. Saint-Saëns played for the first time the brilliant pianoforte fantasia "Africa," which he had lately written at Cairo. Max Bruch directed a choral scene from his "Odysseus." Boito conducted the prologue from "Mefistofele," Georg Henschel singing the solo part. And, finally, Tschaikowsky directed the first performance in England of his fine symphonic poem "Francesca da Rimini," a work depicting with graphic power the tormenting winds wherein Dante beholds Francesca in the "second circle" and hears her recital of her sad story, as described in the fifth canto of the "Inferno." The ovation that greeted each master in turn can be readily imagined.

Tschaikowsky and Eugène Oudin duly met. The latter sang the "Sérénade de Don Juan" and other songs of the Russian master, and so delighted him that the visit to St. Petersburg and Moscow was immediately arranged. Its success and its attendant sorrow are alike set forth in the following letter:

*Hôtel de France, St. Petersburg,  
November 8, 1893.*

MY DEAR KLEIN: You have of course read and commented on the terribly sudden demise of Tschaikowsky. You can imagine its effect on me! I missed him in Petersburg on my way to Moscow, and there received his message that he would not fail to be present at my début in the latter city. Instead came a telegram of sudden sickness, danger passed, and hope. This was on Saturday last. On Monday morning a telegram came to speak of—death!

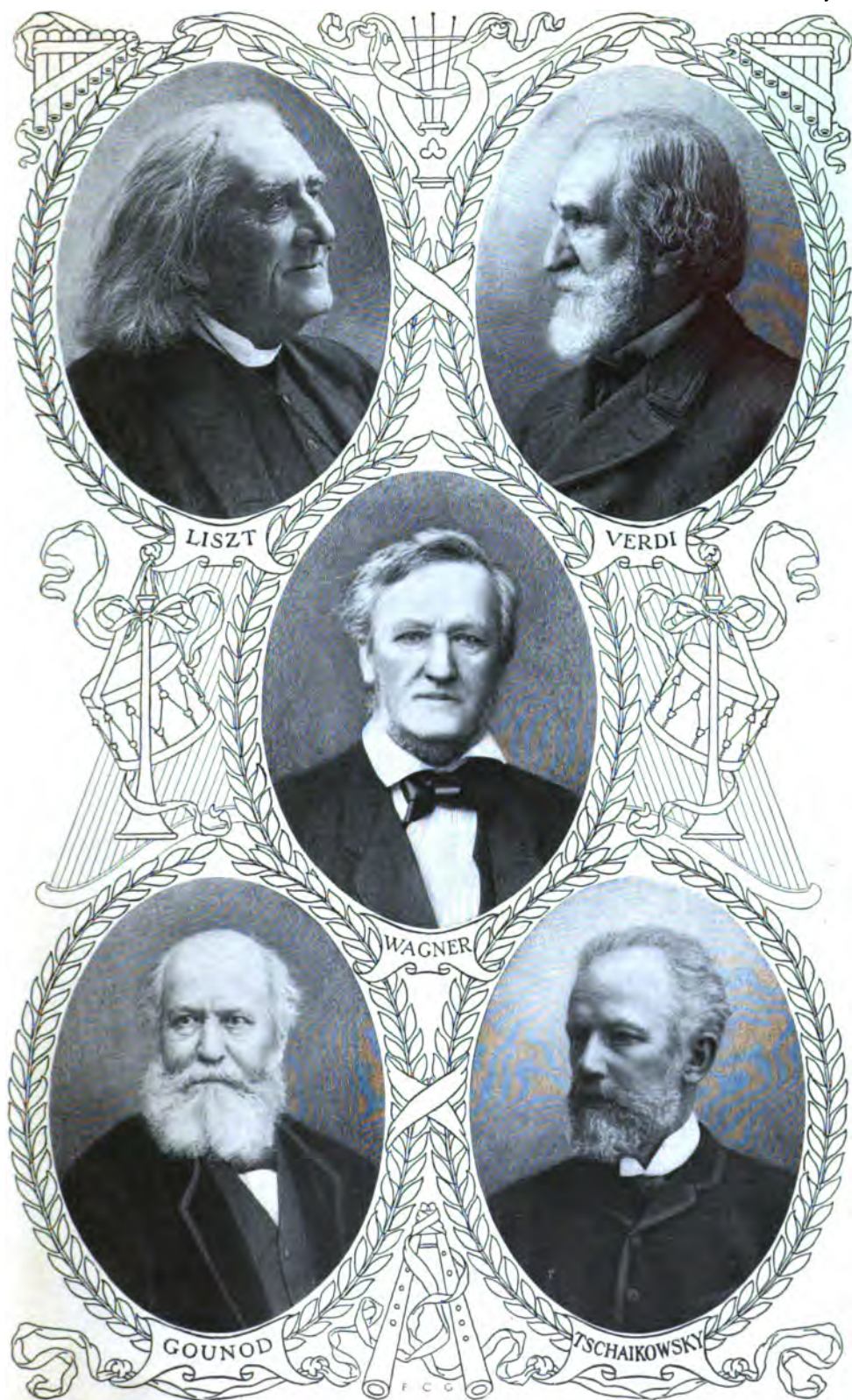
On Wednesday last he was sound and well; he drank a glass of unfiltered water from the Neva, and cholera laid him low! It is awful! The musical societies throughout Russia are in mourning, and the concert which was to have been my début in Petersburg (next Saturday, the 11th) is postponed for a week. It will be made up entirely of works of the dead master. I shall sing the "Arioso" from "Onégin" and some of his romances, and the joint recital will take place the following day.

So my visit here is prolonged most unexpectedly.

My début in Moscow was a magnificent success. I was recalled and encored again and again, . . . and the notices are very fine.

Yours in haste, but ever fraternally,

*Eugène Oudin.*



From a photograph by Nadar

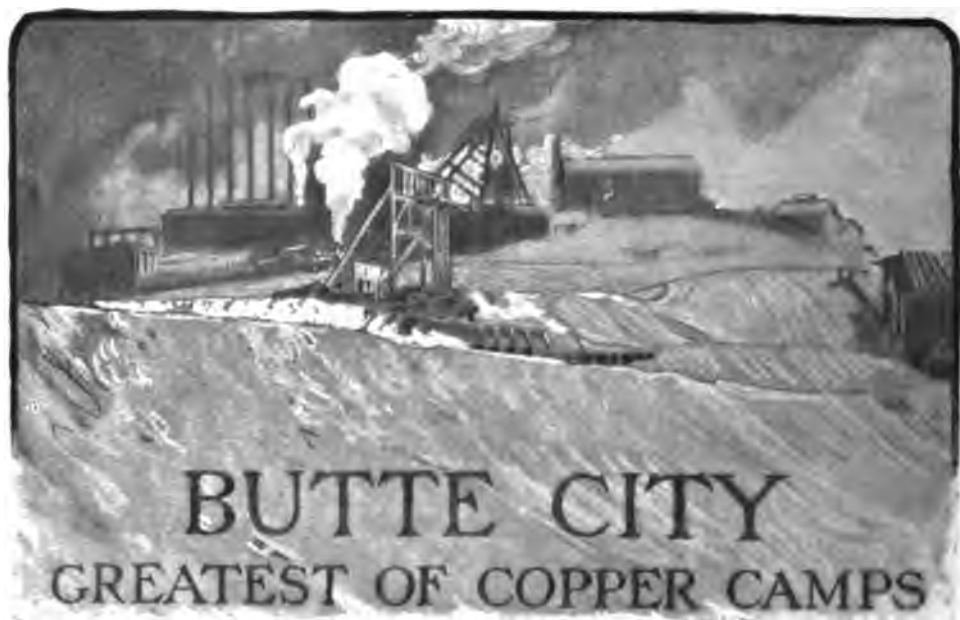
From a photograph by Elliott & Fry

From a photograph by Guigoni & Bossi

From a photograph by Boyer

From a photograph by Reutlinger





BY RAY STANNARD BAKER

WITH PICTURES BY ERNEST L. BLUMENSCHN

THE West, somehow, has come to be a condition rather than a place. After days in a luxurious train, the casual traveler finds himself in the cities of the Pacific with the feeling that here are not the differences, the strangeness, the Westernness that he had expected. The real West which he has pictured so fondly, the free, the hearty, the fascinating, seems in some degree to have escaped him. And presently he discovers that the condition which we call Western is singularly misplaced in the West; that the most Western of American cities is not Portland or Seattle, but Butte City, six hundred miles to the east of the coast.

It is in the Rocky Mountain States, Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, where the conditions of life—the vast arid plateau, the ore-streaked mountain, and the unawakened desert—have produced types and occupations wholly unfamiliar to the East, that the old West has longest held its own, has, indeed, resisted the very spirit of the East. The old West meant the interminable desert, the rugged mountain trail, the chance of the gold-camp, the wild, free life of the cattle-range. These soon wrought the West upon the spirit of a man, so that he for-

got the way of the East. When the railroad crossed the Rockies the Easterner rushed through, glancing without sympathy at the dusty plains, without touching the old West even with the hem of his garment, passing swiftly onward to the Pacific coast, and there establishing a diminutive East. The Pacific Northwest—Seattle, Tacoma, and especially Portland—is a transplanted East, differing from the parent stock only in its youthful enthusiasm and audacity. The same causes that produced Portland, Maine,—lumber, fishing, agriculture, the advantages of a good harbor,—built up Portland, Oregon. The same tough stock, strongly Anglo-Saxon, has been the instrument of development in each case; there is the same commercial and industrial ambition, the same religion, even the same fashions. After passing a zone of sombreros a thousand miles wide, one finds them wearing silk hats in Portland.

But Butte City grew up hardly out of the bare desert, grew like the natural denizens of that high, rugged, apparently uninhabitable plateau—tough, resistant, of strange aspect, aping no Eastern growth, adapting itself to the rigorous conditions



Drawn by Ernest L. Blumenschein. Half-tone plate engraved by J. W. Evans

HAULING ORE TO THE SMELTER



Drawn by Ernest L. Blumenschein. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

VIEW OF BUTTE, MONTANA, IN WINTER — MINERS IN THEIR WORKING CLOTHES



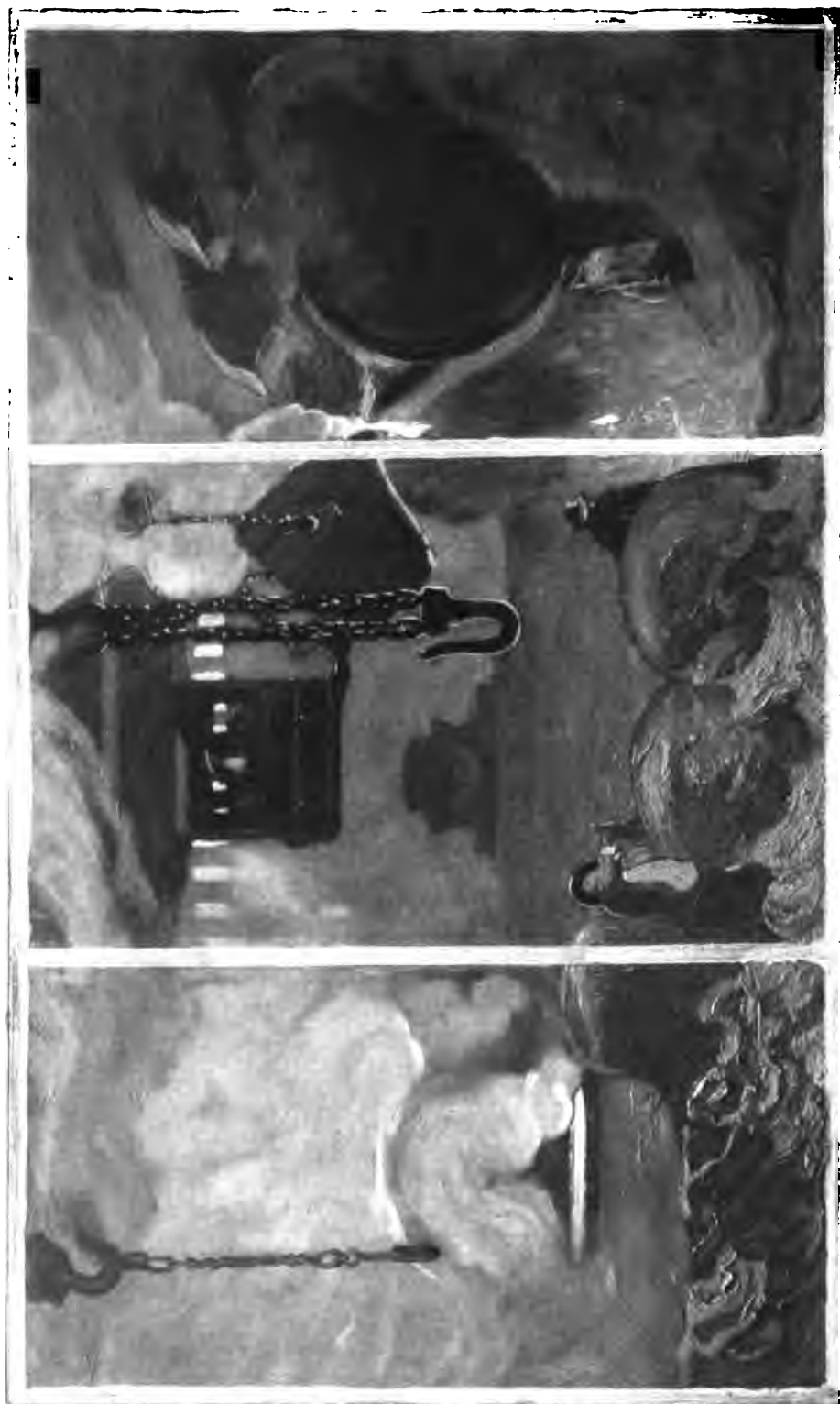
of an unamiable land. By no stretch of imagination would any of the early pioneers, trailing westward with white-topped schooners, have selected this mountain basin of Montana as a site for a city, the future metropolis of a great State. Approachable only by crossing high mountains, almost bare of vegetation, scantily watered by desert streams, with a rugged, unlovely butte rising in the center, the valley seems the last spot in the world that men should choose as a home. But the pioneers who first came here thought nothing of scenery, or ease, or comfort, or homelikeness; they burrowed into the stream-beds, seeking gold. Hundreds of little towns they built in the desert, a few shack houses, saloons, gambling-places, a wild riot of life, to-morrow forgotten. So Butte appeared hardly forty years ago, with no better prospects than scores of other mining-camps, the same rough life, the same law of the six-shooter. But this barren valley was wonderfully favored of nature. For a time the stream-beds gave forth great riches in placer-gold, and when the placers began to fail, and Butte was threatened with the same fate that had swept a hundred other mining-camps into oblivion, there were yet men who had faith in the town. For years they struggled onward in poverty, seeing the camp gradually decreasing in importance and population; and then suddenly silver was discovered, then copper. No mining-camp in the world's history, perhaps, was ever so favored with a succession of great discoveries. Many camps have been famous for gold alone, or silver, or copper; none has ever yielded such enormous wealth in all three. Following the opening of the first bonanza mine,—the Anaconda,—scores of claims were taken up, and it was not long before Butte had risen to its present eminence as the greatest center of copper production in the world.

Most Western towns are creatures of the railroad, located where they are because the railroad found it convenient there to plant a roundhouse or a water-tank; but Butte grew where it would, drawing the railroads to itself, warping them out of their way over difficult mountain passes. It attracted, moreover, a different class of men, especially in its earlier days, than other Western towns. It drew almost exclusively from the older West, from other mining-camps, from California, Nevada, Utah, the

Black Hills, Colorado—schooled Westerners all, who were attracted here not to make homes, not to boom a village into a city, but with the universal spirit of the prospector, to make as much money as possible in as short a time as possible, and get out of the country. Even the most active of the early comers, such men as Marcus Daly and Senator William A. Clark, did not realize the magnitude of the copper deposits which lay beneath the bare hills, or foresee a city that should ever be more than a temporary place for mine-manager and mine-worker. Every energy was applied, prospector fashion, to the mines themselves, and little or no attention was given to the town, which grew up fortuitously, like any mining-camp. Thus it spread out in every direction, haphazard, without design, growing big without knowing it, until to-day it gives one the curious impression of an overgrown mining-camp awakening suddenly to the consciousness that it is a city, putting on the airs and proprieties of the city, and yet often relapsing into the old, fascinating, reckless life of the frontier camp.

Most Western towns seem acutely self-conscious, a sort of municipal precocity that finds expression in the boom pamphlet, the railroad circular, the chamber of commerce, the enthusiasm of every inhabitant over the prospective greatness of the place. But Butte City, like the rough-hewn boy who has his way to make in the world, and goes about it without self-examination, has been so absorbed in its day's work that it has come to bigness with scarcely a thought of itself. As a city Butte has never been advertised; it was always copper first, Butte afterward. There is scarcely a descriptive pamphlet or circular to be had. The town, interesting as it is, has not even been well photographed. Most cities would have been thrown into the ecstasies of self-laudation by such a record of growth as Butte made during the last decade, an increase of over one hundred and eighty-four per cent. in population, the greatest, with one exception, of any city in the country. Butte worked away in its mines and thought nothing of it.

But evidences are not wanting that Butte is finding itself, and it is this changing mood, this evident struggle of the forceful, rough-hewn mining town to take its place among cities, curbing the red blood of its superabundant youth, that makes it a singularly interesting city to visit.



One view in three parts. Drawn by Ernest L. Blumenschein. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

IN THE CONVERTER-ROOM OF A SMELTER—POURING “MATTE” (THE MOLTEN MASS AFTER THE SLAG HAS BEEN DRAWN OFF) INTO THE SMELTER

Few American towns arouse a keener interest in the stranger at first glimpse than Butte City. You behold it afar off, from a mountain-side around which swings the railroad line, seeking advantageous grades into the valley. There it lies spread out rudely at the end of an enormous basin among still ruder mountain-tops, nearly six thousand feet above tide-water. Behind it looms the bare, conical red butte from which the city takes its name. From hundreds of steel chimneys rises the smoke of the smelters, often hanging in thick clouds over the town, sometimes in winter even cloaking streets and buildings with a London-like fog.

A nearer view gives one an impression of tremendous disorder, of colossal energies in play. Here are huge heaps of rocky waste from the mines, with roads and railroads skirting their sides and dust blowing over them, interminable trains of ore-laden skips plying back and forth, and bare, unpainted shack houses set up, as if for the night, where it seems the refuse from the dump-cars has hardly ceased rolling. Here are wide areas of glistening, bright-colored mud from the washeries; here are frowning slag-dumps, streaked red at evening with the blazing offscourings of the smelters; here are the mines with their huge red buildings, their stacks, their trestles, their gallows-frames; and here the town crowding in on every hand, the town seeking to reach out over the dumps, the dumps cutting the town into estuary-like gulches. You soon learn that many of the localities still bear the old mining-camp designations—Yankee Doodle Gulch, Dublin Gulch, and the like. The mines are scattered everywhere, close to three hundred of them in all. Every back yard is a possible "copper proposition"; all the earth underneath the city is honeycombed with stopes and drifts. Even in the heart of the city, prospectors are at work sinking a shaft in the hope of striking a body of ore discovered in digging the foundation of a new hotel.

No considerable city in the country, perhaps, is so exclusively given over to a single commanding industry as Butte. There is virtually nothing here but mining. Every inhabitant is either connected directly with the mines or indirectly by catering to the miners. Most Western towns, even though devoted to mineral interests, are in some

degree centers for the sheep, cattle, or agricultural industries. Butte has none of these interests. Virtually no green thing of any sort grows anywhere in or around Butte; there is hardly a spear of grass in the city, and I do not remember to have seen a tree.<sup>1</sup> This condition is due, in part, to the natural aridity of the soil, in part to the altitude, but chiefly to the fumes from the smelters. Even the trees which once covered the mountains have mostly disappeared, leaving everywhere the rough, scarred, barren earth. I do not think enough natural grass could be found anywhere within miles of Butte to feed a jack-rabbit, let alone a sheep. A gulch in the mountains, some distance from the town, however, has a few remaining trees and a bit of grass, and here, most worthily, a park, known as the Columbia Gardens, has been opened and made accessible by a street-car line. During the summer crowds of people visit this place daily, evidently hungering for the sight of a little natural beauty in the midst of this desert.

But it was the bare earth with its inclosed treasures that brought men first to Butte, and it is for the bare earth that they remain. If there is not beauty, there is something titanic in the aspect of human energy applied to these hills, the almost appalling singleness of purpose with which the very vitals of the mountains are being torn out in search of wealth. And men know that the treasure is here. More wealth is produced in the small area of Butte City every year than in some whole States. The revenue from the mines—some fifty-five million dollars—is equal to the income of the government of Holland. The recent great progress in every department of electrical development has been made possible in large degree by the energy of these men of Butte. For the city and its environs now produce a quarter of the world's entire product of copper, about two fifths that of the United States. A single group of mines in the heart of the city—the Anaconda—yields more than twice as much copper yearly as all Germany. Nor is the treasure confined to copper. Butte is the greatest silver-producing center in the United States, its annual output—some thirteen million dollars—being nearly equal to that of the entire State of Colorado, which, next to Montana, has the largest

<sup>1</sup> Exception must be made to a few gardens some distance out of the city.



Drawn by Ernest L. Blumenschein. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

IN THE "STOPE" OF A COPPER-MINE. THE WORKMEN IN THE FOREGROUND ARE TIMBERING; IN THE BACKGROUND MINERS ARE USING THE DRILL

production of all the States. And of gold Butte still yields considerably over a million dollars yearly.

All of this vast treasure, a total of over a million dollars every week, pours out of the earth within a radius of a few miles of the center of Butte. No inconsiderable proportion of this great sum goes into the pockets of the people who live in the bare, hilly streets of the town,—mine-owner and mine-worker,—and much of it is spent in its business places, a fact that is essential to a clear understanding of this extraordinary place. Including all the little villages and gulches which cling to its skirts, Butte has a population not exceeding fifty thousand, and yet its workingmen, according to the Montana bureau of labor, receive wages to the amount of two million dollars every month, a total exceeding that of many towns twice its size. Other millions go into the pockets of wealthy mine-owners, bankers, merchants, who make their homes here. For though much of the stock in the mines of Butte is held by Eastern capitalists, a surprisingly large proportion of the money yield of the mines is earned and held by residents—mine-owners and business men. In no town of the United States, perhaps, does money seem so free and every one so prosperous. Nowhere else are ordinary wages for labor so high. Common miners receive three dollars and fifty cents a day, carpenters five dollars, bricklayers six dollars; and no workman is employed more than eight hours daily, for Butte is the very paradise of the labor-union. I happened to be in Butte on Miners' day, when all the town gave itself over to celebrating the annual holiday of organized labor—a huge parade with music and banners, an extraordinary demonstration of the strength and enthusiasm of these orders of workers. Every sort of industry is fully organized, there being even a dance-callers' union, so that it is wholly impossible for business men to engage in any sort of enterprise without the coöperation and approval of the unions.

Large wages and swift wealth have produced the happy-go-lucky conditions of the mining-camp—free spending, a sort of money-carelessness with opportunities at every hand for risking a chance of sudden wealth, anything from poker to mining-stock. All sorts of commodities are high,

and yet no one seems to mind paying extravagant prices. Groceries, milk, eggs,—in fact, nearly everything sold in the stores,—must be shipped long distances, and the consumer is made to pay all the added expenses. The moment a boot-black sets up his chair in Butte he charges fifteen cents for a shine. No cigar is less than fifteen cents. There is, indeed, no coin in use smaller than a nickel; pennies are never seen except when some innocent Easterner arouses amusement by attempting to spend his coppers.

The visitor is astonished by the size and magnificence of some of the stores, worthy of cities many times the size of this, and displaying all manner of high-priced goods. It is nothing unusual for a miner to buy a fifty-dollar suit of clothing, or a gorgeous set of furniture to put in the veriest unpainted shack. A jeweler, recently from Chicago, told me that he found small demand for the stock of low-priced goods which he had brought West, that his best market was for expensive diamonds and other jewels, it being a custom of many young workmen to invest their surplus in fine diamonds—easily carried, easily hidden, easily realized upon. Similarly, money flows free for dinners, for horse-races, for baseball, for courting, for dances; and Butte has the full share of the drinking-places that fall to the lot of the prosperous mining-camp. While I was in the city the waiters gave a banquet, called familiarly a "hash-slingers' dinner," costing six dollars a plate. For Butte goes into its pleasures and diversions with the same tremendous zest—the zest and energy of the young man—that it devotes to its work. Butte seems quite as broad awake at midnight as at noon.

Like most mining-camps, Butte is a man's town, though within the last year or two—the years of its growing pretensions as a city—there has been a notable expansion of family life. Nothing more impresses the stranger than this masculinity, rudeness, power, elemental energy. And it is more than a man's town: it is a young man's town. One must here be wary of his judgment concerning the audacity of boys. I met a beardless youth whom I took to be a clerk or a draftsman, seemingly about twenty years old. He showed me through one of the departments of a great smelter, and his knowledge was so extraordinary, and he wore so unmistakably the air of power,



Drawn by Ernest L. Blumenschein. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

### THE SLAG-DUMP

After being submitted to the fierce heat of the furnace for five or six hours the charge of roasted ore melts down, or "smelts": the copper, being heavier, sinks to the bottom, and the waste matter, or "slag," mostly silica and iron, rises to the top. The slag is allowed to run off through holes in the front of the furnace into enormous pots, which are conveyed to the dump, sometimes half a mile distant, where the molten mass flows down the side of the dump, like lava pouring over the rim of a volcano.

that I finally inquired as to his position. "I 'm superintendent here," he said. And everywhere you will meet these fine young fellows, many of them out of Yale or Columbia or Chicago. A youth in mine-muddied boots and a brown duck coat turns

out to be a Harvard man, an engineer, who invites you up to his club and inquires, hungrily, what is going on now in old New York.

Surely no city ever knew such extremes, such contrasts of life, as Butte. Here are millionaires democratically rubbing elbows

with out-at-heels hobos; for here opportunity, a gambling chance for wealth, has attracted both success and failure. Here are college graduates, foreign noblemen, Chinamen, Italians, Welshmen, and a dozen other nationalities, with a miserable remnant of the aboriginal Indians, all gathering and fraternizing in this little isolated city. The chief of police has a check-list of six hundred ex-convicts who are residents of the city; but that fact alone is highly misleading. It does injustice to the active better element, for here are no fewer than twenty-eight church organizations, with numerous fine church edifices, the services well supported and well attended. Here are crowding saloons, it is true, but here are also some of the best equipped of schools, housed in unusually fine buildings, a really notable library, a college of mines set on the bleakest of bleak hills without an inch of lawn or a tree anywhere near it.

You will hear of the activities of the Woman's Club and the doings of the Theosophical Society, and there are social gatherings which differ not at all in the proprieties or in resplendence from those of the favored East. On the other hand, you will hear, in the same breath, related with no more surprise, as though it were the most commonplace of incidents, such a story as this, some of the details of which came under my personal observation: Two prominent young society men having differed over a base-ball game, one challenged the other to personal combat. They drove out to a road-house, chose seconds, stripped to the waist in the presence of a considerable company, among which was the father of one of the young men, and fought out their differences with bare fists. Nothing ever seems unexpected in Butte; whatever happens is so much added to the public entertainment.

Do not imagine that because Butte is far-Western, isolated among the mountains, with all the attributes of the mining-camp, it suffers for any of the comforts of modern civilization. When Butte desires anything she buys it, regardless of expense.

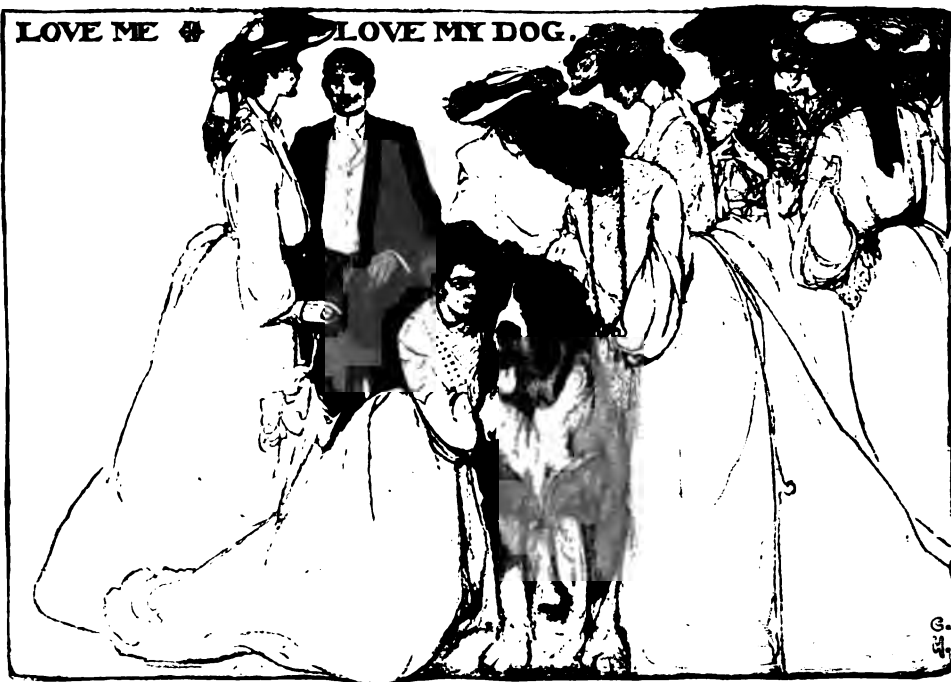
Of recent years, desiring to be a fine city, she has provided herself with brilliantly lighted streets, a good car service, the best of water, excellent public buildings. One may go far among Western cities to find a better hotel than the best in Butte, or more excellent newspapers. Here are also magnificent homes, beautiful in architecture and splendid in their furnishings, set out on the bare hillsides in the barest and baldest of streets, with the strange contrast, around the corner, of the poor, unpainted, seemingly almost temporary, wooden houses of the miners. The same extremes exist in the business centers, little old wooden stores side by side with great steel office-buildings equal to those in very much larger cities.

In another particular Butte is quite the equal of many older and more populous towns, in the perfection of its political machines and the astuteness of its bosses. Indeed, the political organizations here have become the weapons in the deadly combat between two gigantic mining corporations, a fight which has had more or less publicity in every part of the country. Even the State government and the courts have been at times swept within the power of these municipal bosses, and the end is not yet. Butte loves a fight of any kind, and this also has been a source of extended entertainment. And yet, in the midst of the political corruption, strangely enough, there exists in Butte a strong movement in favor of better government and the more rigorous enforcement of law. At the time I was there the gambling-houses were mostly closed up, so that there was not more public gambling to be found than in any Eastern city. A famous gambler said of the district attorney, in a tone of injury and astonishment: "Why, we offered to pile twenty-dollar gold pieces around him as high as his head, and he would n't take it; and he's got a mortgage on his home, too."

And so Butte grows and develops, full of splendid energy, a maelstrom of conflicting passions, of good and evil, rising from the crude, unstable mining-camp to the solid, progressive, self-respecting city.







Drawn by Charlotte Harding

## VALJEAN

BY LUCY NORVELL CLARK

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLOTTE HARDING

THE name of a new secretary of legation had appeared, for one of the South American countries, in the latest official list of the Department of State. It was Señor Don Carlos Perdido y Villa Verde. There was high-sounding dignity in the printed name, but when, after reading it, one saw for the first time the dapper midget who owned it, one's impression of stateliness and swaggering length dwindled with a shock.

There was a show of the coldest civility when a lodger, lately arrived at "Château Seempson," as Gradiska had dubbed the diplomatic boarding-house, entered the dining-room and was shown to the seat formerly occupied by the sulky Mexican. He was a colleague, of course, but, *ma foi*, were there not colleagues and colleagues, even in the august diplomatic corps at this

capital? There was a general feeling of suppressed indignation that "Mme. Seempson" had not asked if such an arrangement "would be agreeable." The newcomer had been presented to Colonna at the club, the evening before, by the minister to whose legation he was attached. Colonna now, as in courtesy bound, rose, greeted him, and formally made him known to all present. After a meal of unusual stiffness and silence, little Perdido, blushing furiously, but bowing low with deference tempered proudly with self-respect, and muttering a well-accented "Scusez," left the room.

"Rastaquère!" burst out Gradiska, contemptuously, red-hot with recollections of a hateful term of service in Brazil.

Colonna shared strongly Gradiska's Continental prejudice against Spanish-Ameri-

cans, but having found his coffee unusually good, was mischievously glad to take the opposite side of any question. He hastened to speak a friendly word for the *petit gamin*. He was, he declared, *très gentil*. Eyebrows were disparagingly lifted, shoulders protestingly shrugged, lightning glances hurtled toward the table in the alcove where stood perfidious Mme. Seempson's prudently vacant chair. A moment later the scornful stillness was broken by the sound of returning footsteps, accompanied by a soft "pat-pat" down the hall.

"The little monkey is perhaps returning on all fours," grunted Gradiska, savagely, looking toward the door, which his place at table commanded. Immediately his expression radiated delight.

"Ah-h!" he exclaimed, unconsciously rising in recognition of nobility. All turned to see, and, with characteristic extravagance of words, their praise rolled out in a sounding scroll of florid ejaculation.

It was Valjean.

The object of their admiration was a St. Bernard dog, such a specimen of his kind as is rarely seen on this side of the ocean. With one hand on the collar of the dog, Perdido asked permission to pass through the dining-room on his way to the kitchen below. But even before their exclamations could be followed by eager consent, the animal tugged away from the restraining hand of his master, and, swiftly moving to the table, picked up the napkin Gradiska had dropped to the floor. Holding it deftly by one corner, he proffered it to the owner. The upward gaze of his faithful eyes went straight to the heart of the fine old diplomat, reducing his every memory of Brazil to nothingness. The German drew the head of Valjean to his knee, patted him, called him "good friend" and "old fellow." Every vestige of restraint was gone. The group gathered about the dog and his master, asking curious questions of the creature's pedigree, his age, his travels. These same curious questions presently brought out that young Perdido's father had been for years chargé at one of the smaller courts of Europe; that his mother was a Spanish lady of rank. The butler stocked the trays afresh with wax tapers, and, unordered, refilled each cup with coffee, then withdrew. A while later Mme. Seempson, coming in from the pantry, found a gay and congenial party. At the

feet of Gradiska, looking up contentedly, lay Valjean.

"And you will permit him your *pension* also, madame?" they chorused anxiously. To this she replied that "Mr. Perdido and me had calculated to fix the dog a house in the back yard."

All smiled delightedly, and each expressed his gratitude, and hoped that madame had not failed to appear at breakfast because of poor health. Mme. Seempson thanked them, explaining with some reserve that she had taken the meal "with a lady friend."

A month later Perdido and Valjean went to share the residence of the young secretary's bachelor-minister, at a showy legation on the fashionable avenue. There followed in their wake a trail of genuine regret and valuable friendship.

Valjean now became the object of much public admiration as he rested in the shade of the broad legation portico or lazily walked up and down through the neighboring square. Every morning the valet led him to a side entrance and, bidding him be good and play, turned him out. He would shake himself, lie down close to the front door, and wait patiently for his master to join him. Then, with bounds from which Perdido's slight figure protected itself with one arm warningly uplifted, he would bark and lunge and rush until his mood grew calm enough to follow sticks or to jump for a high-held handkerchief. Sometimes, with his master's cane between his jaws, he would gravely precede him down the avenue, scattering the rustling leaves, and now and then pausing to look back. Soon paragraphs in the local newspapers, heralding acquisitions to the season's social market, gave Perdido and his Valjean a turn of compliments, bestowing much space on the vast fortune of the former, the beauty and pedigree of the latter. This unsought advertising enlightened the wary. Valjean was caressed by jeweled and by delicately gloved fingers, and exclaimed over by certain fair ones who knew the axiom, "Love me, love my dog." His master was fairly embarrassed, almost envious. But Perdido had a wise head, for he had been drilled at several capitals by a sophisticated mother to scorn flattery. The dog received these endearments with serious, almost haughty stolidity, occasionally looking up to his master

as if to demand, "Shall I allow them to do it?"

At a short distance from the legation, surrounded by stately mansions, was a small house of cinnamon-tinted brick and sandstone, imposingly built. It was all towers and turrets, gingerbread molding in terracotta, and ironwork bristling with fleure-de-lis. The discriminating eyes of Perdido had swept over it with amusement. It ap-

peared a toy model, dropped from the pocket of some ambitious, soaring architect. He marveled fancifully if the place had also a gingerbread chatelaine, whom, perhaps, he might some day behold emerge, robed in velvet with gold-broidered hem and girdle, and—ride off on a bicycle.

Now, as he watched the dog and child, he saw her withdraw her embrace and, run-



Drawn by Charlotte Harding

"PERDIDO SAW ALICE FOR A MOMENT ALONE"

peared a toy model, dropped from the pocket of some ambitious, soaring architect. He marveled fancifully if the place had also a gingerbread chatelaine, whom, perhaps, he might some day behold emerge, robed in velvet with gold-broidered hem and girdle, and—ride off on a bicycle.

Coming up-town one afternoon, accompanied by Colonna, Perdido missed Valjean waiting at the accustomed corner. Nearing home, he saw from a distance, through the hazy atmosphere of Indian summer, a rough white mass against which rested a splotch of scarlet and gold. It might have been an autumn leaf on a snow-drift. He gave a shrill whistle, Val-

jean quickly up the steps, disappear behind the nail-studded door of the turreted house. Valjean, after a benevolent sidelong glance at her retreating figure, resumed his allegiance with a bound.

"*Mon Dieu*, what a voice!" exclaimed Colonna, presently, and their pace slackened, for exquisite music floated from open windows of the house with the turrets. It was full, pure, strong, with youthful, tender intonations, and its melody satisfied the soul. Some one—some young girl—was singing Gounod's "Ave Maria." The men paused until the last note was finished, resuming their way with awkward haste as the spell came to an end.

"There is a saying of Italy—my country—'The angels *they* sing mezzo,'" quoted Colonna. "Surely, *caro* Perdido, your neighborhood is enviable, for"—looking back to get a second glimpse of the shallow building, with its flanking towers—"yonder lies the gate of heaven. It may be she is poor, your angel; for, see, the curtains are cheap."

As he spoke, the voice, charged with mocking merriment, began a lackadaisical ballad. "Love is a sickness full of woes," it lilted teasingly. Perdido flushed, he could never have told why, and his companion had to take longer strides to keep up with him. The sprightly spirit of the song made them both gay.

Perdido watched faithfully for a week, but the singer did not appear. Once or twice he saw go in a stern-looking man, who regarded him in distinctly unfriendly fashion. To Mr. Bennett all foreigners were either "Dagos" or "confounded Dagos," as the case might be. With difficulty Perdido tried to cultivate Pixie, the child in scarlet, who was Valjean's almost constant companion, but she bashfully shunned him.

THE musicale was almost over as Perdido came in gratefully from the crisp chilliness of the late afternoon to the flower-laden atmosphere of Mrs. Dareing's home. He presently joined in encore of a faultlessly executed violin fantasia, and in the audible chorus of "technic," "brilliancy," "expression." At the entrance of the ball-room his hostess greeted him. He apologized for delay, and was told, with mock severity that momentarily mystified him, "If you had been ten minutes later I should never have forgiven you."

There was a ripple of anticipation that broadened into silence as a noted accompanist seated himself at the piano. He struck the opening chords of Gounod's "Ave Maria," and a tall, slender girl pushed aside the portière not far away, and came to the front of the impromptu stage. That instant Perdido felt a thrill in his heart, and he knew that he saw, at last, the owner of the voice that he had heard in the turreted house. No gingerbread chate-laine with gaudy robes of brodered velvet was here. From the crown of her golden head to her slim, slippered feet, she was a modern type of youth and beauty. Simply dressed in glistening white stuff, and with-

out music, but holding in her hands instead a loosely tied cluster of bright carnations, she sang. In the vivid Spanish imagination of her admirer the luster of genius glorified her like a halo.

Noisy, fluttering applause caused fragile bric-à-brac in surrounding rooms to vibrate unsurely. Bowing shyly, a little flushed by praise, but by no means disconcerted, she whispered a word to the accompanist. Archly glancing in the direction of her hostess, "Love is a sickness full of woes," she sang mockingly.

"Carnations!" burst out Perdido, turning toward Mrs. Dareing, contemptuous of the cheap little blossoms the girl carried. "She shall have orchids."

He had barely time to prevail on his hostess to present him to her latest artistic discovery when the singer came through the hall, wrapped in a long, white cloak, with a hood pulled over her fair hair. Alice had seen him before, from her window. A certain streak of grand opera in her fancy, that made her find even villainous-looking Italians of the bandit type, with scarlet neckerchiefs and gold ear-rings, "mighty picturesque," gave this young Southern girl a quick interest in the dark-haired, dark-eyed attaché. Perdido accompanied her to a waiting cab, earning incidentally two or three glances from her blue eyes into his admiring brown ones, and quite a pretty smile of thanks for his praise of her music.

"Miss Van Ness is asking for you, mon cher," said Gradiska, as Perdido turned to go into the house again. There was a wicked, teasing look in the German's eyes as he repeated: "Asking for you, mon cher. Your accent, perhaps, needs attention." It was a well-known fact that the dangerous, charmingly executed service of aiding their struggles with English was rendered generously, by the young woman in question, to highly eligible diplomats.

"Have a care, mon cher," whispered Gradiska, as a parting shot, "that you do not translate her worthy Dutch name into one that is Spanish."

Perdido laughed, and waved his hand to his old colleague.

In the reception-room he found Miss Van Ness, one of a group of girls who, surrounded by men, were serving punch. She was young, rich, accomplished, chic; but these gifts were slight weapons for her present conquest compared with a single



Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"THE CHILD REVIVED WHEN RESTORATIVES WERE GIVEN"

advantage she possessed. As she stood beside Perdido, her eyes looked up a shade to meet his, and made him feel tall. So perfect was her figure, so gracefully gowned always, that no one ever thought of her as lacking symmetry of height. In the eyes of the world she was an "ideal wife" for this vastly rich diplomat. Perdido felt and appreciated the value to his dignity of her lesser inches and her upward glance, he acknowledged her fascination, but—she was the one woman whose caresses Valjean refused to permit, resented fiercely.

Miss Van Ness had missed Perdido from her train of admirers, and through the archway had seen him presented to the girl singer and then disappear with her. For ten minutes she flirted furiously with the second son of an English nobleman, who adored her openly, and whose attentions she permitted when nothing more entertaining offered itself. Now she gave Perdido a glass of punch and a fetching smile, asking:

"You found the fair artist charming?" Her inflection placed Alice outside the social pale, among professionals. Perdido flushed as he replied:

"I found Mees Bennett beautiful also as ees her-r voice."

Realizing that antagonism would only emphasize an already deep interest, Miss Van Ness straightway went into raptures over the compositions of Gounod, resolving that her campaign must be one of indirection. She talked brilliantly, but Perdido, presently becoming aware that he had answered several witty challenges in an absent-minded way, took his leave.

Early next morning he sent an extravagant basket of mauve orchids, tied with yards of mauve ribbon, to the chatelaine of the "gate of heaven." A little white note, full of girlish simplicity and delight, rewarded his attempt to please, but no hint of permission to call was included in it. Many times, during the weeks following the musicale, he walked home with her from the shopping-streets. Twice he accompanied her from church, but she had never yet invited him to enter her home. Finally, at one of Mrs. Dareing's receptions, his sore pride being somewhat soothed by the fact that she wore flowers he had sent, he asked her why the pleasure of visiting her was withheld from him. She told him, with much hesitation and not a little girlish embarrassment, that her

father had forbidden her receiving the men of the legations; told him, further, that he had objected to her accepting his flowers.

"I am so sorry," she said, touching regretfully the blossoms at her belt.

"Oh, here you are," interrupted Mrs. Dareing. She came into the conservatory, followed by a dashing member of the Hunt Club, a strongly built fellow of Anglo-Saxon coloring, towering height, and comfortable fortune, whom she presented. This man promptly fell in love with Alice, and Perdido later had the misery to behold him and a certain lank Southern cousin, whose admiration for the girl gave Mr. Bennett much satisfaction, go in or out from the turreted house, and drive with Alice at will. Meanwhile he was compelled to catch such glimpses of her as he could, at musicales where she sang, on the streets, and occasionally at Mrs. Dareing's afternoons.

GRADISKA was smoking an ugly short pipe in his den at Château Seempson, when Perdido, unable longer to endure without a confidant all the injustice of his situation, burst into the room. The good German, however, was not alone. Garmendia and Ricardos had dropped in to tell him of the betrothal of a colleague of distinguished title and high diplomatic rank to a penniless, pretty widow. Garmendia raved boyishly over the charms of *la belle veuve Américaine*; but Ricardos, sage with the worldliness of twenty-six years, was filled with wrathful contempt.

"Such an alliance!" he was saying. "Here in America, where he could have married millions of dollars! Things, indeed, begin not to be as they were a few years since. *Basta!* We let ourselves go too cheap!"

Perdido's tense manner soon led the others to know that he had come for some unhappy confidence. They went away.

Gradiska guessed the spirit of the young man's errand, and he was in a teasing mood.

"Seat thyself, *caro* Perdido," he said, pointing to a big arm-chair, "and I will tell thee a jest of Colonna. I could not confide it to the feather-brained pair that have only now gone out, but—you appear a serious person—you shall hear."

Perdido looked wretched, but, being ever courteous, gave attention.

"You know"—with thick forefinger up-

lifted—"I have warned Colonna that Mlle. On-Dit is busy with chat of his penchant for Mme. Heathcombe. *Bien*. Yesterday I called about noon *chez* Mme. Heathcombe. That amusing butler she brought over last season opened the door. Madame, he informed me, was 'hat brake-fast, sir.' I turned to leave. 'Ho, don't go, sir,' he said solemnly; 'don't go. Hime sure madame would wish to see you, sir. Ho, no, sir; come in. Hit's not a *formal* brake-fast; ho, no, not at hall, sir. Hit's just—a leetle family party, sir—Miss Montagne, Mr. Garmendia, Mme. Heathcombe, and Mr. Colonna—just a *leetle family party*, sir.'

"I did not join the 'leetle family party,' and"—with a chuckle—"I fancy, now I have told him this, Colonna will not make one of such soon again. Never, mon cher Perdido"—warningly—"never find the wife of another man more than a little—a very little—entertaining."

Perdido, seeing his chance, launched his confidence.

"So," said Gradiska, rallying him, "so it is not the Van Ness? Now, mon cher,"—laying down his pipe and speaking in a stage-whisper,—"*I acknowledge to selfish despair, for until you came I sometimes feared she would take a fancy to my title. Ma foi, again I am in danger.*"

But Perdido was in no humor for fun, and broke into praise of his sweetheart and abuse of her father's prejudice in voluble Spanish.

Gradiska took up his homely pipe and filled it tenderly.

"Softly, softly, mon cher," he interrupted. "Have you a pipe along with you? No? Too bad. What you need now as sauce for my best sympathy is a pipe. Look at this. I call it my poor relation—shabby, always about, grateful of any notice, comforting in times of trouble." He replaced it between his lips, taking long puffs of satisfaction.

Perdido heeded not the German's chatter of his pipe, but raved on in passionate protest. He knew Gradiska's mood. Presently the German turned to him and spoke from a cloud of smoke, slowly, like one inspired.

"If you believe"—with a keen glance at the earnest face of Perdido, yet thinking of the far past—"if you believe it is really love, *mein Junge*,—and why not?—try to keep it,"—dreamily,—"*try to keep it.*"

At a January tea Miss Van Ness taxed Perdido lightly with being "engaged to the pretty singer." He was embarrassed, but did not hasten to deny it.

"You can get a divorce when you tire of vocal music," she continued, laughing a malicious, ill-bred laugh. "Incompatibility of height, you know."

Perdido turned white with anger.

"Eef," he replied—"eef it should be that Señorita Bennett would do me the honor to accept my name, my great pride might, pairhaps, increase my stature. Good afternoon."

SINCE morning snow had been flurrying nastily from a leaden sky. Early in the evening it was almost a blizzard. Night found Pixie still unable to escape the vigilance of Marm' Debby, so that she might deliver a valentine to Valjean. Now she lay fast asleep in her low bed, her face traced with tears, clasping a tumbled crimson heart, frilled with paper lace and printed with verses. Before the open fire the faithful old negress nodded, snoring heavily. Mr. Bennett was out of the house for an hour or two. Alice was away, singing.

It was a gay night at the German embassy despite the storm. The stately residence was *en fête* for a great company. The numerous lackeys were in court livery. Garlands of flowers framed the fine portraits of the emperor and empress. That admirable host, the ambassador, greeted all happily, for before St. Valentine's day his social "chores" had been "done up," and the guests to-night were friends, not merely people who had entertained him and whom, in turn, he must entertain. After dinner the young folks began to assemble for a dance. Alice arrived some time after ten o'clock, having been sent for in the embassy carriage. Her engagement was to sing some quaint St. Valentine ballads before the older dinner-guests left and the cotillion began. She was singing when Perdido entered the house.

In the coat-room were only Gradiska and Ricardos, but Perdido had passed, with exchange of courtesies as he came in, a bent, ascetic-looking man. Ricardos gave a shrug and a nod after the departing figure.

"*Mais, mon cher*," he commented in response to Gradiska's reproving glance, "it



is the gossip of the corps, though"—laughing derisively—"only mentioned in fable. But yesterday the chargé of Belgium said to me, 'Have you not, then, learned the allegory of the Bear and the Snow-bird?' *Caramba*, but the Secretary of State will yet take cognizance of this."

"Calm thyself, *Ricardos mio*," counseled Gradiska, as he adjusted deliberately his loosened tie; "such matters arrange themselves quietly in time. Less spoken of scandal—less scandal."

Perdido was dreaming, sky-high above all interest in the gossip of the corps. He hastened nervously to lay aside his wraps and go where he could see Alice as well as hear her.

"Mon cher, mon cher," called Gradiska, as Perdido started to ascend the wide staircase, "is it a fact, then, that your countrymen waltz also in galoshes?"

Perdido looked down and, smiling foolishly, returned to the coat-room. Having conformed to the conventions, he went up-stairs.

Alice was very lovely in what seemed to him a gown of blue sky with summer clouds along the hem and about the shoulders, and was in charming voice. When her several songs and graciously rendered encores were ended, the ambassador brought her a bunch of roses, and thanked her for the pleasure she had given. Then everybody straightway fell to talking of the great storm. It bade fair to shorten the evening. Perdido saw Alice for a moment alone. His greeting was abrupt.

"You are deevine thees night, as all nights and days." Her drooping lashes filipped his courage. "Mine ees a very cour-rteous country. Eef any possession ther-re one much admires, the answer ees, 'It ees your-rs.' Do you theenk your-r father could be made to theenk like so? Ees it your-r will?" His impetuous foreign accent trembled.

Alice's lips were parted in childlike distress; her heart was beating rapidly.

"If only my father would—like you, too," she confessed with a sigh. There was a world of doubt in her soft voice. His turbulent brain swore Spanish oaths that this should be. He went down with her to the waiting carriage, and his ardent glance kissed her lips good night as he closed the door of the brougham.

Feigning indisposition as excuse to his host,—*"Love ees a sickness full of woes,"*

he thought as he took his leave,—straightway he followed her carriage with his own. At least, he would be in the same block with her.

As the clock on the mantel struck half-past eleven, Pixie sat up in bed. She rubbed her eyes with her hand, and the tumbled frill of the valentine tickled her nose. She smoothed its edges gently. Her eyes filled with rebellious tears.

"If he does n't get it before to-morrow it's—just—no good," she whispered presently. She adjusted about her neck the ribbon from which the valentine dangled. She was wide awake now. "It's only across the street," said the child, in a low voice. "I will take it to him."

It was her father's boast that, like his own, Pixie's will knew no fear, no time of day or night. Noiselessly slipping to the floor, she put on her shoes. Beside the bed, on a chair, lay her clothes. She drew her scarlet coat over her night-dress and pulled her peaked cap about her ears. Then tip-toeing past the sleeping nurse, with many backward looks, she crept down to the front door and let herself out.

A little later Marm' Debby woke with a start, chilled and frightened, to find Mr. Bennett coming into the room for his customary good night to Pixie. He was very cross, for he had found the front door ajar and the house cold. Crossness vanished in alarm when his child was missed. Every room in the house was searched without avail.

VALJEAN had been unnoticed and restless all day. Pacing the length of the side yard, he heard the muffled sound of bells. Midnight as black as *Othello* was smothering the sleeping world from sight and sound. There were dim heaps everywhere. Near outlines were blurred. At long intervals carriages drawn by plunging horses floundered by. Swishes of sleet lashed and stung his eyes, as he moved back and forth. Now vague terrible happiness seemed to possess him, and he was alive with a great emotion that he did not understand. All his short life had been spent in temperate climes, with snow little heavier than the fragrant falls of blossom-time. To-night the city was at the will of a mighty blizzard. Suddenly he stood as rigid as a statue, his head held high; then, moved by the overwhelm-

ing force of hereditary impulse, he leaped over the low fence, and disappeared in the depths of the storm.

The turreted house was ablaze with light, and Alice hurried in, fearing some one was ill. Alarmed to learn that Pixie was missing, she put together the confused evidence available, and found signs of a child's footprints in the snow close to the railing of the steps at one side, and out toward the big drifts beyond.

Perdido saw the lighted house and the group on the steps and moving about the pavement. Fearing some calamity to Alice, he went to offer neighborly assistance. Mr. Bennett was wild with anxiety over what might have befallen his child, and, quite forgetting that here was a detested foreigner, gratefully accepted his aid. Perdido ran over to the legation, telephoned to the police, and returned. He and Mr. Bennett were searching in the public square, where vague traces of footprints seemed to lead in to a deep drift, when they heard Alice give a cry of joy.

Dragging a burden into the light from the open doorway came Valjean and gently

laid it at Alice's feet. Thus Perdido's favorite fulfilled the traditions of his ancestors of the Alpine hospices.

The child revived when restoratives were given. As soon as she had recovered sufficiently to tell the object of her dangerous expedition, Mr. Bennett chuckled proudly over her "fearlessness" and "strength of purpose." He patted Valjean, almost embraced Perdido. There was an atmosphere of "family gathering" about the occasion that burgeoned with promise for the young attaché's future happiness. As he left, Perdido accepted a hearty invitation from Mr. Bennett to "come over often and see us—and bring your dog."

ONE June morning a holiday air pervaded the neighborhood of the little turreted house. Curious groups, gathered at the openings of the awning, drew closer to stare at a young man and girl who hurried down the sheltered steps. A moment later, a big dog, wearing on his collar a huge white wedding favor, eluded two liveried pursuers and, dashing into the avenue, followed the legation carriage at a gallop.

## TO A SEA-GULL, SEEN ON THE LAKE OF GRASMERE

BY VIDA D. SCUDDER

STRANGE visitant, why should thy flight molest  
These inland waters? Hither dost thou roam,  
Upon thy wings the light of ocean's foam,  
Within thy voice the cry of seas unblest.  
Dark but at peace the mountain lake doth rest,  
Girt round with sheltering hills; to this fair home  
Of golden-hearted lilies, thou dost come,  
Storm-tortured spirit, an unbidden guest.

So, in a life by lofty duties bound,  
Free to the sky alone, some fierce estray,  
Alien, unsought, will wing its mystic way,  
Shrilling of seas afar; and at the sound  
A longing stirs in the soul's depths profound  
For tumult, and the ocean's tossing spray.



## THE YELLOW VAN

BY RICHARD WHITEING

Author of "No. 5 John Street" and "The Island"

### XVII

**W**ITHIN a fortnight of that day, so swiftly was it done, George Herion was in London, earning his living at the dock-side.

Thus the blow fell. There was the agent's decree of expulsion, for such it was, and no valid appeal. The duchess, their one friend, was in town, amid the whirl of her first season, as effectually out of reach as Arcturus. If she had been at their door, they might never have dared raise a voice to her. The duke's agent was the duke, the duke was the duchess, in their simple minds. It was all one great machinery of fate which crushed them at their appointed time. To those immortals what were the likes of them?

Yet the mothers counseled submission, after the wont of their kind. "Do 'ee now 'umble yourself," said George's. "Tell un you be sorry-loike if ye ha' done amiss. It's the mother as nussed ye tell ye so. Do, like a good boy."

"I 'll die fust, mammy," said the bad boy, the form of the appeal taking him back to the time when he drew his life

from her breast. "If I went to heel, I 'd only get another kick for my pains. What did Kisbye sack me for? Nothin'. What have I done sence? Nothin' again. Ask Peascod if I ain't always kep' within the act o' Parli'ment."

The poor old things looked at Rose, as though urging her to back them. But she shook her head. It was the second of her two moods, the dogged one. "I 'll stand by what 'e does," was all she said.

"Well, not to 'umble hisself, deary," pleaded her mother. "P'r'aps 'e could get a cottage somewheres else, an' not lose the bezness. He's so cliver. Oh, the bezness, the bezness!" And the two mourners keened in chorus over the good thing dead and gone.

"It's no use," said George. "I could n't get a foothold anywheres within ten mile of Allonby; an' if I did, they 'd hunt me down. With their mark ag'in' you, you're a lost man."

"He's goin' for a sojer, see if he ain't!" cried the old woman. "Oh, cruel, cruel! an' with my gal for 's wife!"

Even the daughter paled.

"I 'm goin' to London," said George,

kissing Rose, "an' my gal 's goin' wi' me. Will that dew?"

"London!" wailed the desperate old creature. "An' what 'll ye make there, ye silly sheep—that I should call you so. What 'll ye make there?"

"Make my fortune, mother. What I 've done once with a bezness I can do again. That 's the place to win the brass. That 's the place where everybody 's free."

The neighbors dropped in to condole. "What I 've noticed all ma little loife," said Job Gurt, "is this: Speak yer mind, an' you get the sack. You don't get it for speakin' yer mind; you get it, that 's all. But it 's just as good as though you got it t' other way. D' ye think they 'll chalk up more beer for 'ee at the Knuckle o' Veal because you 're what 's called a victim? 'T ain't loikely. A would n't do it mysen. Publican 's got to live. My old feyther told me that when I wur a boy, an' I 've found it roight."

An invincible terror of their betters, as beings mighty to hurt, was the note with most of them. There was the life of habit, with all its drawbacks, and how change it without risk? "When ma missus went off for a week last Easter to see her mother, I missed her tongue. A take ma Bible oath on it, so I did. When she 'ad 'er say I was payin' as I went on." It was Job still.

"You 'd be a good plucked un, even if you was a leaseholder, young man," said Mr. Grimber. "People can't afford to 'ave so much sperrit when their rates is included in the rent."

Mr. Bascomb slipped two sovereigns into Rose's hand, and then went home, with a sigh, to read "The City of God." Mr. Raif called, as in duty bound, but it was only to shake his head. The domestic chaplain had caught George in the very act of his defiant utterance as to making his fortune in London. He took leave of the outcast meekly, yet as one giving thanks that he was rid of a knave.

The little home was broken up. The mothers took most of the furniture to store for happier times; the rest was sent to town. The business had no selling value, and it was left to perish. The two outcasts went forth quietly. The omens were not all against them. It was a chilling spring, yet the blackthorn flowered; a redstart sang them farewell. But for this they might have lacked attention, the neighbors having

been specially canvassed by Grimber, with a view to a display of masterly inactivity within doors. It was thus, in its lack of publicity, as in other respects, a sort of expulsion from Eden, with Peascod's walking-stick as a poor substitute for the flaming sword. They went forth to keep London the largest of all the cities of the world, and rural England, in a sense, the smallest of all the countries. None but old Spurr came to bear a hand with the traps, which George was himself to wheel to the station for transport by a later train. Few as these were, the little hand-cart would not hold all of them, and George looked round for a lift.

It came at a turn of the road. The yellow van hove in sight, not in marching order at present, but merely bound for the station, itself to take train to a distant center for the opening of the spring campaign. Only a carter's lad was in charge this time. The lecturer, the wife, the baby, the posters were to join at a later stage, and, for the moment, the vehicle looked all forlorn. The driver wanted but a word to induce him to hoist the bundle on the tail-board; and with a "gee up," he took his place behind the little cart. The two old grannies, yet to be, hid their faces with their aprons and ran indoors. The same thought had come to both of them in a flash. It looked exactly like a funeral procession—fourth-class.

They gravitated toward the east end of the great city; and, while waiting to turn himself round, the young fellow took his unskilled strength into the market and found a job at the dock-side. At the sight of their most dismal lodging in dismal Poplar, Rose wavered for a moment in utter heartbreak, and would have written to her august friend. But George sternly forbade, strong in his confidence of righting himself, grim in his disdain. Nobody was to know of this fleeting experience of discomfort; even the mothers were to be spared details. Rose was nothing loath on that point. Her peasant pride revolted at the thought of the admission of even temporary failure. All would come right so very soon, and then she and George would return to Slocum in state, wearing new Sunday clothes.

The duchess heard of it, for all that, if only in the postscript of a belated letter:

Your young friends Rose and George are now your neighbors in town. Herion, I hear,

has rather lost his head with some notion of making his fortune in London, and, on the strength of it, or perhaps we had better say the weakness, has been disrespectful to the agent. Anyhow, he has taken himself off with his pretty little wife.

It was Mary reporting the reports of Mr. Raif. So, notoriously, is history made. But the squire's daughter had enough to think of just now to excuse her from trying to get her information at first hand. In spite of the drawbridge at Liddicot Hall, many worries and anxieties had crossed the moat, and father and daughter agreed that all thought of a season in town was out of the question. With Tom at the front, they lacked the spirit for gaiety. They lacked even the means, after the heavy pecuniary sacrifices entailed by his outfit and departure.

So Augusta read her postscript, not thinking there was very much in it, and went on with her season. It was a sad season,—the shadow of the war was over it,—though the devotees of pleasure managed to pick a bit here and there, like some sick navy at his third helping of rabbit-pie.

Yet even they had their trials. There was always that weekly picture-book of the dead in the illustrated papers, with its portraits of the poor lads who had been laid low on the veldt. The war seemed a monster that devoured youth. There they were in all the smartness of mufti or of uniform, beardless, many of them without the barber's art, clear-eyed, ingenuous, and, for all the manly glory of their sacrifice, sheer mothers' boys. Yet the customary things had to be done, for gaiety is one of the public services, like the water and the gas. When the public courage seemed to faint, the venerable Queen came out and was driven through the cheering streets, guarded, tended, as well as attended, even in her carriage—weary as with the memory of innumerable pageants and with the sense of the vanity of things, almost immobile, bowing, if one may say so, mainly from the eyes.

Incessantly they pitied themselves, especially when they went to bed without a headache, and they left town for Easter with the most sincere conviction that they needed a thorough rest. Strengthened and refreshed, they came back for a great dinner-party at the duke's, a court concert, and a thousand and one nothings which left them thor-

oughly exhausted by Whitsuntide. There were no court balls—for one reason, because, with eight thousand of her Majesty's Guards in South Africa, there were no dancers. There were still enough soldiers left, however, to make a brave show for the trooping of the color for the Queen's birthday, and a braver, if possible, for the regimental dinners of a later stage. The first meet of the coaching club was pretty. The duke had promised to drive his own coach, but at the last moment he had to confide Augusta to another chariotteer. He was engaged in finishing a weighty literary deliverance on the causes of the depopulation of rural England, to which he had been urged by the editor of a fashionable review.

A débutante is the imperious need of every season, of such a season above all. Augusta was the nine days' wonder, and, human nature being what it is, that was enough for her. London was new to her; she had but passed through it on her arrival in England. Her self-possession was much admired in the circumstances. The truth is, she found it by not seeking for it, but by a lucky accident. She was so intensely interested in what passed that she was often able to forget her own share in it. She resembled those favored persons on the Elizabethan stage who were at once parts of the audience and parts of the spectacle. Often when she was the real center of attraction in a group she was eagerly and interestedly aware of everybody in it but herself, and so took it with a quiet absorption of curiosity which served her as well as the hardihood bred of a dozen campaigns. Her first drawing-room was a kind of waking dream in which she was mainly busy with the memories of a notable tale of fairyland read years ago by the fire in a ranch.

There were tableaux at the Great Opera House. It was all society under a hat—a big hat, of course. Society filled the bill in every sense; the humblest supers on the stage were personages, so were the very gods in the gallery. Royalty swept the circle from its box. It was a Mask of Peace and War,—something for a charity,—with the colonies offering toffy to mama, and the massed bands of the Guards—the poor Guards were nothing but band, with all the men at the front—blowing "Rule Britannia" toward the universe. Public enthusiasm took its temperature from the evening papers.

There were good telegrams that night, and the house felt good along with them.

After the entertainment came supper at the restaurant. When Augusta saw what a pretty sight it was down-stairs she canceled the order for a private room. A few of the tables were perfect constellations. But it was very mixed, and there were dreadful-looking people here and there, guzzling like trusts at feeding-time, and positively trying to make believe they were hungry. This was finance. Kisbye was among them, and he had the impudence to try to catch the duke's eye! What a mixture it was, and no mixing—home and foreign nobility, South African millionaires, mincing stage misses. Dying is about the only unaffected thing in some lives. Everybody that was anybody in any line—that seemed to be the rule: a collection of "bests," even in depravity. It gave one a sense of power, in a way. Here, at least, were all the people who had found out how to do things—even those who could only talk cleverly about doing them; for the distinguished author was not wanting, as a matter of course. Even authors must eat; and society seethes something better than pottage for the sons of the prophets. The Prince had won the Derby a second time, and the duke was to dine with him at the Jockey Club in honor of the occasion. The duchess received her Majesty's commands for a performance of opera at Windsor Castle.

A letter in which Augusta gave an account of these gaieties had this for its postscript, in answer to Mary's:

I think the Herions have made a mistake, but we shall see. I like his pluck, all the same. Good night, Mary. I'm writing this before turning in. I shall have a surprise for you soon. It will be a surprise visit—a stranger! male sex! There, you must do the rest for yourself. Now get a wink of sleep, if you can.

#### XVIII

SIR HENRY LIDDICOT is out of sorts this morning, as he sits at breakfast with his daughter in his moated hall. He has had a kind of threatening letter from a money-lender, and not his money-lender, but the other man's. The other man is his son. Tom, it seems, has accepted accommodation to gentlemen about town as generously as it is usually offered in the initial stage. He is

deeply involved, in fact; and the money-lender, who signs himself Claude Vavasour, thinks that the squire may like to know. The squire does not like to know in the least.

"I thought I'd cleared him nicely before he went out," he says. "I call it sly."

"No, no, father—not that!"

"Who is this fellow with a name out of a playbill? And what are we going to do?"

Mary sighs at the thought of another appeal to the family solicitors. It involves a confession of a most embarrassed state of affairs. Messrs. Stallbrass, Stallbrass, Fruhling, Jenkins & Prothero—where do family solicitors get these appalling collocations?—are a sort of outer conscience for the squire, and he approaches them in his difficulties like a naughty boy. The girl knows what those difficulties are even better than her father. His poor eyesight has long made him dependent on her for clerical work.

"What are you going to do, father?"

"Put the letter in the fire."

"And Tom? Remember he's not here to look after himself."

"I'm tired of looking after him—mess, clubs, turf, life about town—there's no end to it. Why did n't I send him into a marching regiment? What are you huddling up there, Polly?"

It was Tom's little bills for his late equipment for the front as an officer of a crack regiment: luncheon-baskets, cases of wines and spirits, guns, polo-clubs, golf-tools, a truly edifying variety of fancy shirts all consigned as "urgent military stores."

"Ah," he said, as though mollified in some curious way, "it's a dearer trade than it was in my day. March of progress, I suppose." But he said no more.

There was silence for a while, broken only by the chipping of an egg-shell.

"I gave him all he wanted," he added presently, "and ready money, too. I don't see why he should spring all this private debt upon me. The land won't stand it."

You never could answer for the squire's mental machinery as an implement of research. Perhaps somewhere in the background of his mind was an idea of the burdens upon an acre of Liddicot land as they had been accumulated by the slow growth of custom in the course of centuries. So much may be conjectured, for he murmured: "There's you and me, and Tom, and your Aunt Dorothy, and your

Aunt Elizabeth" — and with that he seemed to give it up.

An expert might have followed up the clue in this way: Not only did all the persons named expect to reap and garner the acre for their private needs: there were the poor relatives, as well as the entailed ones — a venerable second cousin or two in foreign boarding-houses to whom the squire was "good." Further claims were represented by the pensioned servants and other dependents, one of them an old fellow in the next cottage to Skett's, who had been surly to all and several for the last fifteen years of bedridden impotence on the strength of his having carried the ferrets in his pocket when the squire went ratting as a boy. Then came the farmer and his laborers, with their respective wives, children, and hangers-on, according to degree, who naturally expected to live by the land. Each claimed his share, big or little. This was only the pure ideal of the arrangement. Some got the share only now and then; others never got it at all. The fractions, as they stood in the scheme of benevolent muddle, always overran the total. The acre would n't go round. The attempt to make it behave itself was the standing puzzle of the patriarch's life. The squire and his son and his daughter of course had to come first. He was sorry for those who came last; and he thought the government ought to be ashamed of itself.

"Could n't we cut down the living expenses, dad?"

"Be reasonable, my dear. We used to be almost a first-class house; we're hardly a third now. How many people have we about the place?"

"Quite fifty."

"Thought as much," he said, with a quiet chuckle. "Cut it down if you can. We're undermanned in stablemen and keepers; we have n't a single warrener. Where are you going to begin — on the home farm?"

"Do we want all those mechanics idling about?"

"All right; sack your bricklayer, carpenter, painter, and wheelwright, and get it jobbed outside. But take care, Polly, or you'll have the moat in the cellars one day, if not the cellars in the moat."

"Still —"

"I gave up the deer-park before you were born," he pleaded. "Reason — that's

all I want. Half our gardeners are boys. We've hardly got anything under glass. But I'm not exactly going to the green-grocer for my peaches, for all that."

"Well, father, but —"

"And I don't think you'd like to put down the laundry, Mary, with all these new-fashioned complaints about. Come, now, let's stick to something or give up the game."

It was his way of looking at life. He had brought up his son on it. Some such thought was in Mary's mind.

"Then I'm afraid Mr. Vavasour is inevitable," was all she said.

"No, no; I don't go so far as that. Sorry I'm a magistrate: I should like to put him in the moat."

"He'd walk still, father. It would only be a second ghost at Liddicot."

"It's Tom's extravagance," he began. But then he thought of his boy at the front, and his anger melted away. Such a good fellow, such a nice, manly sort of lad — a first-class athlete, the best gentleman jockey in the county, so simple and straight with his breezy belief that youth was the season for enjoyment and that the chief business of his elders was to push him on without any exertion on his part! Only wanting everything he had a mind to, and prone to measure himself with the best.

"It's my fault as much as his," he mused. "I ought to go to headquarters and give him a lift. I know one or two at the War Office — used to, at any rate. It's a mischief we can't entertain a bit in town this season. And yet it's nobody's fault, after all. It's the state of the country. What are you to do with a wretched government that won't look after the landed interest?"

He took up a newspaper, but it seemed only a fresh cause of annoyance, for, with the exclamation "Gadflies!" he threw it down again.

Mary caught it as it fell. They were attacking his precious boy, by implication, in a scathing diatribe on "Our Military Dunces," provoked by some fresh blunder at the front. These unfortunate persons, it seemed, had learned nothing of their trade, and consequently they had nothing to forget. The particular insect in question had dipped its sting in a recent report on military education, and it left venom with every wound. Sandhurst was a mere sur-



vival of the practical joke; the cadets at Woolwich took their lessons of application from a muzzle-loading howitzer without a carriage; even Aldershot was nearly as bad. The military geography, in spite of the manuals, was child's play. It was a sleepy hollow everywhere; ignorance was positively worshiped throughout the army.

The poor girl dropped the paper in her turn. A tear trickled down her cheek,—for Tom's sake,—and she wished she could horsewhip somebody. It was a new and ghastly light on the absent hero's contempt of book work, and his amiable derision, a grace in itself, at the expense of the fellow that "swots."

"It's a lie!" thundered the squire. "That lad's education, first and last, cost me seven thousand pound." He was not grumbling now; he was only protesting against the attack. He was proud of the cost. It was part of his duty to his son to give him the best that money could buy; and in this, of course, as in most things, the more you paid the more you had. It was at the root of his philosophy of life.

"A fine sum," he murmured, after a pause, "to be at the mercy of the pull of a trigger from such as them!"

It was the expression of his disgust at the thought of all that invested capital in the graces of mind and station under the rifle of a crouching farmer. It made him realize the cost of the war.

"And they pretend he can't spell, father! Did you ever hear such impertinence?" The same thought was in both their minds. It was all personal to Tom.

"All spite—all newspaperspice," he said. "Some of our little comforts have reached the front, I suppose, and they can't bear the thought of it. Such people never can. Just see what they say about the pursuing column."

It was a mocking account of a so-called flying column, hampered with portable beds, wash-stands, and what not, including tents of a cool green to baffle the sun. The column flew all the same, apparently under the influence of a terrible colonel who could put up with a dog-biscuit for ration, and who sent all the finery to the rear. Tom's regiment was actually named, with the additional fact that at the end of the day the mess still managed to appear in some approach to suitable evening wear.

"That's Tom all over," said the old

man. "He'd be lost without his change at dinner-time. But green's going too far," he added reflectively. "It's a bit foppish, if you ask me."

Some misgiving appeared to enter the girl's mind. She echoed him no more. There was none in the squire's. "I know that sort," he said, harking back to the abstemious colonel. "Promotion from the ranks, eh? All done to curry favor. I suppose he's one of K——'s lot."

The force of manly indignation could no further go. K—— was that tremendous figure, hated of the squire and his kind for his unseemly passion for the rigor of the game of war—a passion that threatened to spoil the army as a good thing for men of family. It was the old ideal of military service perishing under the rude shocks of the new men—the men who were for bringing a gentlemanlike calling back to its old realities of berserker fury and berserker sweat. The fury was all very well in its season. It was so easy to die in that game, as in tiger-shooting, or, for that matter, in riding to hounds; but it was disgusting to think of having to run the risk without the relief of the elementary comforts of home.

Mary was silent still. She thought of a passage in one of Tom's letters in which that amiable youth had related, with such spelling as he could muster, an adventure of his own with the personage in question. A group of officers of Tom's regiment at Cape Town, on easy leave, were laying themselves out for a round of social pleasures while waiting for "another flutter" at the front. The leave had been had for the asking before K—— arrived to take matters in hand, and the distraction of the hour was a game of pool. To the assembled heroes enters suddenly a grim figure in khaki, colossal, with little to distinguish his rank but his commanding port and a something in the solemn glare of his eye that strikes awe into the beholder. It is K—— himself, come down in a night and a day of incessant traveling to whip up stragglers. "What are you doing here, gentlemen?" "On leave, sir, from the front." "Get back to the front by the next train, or home by the next steamer." "Pretty cool, and for a chap in the Engineers, Polly!" said Tom. "Guess how he's loved."

It was not that Tom was a milksop; he could be as hard as nails on occasion. But

he thought the little relaxations were due to his position, and he was hard to balk of them. He shared his father's contempt for the status of the enemy,—mere field-folk who took their coats off to it,—and he'd be hanged if he was going to go dirty just because he was fighting them. He was born to cleanliness, and he was going to have it to his shroud. Had n't he read somewhere that the Spartans prepared for the shock of battle by dressing their hair, and were found so employed just before the shock of Thermopylæ? Tom, after all, was not so exigent. All he wanted was a brush-up when his work was done.

Polly had perhaps taken it that way at first,—certainly the heroic figure had found little more favor in her eyes than in Tom's,—but gradually, in the course of this troubled morning, with its themes of public and of private sorrow, it had been borne in upon her that, after all, here was a man. And looking at the poor old inheritor of a name before her, and thinking of the brother whose faculty and character were the only hope of their house, it had come upon her that what the Liddicots wanted was exactly what the nation, by God's providence, had found—a man once more. Such a feeling must ever weigh heavily on the woman in societies that still compel her to appear only by her champion in the lists of life. Fain would Mary have mounted to the topmost tower of Liddicot to look for such a helper, like a second Sister Anne.

## XIX

THAT night's post brought a welcome change of ideas.

Well, Mary, here 's your surprise [wrote Augusta]. My little brother has arrived, and he 's going to see you. If I know him at all, he 'll be at Liddicot about as soon as this. I 'm the big sister. If you see the slightest sign of his forgetting it, let me know. Arthur is his name. He has just left college, after doing pretty well there, and he is looking round to pick up notions of things before making a start. He 'll do for a boy or a man, just as you choose to take him. Was n't it our ambassador here who said that America and England might do worse than swap school-boys, now and then, just to give each other points? Well, here 's our sample, for want of a better. And now what are you going to do about it? He means well, Mary; be as indulgent as you can.

He 'll cheer you up, perhaps: change of per-

sonality is as stimulating as change of air. He will stay at Allonby, of course, and that will bring him within delightfully easy reach of Liddicot. No keeping him in town—impossible. Wild horses could n't do it, and certainly not the tame variety at our disposal. He 's very keen about the country life, and he calls poor London Britannia's case of swelled head. This just to let you know what an impudent young monkey he is. Be a mother to him, Mary, all the same.

Keep him till we all come back, which will be soon, for the season wanes. It will be easy: you have only to let him spend his time with you.

This was the answer:

Delighted to put him up here. Must have him, in fact. Father says you can't begin burying alive again, at Allonby; you 'd be five centuries too late. Not but what there was something to be said, etc.—which I mercifully spare. Who 's to keep off the ghosts from a lone man in your marble halls? And, besides, if he does n't want society, we do. Please, Augusta, lend us the baby out and out. We 'll take such care of him. Just wire the hour of his train.

Within the shortest time possible after that, two figures might have been seen crossing the moat at Liddicot in a dog-cart. One of them was the man in livery with the reins; the other was a stranger, still early in the twenties, who was manifestly an expected guest. He was like the average guest of his years at an English house in being of fair height and of good muscular development; also like him in wearing tweeds and a bowler-hat, and in being scrupulously clean-shaven, so as to give his countenance the full benefit of every Roman line. Beards are only for the ages and races that make futile attempts to rule mankind with a poor chin. He looked uncommonly English of his age and standing; that is to say, uncommonly Greek. The Hermes of Praxiteles might have come straight from Oxford or from Harvard. Mary thought he would do quite nicely as she spied on him from a turret-window. There was barely time to dress for dinner, so she left the squire to receive him.

On coming down she found them both ready for her, and the guest greeted her, yet without a touch of familiarity, as though they had been friends for years. She had but few categories for her fellow-

creatures, and while waiting to examine this one more at leisure she hurriedly tried them, only to find that they would not do. The "thinks so much of himself" pigeon-hole was a wretched fit; he evidently thought so much of her as a woman, and of the squire as his senior and host. He was quietly deferential without fear—the perfect blend. It was the mixed American system, though she did not know that, in one of its happiest results. He had been carefully trained, and from puppyhood had never been allowed to feel shy at the sight of drapery. His manner of retrieving a fallen handkerchief at the very outset left nothing to be desired. Later on he proved simply lynx-eyed for a longing or a need in this finest of all sport, and he worked by the eye of his keeper rather than by the voice. The type was wholly new to the experience of the English girl, and it fluttered her. Being fluttered, she next feared he was going to be of the "cynical and clever" variety, and felt slightly more ill at ease. His youthful candor made that as gross a misfit as the other. It was all done in a moment, so swiftly have we to jump to conclusions about one another at the first go-off. She had only just time to fall back on the merely "self-possessed" when it was time to move. To her great comfort, he seemed to pop into that receptacle without a crease, and, leaving him there, she was free to ask for further news of the party in town as they went downstairs.

He gave it with a measured precision of utterance which was rather disconcerting. It reminded her of something she had read about the speech peculiarity of another of his countrymen. He seemed disposed to extend the principles of the Declaration of Independence to his syllables, and to leave them all free and equal, without a trace of accentuation that might render one the tyrant of the rest. Now she began to wonder if she should not shift him into the "learned and severe." But there was no present opportunity, for by this time they were in the dining-room. The plain truth is, he had the freshness of a boy who happened to have been born a man of the world. Having no pigeonhole for that, she meekly settled down to her soup, while he entertained the squire.

For this was really the way of it: the guest was host. Mr. Arthur Gooding did

the honors of the neighborhood. He gave information, while seeming only to ask for it, about views, soil, proportions of parkland, plowland, and meadow, which, as it affected the district at large, occasionally left his senior at a loss. He was never in that predicament himself. He took everything merely as a new conversational crisis to be dealt with as it arose.

"I am so sorry we have no one to meet you," she said; "but there is hardly a soul in the country just now."

"We may have a host without numbers," replied the young man.

Compliments always troubled Mary. This one, mild as it was, had the rather singular effect of making her wonder whether there was anything wrong with her hair.

She darted a swift glance at him to find out, with, of course, still greater inconsistency, for only a mirror could have served her turn. He was inquiring in a most ingenuous way about some of the magnates of the country-side, whose names he seemed to have at his fingers' ends, and asking how they spent their time.

The squire seemed embarrassed. "Well, let me see. Torold's rather an authority on church restoration; Nethercott keeps the pack; Offley never misses a meeting at quarter-sessions; Rodeland's very keen on model villages. The prime minister, though he does n't belong to this part of the country, is a great man in the Primrose League, and came down to our demonstration the other day."

"Anybody in business?"

The squire winced. "There's no answering for people nowadays. Rodeland's son, I believe, does something in tea."

"Your prime minister must be a very interesting man," said Arthur. "I should like to meet him."

It was the nearest approach to the sense of a joke other than the practical that the squire had ever made in his life. He laughed heartily.

Even Mary felt inclined to transfer her guest to the "cheeky" pigeonhole forthwith. But there was something in his wistful innocence of all idea of presumption that made her hold her hand. It was evident that he had come abroad for useful information, and that he would have sought the Archbishop of Canterbury on the spiritual status of the Peculiar People, or the

lord chancellor on kindred points of interest in British law, without any sense of incongruity. Of mortal man, and that included his "superiors," he knew no fear.

He seemed faintly apprehensive of something wrong, though he still had to feel his way to it. "I want to know everything about your Primrose League," he said. "We've nothing like it on our side. Your prime minister would be the very man." It was said, not in apology, but only as amplifying his phrase.

"You see, he's very high up," said the squire. "People of that sort are rather hard to get at. Besides, they are not expected to take an active part."

"I see, I see," said the young man, sympathetically—"tired."

"Well, perhaps so," said the squire. "They patronize things, you know."

"I think I understand—a mikado sitting motionless on his throne to preserve the peace of the world."

"They've had push enough in their time."

"Of course," he said kindly. "People forget that. Why, you were good Americans centuries before us."

Oh, my dear Augusta [wrote Mary, a few days after], he has been here less than a week, and he knows more about us than some who have been here a lifetime. He has been all the way to dear old Randsford—he calls it "the circus." He has such funny terms of expression, and all without moving a muscle. And what do you think he has found out about it? That all the while they pretended they did n't want the factory, because they thought it would displease the duke, they were dying for it, the artful things! You remember some dreadful London firm offered to bring all its work-people there, and talked of making the fortune of the place, and we only just managed to save them by threatening to cut off the water-power. Well, he has chapter and verse for it to show that they did n't want to be saved. Oh, he is such a person for finding out things! But do you think it can be true?

After telling us that, he just said, "Happy are the sleepy, for they shall soon drop off," and then went on to something else. Father asked him whose clever saying that was, and he said, "Nietzsche,"—hope I've got the spelling right,—meaning some author, you know. Father thought it was the name of a new German chancellor. Oh, it was such a lark!

Then Gurt's wife has told him something about Nopps's thatch that I'm sure you and the duke never heard of before. Dreadful, if it's true; but you know what those people are.

He does bring home such a budget every day! The dinners are so lively now, and father threatens to raise the drawbridge on him and never let him go. It's killing to hear him trying to give the story in the Gurt style. You know he's as careful about his words as you are, and one might print him straight off. So just fancy him struggling with something of this sort!

"When they London work-people come down 'ere for the triumphant arches, old Nopps an' 'is wife think they might earn a trifle by puttin' up a pair of my gentlemen, as the inn was full. Well, the old couple takes the spare room themselves, so as to give the lodgers the best un. Job 'elp the pore things to move, an' we make un as comf'abl' as we can, by puttin' un under the dry corner o' th' thatch. If the rain kep' off, they'd ha' done pretty well, for I lent un a peddykwoat mysel' to plug the hole in the winder. But when the water come in, old Mr. Nopps he moan o' nights, an' she could n't pacify un, though he'd 'a' been three shillin' to the good at the week-end."

It was so funny to hear him trying to shorten Mrs. Gurt's comf'abl'. He could n't do it to save his life, and when I tried to explain to him about clipping his g's (by request), he kept waylaying me all day with absurd challenges to a game of "pin'-pon'." He has the most ridiculous theories about what he calls our revised version of the English language. He pretends to think that the dropped *k's* began with a natural tendency to move along the line of least resistance in the short spells of hot weather. The only way to meet a climate like this, he says, is to lay aside your coat and your aspirates when the hustle comes. Is n't "hustle" a funny word, Augusta? And he does bring it in so cleverly now and then.

Then he reads us killing little bits out of his American papers. Just listen to this: "The Filipino is treacherous and deceitful. Besides, we want his country." And is n't this a good hit: "Mr. Pierpont Morgan is very fond of the Bible, due probably to the fact that it is a number of books merged into one." We catch it sometimes: "If America had not sold two hundred thousand horses and mules to Great Britain, the Boers would be all on foot by this time!" Father says he can't see the point, but I call it decidedly sly.

I'm afraid he does n't think much of Mr. Raif's model village. He calls it "the penny in the slot." Don't you think that's meant to be rather disrespectful?

And, would you believe it, he has actually met that odious person Kisbye, and has discovered he is not exactly the utter brute we all think him down here. It appears that he's fond of music, and has some beautiful pictures and quite a library. Fancy!

When we heard that, we had Mr. Bascomb to meet him, just to take the taste out of his mouth. A. was perfectly sweet: not a funny saying, not a laugh, but all reverent attention, as if he were at church. The old dear quite bridled under it, and I never saw him look so pleased. When he was gone, A. said it was the most wonderful thing he had "struck" in his travels. That was the expression; I wrote it down.

He does go into the strangest places and meet the strangest people. What *do* you think he did on Tuesday? You remember that dreadful Radical van? Spent the whole day with them, and bought a huge bundle of the trash they call their "literature"! He seems to be quite keen about our country life, knows

all the laboring people, has been to see old Spurr,—just as he might come to see us, you know,—and actually went to a meeting of the parish council and heard a debate on the pumps. He keeps apologizing for staying on, but we are so delighted to have him. Do make him stop till you come back, though it seems like a reason for not wishing for your speedy return.

Keep him just as long as you find him useful [Augusta wrote in reply]. You know I sent him to cheer you up. I 'm glad you don't take him too seriously; he 's only a boy looking round. But he 'll be a man the moment he gives his mind to it. So we think.

(To be continued.)



## THE ICE-STORM

BY CECILIA BEAUX

WHAT chill was that which touched thy boughs last night,  
 With darkness intertwined to close thee in;  
 Cold upon cold, as terror follows fright,  
 Piercing as needle-flame thy core to win?

*"Sharp to consume my sap, deep drawn from thee,  
 Earth-Mother, bit the ravenous cold;  
 And all the weight of Winter lay on me,  
 More chill than Death enclasping, fold on fold.*

*"More bitter grew the load each hour that woke:  
 No weary fiber spared its frozen woe.  
 I did not hear the crashing when I broke,—  
 And, when I fell, knew I no keener throes."*

Now on thy purpling twigs, no more borne down,  
 Spring hangs sweet watery drops of pale relief.  
*"Spring know I not, for I have lost my crown:  
 Summer no more can bloom on Winter's grief."*

# THE PROLOGUE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

BY JUSTIN H. SMITH

Professor of Modern History in Dartmouth College, Author of "The Troubadours at Home"

## V. THE FORTUNE OF WAR

**I**NCRECIBLE though it seem, our army at Quebec found encouraging omens in its fearful sacrifice of December 31. The wounded leader was writhing helplessly on his bed, and the wounded men, stretched in their rags on messes of straw, were wringing their hands and moaning piteously: "Montgomery is dead! Montgomery is dead!" Yet the Americans no more acted beaten than Carleton acted victorious. A bold face was put upon defeat. When the enemy marched out in the direction of the hospital, and the attendants begged Arnold to be carried farther away, he ordered his pistols loaded, his sword laid on the bed, and a musket placed beside each blood-stained pallet. Stragglers, invalids, and the remnant of Lamb's company proved enough to drive the Carletonians home. Fighting Arnold, instead of retreating Campbell, received a unanimous call from the field-officers to command them. Snow ramparts, good for something against bullets, were thrown up. After a brief menace of eclipse, courage and good cheer shone again. Plainly the enemy dared not come out, and of course there must be some way to get in. "Quebec is open overhead," muttered an American officer.

Yet in reality the outlook was very dark. A large part of Arnold's seven or eight hundred men were unreliable Canadians, and often his effectives dwindled to five hundred. Every other night the men stood guard, and when they could lie down at

all they had to lie on their arms. The American mortars had been captured, as well as most of the gunners. With better reason than ever the soldiers could boast they were not hirelings, for no pay worth mention reached their pockets; while Arnold, with only a few Portuguese coins in his military chest, reported that he must "beg, borrow, and squeeze, to get money for subsistence." Never, at this time, could the army feel sure of a breakfast more than ten days ahead; and as for quarters, they were "awful," thought one soldier at least, "such as no page in history can equal." Powder was always a luxury, and lead soon gave out. The commander, barely able to "scrawl" occasional reports and orders, had to resign the leadership to Colonel Clinton for a while. The snow, six feet deep on the 1st of January, piled up to twenty or thirty in many places. Even in Quebec people had to dig themselves out of their houses or use a chamber window for a door, and frequently they went about the streets on snow-shoes. Worse yet was the cold. A soldier was frost-bitten with a fire in the room. "God bless your Honor, I am glad you are come, for I am blind!" murmured a Quebec sentry to the officer of the guard: his eyelids were frozen together. Fearful tempests of snow swept the American camp. "Such a storm, I believe, never was known in New England," wrote a soldier by way of superlative. Prestige had fallen; the Canadians began to draw off; and not even a corporal's guard came

down the St. Lawrence by way of reinforcement for over three weeks.

Pacing to and fro among the drifts on the Heights of Abraham, that New Year's day of 1776, an American sentry, shriveled up with cold and buffeted by a gale from the east, beheld, when the driving snow permitted, a vast expanse of rough, enshrouded country, spattered with leafless trees whistling in the blast, or funereal evergreens bowing before it, scarred with

# BOTH SIDES PREPARE

ONE'S first impulse is to blame Congress. As Garnier, the French ambassador at London, wrote his chief, even the British public said that the Americans ought to have rushed soldiers into Canada, and made the capture of Quebec a certainty. But the campaign, as we remember, was begun by avowed British subjects as a measure of defense, and there were some

*Toute Personne qui refusera de le recevoir au Coin  
& sans aucun décompte, sera considéré comme un  
ennemi des Colonies unies, et traité comme tel.  
Donné sous notre signature & le sceau  
de nos Armes au Quartier general ce 4 Mars 1776.  
Bened. Arnold*



From the original belonging to the American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Mass.

*Brig<sup>d</sup> General and  
Commander in Chief  
of the Army before Quebec*

## CONCLUDING PORTION OF ARNOLD'S PROCLAMATION OF MARCH 4, 1776, ORDERING THE CANADIANS TO ACCEPT CONTINENTAL PAPER MONEY

gray cliffs and a few brown villages, and cut through by the hoary tide of the St. Lawrence, where heaving blocks of ice froze and broke, rose and fell, ebbed and flowed, crushed, ground, and groaned in the aimless melancholy of an arctic winter; while, if he turned his eye to the south, his vision had to travel across the drifts 180 miles to Montreal, 150 more to Ticonderoga, then 100 to Albany, 150 more to New York, and 100 to Philadelphia, where sate the Conscript Fathers in their perplexities under the waiting bell of Independence Hall. All these miles of snow must be tediously paced off before the needs of the struggling soldiers could be told, and again paced off to bring back word that they were not forgotten. For weeks past communication with the colonies had virtually been cut off, and for weeks to come the route would be almost impassable.

in Congress who did not wish it made successful enough to rouse the pride of England or the self-confidence of America. Such feelings, added to the general difficulties and uncertainties, prevented the despatch of reinforcements early in the autumn. Then a committee, with power to raise troops, was directed (November 2) to visit Schuyler, and Congress believed that everything needful would be done. The committee found that a great part of the men who had been serving at the North would not reëlist, and reported, only two days before Christmas, in favor of raising three new regiments. It was thought impossible to forward troops then, for Lake Champlain had a way of turning to ice at the upper end early in December, while it remained water off Burlington for two months more. A week after New Year's, letters from Schuyler and Montgomery knocked at the



door loudly enough to wake the—extremely busy, and then activity began. Six new regiments were voted Canada that very day; two of them were to march immediately, and the others when recruited; strategic points along the St. Lawrence were to be chosen, and armed boats placed on the river. Soon came the news of Montgomery's death, and then English speech could hardly voice the urgency of Congress. "With all despatch!" "With the greatest possible expedition!" "At once!" "Forthwith"—so read the labels on all Canada business.

But there was activity elsewhere as well. On the third day after Christmas, Lieutenant Pringle of the *Lizard* stepped into the office of Lord George Germain in London with Carleton's despatches, and the grave plight of Quebec was made known. No politics paralyzed the British government, and there was to be no dallying. As Germain informed the lords of the admiralty on January 4, it was the king's intention that "every effort" should be made to relieve the Canadian capital. "I fear the delays commonly attending a large armament," the governor had written, and it was decided to place a few troops in Quebec at the first possible moment, with a solid army to follow. There was now to be a duel, not between leaders, but between nations.

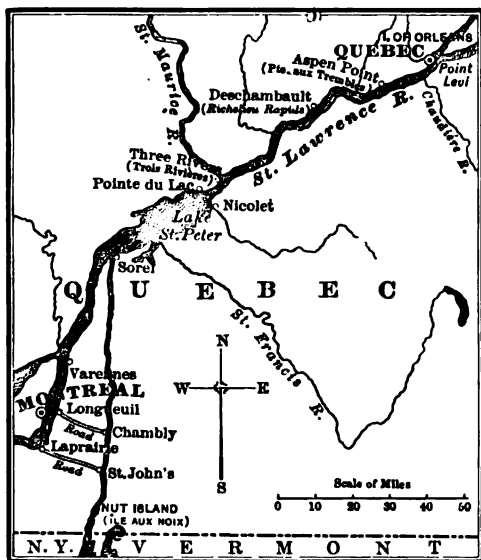
America seemed to have an advantage, for she was nearer the field of battle; but an English pound sterling travels fast, while promises to pay are halted at every pike. Congress could make orders, but orders could not make an army. "We shall want everything," wrote Wooster, and for once he found himself in the fashion. "I have it not in my power to send anything, for I have nothing," moaned Schuyler, and he also had no lack of company. Winter

clothing, camp equipment, guns in repair, and even guns out of repair, had painfully to be achieved. A house-to-house canvass in Philadelphia produced a few blankets, and fifty more were picked up among the Jersey farmers; but that was slow business. Twelve rifles, twenty muskets, and no bayonets at all for five hundred and sixty men, reported Anthony Wayne, and "none to be purchased at any Rate." Money, even paper money, kept giving out; and as for specie,—the only currency recognized by Canadian flour as an equal,—a regular hunt for it had to be organized. Men, too, proved not overplentiful. Somehow, with something in the way of clothes, and something in the way of arms, and something in the way of rations, dribbles began to go on, twenty-five, forty, fifty at a time. January 24 a hundred and forty men from the Montreal gar-

risson entered the cheering camp at

Quebec, and troops from the colonies were soon arriving. Terribly they suffered on the way, and the smooth white of the lakes was broken with piles of dead; but still they pressed on, "hanging upon the Sleighs like Bees about a Hive," as a spy of Governor Tryon's reported, and standing up on boards, when the south wind blew, to play the part of sails.

Quebec watched and waited. Every now and then hints of another attack would leak into town and keep the garrison awake all night. If an American shell failed to explode, that was the signal-rocket, no doubt. In memory of the Boston massacre, something like a squaw's red blanket, edged with black tape, went up, and Quebecers began shivering one to another: "Le pavillon sanglant!" ("The blood-red flag!") "Will the ice in the river get solid enough to hold the Americans?" asked everybody when the cold grew intense at sunset. The



MAP OF THE QUEBEC AND MONTREAL REGION



From a print in the Boston "Athenæum" of a sketch by Richard Short, 1759

#### QUEBEC AS SEEN FROM THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE ST. LAWRENCE

The American battery that opened April 3, 1776, was near the point shown in the foreground.

suspicion went abroad that provisions could not last beyond March. Fuel was certainly scarce, and by the 20th of that month King George's wood-yard gave out its last armful. Scarcer even than fuel was reliable news. Now and then a peasant or a Provincial was hoisted in over the wall, but some of these arrivals were plainly spies, and none could be trusted. Attempts were made over and over again to inform General Howe of the situation, but every attempt failed. It was "a close blockade," as Carleton admitted. Quebec was marching in a cul-de-sac, and nobody knew what might be lurking at the farther end.

#### WHAT WILL THE CANADIANS DO?

UNFORTUNATELY for the Provincials, friction between the Canadians and their "liberators" began to make heat. The records of enemies prove how strictly the American officers tried to prevent improprieties. As an orderly book has it, all disorder was to be "Supressed, as it where in the Verry Bud." With arms in his hands, the patriot soldier was to be denied the necessities of life by fat and insolent enemies, and while battling for liberty must accept a harder discipline than despots ventured to try. It was really too much, and peasants

were made to furnish a meal or lend a hand now and then, or perhaps lend a horse, for small compensation, or sometimes none. The leaders, too, did unpopular things. Driven by hunger, Arnold ordered the people to accept American paper, or be looked upon as enemies (March 4), while Wooster, who commanded in farmer style at Montreal, angered the citizens in more ways than one. "See!" cried the Tories—"see this handful of Americans who rob you and lord it over you under the pretense of breaking your chains! Rise like men, and you can easily drive them home again!"

Now came the time for the priests. A peasant was ticklishly proud when he did a bit of free-thinking; but, after all, as Governor Haldimand said, he found it very hard to part from his creed. Along every main road were huge crosses, often displaying the hammer, nails, and sponge, with a wax figure of Christ or the Virgin set in a square hole behind a bit of glass; and if a driver did not pull off his cap at every one of them, bowing low and muttering a prayer the while, it was only because he stopped his horse, got down, and knelt in the snow for ampler devotions. A few persisted in fidelity to the patriot cause, and slept in graves by the roadside

instead of in consecrated ground; but not many cared to face the beyond without squaring accounts with the church, and the price of absolution was a return to British allegiance.

Gradually the opposition took shape, and about the middle of March the ball was set rolling below Quebec. Nothing less was proposed than to drive the Americans from Point Levi, break the blockade, and then overwhelm the invaders; and this threatening news jarred like a small earthquake all the way to Philadelphia. What if Canada should rise in earnest against its liberators? Already Beaujeu was marching on with three hundred and fifty men, and said as many more were behind. The little force at Point Levi counted nothing like that. But the plan was betrayed by Canadians. Arnold sent brave Dubois down the river with eighty men; Beaujeu's advance-guard was thoroughly ground up, and the whole bugaboo vanished.

#### UNSEEN FOES

YET the Americans had one enemy that was not remote like England, cautious like the governor, nor fearsome like the Cana-

dians. Night and day, striking down victims in the very midst of them, raged a dreadful scourge—the smallpox. Even before the assault this terrible visitor appeared, for it was common among the natives. Inoculation, which made the disease less fatal, but also made it more prevalent, was forbidden under heavy penalties; yet the soldiers insisted on choosing what they considered the lesser peril, and more and more firmly this unclean vulture fastened itself upon the vitals of the army.

Not so dreadful, but no less dangerous, a foe worked busily at the vitals of Quebec. Shut up in the Dauphin Barracks, more than three hundred of Arnold's daring volunteers longed and plotted for escape. Their officers lay at a distance in the Seminary, but these privates were as good as officers, and appointed leaders for themselves. One day the old ax that split their fire-wood in the basement was somehow lost, and a second and a third ax followed it. A locked door opened, and there lay a quantity of iron hoops, pretty good for sword-blades. Somewhere else old scythes were discovered. Long knives, that had vanished when they surrendered, reappeared now as pike-heads, while ingenious



From a print in the Boston "Athenæum" of a sketch by Richard Short, 1759

#### THE NORTHWEST PART OF QUEBEC FROM THE ST. CHARLES RIVER

An American battery was planted near this spot in April, 1776.



THE GENERAL HOSPITAL AS SEEN FROM THE  
ST. CHARLES RIVER

Arnold and other wounded Americans were cared for here.

devices extracted money from their visitors and powder from their jailers.

Across the way could be seen the guard-house, always open, always lighted, the muskets always piled in the same handy corner, and the men always dead asleep on the floor before morning. Three bounds up the oft-counted stairs, and the guards could be nailed to the planks with their own bayonets. One division of the prisoners undertook to do that. Only a few hundred feet away stood St. John Gate, and a second division agreed to overpower the soldiers posted there and open the gate, while the rest of the Americans, including Lamb's artillerymen, would turn the cannon on the city. To inform Arnold of the scheme a bold fellow, provided with a white oversuit, managed to get left in the yard at closing-time one night, scaled the wall and the spikes, bolted to the ramparts, and leaped off. The sentry fired, but there was nothing to aim at; and some of the prisoners, climbing into the garret next day, saw that Arnold understood and accepted their plan: a knot had been tied in the

American flag. Every last detail was minutely arranged by the leaders, and finally the nails were drawn from the hinges of a cellar door opening outward. A foot or so of ice had formed inside against the door, and men were selected to go there in turn by couples at a certain hour, and softly pare it away as fast as possible with knives. Then the rush would be made; each division would play its part; the Americans, waiting for the signals, would pour through the gate; and Quebec would be taken at last—captured by its captives. But the fortune of the Americans had changed its name to fatality. Two lads not in the inner circle discovered the ice, and attacked it with an ax. The sentry outside heard a noise, inquisitive persons visited the barracks, and one of the prisoners, a deserter from the British army, mortally afraid of detection, let out the facts.

It's a poor plot that will not work both ways, and Carleton saw a chance to catch the Americans in their own trap. The next night, when the proper hour came, all the garrison were carefully posted. Bonfires were built near the walls, and then came a hot rattle of musketry, a babel of shouts, and cries of "Liberty forever! Liberty forever!" while two cannon fired blank cartridges toward the town. In short, the whole program of the prisoners was carried out by the British. Now let the audacious Yankees come, and the blockade would quickly be ended to the tune of "God Save the King!" The Americans turned out, paraded, and marched; but they also stopped. The moon shone like a sun that night, and something warned them. At daylight



From a reproduction in wood made by Mr. Thomas O'Leary

ST. JOHN GATE (INSIDE)

At this gate the American prisoners purposed to let their friends in.

both sides broke ranks in wonderment, and each recalled that it was the first day of April.

#### RED-HOT SHOT

ANOTHER fitting event celebrated the day. Over on the Heights an enormous gray periwig alarmed, or at least interested, the garrison. It was General Wooster's. He was going to scale those walls, he said in Montreal, if there were space enough to get through between the ramparts and heaven; and the first day of April smiled more broadly than usual as he reconnoitered the task. That was all he accomplished, yet the Americans were soon doing execution inside the bastions. Two days after Wooster came, just as the fence-posts were growing out of the snow, a battery on the other side of the St. Lawrence began to drop red-hot shot into Quebec. Balls visited the shingled roofs even of the Upper Town, and the Lower Town was nearly destroyed. Pavements were torn up; the shipping was badly hurt; one ball invited itself to a card-party at the castle; and the fashion of cellar drawing-rooms grew constantly in favor. Yet in spite of the "sweet playing" of the guns, that provoking "All's well!" from the ramparts did not cease. Powder was so scant that the Provincial cannon had to be put on allowance; balls from the enemy were counted on for missiles, and all the Americans could do was to wait for a lull in the terrible fire from Quebec, steal into their battery, load, shoot, and run. Later in April two more batteries opened; but still it was few against many, small against great. A number of reinforcements brought some cheer, but one loss took more away: Arnold grew tired of serving under the gray periwig, and got himself transferred to Montreal.

#### A NEW WAY TO CAPTURE THE PRIZE

HAPPILY about this time a new way to reduce Quebec suggested itself to some one. It was very secret; but of course Father Wooster would not keep so good a thing to himself, and presently everybody in Quebec was talking about the fire-ship. The town certainly felt anxious. A constant watch upstream for the dreaded monster was kept, and any heap of burning brush in that region set the people wild. But nothing came, and finally on the 3d

of May a brigantine rounded the point below. It was evening, nine or ten o'clock; but the welcome visitor could be made out very well in the brilliant moonlight. A glad



Drawn by Harry Fenn from a sketch by the author

#### A WING OF THE SEMINARY, QUEBEC, WHERE THE CAPTURED AMERICAN OFFICERS WERE CONFINED

They were at the end of the building, in "the fourth story from the ground" (Dearborn).

cry swept through the town: "A vessel from Europe! A vessel from Europe!" All hurried to the bluff and feasted their eyes. Anxiety was ended, for this must be, of course, the van of a British fleet. Congratulations, cheers, caps in the air—the town was jubilant. Some one ran to Carleton with the happy news. "The gunners to their places!" he sternly replied.



Drawn by Sydney Adamson. Half-tone plate engraved by J. W. Evans

**"FLAMES BURST OUT OF THE BRIGANTINE, AND RAN SWIFTLY UP HER RIGGING"**

Still on she came. The flagstaff on Cape Diamond ran up a blue pennant with a union below it, and five guns were touched off at the battery. Then all awaited the response. But no response came. The stranger was hailed, and made no reply. Again they hailed, and still she was dumb. The deck seemed empty. One more challenge: "Who are you? Answer, or we'll sink you!" But she only moved on in silence, and then the battery spoke. Immediately flames burst out of the brigantine, and ran swiftly up her rigging. Every rope was instantly a line of fire, and a boat put away from her with desperate speed. At once the people took alarm: this was the fire-ship. Two hundred yards more, and the streaming bonfire would reach the shipping; the tarred cordage would catch like tinder; the vessels would all burn; the buildings would blaze; the palisade would probably take fire; and the enemy would certainly attack. Out rang the bells once more; the drums beat; and hither and thither men hurried to their posts. But the ship veered; her burning sails lost the wind; tide and current bore her back; and in all the pomp of gorgeous ruin she drifted slowly down past the city, roaring and crackling, waving her towering flames to and fro athwart the sky, and spurting many a fresh burst of fire, with many a loud report, from exploding shells, grenades, and *pots à feu*, till the flames quenched themselves at the water's edge. Once more Quebec rejoiced and trembled.

#### WAR EXTRAORDINARY

UNDISCOURAGED, the Americans kept on "fagging it out" before Quebec. But what could they expect? Here stood a powerful fortress with a garrison of eighteen hundred men, well drilled by this time, and a little troop of sick people pretended they were going to take it. Not counting the diseased and the men whose terms of service had expired, May-day saw only seven hundred effectives outside the town, and these were spread over a circuit of twenty-six miles, broken three times by the rivers. Two hundred of them had been inoculated, and soon would be down with the small-pox. Not more than three hundred could be rallied promptly to meet an attack. The batteries pointed about fifteen guns at Quebec, and Quebec pointed one hundred and

forty-eight at the batteries, some of them 42-pounders. The magazine contained only a hundredweight and a half of powder. Even at headquarters, neither intrenchments nor intrenching-tools could be found; and the provisions would not last a week. War this could hardly be called. Yet it was far indeed from opera bouffe. Everybody wished Lord North to understand that Americans were no poltroons, and the thought of retreat was not agreeable. As for Carleton, he could not count the "rebels" outside the gates, nor even those within, and he preferred to take no chances.

But now a fresh tide of strength began to swell from the south. A day or two before the fire-ship sailed, General Thomas reached Quebec. A brave, capable, sterling officer was he. Some troops came with him; several regiments were pressing on behind; four more had passed Albany, and six were embarking at New York. The garrison could see little but crumbs in their larder now. Cramahé had written London "to get here early in May is absolutely necessary." At the very utmost, said Captain Hamilton of the *Lizard*, the provisions could not stretch beyond the middle of the month; and while the Americans had not seen these despatches, they believed what the despatches confessed. As a rule, vessels came up the river between the 4th and the 10th of May; but this year the frost had been sharper than usual, and they were not expected before the 20th. Quebec, the great prize, had not yet been lost.

#### "GOD BE PRAISED!"

THREE days after the fireworks a frigate rounded the point below (May 6). "Is that another?" queried the guards. Once more the bells rang and the drums beat; once more every man turned out. Again the signal that Quebec was in the king's possession went up the flagstaff on the Cape, and the five guns were fired. This time the stranger spoke: seven puffs of smoke and flame to the leeward, while a red flag, a blue flag, and the union climbed the three masts. Meanwhile the frigate bore away, came about, and finally dropped anchor near the mouth of the St. Charles River. She was the *Surprise*, of his Majesty's navy, and not far behind, with more to follow, came the *Martin*, sloop of war,





From the print in the Dreer collection,  
Hist. Soc'y of Pa.

GENERAL JOHN SULLIVAN

From the original portrait owned by  
Miss Sarah Williams

GENERAL JOHN THOMAS

From the print in the Emmet col-  
lection, Lenox Library

GENERAL DAVID WOOSTER

and the fifty-gun ship *Isis*. Quickly the news reached every pillow in town. It was early,—six o'clock in the morning,—and a chilling wind swept keenly up the icy stream; but every soul hurried to the bluff. Some were only half dressed, but that did not matter. "God be praised!"—in that cry went up the glad heart of the city. "At last we can breathe the fresh air of the fields!" came next. Quebec was saved again, and this time saved for good.

Thomas was badly caught. Some time since, a fleet had been reported in the river, and an American council of war had voted the day before (May 5) to remove the cannon and the sick. In fact, notice of retreat was given, and a certain gray periwig moved off with some of the troops. In the evening word came that

fifteen sail were only one hundred and twenty miles distant; but the wind blew downstream, and the St. Lawrence ran full of ice. During the night a northwest wind changed to northeast, and Captain Linzee, mindful of the king's intention, crowded ahead at the risk of sinking. As early as possible after he cast anchor, soldiers and marines landed; and a little before noon Carleton and Maclean marched out by St. Louis and St. John gates, formed six deep in columns, and advanced in order of battle, with cannon, vanguard, and reserves.

#### A TERRIBLE REVERSE

INSTANTLY the shell of blockade collapsed. Scattered shots were thrown by sentries here and there, and some hundreds of



From the portrait after Gilbert Stuart,  
Maryland Hist. Soc'y

CHARLES CARROLL

From the portrait by Gilbert Stuart in  
Georgetown College, D. C.

ARCHBISHOP JOHN CARROLL

Americans formed for battle; but a stand could only mean useless bloodshed, and the general ordered a retreat. No stores could be carried away, for when the ships appeared all the Canadian teamsters vanished with their carts. The general's dinner was joyously eaten by Maclean's gaunt Highlanders. The patients in the hospital, be-

Midway between Quebec and Three Rivers, the plateau north of the St. Lawrence turns, thrusts itself into the stream, and faces defiantly toward Quebec, while the river, pinched into a deep channel only three hundred feet wide at the narrowest, pours down through the swift Richelieu Rapids. This is Deschambault, and here,



From a photograph by H. T. Perrault

#### CHÂTEAU DE RAMEZAY, MONTREAL

lieving they would be massacred, rose and staggered away, falling at every step. The streams, raised by spring floods, were hard to cross; and shells from British vessels added to the fears, if not the losses, of the flight. In search of food, companies had to scatter more and more; and on they hurried in wild confusion, spreading terror and the smallpox wherever they went. Before long an orderly rear-guard took post, but on the second day fugitives were forty-five miles above Quebec. "God of armies, help us!" cried Chaplain Robbins, as he gazed upon their haggard, woe-begone faces. Truly, as Maclean said, there was now "a Glorious Prospect" before the British.

as Montgomery declared, ten thousand men, with artillery and light water-craft, might hold their own "against all the navy and all the military force of Great Britain." In 1759 the French had planted a battery here. All understood the value of the place; why had it not been thoroughly fortified? Because the issue at Quebec swallowed up all the others. Still, some intrenching had been done; and now, planting himself on the lofty cape, in its noble grove of pines, Thomas resolved to make a stand. Putting his eight or nine hundred men on half-rations, he sent off to Montreal for troops, provisions, and armed boats. The northeasters usual at that season did not blow; the British fleet could not advance; the gen-

eral took breath and began to hope. But hope was vain. What he needed failed to come, though Arnold worked like a tiger; and about a week later, with no food left but a little meal, the troops were drawn off to Sorel. The sheet-anchor of the Americans had now been lost. It was indeed a terrible reverse, a crushing defeat; yet, after all, so Garnier noted with a smile, the British had not come near enough the "rebel" army to kill, wound, or capture a single man of it.

#### ANOTHER HOPE

BUT a new fountain of hope opened at Montreal just as Thomas was approaching Quebec. At last the commission from Congress that Montgomery begged for had been sent. Clothed with supremepower, these men, seeing everything face to face, would quickly put affairs in order. Arnold met them on the beach, the guns of the citadel boomed, they entered Vaudreuil Gate escorted by all the friends of liberty in Montreal, and then on they passed through many strange sights,—keen fur-traders, reckless *coureurs des bois*, strolling Indians decked out in savage finery, shy nuns, and half-scowling priests,—to the general's headquarters, the Château de Ramezay.

An elegant supper followed. As host sat Arnold, now a brigadier-general, and let us not forget his battle with the wilderness, his courage at the assault, nor his fortitude in defeat. The chairman of the commission, at his right hand, bore a name honored in two hemispheres. Already past threescore years and ten, he felt at Saratoga that probably this rough trip would prove his end, and wrote last farewells to his friends; yet here he found himself with all the statecraft of Benjamin Franklin and all the plain good

sense of Poor Richard. Across the table, Samuel Chase of Maryland, with a solid, well-filled body, a genial, calm, determined face, and massive locks waving down to his broad shoulders, personified good nature, judgment, and resolution. Next him sat a man with gentle but fearless eyes and handsome, sculpturesque features, toned with an air of the highest honor and courtesy. Lord Brougham extolled his learn-

ing, eloquence, character, and grace; yet his arms—two lions rampant holding a naked sword, point up, between them—were equally true to his nature. "There goes half a million at the dash of a pen," whispered a bystander, thinking of failure and confiscations, when his hand unflinchingly signed the Declaration of Independence; for the name it wrote was Charles Carroll of Carrollton. Who could win the Canadians if not such a gentleman, worshipping at their altars and speaking the choicest language of their beloved fatherland? Neither



From a photograph by the author

THOMAS WALKER'S HOUSE, WHERE THE COMMISSIONERS LODGED

was he to labor unaided. John Carroll, destined to become the first Archbishop of Baltimore, had been invited to join the commissioners. As John Adams wrote Abigail, his wife, everybody looked upon the idea of taking him along as a master stroke, and his learning and ability, his patriotism and Catholic zeal, his noble presence and persuasive French, could bring the clergy around, if that were possible. The outlook was auspicious.

#### ANOTHER DISAPPOINTMENT

BUT the auspices were false. "Chase seems pleased with his trip to Canady," wrote Gunning Bedford; but that was before he went. The first need there was plain, matter-of-

fact, hard money. The commissioners had it not, and they found their mission bankrupt at the start. All the gold and silver forwarded by Congress had been spent, and the friends of liberty were drained dry; yet necessities had still to be purchased, and now there was not only "no cash," but

and Congress itself, less than two years earlier, had pictured the Roman faith as dispersing "impiety, bigotry, persecution, murder, and rebellion through every part of the world." As for Great Britain, said the priests, "allegiance is always due for protection, and the British government has

Montreal 25<sup>th</sup> May 1776.

Sir

We think it would be proper for you to issue an order to the town Major to wait on the Merchants or others having provisions or merchandize for sale and request a delivery of what our troops are in immediate want (if offering to give a receipt certifying the quantity delivered and engaging the faith of the united Colonies for payment, and on refusal we think our necessity requires that force should be used to compel a delivery.

Y<sup>r</sup> most obed<sup>t</sup> hum<sup>t</sup> Serv<sup>t</sup>  
 Samuel Chase  
 Ch. Carroll of Carrollton

Gen. Wooster.

From the original belonging to the American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Mass.

#### THE ORDER FOR THE SEIZURE OF PROVISIONS IN MONTREAL

"less credit," as Arnold said. Even a common chaise, "Geered to a small Chunk of a Horse," as a soldier phrased it, could not be hired without pay actually in sight; and instead of grandly welcoming Canada into the union of colonies, the business of the commission was to compare the odors of countless bills thrust under their noses by Canadian fists. Carroll, the priest, had no better fortune. As Lecky has expressed it, the Canadians felt no sympathy with New England character or creed, and they knew just how much the New-Englanders felt for them. Only a few days before, at sight of Catholic worship, a Yankee chaplain had burst out: "Oh, when shall Satan be bound, and Antichrist meet a final overthrow?"

protected us." Against such facts and such convictions eloquence argued in vain, and in two weeks Franklin and John Carroll set out for home.

#### EVERYTHING DARK

Now came another cruel blow at American prestige. Ogdensburg still remained a British post, and as Captain Forster was reported to be coming down with some regulars, Canadians, and Indians, for a dash at Montreal, Arnold planted a force of Americans at the Cedars, forty-three miles above, where the St. Lawrence, beautified with many an island, sweeps magnificently past in superb rapids. The spot was admirably chosen



From photographs by the author

DESCHAMBAULT, ON THE  
ST. LAWRENCE

THE SWAMP AT POINTE DU LAC, IN WHICH  
THE AMERICANS WERE CAUGHT

and sufficiently fortified; there were cannon and ammunition and four hundred soldiers eager to fight: but the officer in command insisted on surrendering, and carried down with him a reinforcement almost within sight.

Nobody in the colonies even suspected how badly things were going at the northward, but a week after this affair Chase and Carroll wrote Congress in truthful black: "We cannot find words strong enough to express our miserable situation; you will have a faint idea of it if you figure to yourselves an army broken and disheartened, half of it under inoculation or other diseases; soldiers without pay, without discipline, and altogether reduced to live from hand to mouth, depending on the scanty and precarious supplies of a few half-starved cattle and trifling quantities of flour, which have hitherto been picked up in different parts of the country." At Three Rivers the soldiers had been existing, in great part, on alms; while at Montreal, to prevent wholesale plunder of the people, and then a whole-

sale massacre of the troops, the commissioners ordered provisions to be seized, and paid for with promises not worth a—yes, exactly worth a "continental." Bishop Briand meanwhile was preaching "rage and fury" against "all the malice, all the treachery," of the Provincials; the plots of hostile Canadians made it seem like an enemy's

country; the despair of allies proved still harder to bear; the commissioners were anticipating fresh troubles in the shape of more troops, destined, they foresaw, to starve or feed upon one another; and now General Thomas fell sick of the smallpox, lost his eyesight, and finally died (June 2). "A starving army is actually worse than none," wrote the Iron Duke after Talavera; yet his troops were trained soldiers, injured to hardship, well paid, well clothed, and victorious, and they had felt the pinch of hunger but a little



From the original drawing in the Hist. Soc'y of Pa.

GENERAL ANTHONY WAYNE

while. What could be expected of our Provincials? "Only the power of an omnipotent God can preserve us from utter destruction," exclaimed Sergeant Elmer, in despair.

## A BOLD ENTERPRISE

ABOUT four o'clock on the morning of June 8 an officer on one of the British transports at Three Rivers heard the voice of General Fraser calling out: "For God's sake, wake up, and send ashore all the guns you possibly can! The rebels are coming, two or three thousand of them! They're within a mile of the town!" It was true: the "rebels" were coming. General Thompson, who commanded at Sorel after the death of Thomas, found that some of the enemy had taken post at Three Rivers, and sent a force under St. Clair to attack it. Just then, after sailing over Lake Champlain in two hundred bateaux, "something like the Gretion Fleet going to the Seage of Troy," as Captain Lacey opined, and then passing down the Richelieu River between lines of men, women, and children leaping and clapping their hands for joy, General Sullivan arrived at Sorel with six regiments, and despatched his best troops, with Thompson himself, to join St. Clair. About daylight on the 8th, he could hear serious firing below, and it lasted "off and on" until noon. At one o'clock he began a report: "I am almost Certain that victory has Declared in our favor. I hope soon to follow with more force to maintain the ground." But before the report was forwarded this had to be added: "June 9th, 1776, Eight of Clock in the Evening, a person Returned from General Thompson says he was Defeated and most of his party cut to pieces." It was "a very bold enterprise indeed," as Carleton said; it merited success; it almost did succeed; and it came to ruin.

Under cover of darkness the troops had gone down to Nicolet, pretending to establish a post there; and the next night fifteen hundred of them, crossing in bateaux to Pointe du Lac, marched bravely for Three Rivers. Unfortunately, several facts had not reached them. The whole British army designed for Canada had now arrived; the governor had appointed Three Rivers as the rendezvous; and twenty-five British vessels had come up the evening before. The guides were false; one of them sent word to Fraser, and another led the Americans into a swamp. For three hours the poor fellows waded through mud and water "about mid-deep in general," through woods where they could not see a dozen yards ahead, and over sharp snags that pierced their shoes

and their feet; and it was near eight o'clock when, completely famished and worn out, they reached the edge of the woods. Behold! the plain was covered with regulars, intrenchments, and cannon, and the ships fired heavily on their flank. Retreat, a quick retreat, was in order, especially as troops had landed in their rear, and were pressing on to seize the bateaux and bar escape; but, as one of the enemy declared, these were "the most audacious rascals existing," and nobody would say "Retreat!" before at least making an attempt. The British front was driven back. Wayne led on, and his men, with their white waistcoats and trousers and deep-blue coats plastered over with mud, fought like veterans. Neither were they alone in their courage; but it was fatality once more. Soon, completely shattered, the lines buried themselves again in the swamp and woods, and there they were kept by the British cannon. For thirteen miles,—or perhaps eighteen,—they plowed on, with regulars, Canadians, and Indians waiting on all sides to draw a bead on every man that showed himself. There was nothing to eat, and nothing but swamp water to slake their thirst; and when darkness came on they had to lie down wherever a dry spot could be found. A wretched end looked every one of them in the face; but Carleton finally recalled his troops, in order to prove that King George's mercy still flowed. Pursued, then, only by "Musketoos of a monstrous seize and Innumerable numbers," the Americans passed on, and a few days later reëntered Sorel. Thompson had been captured, some three hundred men lost, and another defeat suffered; yet "the King of Prussia never planned better," said one of the British officers, and "had they not lost their road, they must have carried their point."

## EVERYTHING AGAINST NOTHING

IF the outlook was dark before, what should it be called now? Beaten, broken, penniless, underfed, poorly trained, poorly armed, honeycombed with a dreadful epidemic and the fear of it, and in large part half naked, the American army can only be described in the words of Sullivan himself: "No one thing is right." Out of eight thousand men Arnold reckoned on June 6 that less than five thousand could be mustered, while a little later the effec-

tives were estimated at a third of the total. "Those who were most healthy went about like so many walking apparitions," wrote an officer, and, besides working and fighting, had to care for the sick among them. Worst of all, perhaps, the troops were ignorant of the straits of Congress, and felt themselves "wholly neglected," as Thomas had written. Yet the "little tincture of vanity" that Washington discovered among Sullivan's admirable traits made him imagine vain things, and he vowed he would not retreat so long as a single person would stick by him. Duty reinforced vanity: had not Congress ordered him to "contest every foot of the ground"?

On the British side, though Sullivan scouted the reports of their numbers, ten thousand regulars were now moving on with Carleton, the British troops gay with scarlet, and the Germans actually shining in their blue regimentals with red facings, their broad lace and their silver frogs; and all these troops were fresh, rosy, and eager for a fight. Canadian militia gathered about them, and the Indians were coming in. Vessels laden with choice provisions, a fine train of artillery, and a plenty of war-ships rounded out the force. It was health against sickness, confidence against defeat, plenty against want, gold against paper, four against one; and Sullivan's bravery could only dash itself and the army to pieces.

#### AMERICA AT STAKE

BUT the destruction of an army hardly spelled one syllable of the danger. Let Carleton only reach Longueuil while Sullivan awaited him at Sorel: to Chambly would then be only a dozen miles, a morning stroll, while Sorel was nearly fifty miles away; and Sullivan would be ruined completely. A dozen miles more to St. John's, and Arnold also would be cut off. Then, leaving the Canadians to guard his pris-

oners, Carleton could seize the American bateaux, embark his men, sail to Ticonderoga, march to Albany, march down the Hudson, coöperate with Howe's powerful army, as the British government expected, stamp out Washington, and scatter the Conscript Fathers. The Declaration of Independence would not appear, and the only question would be, how many insurgents to hang? "We can hear the enemy now firing; this will be a hot week," wrote an officer from Sorel on June 13. More than a hundred British vessels were just below, yet Sullivan only planted himself the more firmly on the sandy point at the mouth of the Richelieu.



From a print lent by General James Grant Wilson

GENERAL JAMES WILKINSON

The next morning beheld a strange contrast. Across Lake St. Peter swept the British fleet with a favoring breeze, decks brilliant with fresh uniforms, prows white with shining foam, waves a-sparkle with dancing light, and white villages gleaming back from the dark-green rim of the lake; while at Sorel, behind the breastworks and the

abatis of withered pines, dingy and hungry-looking men were hurrying stores and sick people into their water-craft, and pushing off with feverish speed. The protests of Arnold and other officers had at last opened Sullivan's eyes, and all his great powers were now focused on retreat. Yet there was no flight. Everything, even to a spade, went aboard. The works were then abandoned, and an hour later British soldiers took possession.

That night the Americans lay where darkness overtook them, and on the morrow Burgoyne set out in pursuit. But he was not permitted to crowd the fugitives; that would hurry the retreat. General Carleton's mind was on the grand purpose, and as quickly as possible he sailed for Longueuil.

This was the very crisis. The whole future of America depended now—depended on a puff of air.



## A WONDERFUL RETREAT

AT three o'clock in the afternoon of the 15th, Captain James Wilkinson was going down the St. Lawrence with a message from Arnold to Sullivan, and about fourteen miles below Montreal two cannon-shots were heard. Landing to investigate, he found British troops there, and the river beyond looked snowy with British sails. It was Carleton. Why had he stopped short? The wind had failed him.

That was a wind of destiny, indeed, and it gave the patriot cause a chance of life. Mounting the first horse he could lay hands on, Wilkinson dashed bareback to Longueuil, forced a Canadian at the point of his sword to help him across the river, and gave the alarm to Arnold. But how could the Montreal garrison escape with its baggage across Carleton's advancing front? The British must be delayed; they must be fought; Sullivan must send a force to do it; and Wilkinson rode off in the darkness to carry this message. How absurd! Sullivan had only the debris of an army, sleeping in exhaustion where they could, amid oceans of mud and torrents of rain, with nobody awake but the chief officers, and not even a sentry posted to protect them. Demoralization seemed complete; the army was no more. Yet in less than an hour, when morning dawned, Wayne gathered a corps of cheerful, willing troops, and marched off to fight the governor's legions. Army or not, there were men still. Happily they did not have to be sacrificed. Arnold had already crossed the river, and soon was pressing forward to St. John's in safety.

Sullivan, for his part, managed to gather his forces at Chambly; but there, with two armies in pursuit of him, he found a third enemy squarely in front. Roaring and foaming, the Chambly rapids fall a vertical distance of seventy-five feet, and up that height all his boats must climb. But the general was in earnest. Working day and night, he passed the rapids, burned the fort at Chambly, and hurried on to join Arnold, tearing up the bridges as he went. Burgoyne followed. Toward evening on June 18, the British drew near St. John's, and their van was ordered forward on the run. Two horsemen, some distance ahead, watched the column approach. At last they turned and galloped back to the fort. Every American, sick or well, had em-

barked and left the place. Every musket, every flint, every cannon except three poor ones abandoned at Chambly, had gone, and Fort St. John was in flames. The horsemen dismounted, shot their steeds, and tossed the harness into a waiting boat. One of them, Wilkinson, stepped in, and the other,—it was Arnold,—pushing the boat off, sprang after him. Before they were out of musket-range the British came up. The invasion of Canada had ended.

Carleton was eager to pursue the fugitives, but only a few of the boats that he requested to be sent from England had come, and he found it impossible to build a fleet quickly. The Americans, under Arnold's lead, strained every nerve to place armed vessels on the lake, and almost half of October had gone before the governor defeated them. It was then too late in the season for a new campaign, and he soon retired to winter quarters.

WHAT shall be our verdict on these events? The invasion of Canada seemed unavoidable; it was boldly and shrewdly planned and bravely executed; it missed its aim only by the narrowest of chances. But the sole possible success was to fail, and therefore it succeeded. To have won that country would have required us to defend it; and any serious endeavor to hold Canada against Great Britain would have divided the resources of the colonies, exhausted their strength, and led to their ruin. Yet a determined fight was necessary, and all the benefits of that we gained. It rendered a British invasion from the north impossible in 1775 and 1776; the power of England, instead of America, was divided; Carleton's ill success cost him for a time the king's favor; the invasion of 1777 was intrusted to a far less dangerous man; Bennington and Saratoga allied us with France; and French aid insured our independence.

These campaigns were also a dress-rehearsal for the war. People realized what war meant, and Washington discovered where to look for lieutenants. In Montgomery the patriot cause found not only a worthy martyr, but one able to fire the imaginations and the hearts of men. In the capture of regulars and fortresses, the battle with nature, the struggle for Quebec, and the stubborn retreat, America saw that patriots could improvise victories,

live without food, battle without weapons, and die without regret. On the one hand, this enterprise helped lead the country from the tone of petition to the tone of independence; on the other, our Declaration looks grander than ever, when we realize that a poor, defeated, humiliated people flung it into the face of triumphant power; and

while the inevitable imperfections of humanity showed themselves in these campaigns, yet the lofty patriotism, the keen intelligence, the bold initiative, the dauntless courage, and the sublime fortitude exhibited there, make them not only the prologue of our Revolution, but the prologue of our national career.

THE END



## SUSANNA AND I

MY OLD MAID'S CORNER

BY LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH

Author of "Hezekiah's Wives"

**I**T has been twenty-five years, has it not? —yes, quite twenty-five, I believe,—in which we have been trying to understand each other, my cousin Susanna and I. Yes, it must be all of twenty-five years, because her eldest son is twenty at the very least.

For twenty-five years, then, we have been stumbling along in our friendship, loving each other all the time, loyal to each other so far as loyalty without understanding can go, and yet always in our relations to each other like two persons

talking with a wall between them, over the top of which only their heads are visible.

And all of this began when my cousin Susanna married Harry Peake, and I remained single. For marriage seems to be a kind of Tower of Babel among women. Each one afterward speaks a different tongue. There were Susanna and I, for instance. We grew up together, went to school and out into the world together, shared every thought and every secret aspiration. Then Susanna married, and lo!

with that Tower of Babel, her marriage, there arose between us the greatest confusion. She could no longer comprehend me. And no wonder, her own vocabulary had so altered. The old familiar words of our girlhood had another color for her now, as wife. Love meant a new thing, friendship no longer the old one. She felt herself to be of a different order, and I sometimes think that because I was a spinster she regarded me as belonging only to some species.

There have been times, for example, when for her benefit I have repeated some of the very words that as young girls we were accustomed to use in discussing our futures and the mistakes of other people—words that in those old days embodied ideals from which, whatever might come after, we, at least, unlike the other people, were never to depart. But when Susanna has heard me repeat them it has been as though she had never heard them before. "You do not know what you are talking about," she has answered. "What you are saying is all nonsense." And then she has added, as if to prove her point: "You have never had children to bring up, nor the tastes of a husband to consider."

At other times, when all her troubles have been turned inside out and upside down for my inspection, and I have ventured on a word of that counsel which she has assured me she came to seek, she has said to me: "You do not understand. Perhaps it is too much to expect that you should, living as you have done, with no one to defer to but yourself."

Then there have been still other moments in which Susanna has appeared to comprehend my speech, but only to evince a certain consternation at what she thinks she has discovered in my words. Then it has been a "How can you?" or a "I thought that you, at least, with your bringing up, would escape the influences of the day." And when Susanna has said "influences of the day," I have been well-nigh convinced of how evil they are, of their being much worse, in fact, than any hitherto encountered by the world. Yet I have always maintained, and I do still maintain, except when Susanna uses that tone to me, that at every stage of man's development there have been influences of the day to consider quite as complex as any which assail us now, and that the race has grown in girth

and stature only according to the choice which the individual made of those influences to which he should have opened his nature. For each of us must make such a choice. It is man's privilege to do so, and his obligation. As he builds his house to catch this breeze or to draw that hour's sunshine to him, so he must build his character in order that from every point of that ever-widening horizon of human thought he can draw to him only those particular influences by which his spirit is to be refreshed and his full growth attained.

Sometimes Susanna comes to challenge me to a discussion by telling me in a roundabout fashion what she thinks wives ought to resent in their husbands, and then I know, of course, that what she has wanted to say is something about what she resents in Harry. I then become roundabout too, because I never like to recognize any difficulty as her own, and I say that it seems to me that most troubles in life would drop from the arduous places if we understood better what generosity meant as a curative factor in life, so that those things, for instance, which were required of us because of some position which we occupied, were made things which we gave freely and gladly and even joyously. Then the very act of giving would lift us as givers above the plane where personal demands and obligations ruled, making even the least of servitors equal with the highest. But Susanna, hearing my answer, doubts me at once, although I have been careful for her sake not to refer in any way to the subject of husbands and wives. She fears, however, that, not understanding her own side, I may be taking that of Harry. "These are hardly subjects for discussion between us. You must know some very queer wives," she will say. Or she will not reply at all, except with a look of pained wonder on her face. For she holds me in never-ending question, as she would one of an alien people. When, as has sometimes happened, I have been led on my own account to tell her what I think love ought to be in its wide, all-embracing quality, she only wonders if I, like many other spinsters, am becoming sentimental or perhaps (and this strikes her as much more alarming) too liberal!

I have only to tell her what kind of man stands for an ideal with me, giving her suggestions which even as an old maid I know

might be of service in the training of her son—I have only to do this to have her become reflective at once, while she tries to decide, with close-drawn eyebrows, what man it is who has affected me so strongly, and whether it can be—and at my age, too—that I, a spinster, mean to do something silly, and marry. As if to marry, indeed, were the very silliest thing of which a spinster could be guilty! No other spinster would think it silly, I am sure; only somebody who is married herself, like Susanna.

She never, however, makes me feel the height and breadth and thickness of the dividing-wall between us, nor myself so much of an alien, an outsider, an anomaly, as when I talk of forgiveness between men and women, and of that love which would mean compassion even for the greatest offender—a compassion which, in its desire to help the one who has sinned, would forgive the injury that love itself had received. To my cousin this is all strange parlance, the language of invidious foes, since love to her means a much simpler and safer and much more domestic affair—nothing more or less, in fact, than a belief in Harry, in Harry's rectitude and Harry's honor. "I could not love my husband," she will say to me, "if I did not respect him, and I could not respect him if he were not all the things that I thought him to be." Then she will add, in a tone that well-nigh overcomes me, and to which I have never yet grown accustomed: "And certainly I would not *want* Harry ever to forgive me if I were the kind of woman who would fail him." When I try to argue further, as on occasions I have had the courage to do, she tells me that I might much better leave the discussion of these subjects alone, for if I had a husband I would feel "quite differently."

Our discussions have always ended in this same way. She has thrust me out of every contest of opinions as the Romans would have thrust some incompetent from an arena. I have not always thought it kind in Susanna, for is there a spinster who lives who could have helped being single? It has seemed hardly fair, either, since most of her own knowledge has come from the study of one man's idiosyncrasies.

And then with what skepticism Susanna regards me when, in reply to something she has said about mothers and children, I tell her that to me the highest mother-

hood seems to be one which concerns itself with the nurturing of ideals, whether in one's own children or in the children of one's neighbor, or even in a man. At my mention of the word "man" she bridles. She is not sure where such views are going to carry me, a spinster. But I go on to tell her that to be filled with the mother spirit one must love all children alike. "What!" she exclaims, "do you mean to tell me that I must love each little ragamuffin whom I see in the street as I love my own children? One's first duty is to one's own. The very idea of it! If you had ever been a mother yourself, you would know." But I go on to tell her—and she cannot argue me out of this—that I think that even as old maids we can have this mother-love, and that, married or single, we fail in it if we talk about the things that other people's children do, making them public as we never would make public the wrong things of which our own children are guilty. And from this I go on to say that all gossip, all parade of our neighbor's peccadillos, is wrong, since the oldest of men and women are but half-grown children, after all, and each is somebody's child, and that therefore those of us who had the right love of ideals, or the mother-love, in us would let those peccadillos be forgotten, while we give the better part of our neighbor's character a chance to grow up.

It is at this point that Susanna invariably folds her hands, and, with earnest eyes and that tightening of the lips which implies the keeping back of much else which she would like to say, she asks me what I think the home would be if the wives and mothers in it grew lax about the morals of those of their neighbors, old or young, whom they admitted to their firesides, or to whom they permitted an intimacy with their children.

This, then, is the way in which Susanna and I have talked for twenty-five years. In all that time the dividing-line has never been down between us, nor has she ever admitted that I too might be a woman, claiming with her the right to certain inheritances bequeathed to us by the primal man, with the privilege of considering even when I could not enjoy them.

Now, however, and all at once, I am no longer an alien in her eyes. She has taken me altogether over to her side. Indeed, she insists that I remain with her, united in everything. For my cousin Susanna has

of late begun to feel the encroachments of middle age, and she has already perceived that no previous conditions either of marriage or of spinsterhood will now avail the woman anything; that alike on us all, without distinction of place, without respect of person, middle age showers whatsoever indignities and surprises it will, on the wife and on the spinster.

It is pathetic to see her helplessness over the situation, and yet her revolt. She asks me if I mean to submit or to stand up against it all. She appeals to me, wanting to know what I think about belts—whether by pulling a belt up or down a better line is given to the figure; and she will let me struggle over hers for an hour while she remains as meek as any child. Only the other day it was about black tulle or velvet for the neck, because somehow, as she said, nothing “went” the same way as it used to, and she did not want Harry to notice. Then she came to consult me about her hair, which had grown too thin over the temples to be curled, and she asked me how I managed about mine. Mine! My hair, indeed, that every one tells me is quite as thick as it ever was! But Susanna leaves me out of nothing on these days, especially the unbecoming symptoms.

She insists upon keeping the door shut when she talks, and she preserves such an air of mystery that one might easily suppose we were girls again and exchanging confidences about valentines. She would not for the world, she tells me, have her children know that she cared, or that she ever discussed such subjects; and with the thought of her children she suddenly assumes a different manner, telling me how undignified the whole question is. But I notice that she always returns to it.

She is always arriving at my corner with remedies for this trouble or that, generally a trouble that has something to do with an increasing *avoidupois* or a growing shortness of waist. It is the waist that troubles her most. Sometimes it will be to bring me a prescription or a regimen which has been followed by some pretty woman whose figure is still that of a girl, even with a son at Yale—so much lemon-juice, Susanna informs me, to be taken so many times a day, and hot water after one’s meals. And then it is not lemon-juice or hot water at all, only the going-without-your-breakfast plan. But it is always some other plan.

None of them seems to work, which makes me sorry for my cousin, for I can remember when men who saw her in evening dress used to say that they knew at last who had stolen the lost arms of the Venus of Melos.

She displays the greatest solicitude for me and my condition, as though in all that concerned her I was to be included, which is kind, since I am younger, as every one knows who sees us together. She is always observing me. One day she saw me look in the glass as we were going up a hotel elevator. I was dissatisfied with the fit of my collar, but she thought I was engaged with my chin. “Don’t mind,” she said sympathetically, laying her hand on my arm. “I remember just how I felt when I first discovered mine. Nothing that happens to a woman is so bad as that which happens to her chin after forty.”

When I reached home that night I took a mirror and went to a strong light to see if she could be right; for old friends are so observant, and Susanna is like a sea-captain, with eyes always alert for weather signs: she lets nothing escape her. I shall not, of course, tell her what I saw in the glass!

But her solicitude embarrasses me, she takes such trouble on my account, like pointing out a rather pretty and well-dressed woman on the street, for instance, whose waistband has never been altered as she has grown stouter, and whose shoulders, in consequence, have been lifted until they form nearly a straight line across. “There,” said Susanna. “Now you know why I am so interested in *your* clothes.”

I know, of course, that it is very kind of my cousin, but she perplexes me. She has referred so constantly of late to the subject of my age and the “little things” that she has noticed that not long since I began to notice things for myself, and I drew her attention to a new bunch of wrinkles that I thought might be coming under my eyes, there where the cheek-bone makes a slight descent. I made my reference to them in a gay and light-hearted manner, because she has some wrinkles of her own in that very spot, and I did not want her to suppose that I thought them anything but delightful. Indeed, I am rather fond of wrinkles myself. I would not lose one from the faces of those whom I love—this wrinkle that a kind thought has tracked across the brow, this line about

the mouth that some resolve has deepened, nor those records around the eyes of smiles that have never failed me in encouragement.

It may be that with the "coming of the crow's-feet" there must follow the "backward turn to beaux' feet"; but who minds the feet that turn backward, if ahead there is always a hand held out to you, and you know, besides, that you have a corner to which you are welcomed, and another to which you may invite? So I do not find the subject so dreadful. I take, indeed, quite a cheerful view of wrinkles, since not until they appear does any spinster feel sure of an old maid's corner awaiting her. But Susanna, that day when I referred to those just appearing on my cheek, turned on me suddenly and said: "You ought to make up your mind from this time forth never again to refer to what is inevitable and sad. Whenever you are tempted to do so, remember this story of Mrs. Randolph, the most beautiful woman in America, as you know, even after her sons were quite grown. When she detected her first wrinkles,—and they were those fine wrinkles for which there is no hope, and which cover all of the face,—she determined neither to refer to them herself nor to allow any one to approach her on the subject. She never mentioned the question of age from that day until the day of her death. She bore them as we all must bear great calamities—in silence; and the world respected her dignity."

This speech affected me much at the time, it was uttered with such convincing earnestness; but afterward I wondered whether my cousin's admonitions were not addressed to herself. People have a way of doing such things. I always knew as a child just when a young uncle had overdrawn his account. He never failed to lecture me about getting into debt, even though he knew that I had not a penny of my own to spend.

On another occasion Susanna told me again the story of Mme. Récamier's knowing when her beauty had begun to fade because no one in the street any longer turned to look at her as she passed. "I am only beginning," Susanna said to me, "to know the full tragedy of what she must have felt." In return I told her the story of a spinster I knew who realized when youth and graces had begun to de-

part because one day she found she could sit in the park alone, a kind-hearted policeman even having come up to suggest some bench a little more protected from the wind. But Susanna saw no parallel; she only wondered why the men of the spinster's family let her go to the park alone—Harry had never permitted her to go. I suggested that there were no men in that particular old maid's family to care, but that did not alter Susanna's opinion. Nothing ever alters that.

Sometimes, for Susanna's benefit, I take a cheerful view of middle age and insist upon talking of its advantages, which, indeed, are many and most delightful, when one but considers them. I tell her that I like to be middle-aged, preferring that condition to youth, and I dwell upon the fact of how free and untrammelled it makes us; how it gives us a chance to be ourselves at last, to express our own opinions and our purposes, undeterred by fear of the ignorant interpretations of little minds; that by the time we have reached middle age we have made our records, and the things that we say and do are not measured by alarms for our development, but by the standards according to which men have seen us govern our lives. Then I refer to the fact that we can say and do things never possible in youth, and I tell her how much my sympathies go out to the young girls who express some feeling, only to have it misunderstood. Now and then I talk to Susanna after this fashion:

"Here am I a middle-aged spinster, and now when I like any one or am sorry for any one, even for a young man, and I want to tell him so, I can tell him without his taking fright. That is a thing I could never do as a younger woman, although I used to feel in exactly the same way and mean no more than I mean now." But this view of middle-aged privileges has for Susanna a touch of the scandalous. She cannot see how women can talk about "liking" men in this promiscuous fashion. She never liked any one but Harry.

While in some other mood I will, for Susanna's benefit, dwell upon the dangers of middle age, referring to some wreck I have just witnessed, and I will tell her that I am inclined to believe that not even youth has so many shoals in it or is so full of critical places. For in youth every one is on our side, helping us, warning us of

dangers, opening the way for us to better things. But in middle age everybody thinks that we ought to know for ourselves, that our characters must be formed, that we are weak if we cannot resist. For nobody understands what the loneliness of middle age may do to some, and disappointment to others, nor what the insidious growth of self-esteem may accomplish. For my part, I go on to tell her, I have a greater feeling of respect for men and women who pass the shoals without being swamped than I have for young people who are not overboard almost as soon as they start on their voyage.

But here again Susanna and I are talking with a wall between us.

"What temptations?" she asks in a tone that always puts me on my mettle, so many other questions are implied besides the one she asks.

"Discontent," I answer glibly, as if I knew every snare and pitfall, which I sometimes believe that I do, having had them all presented to me in various forms and places, not only in my own corner, but by the firesides of my friends—"discontent with one's self, or with one's place in life. Discontent with one's children. Discontent without them. Discontent with your husband because he has not proved himself what you supposed him. Discontent with a wife because she has not kept pace with your own developments. For nobody escapes the shoals, Susanna, nor the danger-places. The middle-aged men are no safer than the middle-aged women, my dear. Second childhood is ahead of us all by that time, and the discipline of our nursery days is to be repeated, which made no distinction in favor of either the boy or the girl children. And so for the middle-aged men, as for us, there are the same temptations to confront—those of melancholy; of thinking that nothing is of any more use; of being sure that one is left out of the race or behind in the procession, or that one is misunderstood. And then there are the loss of hope and the loss of courage, grievous temptations these, in which faith and evidence go wrestling. Then there are the settled habits about being too sick to make any effort. And there is vanity. Oh, yes; vanity, Susanna—the vanity which makes us think that people are talking against us, which is as bad as the vanity which makes us think that they are always approving.

Then the being sure that the world is worse than when we grew up, and that our ways of thinking are the only right ways. Then the wanting other people to give their convictions up to ours, and our never wanting to yield a single opinion to them. And oh, I forgot! There are the evil associations which we choose as our daily companions—the suspicions, disappointments, and resentments. Then the blaming other people for our mistakes, and thinking that a God-given quality like virtue any one living can take from the soul of another. But worse than all, there is the being so virtuous ourselves that we make every one else with whom we talk feel wicked."

By this time I am talking to myself, for I know no such persistent temptation for the middle-aged, none so subtle in its nature nor so disastrous in its consequences, as that which makes us like to seem to our juniors not only established in altogether virtuous ways, but as if we had been so established all our lives. It is not, I think, a very courageous attitude to take, especially before the young, who have no means of knowing what rapids we, their elders, have encountered when guiding to a present safety the frail crafts of our character. The young, whose very nature it is to feel the differences that distinguish them as individuals from the rest of mankind, never fancy themselves so isolated as when they witness some of the older ones harbored in quiet ports apparently unassailed by tempests. Then it is that by very contrast the young imagine themselves as controlled by an adverse fate which has sent them adrift and alone on to a sea of wild temptations over which no respectable old person could ever have been sent to sail. Is it right to make them feel so, I ask myself often, gratifying as it may be to us to be venerated? Opulent people are considered ill-bred who make the indigent feel poverty-stricken. It seems to me quite as culpable for the virtuous elderly person to make the young stumbler feel himself a sinner.

Susanna, however, has failed to perceive that my last words were addressed to myself. She has her back toward me as I finish. I feel some overture my duty. I go to her, turn her around so that she faces me, wrinkles and all, and then I say quite gravely, feeling every word:

"There is another thing that I have for-



gotten to say about middle age. It is the best thing of all, and can comfort us both. If we let our prejudices fall away, and all our little self-esteems, we can grow as much into wisdom when we are middle-aged as we grew into knowledge when we were young. And there is this which neither of

us must forget—no growing is ever so beautiful as the growing of the old.”  
Then Susanna kissed me. She never feels quite so near me as when I am pointing out the hopes of middle age.  
Poor Susanna! It must be a tragedy—this having been beautiful in one’s youth!



THE International Mercantile Marine Company, popularly described as the Steamship Trust, is the largest and most powerful steamship corporation in the world. Its fleet numbers 141 steamers, many of them of good speed, fine displacement, and effective equipment; its holdings reach the enormous total of 1,103,739 gross tons. Never before, in the history of maritime adventure, has any one organization been able to boast of such an “enumeration of the ships.” It is, indeed, impossible to furnish a true idea of this fleet by unrelated figures or trite adjectives. Its magnitude may, perhaps, be revealed by the official statement that its combined ocean-going tonnage surpasses that of any maritime nation, Great Britain and Germany alone excepted, and that the American steam merchant marine registered for foreign commerce is less by 700,000 tons.

The company is organized under American laws, is controlled by American capital, is managed by a general directory of which the majority is American, and has its principal offices in the United States. The aggregation of ships and tonnage, the

secured good-will, and the concentrated interests constitute, therefore, a revolution not only in the carrying trade, but in the nationality of the main contributory energies. It is true that only sixteen of the ships have the right to fly our flag, and that even fewer than this number have been built in home yards. While this incompleteness of achievement will deny us another notable illustration of our steady progress toward commercial supremacy, still the promise is so great that even the limited performance should contribute to the national satisfaction. In truth, this appreciation might fairly become a declared enthusiasm if it were more generally understood how much the consolidation promises to raise our rank as a sea-trading power. On June 1, 1901, the merchant marine of the United States—ocean-going and domestic, registered and enrolled—comprised 24,057 vessels of 5,524,218 tons. And yet only 8.2 per cent. of the enormous commerce of the country was during the same fiscal year carried by ships included in this category. An inconsiderable increment to our freight money was, it is true, contributed by other vessels that

are owned in this country and are sailed under foreign flags. At a minimum of expectation the combination should at once increase, through both these agencies, the earnings to which we are legitimately entitled.

The new effort is, therefore, a brave beginning in a better direction, and while its possibilities lie largely in the lap of the future, we can indulge the hope that it may prove to be the most influential factor in reasserting American commercial power on the high seas, since the great American shipyards were called into existence by the recreation of the navy.

## II

THIS shipping combination is by no means the greatest thus far projected or effected by the business theories of the day, but it may be doubted if any other has so much touched the imagination of the trading nations. The boldness of the conception evokes by its quick success the admiring envy of the keenest rivals in the field. It is something novel and untried, something where the scope of endeavor is international and the zone of essay is supposed to be prohibitive. The industries of three nations—Great Britain, the United States, and Belgium—are directly concerned, and those of Germany are closely associated through the trade alliance of its two great steamship companies.

Many fanciful reasons have been urged in explanation of this attempt to establish at sea the community of interests hitherto limited to the land. The misinterpretation of motives and the exaggeration of intentions have run the usual gamut, and the bad side rather than the good was, in the beginning, industriously exploited. One immediate consequence was an unreasoning distrust in British political and commercial circles. This was fostered so splenetically, or so ignorantly, by jeremiads of the press and of the competing industries that at one time nothing less than the destruction of the empire's bulwarks was prophesied. But all this has proved to be sheer folly.

The syndicate undoubtedly realized that if it was to live in a competition where monopoly could not enter, it must build up, not wreck. It must have known that a promising business offered, provided the conditions should respond to remedies that had been and are successful ashore. It was will-

ing, evidently, to risk this chance, because it recognized that the evils of the situation were preventable and not inherent. It was held, for example, that the low Atlantic freight rates for the past year were due to many causes, some natural, some artificial, but in the main to the destructive competition that resulted from a diminished volume of oversea cargoes and from a great increase in the number of vessels seeking this trade. The Boer war had stimulated ship-building, and its termination released a large amount of tonnage, which perforce crowded the transatlantic market. Coincident with this, the failure of the corn crop of 1901 reduced the volume of our normal export trade. The inevitable had occurred: business had slackened, and in some trades had almost disappeared, because of a ruinous policy. As the complex situation grew more serious, and the losses or diminished profits multiplied, offsetting and unwise economies were enforced, with the result that the public service deteriorated and dividends dropped below the rate to which the capital invested and the national value of the industry were entitled.

Favorite steamers still earned a fair and steady income, but the returns from the general freight and passenger traffic were unremunerative. Important vessels were kept on particular routes, even when unprofitable, because the alternative of withdrawal could be adopted only with a loss of prestige that in the end might spell disaster.

Luckily there had always been a way out, but it had not been followed. Indeed, it had been ridiculed as the unrealizable dream of men whose ambitions in oversea transportation were not limited by the money rewards or by the hope of monopoly. Then, too, there were others—men of action—who were occupied with the great question of production, interchange, and transportation, and whose theories, equally scoffed at in the beginning, had been realized. Both groups believed that the true solution of the problems vexing trade and minimizing effort lay in the concentration, consolidation, and centralization of the energies. Both finally coalesced through their common faith in "the capitalization of waste."

It was accepted, first of all, that the problem must be reduced to its simplest terms by combining the interests of certain im-

portant lines, and by securing a substantial control of their stock without any disturbance of their separate managements. The great advantages of this arrangement rested on the fact that the companies thus united by a common interest of ownership would be able, through harmonious operation and coördination of management, to utilize one another's facilities and to minimize one another's deficiencies. Under the existing system one company, or, indeed, all the companies, might deem it vital to occupy unprofitable channels of transportation merely to maintain a barnacled tradition or to bolster up a hardly won prestige; but with centralization it was possible to assign vessels to the particular work for which they were best adapted.

The practicability of such arrangements in conflicting spheres of influence had already been demonstrated, in one instance, by an agreement between the North German Lloyd and the Hamburg-American lines, in trades external to transatlantic waters; and in another by the agreement between certain British and German lines, under which the former withdrew from the trade route between Germany and South America, and the latter from the route between the United States and South America.

A more familiar example may perhaps make clearer this theory of elimination. One of the greatest difficulties in ocean transportation is the necessity of despatching steamers from important ports on regular sailing dates; that is, irrespective of other considerations, a number of vessels are compelled to sail on two or three of the five days to which the Friday superstition and the Sunday observance confine the departures, if not the arrivals, of sea-going vessels. Under this hard-and-fast rule several ships are forced to leave on the same day, usually on the same tide, often with small, unprofitable cargoes, and despite the fact that the expenses of the voyage are just as great as if the holds and cargo spaces were jammed.

In order to live—and even transportation lines believe in a modest right to live—steamship managements began to whittle expenses and to introduce economies, most of which were so petty and so rigorous that the comfort of the passenger and the interests of the shipper were affected. The usual traveler has on shipboard little more

than his own entity to bother about, and this cheese-paring annoyed him. Afloat small annoyances easily become real hardships. As economies multiplied, passengers saw in them not only a contemptuous denial of individual rights, but a stupid failure to foster vital interests of the great commercial nations. Then, too, luxury ashore had spoiled the public for anything less at sea than the postal facilities afforded by transcontinental railway lines. At last it began to be asked why governments and managements could not organize a daily mail service between the great markets of the world. Nor was this demand unreasonable.

Its satisfaction was, however, impossible except through some coöperation that could make the public service a private profit. It is gratifying to know that this is now possible—that it is among the good things promised by the new company. Instead of two or three half-filled steamers leaving on the same day, with no successors for a wasted period of two or more days, a fast vessel is to be despatched daily across that western ocean which travelers usually, bucolic and jocose, are fond of calling the "herring-pond."

It is expected by the syndicate that the economies of combination can be carried farther and fare well. It is customary, in estimating the net earnings of steamship companies, to deduct first the proportionate amounts for depreciation and insurance charges. But with coöperating lines this external insuring is unnecessary, as they can protect themselves at a lower rate than any outside company can afford to offer. It may be added as an *obiter dictum* that one of the great British corporations, the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, has for a number of years entirely neglected the ordinary insurance provisions, and has found it profitable to pay losses out of its current revenues. Even the economies of self-insurance may, it is hoped, be surpassed by wise provisions for depreciation. The amount should relatively be smaller in a company of great size than in one of moderate extent, as machine-shops, technical staff, all the outfits and plants, may be minimized. By these means the International Company hopes to save not less than \$2,500,000 annually. It is also hoped that the characteristic savings of well-managed and honest trusts may surely

be depended on, and the duplication of offices, agencies, and soliciting agents be easily avoided without affecting the autonomy of the several lines.

But these economies are not sufficient in themselves, and it is agreed that the combination must depend for success mainly on commercial extension, and that its principal aim must be to foster and to encourage commerce between England and America, by furnishing the best service at the most reasonable rates. Nor can any expectation of a trade monopoly enter into its calculations. The ocean, like the air, is free to all, so uncontrolled and unrestricted that no right of way can be acquired by one as against another. It is not difficult to understand that a monopoly in sea trade can exist only when it extends over the complete terminal facilities of a maritime nation, and when it controls the transportation lines that bring the natural traffic to the seaboard. But the numerous and widely distributed harbors of our coast would alone forbid such a monopoly, even if the ports of the nations were not open on terms of equality to the shipping of all flags. Summed up, the theory underlying the combination seems to be based upon the well-known axiom that extravagance in any business must ultimately be borne by the consumer, and that expenditures avoided on that account must result in equal advantage to producer and consumer. To put it in a phrase, the combination hopes to live and to prosper by its capitalization of waste and by its recognition of individual rights. With the monopoly possibility excluded, these aims should commend the effort to a people tired of our decadence afloat.

### III.

THE first step of the syndicate was the purchase of the Leyland Line, a company so much increased by a previous consolidation of various interests that in 1901 it owned one of the largest steam tonnages registered in the British ocean-going trade. Its vessels were not remarkable for great size or extraordinary speed, but they were highly rated because of their good displacement, fine average speed, and large and profitable carrying capacity. It is reported that Mr. Morgan paid £14 10s. for each £10 Leyland share, an amount which represents a bonus of forty-five per cent.

for the control of the stock. This price was, at the time, deemed to be justified neither by the normal dividends nor by the earnings taken as the ratio of valuation. The purchasers seem, however, to be satisfied, probably on the theory that a man going into a campaign should have a good battle-horse. The sale was hedged about by mutual agreements that were supposed to increase its value: the chairman of the Leyland Line consented to withdraw, directly and indirectly, for fourteen years from the shipping trade in the North Atlantic (except in a particular line between Antwerp and Montreal), and from that carried on between the United Kingdom and the Continent, provided the purchaser sold him the Mediterranean, the Portugal, and the Montreal divisions of the fleet.

When the deal was made one influential American newspaper predicted a sharp competition between the Morgan and the American lines. It insisted, further, that the buyers' assumed intention to purchase the Atlantic Transport Company could affect the general trade situation only so far as this might depend upon the railroads and corporations controlled by the Morgan interests. An expected subsidy was also supposed to be a factor of prime importance. With such misapprehension at home, the stupefying surprise abroad when it was learned that the American, the Red Star, and the Atlantic Transport lines had been combined with the Leyland, need not be looked upon as extraordinary. Some consolation was found in England by the knowledge that three of the companies were American in fact, if not in flag; but this satisfaction was shattered by the announcement that the White Star Line had been purchased, and that the Cunard Line alone remained—thanks to a building and an increased postal subvention promised by the government. The Dominion Line and others of less importance were subsequently added.

In its final form the new incorporation took the shape of an amendment to the perpetual charter of the International Navigation Company of New Jersey. This superseded American company owned a good-sized fleet, composed in the main of foreign-built ships. These were, of course, registered abroad, to a large degree in a subsidiary Liverpool corporation, the stock of which was owned in this country.

The new fleet mustered by the combination is exhibited concisely in the following table. Here appear the number and size of the ships, grouped by differentiations of tonnage, and special attention is directed to those above 6000 tons, as this displacement is now the minimum that can profitably be employed in the great freight routes:

Company includes 141 steamers aggregating 1,103,739 gross tons, with a working capacity increased nearly one third by the available German tonnage. It will, of course, require a great trade to keep this plant going; but the organizing syndicate seems to have no doubt that it will secure an appropriate and a profitable share.

In the year ending June 30, 1902, 2122

|                                 | INTERNATIONAL NAVIGATION CO. |            | ATLANTIC TRANSPORT CO. |            | WHITE STAR LINE |            | DOMINION LINE |            | LEYLAND LINE |            | TOTAL |            |
|---------------------------------|------------------------------|------------|------------------------|------------|-----------------|------------|---------------|------------|--------------|------------|-------|------------|
|                                 | No.                          | Gross Tons | No.                    | Gross Tons | No.             | Gross Tons | No.           | Gross Tons | No.          | Gross Tons | No.   | Gross Tons |
| Over 20,000 tons . . . . .      | ..                           | ..         | ..                     | ..         | 2               | 41,894     | ..            | ..         | ..           | ..         | 2     | 41,894     |
| 15,000 to 20,000 tons . . . . . | ..                           | ..         | ..                     | ..         | 1               | 17,274     | ..            | ..         | ..           | ..         | 1     | 17,274     |
| 10,000 to 15,000 tons . . . . . | 10                           | 117,179    | 6                      | 80,402     | 10              | 121,295    | 3             | 38,291     | 5            | 56,573     | 34    | 413,740    |
| 8,000 to 9,999 tons . . . . .   | 2                            | 17,276     | 6                      | 48,005     | 4               | 36,523     | 3             | 27,862     | 9            | 79,186     | 24    | 208,852    |
| 6,000 to 7,999 tons . . . . .   | 1                            | 6,409      | 4                      | 27,658     | 2               | 14,358     | 2             | 12,984     | 5            | 31,973     | 14    | 93,382     |
| 4,000 to 5,999 tons . . . . .   | 2                            | 10,858     | 3                      | 14,672     | 7               | 34,796     | 6             | 30,975     | 18           | 88,572     | 36    | 179,873    |
| 2,000 to 3,999 tons . . . . .   | 9                            | 28,917     | 4                      | 12,123     | ..              | ..         | ..            | ..         | 12           | 38,829     | 25    | 79,869     |
| <sup>1</sup> Total . . . . .    | 24                           | 180,639    | 23                     | 182,860    | 26              | 266,140    | 14            | 110,112    | 49           | 295,133    | 136   | 1,034,884  |

<sup>1</sup> Three steamers originally laid down by the White Star Company, and not included in the table, are each above 20,000 gross tons.

The officers of the company are: president, Clement A. Griscom; vice-president, in Great Britain, Sir Clinton E. Dawkins, and in the United States, P. A. S. Franklin, president of the Atlantic Transport Line; directors, C. A. Griscom, P. A. B. Widener, B. N. Baker, John I. Waterbury, George W. Perkins, E. J. Berwind, James H. Hyde, Charles Steele, the Right Hon. W. J. Pirrie, J. Bruce Ismay, Sir Clinton E. Dawkins, Henry Wilding, Charles F. Torrey; executive and finance committee, C. A. Griscom, P. A. B. Widener, George W. Perkins, Edward J. Berwind, Charles Steele; British committee, Sir Clinton E. Dawkins (chairman), the Right Hon. W. J. Pirrie, J. Bruce Ismay, Henry Wilding, Charles F. Torrey.

The next largest steamship corporation is the Hamburg-American, which owns 127 steamers of 630,091 gross tons. Should this, for the purpose of illustration, be combined with the North German Lloyd fleet, totals of 202 steamers and of 1,106,000 tons are reached. This aggregation would be slightly greater than that of the International Company, but many of the vessels are, it must be remembered, not employed in the transatlantic trade. With the additions since the purchase of the Leyland Line, the total fleet of the International

steamers of considerably more than 7,000,000 gross tons were employed in the general foreign trade that entered the seaports of the United States. Of this total, 700 steamers aggregating 3,200,000 gross tons were required for the export, import, and passenger traffic between the United States and Europe. A closer analysis of these statistics shows that the International Company's tonnage is large enough to satisfy at least one third of the present transatlantic requirements, and with the 500,000 German tons it can control half the tonnage required for the traffic between Europe and the United States. When the superior efficiency of its individual steamers, the economic advantages due to its highly developed and centralized organization, and its probable connection with the great trunk-railway systems are considered, it should be able to handle and to seek, not fifty, but sixty, per cent. of the whole trade.

A business of such magnitude is a matter of international interest, now that commercial affairs have become the most potent influences in the councils of the world. It has a special significance, not for our seaports alone, but for the whole country. "The problem of improved transportation facilities to foreign markets is of greater importance to the inland producing

States of the Union than to our seaboard commercial cities." We must not forget that our productions contribute the most valuable freights, and that it is our duty to handle them from the growing of the blades and the mining of the ore to their transportation on every sea.

The combination followed so closely other great industrial organizations that it excited distrust and alarm, notably in Great Britain. Indeed, the declaration of a cabinet minister was needed to allay the fear that the merger was intended primarily to injure British commerce. Mr. Gerald Balfour, president of the British Board of Trade, declared that in his opinion "no such desire ever entered into the mind of Mr. Pierpont Morgan. The proof is the readiness with which he has met the government on all the points wherein the British interests seem to be most endangered by the fact that the shipping combination had been called into existence. We have made an agreement with Mr. Morgan, and its general effect is to secure that the British companies in the combination shall remain British, not merely nominally, but in reality."

Amplifying a point which seemed to be of the keenest interest to his audience, Mr. Balfour pointed out that each of the British companies is to be kept alive and to be managed by directors the majority of whom are to be British subjects; that the purchased ships and half the ships to be built hereafter are to be British ships, to fly the British flag, to be officered by British officers, and to be manned in reasonable proportions by British crews. On its side, the government undertook, for a period of twenty years, to treat the British companies in the combination on an equality in all services—postal, naval, or military—that might be required of the British mercantile marine. Should the combination pursue a policy hostile to the British shipping or trade, the government reserved the right to terminate the agreement.

"In judging of these agreements," continued Mr. Balfour, "let me ask you to remember this: the interests of the mercantile marine and the carrying trade are among the greatest of all British interests; but we cannot exclude everybody else from the carrying trade. In particular, it would be most unreasonable to expect that our cousins on the other side of the Atlantic

should not claim a fair and due share of the Atlantic trade. I would ask you to consider the direction and volume of the trade. The goods America sends to this country are, in point of value, three to one. We are sending to America, if measured not in value but in bulk, something more than that figure. In these circumstances it is impossible to expect that the Americans should be permanently content to remain without a considerable share in that trade. But it is desirable that this inevitable development should take place with the least possible friction between the two peoples."

In the United States, as abroad, many men saw in the combinations an obvious scheme to secure an American subsidy. It is undoubted that the originators of the merger did hope, and probably are still hoping, to receive a subsidy; but, looked at fairly, this could not have been the intention inspiring the formation of the trust. Otherwise, when the Subsidy Bill was known early in the negotiations to be doomed, the project, like so many others born untimely, would have been abandoned.

"Opinion was divided among the promoters of the scheme on the other side," declared Mr. Pirrie, before a parliamentary committee, "as to the probable effect of the Subsidy Bill, and also as to the desirability of waiting until its effect was known; but, broadly speaking, the effect of the Subsidy Bill mattered little one way or another." Evidently what did matter was this: "A dangerous situation," he continued, "was approaching, but by the establishment of this community of interests the future in British shipping and ship-building is assured, or, at any rate, these two great national industries would be in a much more secure position than they ever were before." It would be interesting to know what relation this "dangerous situation" bore to the threatening report that the syndicate controlled or was able to fix the through rates over American trunk railways.

An influential section of the British press declined to accept these explanations, mainly because, like the British public, it had not approved the transfer of the White Star Line. The best steamers of this company are enrolled in the auxiliary naval defense of Great Britain, and many of the officers and men belong to the Royal Naval Reserve. The blow to national pride was, therefore, severe. The dissidents re-

fused also to accept Mr. Balfour's somewhat jaunty definition of their rights in this particular matter, and insisted that various questions should be asked in Parliament. They wished to know, for example, in case there was a chance of war in which Great Britain might be involved, whether the eight American and five English directors would have the power to order ships of the International Company to remain in New York harbor or in any other port where they might happen to be; or, to put a still stronger case, would they have the power to concentrate these ships at points where they might easily be seized by a probable enemy to Great Britain? One need not imagine war imminent between Great Britain and America to see how the seriousness of such a menace must appeal to Englishmen. They recognized that ship-owners and ship-builders of different nationalities have always been ready enough to drive a bargain with a prospective belligerent so long as the shadowy rules of neutrality are not overstepped, and as both Great Britain and the United States had always been in the forefront in this respect, the former could hardly demand satisfaction from American ship-owners for anything done until war had been declared.

Then, too, the malcontents insisted that while the British flag may be shown on these vessels, it could not be said that a ship is British when it is owned by a corporation registered in a foreign country, when it is controlled by a board with a foreign president, and when a large majority of its personnel is foreign. "We all respect the flag so long as it is a true flag," declared one writer, "but when it is flown by the ships of the International Mercantile Marine Company, why, then it is simply a misleading symbol." This was the note sounded with direful iteration; and when you come to think of it, all this is natural and honest enough.

Other speakers and writers desired to be informed how the introduction of "combined tactics" would, apart from its naval aspect, affect the British carrying trade. This, they believed, was a matter upon which speculation might be hazarded from various standpoints. "In the United States trusts and combinations in some branches of manufacture have strongly influenced the course of industry, doubtless for good as well as for evil. But in venturing on the

ocean the trust organizer embarks on a new element. Outside the ring-fence of production a fresh set of conditions have to be faced. On the sea the race is for the strong, and if the new company shows more enterprise, commands more capital, has better organization, and owns better ships, then it will do much to wrest from us any sea supremacy we yet hold. Any subventions Parliament is likely to award will not stave off the evil day, nor can government cossetting keep alive a dying industry"

#### IV

THE adjustment of the compensation to the owners of the several lines evidently presented a difficult financial problem. It was finally solved by Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co. somewhat on the lines so successfully followed in merging the several properties now included in the United States Steel Corporation. In the steel merger, however, the shares of each company were merely exchanged for shares of the big corporation, whereas in the steamship combination the deal was complicated by the partial or total payments in cash demanded by the various interests.

It is rather difficult to reconcile the various financial agreements and subagreements entered into with the various companies, or to discover what they really mean. It is officially announced that the authorized capitalization of the International Mercantile Marine Company is \$60,000,000 of six per cent. cumulative preferred stock, \$60,000,000 of common stock, and \$75,000,000 of four and a half per cent. twenty-year gold bonds. These stocks have not been sold to the public, but were given in exchange for the old stocks. In other words, the original owners were paid something in cash but mainly in stocks of the new company, and, by thus changing the form of their investment, have remained stockholders in the new enterprise. This applies to all of the companies except the Leyland, which had been purchased before the organization of the International Company. Fifty million dollars of the bonds were bought by the syndicate for \$50,000,000 in cash, and no portion of the remaining \$25,000,000 has been issued. After all requirements have been satisfied, it is said there will be available for treasury purposes about \$8,000,000 of preferred stock and from \$11,000,000 to



\$12,000,000 of common stock. The greater part of the cash provided is for the purchase of the tonnage under construction and to be constructed, and the remainder has been applied to the purchase of the Leyland Line shares and as part of the payment for the White Star and Dominion properties.

The syndicate, in the beginning, was sure of the two lines owned by American capital—the Atlantic Transport and the International, the latter including the Red Star. The first move was to secure by a cash payment the control of the Leyland Line; the next was to gain possession of one or more British passenger lines. It was a matter of common belief in England a year ago that the American and Leyland lines had received very advantageous terms from the trust and railway interests of this country. The slackening of freight that followed the tonnage boom caused by the South African War was at that time perceptible, and it was publicly charged that for some reason the Leyland Line secured more cargo than its British competitors. Whether this belief that American railway interests could control transatlantic tonnage was or was not well founded, it is supposed to have influenced the owners of the White Star and Dominion lines in their acceptance of the syndicate proposals. It may be added that the business and goodwill of the two firms that had been acting as managers and agents of the British vendors were also made a part of the agreement.

The press has criticized the amounts paid for the various lines, but to some extent without a true apprehension of the facts. For example, much criticism has been caused by the statement that the White Star Line shareholders have received, in new shares and cash, nearly ten times the par value of their original shares. This is substantially true, but the critics have failed to mention that the capital or the par value of the shares of the White Star Line was nominal, aggregating in all only £750,000, or something less than the actual cost of the *Oceanic*, a single steamer of the line. The press has failed also to state that the actual value of the property of the White Star Line bore no relation to its nominal capital.

The syndicate insists that the valuation of the various properties was fixed on a conservative basis, and was determined

partly by the value of the actual properties owned, and partly by the earnings of the properties on a ten-per-cent. basis, after deducting the charges for operation, insurance, and depreciation. It must be kept in mind, the managers claim, that the International Company now owns a tonnage exceeding 1,100,000 tons, and that the value of this plant makes its capitalization moderate.

There are several ways of viewing this presentation of an assumed fact. The fleet is a good one, and if the capitalization be considered solely in connection with the purchase of the ships, the cost appears to be \$155 per steamer ton. This average cost is, when taken alone, high compared with the price for which new and better ships, with later devices for handling cargo and saving coal, can be built abroad and possibly in this country. Various methods are used in estimating the cost of ships that are standard in design, material, and workmanship. Employing the one that is based on gross tonnage, the average cost in the United States for efficient steamers (not tramps) is from \$70 to \$110 per ton for freighters, and from \$110 to \$200 per ton for fast craft. "Liners" of exceptional speed and equipment will of course cost more than this maximum. It may be noted that the average cost per ton of the International Company fleet is a reasonable mean between the limits set down for fast steamers, while the composite fleet is, to a definite degree, made up of types entitled to more modest classifications. The company has in service seven steamers of twenty knots, three of seventeen knots, and eleven of sixteen knots, or twenty-one, in all, above the sixteen-knot rate.

In his testimony before the Senate Subcommittee on Ships and Shipping (1900), Mr. C. A. Griscom asserted that in a well-balanced fleet a certain number of very fast vessels are needed for the swift and safe carriage of mails, passengers, and perishable cargoes. "It is a correct parallel," he declared, "to cite the great trunk-lines which run 'limited trains' at high speed to protect and care for a certain public demand; but every one knows that the earnings of any one of these great systems are derived from the enormous volume of freight and passengers carried at moderate cost. It is precisely the same with the steamship service. It is the 'beast of bur-

den' which has to move the great bulk of everything we have to export."

The new company is so well equipped in this respect that, in determining its total value, other aspects must be considered. It should not be forgotten, for example, that when the combination was formed the advantage of owning at once a large number of ships, engaged and favorably known in the trade routes to be exploited, must have loomed large. It was out of the question to construct, within a reasonable period, a fleet of equal size, because the building facilities did not exist, even if the claims of other steamship companies or the demand of other economic conditions did not interfere. To build up by yearly additions, even by large yearly additions, would have defeated one leading intention of the merger. Many years would have elapsed before a fleet of similar strength and earning capacity could be put afloat, and in the interval the old destructive rivalry would have continued. In the final estimate, therefore, of the ratio between capitalization and industrial plant, proper allowance should be made for this readiness to engage in trade, for the facility with which the necessary replacements can be ordered, and for the acquired goodwill of managers and agents and the retained experience of a personnel especially trained in the trade routes followed. Hence the direct and indirect, the material and the moral, value of the fleet may fairly be set down as equal to the capitalization.

v

WHAT, it may be asked, is to be the influence of this combination of wealth, skill, and experience on our oversea carrying trade, on ship-building, and on the allied industries? At this stage of the development it is impossible to deal with more than probabilities. We know the low plane to which our registered merchant marine has fallen, and we may accept with a smiling pessimism the consolation that no policy of the International Company can work further harm. Whatever it may do must, at this turning-point, be in the direction of advance.

Nor should the effect upon ship-building be less beneficent, if the declarations made are to be taken seriously. The Harlan & Wolff Company of Belfast, Ireland, is by agreement to build such of the Interna-

tional Company's ships as may be ordered in Great Britain; but, by agreement also, this does not forbid the syndicate placing orders for vessels in the United States. Indeed, the International Company is actually completing eight steamers in this country, most of which had been laid down by the Atlantic Transport Company previous to the merger. It is now hinted that the higher cost of the home-built vessels may—not *must*, let it be noted—compel future contracts to be placed abroad. There seems no good reason for this action. Even assuming that the cost is greater at home,—some put this at twenty per cent.,—the advantages of American registry must compensate owners for the differences in price. Furthermore, if we may believe in the sincerity of various experts, we ought to turn out ships better in quality and as low in price as foreign ship-builders. Our coal and ore are cheaper, our working week, freed from blue Mondays, is more productive, and our labor-saving devices nearly counterbalance the higher wages of the more intelligent and industrious American mechanic. It has been officially stated that in one great shipyard the labor-saving appliances enable seventy-five mechanics to perform work that formerly demanded one hundred and twenty-five. The resultant difference of wages must be reckoned with in all estimates of comparative cost.

Ten years ago Mr. Charles H. Cramp, in the "North American Review," declared that "if the current policy of naval construction be pursued another decade [until 1902], coupled with a vigorous and consistent execution of the measures recently enacted in behalf of the merchant marine, the question which forms the subject of this paper ["The First Cost of Ships"] will be asked no more, unless, indeed, its point should be reversed and Englishmen be asking one another, 'Can we build ships as economically as they can in the United States?'" In 1900, Mr. Andrew Carnegie insisted that the cheapest steel made the cheapest ships, and predicted that "the future field of ship-building has been found, not on the shores of Britain, but upon the Atlantic seaboard." It is known that battle-ships can now be built more cheaply in this country than abroad. This is so freely conceded that, as the same causes operate, we may well

wonder why merchant steamers, which require less skill, should cost—as alleged—from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. more than in Great Britain.

Foreign opinion indorses all this. An eminent German constructor, detailed by his government, in 1901, to report on the ship-building interests of this country, could not conceal his astonishment at the progress made in our yards. He warned his countrymen that the Americans are striving to surpass the new ship-building plants of Germany, and to compete successfully with the old establishments of Great Britain. He found that the materials used in construction of steel ships were lower in price here than in Germany, though they were subjected to unwarranted fluctuations that temporarily confused competition. American wages are, he reported, forty per cent. higher, but this initial disadvantage in any international struggle is more than offset by our use of superior tools and our employment of economical processes unknown abroad. As a consequence of this better equipment and superior organization, we can, in his opinion, build freight-steamers for oversea and similar trades as cheaply as British constructors may hope to do with dearer coal and steel, less skilled artisans, and more wasteful organizations. The initial cost of running ships has always been greater with us, but the enterprise, energy, and economy due to higher intelligence overcame this in the past when we challenged England's sea supremacy with such inspiring success.

Nor must the merger's probable influence on naval efficiency be forgotten. It has been wisely said that a merchant marine is an economical necessity of every seaboard country. It enriches in seasons of general peace, and instils the respect born of healthy and successful competition. When neutral nations are at war it secures safe transmission for the property of its citizens, and relieves them from a harassing dependence on the ships of nations liable to capture and confiscation. On the other hand, this merchant marine must be protected in the best sense; it must be safe from interference, from detention, search, insult, capture, and destruction. War-ships and crews are needed for this encouragement and defense. The government can provide the fighting ships and the skilled men of the fighting crews; but

it must look to merchant service for the great body of its reserve. Should a navigating naval reserve be created by Congress, its units can be fitted for such immediate duty on board fighting ships that the gain in efficiency will be very great. In the old days of sail the different environment made it possible to draft merchant sailors into war-ships, and the trading marine was indeed the nursery of the navy. But other days, other manners. Now we have to deal, not with smooth-bore guns and bellying topsails, but with complex batteries and intricate machines which presuppose a special training. For one side of such duty the engine-room force and the artificers of commercial ships constitute a volunteer reserve of great potentiality. From the sailors of merchant crews we may not, in the beginning, expect quite so much, though even in these changed seasons there are many duties, outside the batteries and special armaments, that such recruits can perform with an efficiency equal to that of the regular blue-jackets. Hence, while it is no longer true that the merchant marine is the training-school of the naval service, its power for good, notably at the first shock of sudden war, multiplies the war energies of the nation.

Vice-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, R.N., a former opponent, but now an earnest advocate of the merger, believes that the combination must have a salutary influence on the peace of nations. He holds that the United States and Great Britain can form an actual, if not a nominal, alliance by part-ownership and by profit-sharing in great trading combinations that will "place them in so powerful a position that the other great powers would hesitate before attacking either of them." Nor does Senator Hoar see in this industrial centralization a menace to the public good. "Some of the evils in these combinations of capital," he said, "would be more than counterbalanced by corresponding advantages. I confess I like to see Mr. Pierpont Morgan buying up great lines of ocean steamships. We need great strength. We need great individual power if we are to rival foreign nations. But it will be a bad bargain if we buy the domain of the continent or the empire of the sea at the cost of American local spirit."

And this seems to be the crux of the question.

# A PICTURESQUE POLITICIAN OF JEFFERSON'S TIME

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF COLONEL MATTHEW LYON

BY J. FAIRFAX McLAUGHLIN



T Eddyville, Kentucky, in a sequestered graveyard on the Cumberland River, is the tomb of Matthew Lyon, who was a romantic figure in the politics of a century ago. He was born in Wicklow County, Ireland, July 14, 1750. Placed, when a little boy, at a classical school in Dublin by a devoted mother, he remained there till his thirteenth year, when he entered a printing-office; but soon tiring of this occupation, he set sail for America as an indentured servant when fourteen years of age, and arrived at the port of New York in 1765, the year of the odious Stamp Act. Here the young redemptioner was put on the block and knocked down to Jabez Bacon, a wealthy country-store-keeper with Tory proclivities, of Ancient Woodbury, Connecticut. Lyon became a fiery Whig, and Bacon began to repent of his bargain. Tradition says they quarreled. Before long Bacon took him over to Litchfield, and swapped him for a pair of stags to one Hugh Hannah of that place. "By the two bulls that redeemed me!" was afterward a favorite exclamation of his.

Other redemptioners had risen to eminence, including Daniel Dulany the elder, attorney-general of Maryland, and George Taylor of Pennsylvania, a member of the Continental Congress and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Before the term of his indentures was completed Lyon had made enough money to buy his freedom, and had become one of the most respected young men at Litchfield, even then a place of much intellectual

activity. Among his friends were numbered such men as Thomas Chittenden, Ethan Allen, Remember Baker, and Seth Warner, the future founders of Vermont. A niece of Ethan Allen, Miss Hosford, became his wife when he was twenty-one. Twelve years later, and two years after his first wife's death, he married the Widow Galusha, the daughter of Thomas Chittenden, first governor of Vermont.

In the spring of 1774 Thomas Chittenden and Matthew Lyon set out for the valley of Lake Champlain, and took up their homes in the new country, the former at Williston, and the latter at Wallingford, about thirty miles from Ticonderoga. Lyon became an active partizan of Ethan Allen in the predatory conflicts then raging between Yorkers and Green Mountain Boys. But the mightier war soon began, and Allen presently gathered his minute-men for the most splendid dash of the Revolution. Lyon raised a company of twenty or thirty patriots at Wallingford, hired an old soldier of the French wars to instruct them in military evolutions, and marched his command to the camp of Ethan Allen. Suddenly the bolt fell, and Ticonderoga, the strongest English fortress in America, was surrendered. The young Irish redemptioner scaled the heights by the side of his leader, who demanded the place "in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress."

At the opening of the campaign in 1776, Gates ordered a company, of which Lyon was second lieutenant, to Jericho, sixty miles north of the base of his army's operations. The company, after reaching the

exposed point, mutinied, and Jonathan Fassett, the captain, joined them in the retreat. Lyon refused to do so, and denounced their conduct as insubordination. They marched off and left him behind. He returned to headquarters and reported the news. General Gates denounced them all as a band of cowards. The officers were arrested, tried by court martial, and dismissed from the army; and although Lyon proved by competent witnesses the facts here stated, he, too, was broken and cashiered. But Governor Chittenden and the Green Mountain Boys rallied to his side. He was immediately elected to the Dorset Convention, and was made a member of that celebrated body, the Old Council of Safety, by the wisdom and courage of which Vermont was piloted safely through the storms and calamities that beset her on all sides. Burgoyne now marched down from Canada against the Americans, while Howe and Clinton started northward from the city of New York, in the attempt to unite forces with Burgoyne at Albany. St. Clair, then occupying Ticonderoga, was driven out and pursued with vigor by Burgoyne. The retreat was through a wilderness, and Warner's rear was overtaken at Hubbardton and defeated with great loss. The main army under St. Clair was hotly pursued, and for the want of maps and guides made their way with difficulty, not knowing whether the British were before or behind them. It was at this critical moment, as General Wilkinson informs us, that a young man came up with the retreating column and demanded to be taken immediately to General St. Clair. The young man was Lyon, who had hastened to offer his services as a guide. His offer was eagerly accepted, and he conducted the column in safety to Fort Edward, and thence to the army of Schuyler. Thus this important wing of the Continental army was rescued by Lyon from capture by the overwhelming forces of Burgoyne. General Schuyler at once restored him to the Continental line, and promoted him to the rank of captain. He made him quartermaster to Warner's regiment, and gave him four thousand dollars to provide for the immediate needs of the Green Mountain troops. The stigma which Gates had inflicted was wiped out, and Lyon took his place once more in the army of the Revolution. He fought under Stark and Warner

on the glorious field of Bennington, and took part in the momentous battle of Saratoga.

In practical business affairs and executive ability, Matthew Lyon was easily the first man in Vermont at that period. In 1783 he came with a caravan of wagons along the winding hills from Arlington, and began a settlement on Poultney River. Thus the town of Fair Haven leaped into being under the hand of Matthew Lyon, its founder and chief constructor.

Scarcely was the war over before the formation of two great opposing parties began. Hamilton and Jefferson were the leaders, the one a Nationalist to the verge of centralization, the other a Republican to the verge of radical democracy. Perhaps the most uncompromising Republican in New England was Matthew Lyon of Fair Haven. He established a magazine called "The Farmers' Library" and a newspaper called "The Scourge of Aristocracy"; cast the type in his own foundry, manufactured the paper out of basswood,—thus anticipating ex-Senator Miller by a hundred years in the use of wood-pulp,—and wrote the editorials for his home-made newspaper and review. Nominated, but defeated, three times for Congress, at the fourth election he was chosen by a handsome majority. He entered the House in 1797, in the heyday of the Federalism of John Adams. Andrew Jackson took his seat in the Senate from Tennessee at the same time that Lyon entered the House from Vermont. A friendship between the two men then and there began, which grew into a lifelong affection.

It was then the custom for congressmen to march in a body to deliver their answer personally to the President's message. Lyon was the first member to combat this monarchical procedure. He asked to be excused from attendance at the street pageant. Ironical laughter greeted his remarks, and a member moved that Lyon be gladly excused, as his presence would be more objectionable than his absence. The House, with hilarious levity, voted to excuse him; but the incident got into the newspapers, and the people showed their sympathy with Lyon and their opposition to the custom. At the next session Lyon again protested, and asked to be excused from attendance. This time the fun was not so high, and a motion that the member

from Vermont be not excused was carried by a solid vote of the Federalists. In less than three years more, Jefferson, on becoming President, made it his very first step to abolish the ridiculous custom absolutely.

The Federalists now began to hound Lyon in earnest. "Is there," exclaimed John Adams, "no pride in American bosoms? Can their hearts endure that Callendar, Duane, Cooper, and Lyon should be the most influential men in the country, all foreigners and all degraded characters?"

Senator Chipman of Vermont, who once had a personal collision with Colonel Lyon, began a petty warfare against him. He whispered to congressmen, with fictitious embellishments about a wooden sword and the rogue's march, the story of Lyon's dismissal from the service by General Gates, but forgot to tell the sequel of his reinstatement and promotion in the Continental line by Gates's successor, General Schuyler. Lyon denounced Chipman for this cowardly stab at his character. On January 30, 1798, during a conversation between Speaker Dayton and Colonel Lyon, Roger Griswold of Connecticut became involved in a quarrel with Lyon. Finally Griswold asked: "Will you wear your wooden sword when you come into Connecticut?" Lyon heard the insult, but as he was in the House, he restrained his indignation, and turning away, continued his conversation with the Speaker. But the infuriated Griswold was not to be denied. He declared that if Lyon had not heard him he would make him hear him, and, rising from his seat, walked up to him, roughly put his hand on his arm, and repeated the same insulting language. Thereupon Lyon spat in his face. Griswold seemed about to retaliate, but changed his mind, and walked away. An effort to expel Lyon from Congress was made. A long investigation took place, and a report recommending his expulsion was submitted by the committee. But the Republican members rallied solidly to his defense, and the resolution of expulsion, although carried by fifty-two yeas to forty-four nays, failed of the constitutional two-thirds vote required to expel a member.

On the morning of February 15, Griswold, armed with a heavy stick, entered the House at half-past eleven. Lyon had

already arrived, and sat at his desk occupied with letters and papers. Griswold hung his cloak on the wall near the Speaker's desk, and proceeded with rapid strides in the direction of Lyon. At the next instant he made a furious assault with his stick on the defenseless Vermonter, who found himself trammelled by desks in his attempt to rise and repel the assailant. Freeing himself with difficulty, Lyon tried to close with Griswold, who retreated before the onset, and continued to use the stick with savage effect as he fell back. Unable to grapple, and beaten about the head at every step, Lyon now rushed for the tongs at the fireplace, and immediately returned to renew the battle on fairer terms than before. The combatants soon closed and fell to the floor, where they continued the fierce fight until separated by members. The men, having been separated, shortly after came together again near the water-cooler, but members now rushed between the infuriated pair, and the Speaker rapped and called to order with a vigor quite in contrast with his supineness during the earlier stages of the fight. Thus ended the first battle royal between two members of Congress. Preston S. Brooks's assault upon Charles Sumner in the Senate, over half a century later, presents the only parallel to Griswold's assault on Lyon. The indignation aroused throughout the country against Brooks indicated an advance in our civilization.

John Adams now resolved at every cost to get Lyon out of the way. The alien and sedition laws were passed, whereby free speech and the liberty of the press were struck down, and the person of the President was hedged round about by that species of divine right of kings which enabled him to send any citizen to a dungeon, with fines and penalties superadded, who might utter or publish a word of unfavorable criticism of the President. Lyon declared that he most probably was to be singled out as the first victim. He had written a letter fourteen days before the passage of the sedition act in which he expressed dignified dissent from the policy of the administration. Although written before the act became a law, this letter was procured by enemies of Lyon and published afterward. For this manufactured offense he was indicted, tried, convicted, and sentenced to four months'

imprisonment and to pay a fine of one thousand dollars. Fitch, the United States marshal, subjected the prisoner to no little brutality.

Benjamin Franklin once described John Adams as often a wise man, but sometimes wholly out of his senses. His conduct in this case justified the remark. Justice Paterson became both prosecutor and judge, a packed jury convicted, and the victim was put into a filthy dungeon, along with thieves, forgers, and runaway negroes. A great multitude of the hardy yeomanry of the Green Mountain State gathered about the jail to tear it down and set their representative free. Colonel Lyon addressed his excited constituents, and told them that obedience to law was the first duty of every citizen. The forms of law had been followed by the President in putting him in prison, and the forms of law must be followed by his friends in getting him out. "He succeeded," says the learned Mr. Wharton, in his "State Trials of the United States," "in suppressing the popular rising, and, in fact, his whole demeanor was marked with great prudence and tact. His wife, with her sisters, the daughters of Governor Chittenden, having one day visited him, the usual barrier to their entrance was removed, and his wife was permitted to enter the cell. At this moment some less prudent friend intimated that now was the chance to escape. 'That he shall not do,' said the prisoner's wife, 'if I stand sentinel myself.'"

The whole country was inflamed by the conviction, on so flimsy a charge, of an active opposition member of the House of Representatives, where the strength of the two great parties was almost equally balanced, and the withdrawal of the Vermonter might become a matter of national political consequence.

Matthew Lyon, in his Vergennes cell, was now a more powerful factor in American politics than John Adams in the Executive Mansion. "So awkward," says Mr. Wharton, "did Lyon's position become to the administration that the cabinet panted for an excuse to liberate him." A delegation of prominent Vermonters, headed by Mr. Ogden, petitioned for his release; but the President's reply, "Repentance must precede mercy," not only exasperated the Vermonters, but did much to carry their State finally out of the Federal party, and

contributed largely to the defeat of Mr. Adams for reëlection.

A vast multitude assembled at the jail on the day of the expiration of Lyon's term of imprisonment, and among them came a distinguished stranger on horseback, with a pair of saddle-bags thrown across the saddle. This was General Stevens Thomson Mason, senator from Virginia, who had ridden on horseback all the way from that distant State. Senator Mason carried his saddle-bags into the jail, and drew out one thousand and sixty dollars in gold, with which the fine and costs against Colonel Lyon were promptly paid. It was feared that Fitch would refuse to discharge him unless payment was made in gold. A large sleigh, drawn by four spirited horses and decorated with appropriate national emblems, was driven up to the jail, and Colonel Lyon came forward and took a seat by the side of his wife, and was immediately driven away on his long journey back to Congress.

It was a memorable day when Lyon again entered the House of Representatives, and the people all over the Union hailed him as a martyr to liberty. His enemies, blinded with fury, instantly renewed their attacks. James A. Bayard offered a resolution to expel him, but it failed. The victim of the alien and sedition laws had become their Nemesis.

Aaron Burr, candidate for Vice-President, received not a single vote for President. But the Constitution, by a clumsy oversight, then rendered the two highest candidates for either office, if their votes were equal, eligible to the Presidency. The election devolved on Congress. Burr had the same vote in the electoral colleges that Jefferson received — seventy-three. The choice was therefore thrown into the House, and the Federalists resolved to defeat Jefferson and elect Burr. Alexander Hamilton deserves unqualified praise for his opposition to this scheme. He urged the Federalists to vote against Burr, but not one of them followed his advice. The country was thrown into a fever of excitement. Members of Congress went armed to the Capitol.

Eight States voted for Jefferson, six for Burr, and two, Maryland and Vermont, were divided. Thirty-five ballots were cast without a single change from these figures, and the struggle went on without inter-



mission during six days. Civil war was imminent.

A few years ago, in a college address, the late Thomas A. Bayard claimed the credit for his grandfather, James A. Bayard, of the election of Thomas Jefferson to the Presidency on this memorable occasion. But this claim is unfounded. To Matthew Lyon the credit of giving the vote which decided the election in favor of Jefferson undoubtedly belonged. Bayard declared a bargain had been made between himself and Jefferson, a statement which the latter utterly denied. Much controversy followed. The crucial test would seem to be in Bayard's vote. If a bargain existed, did he support the Republican candidate? On the contrary, Mr. Bayard voted thirty-five times for Aaron Burr, and on the thirty-sixth or last ballot he voted a blank vote. On this last ballot Lyon cast the vote of the State of Vermont for Jefferson, Morris, his colleague, having absented himself, and thus Lyon secured the necessary ninth State which gave to Jefferson the majority and the election.

The four Maryland Federalists, quaking with fear lest they should lose the federal capital, which they had just secured after a desperate struggle, cast their ballots, as did Bayard, blank. Many sound constitutional lawyers hold that blank votes must be counted in ascertaining the result when the contest is remitted to the House. If this opinion is correct, then the blank votes were equivalent to votes against Jefferson. But there is no doubt that he got the vote of Vermont without any blanks or dodging tactics in that State. "Colonel Matthew Lyon," says F. S. Drake in his "Dictionary of American Biography," page 571, "gave the vote that made Jefferson President." Charles Lanman, private secretary of Daniel Webster, says, at page 368 of his "Dictionary of Congress": "The fact of his [Lyon] giving the vote that made Jefferson President is well known."

It was at this interesting moment that Lyon addressed his celebrated valedictory, one of the most caustic letters in our political literature, to his vanquished foe John Adams. "It has availed you little, sir," said he, "to have me fined one thousand dollars, and imprisoned four months, for declaring truth long before the sedition law was passed." The letter bore date one minute after the President's term expired.

In 1801 Colonel Lyon located upon the Cumberland River, in Kentucky, and there founded the town of Eddyville, in what is now Lyon County, so named in honor of his son Chittenden Lyon, a distinguished member of Congress during the days of General Jackson. Only one session intervened before the old Vermont member was again elected to Congress, in 1803, from his new home in the Southwest. The annals of the Eighth, Ninth, Tenth, and Eleventh Congresses, to each of which he was returned from Kentucky, inform us that Lyon had at last become a hero of the House and one of its recognized leaders, where formerly he had to contend against the jeers and insults of the Federalists. His relations with Jefferson were of the most friendly character. He was a frequent guest at the President's table.

Before his retirement from Congress, Lyon declined the commissaryship of the Western army, tendered to him by Jefferson. Burr's schemes of ambition were twice thwarted by Lyon. The defeat of Burr for President was the first and most signal of those services. The second and scarcely less important one was his warning to General Jackson to beware of Burr, whom Old Hickory liked extremely and entertained hospitably at Nashville, while Burr was meditating treason against the United States. That Jackson did not yet suspect Burr is apparent by the trip of the former to Richmond, Virginia, during the latter's trial for treason, where Jackson openly charged Jefferson with being a persecutor of Burr. Lyon thereafter visited Jackson at Nashville, and disclosed to him the true state of affairs. Burr was the master spirit, in Lyon's opinion, and Wilkinson but the tool. That the dismemberment of the American Union was threatened Jackson now began to fear. His letter of the 12th of November, 1806, to Claiborne, governor of the Louisiana Territory, fully shows this. In that letter he says: "Put your town [New Orleans] in a state of defense, keep a watchful eye on our general. . . . I fear there is something rotten in the state of Denmark. . . . I fear there are plans on foot inimical to the Union. Beware the month of December."

When William Cobbett wrote his scurrilous lampoon in "Porcupine's Gazette" of Jefferson, Jackson, and Lyon, in 1797, he brought into juxtaposition for the first

time two of the greatest of America's future Presidents and the incorruptible Matthew Lyon, whose happy fortune it was to serve them well in a great crisis in the life of each.

Lyon's opposition to the War of 1812 and denunciation of congressional caucus nominations for President cost him his seat at the next election, and undermined his popularity for the time being in Kentucky, just as his old antagonist in many a fierce debate upon the floor of the House, John Randolph of Roanoke, for the same reason, was left at home in Virginia. On the very day before the Senate and House met jointly to count the votes and declare Mr. Madison's election, Lyon made a trenchant anti-embargo speech, in which, with characteristic boldness, he attacked the hero of the hour as the "caucus President." "It seems," he said, "that we are to look for all national measures to be first canvassed in those midnight meetings by these self-created caucus gentry. We are, in future, to act the part of Bonaparte's mock parliament. We are to meet to-morrow here to attend the registering of the election of a caucus President; we are to have a caucus army, I understand, a caucus non-intercourse, a caucus loan of ten millions. And all this, not to save the nation, but the embargo party."

A fine vessel belonging to Colonel Lyon was wrecked on the Mississippi about the beginning of the War of 1812, and, with the greater part of the cargo, was lost. His wealth had already been impaired by the first embargo, and this last stroke of adverse fortune reduced him from affluence to comparative poverty. His son Chittenden assumed his liabilities to the amount of twenty-eight thousand dollars, and with his other sons, who were all prosperous, came to a beloved father's assistance. But Colonel Lyon was a proud man, and his high spirit chafed under the restraints of depending even upon those whose delight it was to minister to his wants. For the first time in his life he turned to his old political associates at Washington in quest of official preferment.

In 1820 President Monroe appointed him United States factor to the Cherokee nation in the Territory of Arkansas, and he immediately set out for the frontier plains of the Union west of the Mississippi. The indomitable spirit which blazed a path through the primeval forests of Vermont and Kentucky was not yet quenched, and soon Spadra Bluff, his new home on the Arkansas River, felt the impulse of that energy and enterprise which the founder of the towns of Fair Haven and Eddyville had so surprisingly displayed everywhere throughout his eventful life. The people of Arkansas elected Lyon as their second delegate to the Congress of the United States, a fact which indicates the magnetic character of the man wherever fortune might place him. But he did not live to take his seat. His astonishing activity was as marked now as at any period of his life, and he seemed to disdain all limits upon his vital resources.

At the beginning of 1822 Colonel Lyon built a flatboat at Spadra Bluff and loaded it with furs and Indian commodities, and on February 14 launched it on the Arkansas River, bound under his own charge for New Orleans. The long trip was successfully made, and his cargo was exchanged at New Orleans for factory supplies. The trip was made in the roughest weather of an inclement season, but it did not chill the fires of the old pioneer, for after ascending the Mississippi to the mouth of White River, he there stored his cargo and set out for a flying visit to Kentucky, whence he soon returned, having taken in three months a journey of over three thousand miles. He was then in his seventy-third year.

It was his last long journey, and he died at Spadra Bluff on August 1, 1822, universally lamented by the American people. He was a man of action, a patriot in every fiber, a pioneer along whose pathway Romance walked side by side with History, the one crowding it with adventure, and the other shaping his steps to the uses of his fellow-men, and the service and glory of his adopted country.



# SOME MORE HUMORS OF CONGRESS

BY FRANCIS E. LEUPP

**D**EFEATS are not pleasant, even for case-hardened congressmen, but they are often turned to humorous uses. Several years ago, when the contest of Representative Joy of Missouri for a seat in the House was hanging between heaven and earth, and only the faintest chance remained for him, he said that all he could think of was the plight in which Colonel Throckmorton, a distinguished Kentuckian, once found himself :

The colonel was a passenger in a wooden sailing-ship, when a frightful storm burst upon them, and she became water-logged. She was pitching and dancing about like a straw in a whirlpool. The passengers were crying and appealing to Heaven for aid. Colonel Throckmorton, with all the gravity of a Kentucky gentleman, viewed the scene with composure. The storm increased in fury. The sailors were running about, the officers were shouting, and everything was in confusion. About this stage of the proceedings the colonel edged over to the side of the captain and said :

"Tell me, is there really any danger?"

"You see what the rest of the passengers are doing," replied the captain; "they are making their peace with God. If you ever do any praying, colonel, you might do so with perfect propriety at this juncture. The vessel can't live five minutes. The next pitch or two will send her to the bottom with all on board."

The colonel straightened himself, lifted his hat, looking up to the scowling sky with reverent mien, and exclaimed :

"Almighty God, if you ever intend to do Colonel Throckmorton of Kentucky a favor, now is your time to do it!"

Representative Hilborn of California, after a vote in the House unseating him, retired to the cloak-room, where he held a levee as friends crowded in with expressions of sympathy and good will.

"Well, Hilborn," said one of them, "you are certain to come back, so you ought not to feel so bad."

"Yes," said Hilborn, in his dry way; "we all cherish the Christian belief in the resurrection, but I don't think that it entirely reconciles us to death."

Unexpected frankness now and then gives a special zest to the humor of a situation in Congress. When "Gabe" Bouck was the representative from the Oshkosh district of Wisconsin, a pension bill came before the House, to his great vexation of spirit; for, while his personal convictions were directly opposed to it, his political interests were strong enough to whip him into line. On the day the bill came up for final disposal a fellow-member met Bouck in the space behind the last row of seats, walking back and forth and gesticulating excitedly, bringing his clenched right fist down into the hollow of his left hand, to the accompaniment of expletives which would hardly look well in print.

"What 's the trouble, Gabe?" inquired his friend. "Why all this excitement?"

"Trouble?" snorted the irate lawmaker. "Trouble enough! That pension bill is up, and all the cowardly nincompoops in the House are going to vote for it. It 's sure to pass—sure to pass."

"But why don't you get the floor and speak against it—try to stop it?" suggested the other.

"Try to stop it?" echoed Bouck. "Try to stop it? Why, I'm one of the cowardly nincompoops myself!"

Senator Vest's ability as a raconteur is familiar to every newspaper reader. So, perhaps, is his best story; but, for all that, I shall try to reproduce it here. It was told when the two chambers were arrayed

against each other on the tariff of 1894, and the House was insisting that the country would go without any tariff act unless the Senate were prepared to forgo its own schedules and adopt those of the House.

In my younger days, out West, I went into a variety theater one night. It was one of those primitive shows where the stage-manager comes before the footlights without a coat and waistcoat, and with his shirt-sleeves rolled up to the elbows, to announce the next number on the program.

"Miss Bertie Allendale," remarked the stage-manager, "who has entranced two hemispheres with her wonderful vocal powers, will now render, in her inimitable style, that exquisite vocal selection entitled 'Down in the Valley.'"

A gentleman in a red flannel shirt rose in the midst of the audience, and exclaimed in an impressive bass voice: "Oh, thunder! Miss Allendale can't sing for green apples!"

The manager, who had started to leave the stage, halted and turned. An ugly light flashed from the eye which swept the audience and finally rested on the face of the interrupter. Raising one shoulder higher than the other, letting one hand drift significantly toward his hip pocket, and thrusting his nether jaw forward in a savage way, he observed with emphatic deliberateness: "Nevertheless and notwithstanding, Miss Bertie Allendale *will* sing 'Down in the Valley'!"

And she did. So, likewise, nevertheless, and notwithstanding, the Senate schedules will stand.

One of the funny things in congressional oratory is the unfinished story. Mr. Pickler of South Dakota was once trying to illustrate a point by the tale of an Irishman to whom a dying friend had intrusted five thousand dollars to be put into the coffin with him. The dead man was buried, and the trustee bought a house with money which no one supposed he possessed. A priest, who knew of the provision of the will, called Pat to account, asking him if he had really put the five thousand dollars into the coffin as agreed.

"I did, your riverence," answered Pat.

"Then where did you get all that money?" persisted the priest.

"Begorra! your riverence," said Pat, with a chuckle, "you did n't suppose I'd be such a fool as to—"

"The gentleman's time has expired," interrupted the Speaker, and Mr. Pickler sat down. No coaxing could induce him to finish the story, and its conclusion remains

as much a mystery to-day as that of Mr. Stockton's tale, "The Lady, or the Tiger?"

Another case was that of Representative Vandiver of Missouri, who was arguing against the retention of the Philippines on the ground that there was no profit to be got from them. "The gentlemen," said he, "who claim that we shall make anything out of those islands remind me of the way Henry Ward Beecher figured his profit on a hog speculation. He paid two dollars apiece for his pigs, gave them ten dollars' worth of corn each, and then sold them for ten dollars a head. To a friend who twitted him on his loss, he answered: 'You don't understand the principle. I won—not lost; and the way I make it out is—'"

Here the gavel fell. Vandiver asked unanimous consent to speak three minutes more, but objections came from the other side.

"What became of the pigs?" shouted a member at a distance.

"I should like to know first who made that objection," answered Vandiver.

There was a great deal of noise in the hall, and the Speaker tried to quiet it. When it had somewhat subsided Vandiver was found standing. "Mr. Chairman," said he, "a parliamentary inquiry."

"The gentleman will state it," said the chair.

"Am I," asked Mr. Vandiver, "to have the privilege of putting those pigs into the 'Record'?"

There was objection to giving him leave to print, and the story still remains unfinished.

Probably the shortest speech ever delivered in Congress was made by "Ben" Butler of Massachusetts. An Ohio member had fallen afoul of him one day, and poured upon him a torrent of abuse which would have excited general indignation but for an unconsciously ridiculous gesture with which the orator accompanied almost every alternate sentence; this tempered the disgust of his hearers with mirth. He would raise his arms just as high above his head as possible, and then wring his hands as if he were making a delirious attempt to wring them off. Butler sat through the speech with his eyes half closed, not moving a muscle. He rose when his assailant finished, and stood calmly in the aisle. After perhaps a minute of silence he began: "Mr. Speaker!" Another impressive pause, and

expectancy reached nearly the bursting-point. Suddenly raising his arms, Butler reproduced exactly the awful gesture of the Ohio congressman. Then his arms fell to his sides, and for another minute he stood silent.

"That is all, Mr. Speaker," he said finally, and sat down. "I just wanted to answer the gentleman from Ohio."

Of long speeches, and ambitious ones, there are of course a plenty. A strong incentive to prolixity is the practice of reading speeches from manuscript, and even printing speeches which are not delivered at all. But undue expansiveness is not the only fruit of the written speech. Many members who are not rhetorically gifted, but wish to make a respectable showing in the "Record," buy speeches from men who make a trade of writing them, and the custom has not infrequently led to the sale of duplicate speeches to different members, either through accident or malice. This happened not very long ago in the case of two statesmen who were called upon for obituary tributes to a departed colleague.

The first instance of the kind ever discovered, I believe, was in the Thirty-seventh Congress. An agent of the "literary lobby" wrote a speech for Representative William Allen of Ohio, for which he expected seventy-five dollars. When he delivered the manuscript Mr. Allen handed him fifty dollars.

"Twenty-five more," said the hack, sharply.

"Not another blanked cent," was the response.

"Then return the speech," persisted the author.

Allen would neither pay more nor return the manuscript. On April 24, 1862, he appears in the "Congressional Globe" as having delivered his speech, which is printed with the heading "Confiscation of Rebel Property." The author of the speech evidently retained a copy of it, for on a neighboring page it appears again as delivered by Representative R. H. Nugen, also of Ohio. The only differences discoverable are changes of a few words, and the shortening of the version given to Mr. Nugen. History does not relate which of the two statesmen was the angrier when the double-dealing of the literary person was discovered.

Sometimes a clever turn of words or an

apt story comes in the midst of a forensic struggle, to convert wrath into mirth and put combatants into a good humor. When the Fitz-John Porter debate was at its height in the Forty-ninth Congress, and huge maps of the battle-field of Second Bull Run were hoisted in front of the Speaker's desk to illustrate the speeches of Bragg, Steele, Cutcheon, Burrows, and other fiery orators, the war of words became very fierce one day. The debaters fought the battle all over again. Several lost their tempers, and accusations of bad faith were flying in volleys across the House, when Representative Curtin of Pennsylvania obtained the floor. Said he:

These warriors who can never be appeased remind me of a noted character who lived in my town years ago. He was an old fellow. I think he had been a wagon-master in the Revolution. He used to tell a story of his warlike achievements in battle, and he told it so often that he believed it himself. "At the battle of Monmouth," he would say, "although in the light horse, I fought that day on foot. I slashed with my saber, cuts one and two, and a head went off here and a limb went off there until the blood actually ran into my shoes. A pile of dead bodies surrounded me. I was excited, and I was still slashing away, when I felt a touch on my shoulder. I looked up, and there was Washington! I shall never forget the solemnity of his appearance or the gravity of his speech. He gazed at me a moment without speaking, and then he said: 'Young man, restrain your impetuosity! In the name of God, do not make a slaughter-house of a field of battle!'"

Representative Harter of Ohio used to be one of the most earnest and vigorous debaters in the House. In the intensity of an argument he quite forgot his surroundings. One day he was laying down the law in an impassioned way, and telling what ought to be done with a certain public abuse. "We ought to seize it," he cried, "as a terrier does a rat, and shake the life out of it!"

In entire self-oblivion he reached forward and seized Mr. McKaig of Maryland, a rather small, light man, lifted him by his coat, and shook him, suiting action to words. McKaig was so astounded that he quite forgot to struggle, but naturally he was much incensed at the indignity. It took the interference of several friends and the most profuse apologies from Harter to avert hostilities and restore good feeling.

Possibly the best episode of this kind was a passage, in a tariff debate, between Mr. McKinley and Leopold Morse of Boston, who was a clothing merchant in private life. Mr. Morse had been maintaining with considerable warmth that it was impossible, under the heavy rates of a Republican tariff, to get an all-wool suit of clothes in this country for ten dollars. Mr. McKinley, with a series of questions, lured him on till he was induced to make the bald statement that any one who professed to sell such goods for such money in the United States must be an impostor; then the protectionist champion quietly lifted his desk-lid and drew forth a suit bought at Mr. Morse's own store, and still bearing his price-mark for ten dollars, with the customary "All Wool" certificate attached. Mr. Morse took the matter good-naturedly, but the House did not get over roaring at it for several minutes; and every allusion to the woolen schedule during the rest of the debate brought out a renewal of the merriment.

The political term "cuckoo" had its origin in the extra session of the Fifty-third Congress, when the South and West were arrayed against the East in the fiercest of legislative battles over the repeal of the silver-purchase law. In the course of the debate in the Senate, Mr. Morgan of Alabama had had some bitter things to say of what he regarded as the subservience of some of his fellow-senators to the dictation of the President, declaring that whenever snuff was passed at the White House one of the senators sneezed, and when the White House clock struck the hour another would call "Cuckoo!" The simile went the rounds, to the great enjoyment of Mr. Morgan's sympathizers, but no direct application was made of it till, about the close of the session, Representative Tracey of New York delivered a speech in the House congratulating the Democratic members who had followed the victorious lead of the President. As the last words left his lips, there came from a remote corner of the hall a perfect imitation of a cuckoo's double note. The House burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, and the nickname attached itself for the rest of that Congress to every Democrat who voted with the administration. The man who sounded the cuckoo-call was Representative Wilson of Washington.

A "call of the House" is a ceremony often crowded with comicalities. It occurs when the minority resorts to filibustering tactics to defeat or delay legislation. The ringing of all the bells in the House wing having failed to bring a quorum into the hall, the doors are locked, and the sergeant-at-arms, with a posse of deputies, scour the town to arrest unexcused absentees and hale them to the bar of the chamber. This most commonly occurs at night sessions, and is made the occasion for as much horse-play as was ever witnessed in a school-room when the teacher had stepped out. One by one the absentees are brought in, clad in evening dress, or in hunting-costume, or fresh from a barber's chair with lather still clinging to their faces—in any condition, in short, in which their custodians happen to find them. Each offers his excuse, and then the House decides, by a viva voce vote, whether the explanation will suffice, or whether he must pay a fine.

One member creates mock consternation by announcing: "I have been to the hospital to visit a constituent with the small-pox."

Another complains that when he was arrested he was on the way to the hall, but had paused at the restaurant to drink a julep. "I move," shouts a colleague, "that the gentleman's case be referred to the committee on coinage, which has jurisdiction of the mint."

A third declares that he found the sergeant-at-arms before the sergeant found him, and moves to have the sergeant fined.

A fourth excuses his absence on the ground that though he was out of the hall, he was "paired with the gentleman from Yokohama."

"The gentleman will explain," says the Speaker, severely.

"I was dining with the Japanese minister."

An extraordinarily fat member comes rolling in when only two are still needed to complete the number necessary to do business, and somebody moves that he be excused on condition that he will divide, so as to make a quorum.

"I should have been here before," pleads another, "but slipped on the Capitol steps, and bruised myself."

A member in the rear of the hall shouts out: "Was it before or after dinner?"

The member declines to state.

"I move the gentleman be excused," cries another member.

The Speaker puts the question. The member offering the motion responds in a piping voice: "Aye!" All the rest unite in a perfect roar of noes. With entire gravity the Speaker announces: "The ayes seem to have it." A pause. "The ayes have it, and the gentleman is excused."

And so the sport goes on for half the night. It is great "sport for the boys," but death to legislation.

A Vice-President seated in solitary grandeur in the Senate Chamber, while the ceremony of a Presidential inauguration to which he has been invited as an honored guest is going on outside, surely presents a spectacle with an element of humor in it. Few persons know how near Theodore Roosevelt came to playing such a part on the 4th of March, 1901. The Senate stickles so for minor details of etiquette that even a reformer of Mr. Roosevelt's sturdy type would hardly have ventured to transgress its rules, and they require that a formal motion to adjourn shall be put before a day's session can come to an end. After his inauguration as Vice-President in the Senate Chamber, Mr. Roosevelt took the gavel, and when the routine business was finished directed the sergeant-at-arms, as usual, to proceed with the ceremony of inaugurating Mr. McKinley as President. It was then in order for some senator to move an adjournment; but in the confusion nobody seemed to have his wits about him, and the whole assemblage, including the senators, quitted the chamber for the east portico, where the oath was to be administered and the address delivered. In a few minutes the Vice-President found himself alone, with a fair prospect of remaining so until the day's performances were over. But it chanced that Senator Heitfeld missed his hat while passing through the corridor, and came back to look for it. Face to face with the Vice-President, it occurred to the senator that something must be wrong, so with the utmost gravity he moved "that the Senate do now adjourn." Mr. Roosevelt, with equal solemnity, put the motion, declared it carried, and proceeded in Mr. Heitfeld's company to the place on the Presidential stand which had been reserved for him.

Patronage and perquisites furnish count-

less funny incidents in Congress. The doorkeeper of the House of Representatives has perhaps a longer individual roll of fat places in his gift than any of the other officers of either chamber. When the Southern Democrats came back in power in the House during President Grant's administration, the doorkeepership fell to the lot of one Fitzhugh, a Texan, whose head was somewhat turned by the adulation of the office-seekers and the unaccustomed luxury of official station at the capital. His impressions were recorded in a private letter to a friend at home, which through some accident found its way into print and has become a congressional classic:

D. C., Decr. 15, 1875.

DEAR —: I have been trying ever since my election to write to you, but have been besieged from light in the morning until one or two at night, I had one hundred & thirty appointments to make & have had I reckon without exaggeration three thousand applications besides men women & children pulling and jerking me every time I would put my head out of the door of my office. I have had to keep two ushers & two or three clerks ever since the hour of my election in my office, & it is now five O'clock in the morning that I have gotten up to write to you. . . .

I wish you could be here with me, do try & come on, the Govnt furnishes me with a fine turnout & spanking pair of Horses & before & after the house sessions & recess I have exclusive use of them, my coachman comes down every morning for us, that is Fay and myself and after driving around to my breakfast takes me to my office. . . .

Come on christmas for a few days & we will have a glorious time, I have more invitations to frolics with the members & Senators than any man in Washington, I am a bigger man now with the members than old Grant, I cannot put my foot on the floor of the Hall but that they make a break for me & sometimes a dozen begging at me at once for places for some friend, I scarcely ever get out of the Office to go on the floor of the House, I have under me the Folding rooms, Document Rooms, File rooms, all committee rooms, all employees in the South wing of building & entire south wing of capital, I have a Supt and assistants in each department and about a dozen bookkeepers besides my Office clerks, & we do things up in stile. I have a boy to take my hat & coat or I can't turn around without someone at my beck & call, & when I get all my new appointments broken in, I shall have a nice time. . . .

Quite a contrast here & Austin, I can't turn for friends here. I have now fifty letters from



my Southern friends all parts of the South congratulating me, thus wages the world, let a man be prosperous & every man is his friend, must close. . . . write soon to Your Devoted Friend

L. H. FITZHUGH.

For a number of years Congress had an annual wrangle, when the agricultural appropriation bill came up, over the clause providing for the distribution of free seeds, of which a certain quantity is allotted to each member to give to his constituents. Ostensibly, this practice was established for the purpose of facilitating the introduction of new and strange varieties of vegetation, and encouraging experiments in different climates and soils; but it degenerated before long into a mere traffic in favors, a congressman using his share of seeds to keep doubtful rural constituents in line. Of course representatives from city districts have no interest in vegetable seeds, but can make effective use of books and maps; so they arrange with country members for a system of exchange whereby each gets the other's quota of the sort of gratuities which will do most good in his own district.

Every debate over the seed appropriation brings out something funny. A Nebraska member, on one occasion, moved to substitute for the seed clause a paragraph giving to each representative "six horses, six cattle, six dogs, and six chickens annually, all thoroughbred, and distributed as to sex half and half." A Kansas member complained that in his district the women exercised more political influence than the men, and were more interested in roses and dahlias than in turnips and radishes, so he wished to have his garden-seeds changed to flower-seeds, cuttings, and foliage plants. An Ohio member told with mock grief how his constituents had misinterpreted the purpose of the government's largess. A voter whom he dared not offend had come during the late recess into his law office at home and complained that the package of Lima beans received by that morning's mail was not so large as it ought to be. "It ain't enough for a mess," he explained. "I have a large family, and it takes more than a quart of beans to go round." And with that the constituent reached into the store of packages which the congressman had carefully addressed and was about to send to the post-office,

and helped himself to a half-dozen portions more.

An Iowa member read extracts from his correspondence, of which these are fair specimens:

John's influence can't be got with fifteen cents' worth of free seeds, but if you 'll send me a box of hair-pins I 'll look after him.

HIS WIFE.

P.S. I 'd rather not have crooked ones.

If the farmer must be made an object of charity, don't do it with free seeds, but send him a hand-organ and a monkey and start him in the business right.

Free seeds keep the congressman in touch with his constituents; that's the whole story. Why not let up on seeds for a while and try jack-knives? Everybody can use them, and there would n't be so much waste.

One of the most elaborate missives came from a South Dakota agriculturist. It ran in part:

We want some good, honest Democratic seeds, none of your back numbers—something good enough for old Andrew Jackson or Samuel J. Tilden, or any other Democratic saint.

I would like some seventy-day corn, and if the administration has any new silver seed that will produce standard silver dollars, or even Mexican dollars, in about sixty days, I would like some of that. We would like something that would yield a thousand bushels to the acre and sell for a dollar a bushel.

Some of our friends say German carp is a good crop. We will put in a few acres of carp for a starter if we can get the seed. Some of our kind friends recommend ostriches, but they grow so few in a hill that we will not venture to try them.

There is a small lake near our farm, and my wife is anxious to raise some gondolas. They are an Italian bird, I believe. The climate here is severe, but she thinks she could raise them by keeping them near a hard-coal burner in the winter season.

Mixed farming is talked of a great deal, and some say our farm is just the thing for wool. I do not want Poland, China, or Shorthorn wool-seed. I would prefer Shanghai or Irish setter, that would shear about twelve pounds to the vine.

Some of our advanced thinkers advise me to raise a crop of plug tobacco. In selecting the seed I wish you would send "Spearhead," "Climax," or "Star." The climate is too dry for fine-cut. If the department has anything

new in jack-rabbits I would like a few vines that would bear the second year.

Most of the strictly legislative humors of Congress take the form of "crank bills." Their charm consists in the fact that, grotesque as they may seem, they are sincere. They were especially abundant in the early nineties, when the Populist movement was at its height. Perhaps the most ingenious bill of that era was one providing for the taxation of the public currency instead of the private property of the people. The underlying idea was a system of paper money which, by the declaration printed on its face, was to decrease in debt-paying value steadily ten per cent. every year. This automatic taxation would of course do away with the tedious process of collection; but as the Secretary of the Treasury was empowered in the same act to make as much money as might be desired and distribute it annually at the rate of forty dollars per capita, the necessity of taxing any of it was not apparent.

Another bill of the same period provided for a working-day of four hours, with four dollars' pay, and one year's vacation in every four, for all persons in public employ. Another made it lawful for persons to marry or be divorced in the District of Columbia by the simple process of writing out their own declaration, having it witnessed by four permanent residents, and filing it in the office of the Recorder of Deeds for a fee of fifty cents.

Another, which defined the duties of the several heads of government departments, included among the rest a duty "to instantly resign their positions whenever any considerable number of the patrons or employees of their respective departments shall demand their removal from said offices at the hands of the President." Others provided for the establishment of departments of Public Labor, Public Land, Public Transportation, Public Communication, Public Insurance, Public Periodicals, Public Records, Public Roads, Public Farms, Public Fisheries, Public Forests, Public Fluids, Public Forces, Public Mines, Public Manufactures, Public Products, Public Works, Public Methods, Public Surveying, Public Measures, Public Inventions, Public Science, Public Fairs, Public Lectures, Public Announcements, Public Comfort, Public Hotels, Public

Baths, Public Laundries, and about a dozen others—enough to swell the cabinet by thirty members at least.

Some bills need only to be read by title to enable one to grasp an idea of their character. One which lies before me is a "bill to produce general prosperity"; another is "to increase the army ration by the addition of pure American cheese"; another, "to prevent the multiplication of suicides"; another, "to dispose of idle labor and discourage idle wealth"; another, "to provide for the enlistment and maintenance of an industrial army"; another, "proposing an amendment to the Constitution changing the name of this republic from the United States of America to the United States of the Earth."

General Burnside, when a senator, brought in a bill to which he had probably committed himself before reading. Its purpose, "to introduce moral and social science into the public schools of the District of Columbia," was to be fulfilled as follows:

The school officers shall introduce, as a part of the daily exercises, . . . instruction in the elements of social and moral science, including industry, order, economy, punctuality, patience, self-denial, health, purity, temperance, cleanliness, honesty, truth, justice, politeness, peace, fidelity, philanthropy, patriotism, self-respect, hope, perseverance, cheerfulness, courage, self-reliance, gratitude, pity, mercy, kindness, conscience, reflection, and the will. . . . It shall be the duty of the teachers to give a short oral lesson every day upon one of the topics mentioned . . . and to require each pupil to furnish a thought or other illustration of the same upon the following morning. . . . Emulation shall be cherished between the pupils in accumulating thoughts and facts in regard to the noble traits possible and in illustrating them by their daily conduct.

The preamble is often used as a vehicle for telling a good deal of a story before the kernel of the measure is reached. Thus, a resolution offered by a Virginia member, requesting the President to arrange an itinerary for Prince Henry of Prussia through the South, was introduced by this voluminous "Whereas":

The great Southern routes from the capital city of the nation afford opportunities which no other routes do; passing through the historical State of Virginia, the mother of this


great republic; in sight of where Patrick Henry fired the American heart to liberty; near the home of Washington, the Father of his Country and its first President; in sight of the home of Jefferson, the father of the Declaration of Independence and the third President of the United States; in sight of the home of Madison, fourth President and father of the Constitution; on to Richmond, the central point in the great Civil War and capital of the Confederate States, where rest the remains of Monroe, the fifth President of the United States and father of the Monroe Doctrine,—all distinguished Virginians; passing through the greatest battle-fields of modern times, fields that made the names of Grant and Lee and hosts of others immortal; passing on through the States of North and South Carolina, Georgia, and Tennessee, the homes of the great iron, coal, cotton, tobacco, and rice industries; passing through the great Appalachian chain, "The Land of the Sky," the scenery of which is unequaled east of the Rocky Mountains, embracing a trip to the National Park

of Chickamauga, Georgia; not only the most direct and most pleasant route, but typical of the Southern people, their habits and customs: Therefore— etc.

But perhaps the most cheerful pleasantry ever perpetrated by Congress is the bit of comedy enacted in the Senate nearly every day when the clerk's desk is heaped with bills for private pensions and relief. It may be that only one senator is in his seat, and he reading or writing. One by one the bills are called by title, the presiding officer reciting the usual formula: "The question is, Shall the bill pass? Those in favor will say 'Aye'; those opposed, 'No.' The ayes have it, and the bill is passed." Not another voice is heard, and millions of the people's money is voted away at a single sitting without the sound of an "Aye" or a "No"—the bills floating through on nothing but the silence which is assumed to give consent.

## A MATTER OF CONFIDENCE

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

 HERE seemed to be no occasion for laughter, but they all laughed—that is, all except Tom Moulton and Marian Densmore. He wondered, but she knew; still, she did n't laugh, for she was rather sensitive on the subject.

"Won't you go with me for a sail?" he had asked.

Surely there was no humor in that. Sailing is jolly sport for those who like it, but a mere invitation to sail is not a joke. Yet the other young people present laughed boisterously. And when, in some embarrassment, she declined with thanks, they laughed again.

There is an absurdity in preposterous things that is highly diverting. If a young man astride a bucking bronco should invite a young woman to join him, the idea would be ludicrous enough to excite laughter. If a youth about to cross Niagara Falls on a tight-rope should beckon to a girl and say, "Come with me," there would be merri-

ment in that vicinity. And there could be nothing more ridiculous in either of these invitations than there was in an invitation to Marian Densmore to go for a sail. That's why the others laughed. They knew her. They were familiar with her distrust, her fear, of the water. They remembered that she had abandoned a European trip because of her dread of the ocean voyage. Some people are made that way. They can reason it all out, so far as the brain is concerned; they can convince themselves that there is little or no danger: but the heart is beyond control. It is torture to them to be on the water, and they stick to the land. Occasionally Miss Densmore had permitted herself to be paddled about in a rowboat, when the water was like glass; but even then there was no enjoyment in it for her. Moulton, however, did not know this. Sailing had attractions for him, and so had Miss Densmore, and he was naturally anxious to combine the attractions. Later he was told why the others had laughed.

"My boy," said his informant, "you might just as well say to her, 'Do you love me?' as to say, 'Will you sail with me?' Yes to one question would be yes to the other."

"Oh, it would, would it?" retorted Moulton. "Well, that's a good thing to know."

The very next day he extended the same invitation again, and received the same reply. They played tennis and golf together. When the evenings were cool enough they danced, and when it was too hot for dancing they were frequently found tête-à-tête in some quiet corner; but he had to sail alone. Still, he never started for the little cat-rigged boat he had hired for the season without first asking her to go along. In fact, the daily invitation became a joke, and later a matter of absorbing interest. It takes very little to interest the pleasure-seekers of summer. A flirtation will do it, and a serious love-affair is a never-ending delight, especially when there is something novel about it.

"And he's in earnest," one of the party finally announced. "He wants her, and I'll bet he gets her, too."

"How much?" asked another.

"Oh, if you're going to bet," broke in one of the girls, "make it something worth while—for us, I mean. I don't believe in betting, myself,—I think it wrong,—but if you're bound to do it, why, bet candy."

The methods that some girls adopt to discourage betting are truly remarkable, but, as finally arranged, each girl present was sure to win a two-pound box of candy, and one or the other of two young men was doomed to pay for it all. The referee, of course, was to be a girl. A man never would do for such a delicate task. Engagements are not always announced immediately, and a man would have to wait for the announcement before he could give a decision; but a girl can analyze the smile of another girl, and tell what has happened, or, if there is no smile, she can discover the secret in her eyes. So, if there was no engagement before Moulton left, Harry Farson was to pay for the candy; otherwise Will Barkley would settle the bill; and Miss Mildred Claymer was to be the sole judge. After that, it is almost needless to say, the proceedings were watched more closely than ever.

On the evening that Miss Densmore

went rowing with Moulton there was great excitement. True, she had ventured into a rowboat before, but always more or less under protest; and on no previous occasion had she permitted herself to be carried so far from land. It certainly was an indication of progress, although there is a vast difference between a rowboat and a sailboat, especially in the case of any one who fears the water. Then, one day when Moulton was sailing alone, and his boat was seen to careen more than usual, she gave a little scream.

"That settles it," commented Farson. "I have a clear lead now."

The referee smiled knowingly.

"It is not settled," she said. "It takes very little to make some girls scream."

"Which makes me think," put in Barkley, "that if he ever does get her in a sailboat, he will have cause to regret it. Think of trying to sail a boat with a girl who'd lose her head and scream at every puff of wind. Why, she'll have him so rattled that it's ten to one they'll both get a ducking. Remember how she acted when she went rowing with a party of us?"

"Yes," rejoined Farson; "but it was different the time she went out with him."

"Love and confidence," sagely remarked the referee, "go together."

Her two remarks having made the affair more of a puzzle than ever to the disputants, she seemed particularly pleased with herself.

In the days that followed, however, it was noted that Miss Densmore resolutely refused to trust herself again to the rowboat, which naturally raised Barkley's hopes. On the other hand, whenever Moulton was out sailing, she seemed to haunt the bank that gave her the best view of the lake, and sometimes even spent an occasional half-hour on the pier. Farson commented on this with some jubilation, and once he thought it was virtually settled. She was on the pier, and Moulton made a landing there, as if by previous arrangement. He held out his hands to help her into the boat, but she quickly backed away; and when he stepped out on the pier, she actually turned and ran.

"By George, she's afraid of herself!" exclaimed Farson. "She's afraid that she'll go if he insists."

After that, if he came near the pier, she hastily retreated; but he could be plainly

heard cheerily calling out his invitation, "Will you sail with me to-day?" Unquestionably it was love-making, but of a strange and original kind, and the watchers could not help wondering if she understood the question as they did.

"Mark my words," said Farson, at last; "some day when there is n't much wind she 'll go."

That was where Farson was wrong. Moulton seemed to have the same idea, for he took the boat out once when there was hardly a ripple on the lake; but on that occasion she never even went to her favorite spot on the bank to watch him. The following day, however, the wind was strong, and he went out for the mere love of the excitement, leaving her with the rest of the party. As the wind rose she became noticeably anxious, and once or twice seemed on the point of going to the pier, but apparently feared her departure under the circumstances would excite comment.

"Just look at that boat!" the referee suddenly cried as a flaw struck it.

For a moment it looked as if it had gone over, but under the skilful management of Moulton it righted itself promptly and sped away.

"If he stays out long in this wind," commented Farson, "he 'll have to swim ashore. Why, it 's foolhardy!"

"Why don't you signal him to come in?" asked the referee, anxiously.

Farson laughed.

"Why, it 's the danger that makes it exciting and enjoyable," he said. "You could n't lift Moulton out of that boat with a derrick now. He always was a daredevil sailor, but he 's a good one. I guess he 'll come through all right," he added, as he saw how white Miss Densmore had become.

A moment later the girl excused herself and went to her room.

"To conceal her agitation," remarked the referee.

But she reappeared almost instantly, carrying a mackintosh, and proceeded directly to the pier.

"She 's going! By George, she 's going!" cried Farson.

"In this wind?" retorted Barkley. "Preposterous! She 's just going to signal him to come in."

"When a girl loves," said the referee, softly, "she does strange things. There is that which is worse than death."

The other girls nodded, and the members of the party became strangely silent as they watched Miss Densmore hold the mackintosh above her head and let it float out on the wind as a signal-flag. Almost instantly the boat came about and headed for the pier.

There was a short colloquy when the landing was made, and Moulton was seen to shake his head.

"He won't do it," said Barkley.

"Then she will," said the referee, decisively, and, of course, referees are always right. Miss Densmore put on the mackintosh.

"Woman," said Farson, "is the most contradictory, incomprehensible creature that ever was put on this earth."

"Quite the contrary," retorted the referee; "she acts logically always."

"Going!" announced Barkley, as Miss Densmore quickly buttoned her mackintosh. "Going!" he repeated as she took the hand outstretched to help her. "Gone!" She was on the boat.

"It is your privilege," remarked Farson, "to pay for the candy."

"Wait," said the referee; "there is no engagement yet."

The next half-hour was almost as exciting to those on shore as it was to the two in the boat. The watchers secured a field-glass so that they might watch every movement, and there was plenty to keep them interested. The wind was strong, the waves were running high, and the boat really was carrying a good deal of sail for the weather. But, so far as the watchers could see, Miss Densmore never stirred from the place where Moulton had put her; apparently she was as quiet, as cool, and as self-possessed as a veteran sailor.

"Too frightened to move, poor thing!" commented the referee, when it was her turn to use the glass. "Just see how those waves are soaking her!"

Indeed, the mackintosh was very little protection to the girl, but she only laughed when she was doused.

"I think you 'll have to sit back over the coaming," said Moulton, just after a flaw had compelled them to take a bucket or so of water over the lee side. "I 'll have to use you for ballast, you know."

"Good heavens!" cried the referee, "she 's sitting 'way up on the edge of the boat. I would n't do that for the world!"

"A matter of confidence," chuckled Farson. "She'll do whatever he tells her to do. And what was it you said went with confidence, Miss Claymer?"

"THEY told me," said Moulton, on the boat, rather bluntly, "that you were a coward on the water."

"I am—usually," she replied.

"But not now?" he said half inquiringly and half assertively, for he thought he never had seen a girl with such splendid nerve.

"Just now," she returned evasively, "I would rather be here than there," and she pointed toward the shore.

"Why?" he asked.

"Well, somehow, I—I—"

Her embarrassment was such that it was almost a relief to hear a loud crack, and then a ripping, splitting noise as the mast swayed and the boat made a sudden lurch to leeward.

"Down!" he cried as he threw the bow of the boat into the wind. "Quick, now!"

She slipped back to her seat inside the coaming almost instantly. As the boom swung over, sagging so that it struck the deck, he caught it.

"Hold that!" he commanded. "Don't let it swing out again."

He spoke and acted quickly, but with perfect confidence, like one who knew exactly what to do, and even in time of danger a girl can stop to admire a masterful, strong man. He sprang for the hal-yards, the sail rattled down, and he hastily gathered it in, while the mast wobbled from side to side as the boat was pitched about by the waves. She knew that some serious accident had happened, but it was no time for questions, and she asked none. She simply did what she was told to do unquestioningly and trustfully. Her life was in his keeping, and she would not have it otherwise. Oh, the blind, unreasoning faith of woman—in some circumstances!

He was lying flat on the forward deck of the boat now, peering anxiously over the side.

"In another minute of that pounding," he said, "the whole side of the boat would have been ripped out. There's a split board here, as it is. The mast broke the stepping-block, you know."

She did n't know a stepping-block from a jib-sheet, but the way the mast swayed told her that it was loose at the foot, and thus she gained a fair idea of what had happened.

"Now," he announced, "I am going to take the mast down. It is beating against the side with every roll of the boat. Do you suppose you can stand on this deck to help me? Stand with your feet apart; give a little as the boat lurches—that's it! steady yourself by holding to me. It's a little too much for me alone."

ON the shore there was wild excitement. At first they thought the boat had capsized; but the field-glass soon told them that that was not the case. Still, it was evident that Moulton and Miss Densmore were in serious trouble of some kind. A steam-launch, however, was already on the way to them, so there was nothing for the watchers to do but wait.

"Has she fainted?" asked one of the party.

"No," replied the referee, who still held the field-glass and positively refused to give it up. "She—she—why, she's balancing herself on the deck and helping him take out the mast!"

"Nonsense!" cried Barkley.

"I tell you she is," insisted the referee. "I can see her. She's holding on to him with one hand, though."

"Why, that kind of a scared-rabbit girl would n't have nerve enough to move," asserted Barkley.

"Well, she's doing it, anyway."

"Well, by thunder!" was all Barkley could say.

"Confidence," suggested Farson. "He told her to do it, and she did it."

THEY came ashore in the launch, sitting very close together in the bow; and as they walked up from the landing she was clinging to his arm and smiling very brightly.

"Were you frightened?" the referee called to her.

"Frightened!" put in Moulton, quickly. "She was cooler than I was, and she has more nerve than a veteran."

Farson touched the referee on the arm to attract her attention.

"I never knew," he said to her, "that a girl in a wet gown could look so bright and so entrancing."

The referee gave another glance at the advancing couple.

"Mr. Barkley will pay for the candy," she announced decisively.

# WEALTH AND RICHES

## A MONOLOGUE

SPEAKER: SONNY'S FATHER

BY RUTH McENERY STUART



T does do me good, doctor, to have you thess drop in this a-way, an' nobody sick. Shows you really like us. Yas, I think the addition is goin' to improve the place a heap. I like a house thet grows to its needs. Apt to be a snigger fit than them thet's built big to be growed up to. Each addition stands for some event, an' the whole house is a reg'lar history-book. No, we ain't buildin' no new parlor. 'T ain't needed. That one holds the six chairs an' the rocker an' arm-chair an' the center-table, an' when sociables or anything meets out here, why, they can slide open the doors. Yas, we 're puttin' them in; thess for convenience, though, not for grandeur. It 'll open up the house consider'ble, an' often make one fire do in place o' two. Yas, Mary Elizabeth she planned it mainly. She did mean to lower the mantel a foot or two. It 's toler'ble high. But I 've got so used to lookin' up to the row o' daguerreotypes it would n't seem quite proper to bring 'em down even with my eyes. The new room over the dinin'-room, with the glass bulged-out winder, why, that 's for Sonny's study, away f'om the noise o' the child'en, an' it 's to be het with a good log fire; an' the long room they 're puttin' on behind, why, it 'll open up into the very limbs of the oaks, nearly, an' that 's to be give over to the little ones, for rainy days an'—whenever they want to stay there. What 's that you say? Oh, shoo, doctor. Well, I reckon they do say Sonny's gittin' rich, thess because he 's buyin' mo' land an' addin' a' ell to his house. But I 'd

nachelly hate to have him regarded ez rich. He ain't got no ambition that a-way, an' I despise it. He makes a good income offn his books, an' keeps strong runnin' the farm. That suppo'ts the family comf'table, an' I suppose he 'll be a wealthy man if he lives—an' I hope he will.

How 's that, doctor? You "don't see no difference"? No difference 'twixt wealth an' riches? Well, maybe they ain't—in the dictionaries. An' maybe they 're the same out of it, for all I know; but to my mind they seem two distinc' things. To me wealth seems to stand for prosperity,—like it might be distributed,—but riches they always seem to be confined to a few. When I think o' wealth, I seem to see pastures an' flocks an' herds, an' maybe to hear the buzz of machinery—gin-houses an' factories; but riches, well, that seems to be money stowed away.

A home of wealth ought to be broad an' piazzered round, with big rooms, an' wide front doors with easy-movin' hinges to open to the stranger. But a rich man's residence—why, I don't no more 'n say the word befo' I seem to see cupalows an' towers rise up, an' gingerbread cornishes, an' stiff doors with patent locks an' bolts. To bring it down to few words, wealth always seemed to me to be abundance in use, an' riches superabundance stacked on shelves. Wealth lies in comforts, an' riches is ap' to be cold money. Yas, I 'd like my folks to be wealthy, ef they could without wrongin' anybody, but I 'd be humiliated ef they was ever to allow theirselves to gitt rich.

I can't say thet I think the bare accu-



mulatin' of too much money is a Christian thing, anyhow. I'm inclined to agree with Scripture on that p'int.

Of co'se we all know thet no camel could n't git th'ough the eye of no needle thet was n't made a-purpose, even ef he humped hisself worse 'n he 's humped a'-ready; an' they 's mighty few big fortunes in money thet ain't in a manner gethered up into humps on their owners' backs, so thet they 're too broad for the gate o' the kingdom.

Yas, when a man's money starts to run to cupalows, why, I begin to be anxious about him. 'T ain't thet I've got any objection to the cupalow. It 's the manners an' behavior thet goes with 'em. It don't take 'em long to git cupalow-minded. I've seen some mighty good people try it, an' the tower would n't be topped hardly befo' they 'd begin to be overbearin' an' want to be classed ez "leadin' citizens" an' all sech ez that. You know that sort o' racket ain't got no Christian sperit to it—not a bit. An' yet, even whilst I 'm a-sayin' this, doctor, my conscience pricks me, for I realize thet while I ain't no cupalow-man myself, I've taken pride in the two or three thet 's here an' there in the county. Always want to make shore any stranger 'll see 'em. Yas, that could, ez you say, be called State pride, maybe, but I know 't ain't worthy. I suppose a man 'll have to die befo' he gits shet of all folly.

No; my idee of a "leadin' citizen" is the man thet leads off in wise counsel an' public benefits; a man thet 'll care more to have the children o' the pore learned to read the Holy Scriptures in plain American than to have his own son taught to talk Philippine or Latin; a man thet 'll put his cupalow-money into sidewalks in the back streets his folks don't haf to travel in, an' thet 'll lead off in singin' in church 'long with the congregation, instid o' settin' up in his pew, dumb ez a clam, with his ears cocked for choir criticism.

Sir? Oh, don't beg the question, doctor. Of co'se, ef he ain't got no voice, he can't sing, but he can hold one side of his wife's hymn-book an' keep the place. A voiceless man is fo'ced to sing by proxy to that extent, an' I think he 'd be registered ez a singer in heaven, ef he done it worshipful. No; to my mind, a great part o' the so-called "leadin' citizens" I've known most about have n't been leaders at all. They've

been overriders, that 's what they've been. An' when a good-natured man overrides a community with a passably generous hand, why, it 's hard to turn him down. Takes courage. Oh, I ain't mentionin' no names, but you an' me 've been livin' in the State of Arkansaw sence long befo' the new-comers started to take on new pronunciations an' gingerbread work, an' I reckon we know who 've been some of its leadin' citizens. We 'd be thinkin' of the same man in a minute ef I was to ask ef you remembered the old man down at Clay Bottom thet planted out shade-trees along the lanes where the niggers had to go to work on the highroads—done it befo' he foun' time to set out any in his own yard. 'Lowed his home folks had time to set down an' fan, an' the roads was b'ilin' hot on man an' beast. Of co'se I knowed you 'd know. Yas, that was him. He did git to be a man o' wealth befo' he died, but he never piled up idle money—not a cent o' it. What? Oh, now, doc, you can't tell me you don't see where the difference is. But I suppose a man can't understand physic an'—why, of co'se, I know he was called rich, an' I suppose maybe in a sense he was. He left a big estate, alive an' workin', every inch of it. He did n't leave no sodden bank-accounts for his sons to draw on, though. They 're the damnation o' half o' the sons of rich men, them interest-bearin' bank-accounts is, to be drawn on in idleness. Sir? Oh, I did n't say it was idle money. The banks 's busy enough. It 's the triflin' inheritors thet frets me. Sturdy good man, leadin' citizen ef they ever was one, though I doubt ef he ever owned a coat trimmed off to a waistcoat in front.

Yas, I was sorry, too, about Sally Ann puttin' up that cupalow to her house, but I was n't surprised. Exceptin' for that third little boy o' hers, little Teddy, havin' hip trouble, I 'm afeard she 'd have to be otherwise disciplined, Sally Ann would. Of co'se a woman with mo' discretion would 'a' waited a little while after her second husband's death befo' she started the cupalow; but the remark thet 's goin' round thet she 's "sendin' up an announcement thet she 's open to proposals for number three," why, it 's thess simply malicious, that 's what it is. No; Sally Ann thess started that tower ez quick ez she found out how much money was left her; that 's all. She never give a thought to

how it would look. I take notice she 's been walkin' the streets for a year past with one o' them high spring-out collars on her neck; an' so, ez I say, I 'm not surprised. A cupalow is thess about the next step. A' out-springin' collar like that sets off a slim woman—gives her a sort o' grandeur I like; but a style like that can't be trifled with. Sally Ann don't look nothin' but highty-tighty an' overloaded in hers. I don't know ez I keer for sech fashions much, though, anyway. A thing like that would be a turrible stand-off to a timid, pore person come to ask a favor. Yas, I mean the high-spreadin' sort the queens wear in the pictures—like that 'ne in Sonny's study. You 've seen Sally Ann wear it. Why, that makes half o' her conspicuity. It would take a heap o' courage to pass up a 'umble petition over a collar like that. Of co'se for queens they 're all right enough. A petition has to go through sev'al hands an' be disinfected befo' it reaches them, anyway, an' the collar thess about expresses it.

Yas, she 's give that top cupalow-room to po' little Teddy, so 's he can amuse hisself lookin' out the winders an' p'intin' out things with his crutch. I don't say but what she was took aback when he asked for it. She had laid out to furnish it for a spare room for conspicuous visitors, same ez the Hyfflers does with theirs.

It 's good Sally Ann ain't a man. She 'd set out to be a leadin' citizen first thing she done, an' she ain't noways fitted for it. Yas, I reckon she does think she 's about the leadin' woman in Simpkinsville to-day, but that 's harmless enough. Nobody else don't think so.

My idee of a leader, doctor, it 's one the best people 'll all love to foller—not the one they 're continually obligated to look up to with thanks. A man like that is shore to turn driver some day, an' he 's liable to do it sudden.

Sir? Sonny? Well, hardly. Not yet, anyway. He 's got the right sperit for leadership, but he 's too young yet, an' he 's too occupied with his books. No; Sonny 'll always be ap' to think out things to be done, the way he does now, but he 'll be likely to git other folks interested enough to go on with 'em. Well, that 's so. That is leadin', in a way.

Yas, you 're right there. A number o' our, "leadin' men" has left public works

named after 'em. The man that founds a charity an' names it after a member of his own family, well, his heart 's divided, that 's all. An' ef he names it after hisself, why, it 's undivided. An' the more magnificent the edifice is, the more he 's complimentin' hisself. Oh, no, I ain't puttin' in no objection—cert'n'y not. We 're glad to have chapels an' town clocks built an' named after anybody thet ain't a disgrace.

But they 's one thing I 've often thought about, doc, that I hate to see, an' that 's the way human creatures is everlastin'ly buildin' memorials o' their sorrers. I don't see why we should celebrate only when we 're scourged. I 've often thought thet God might enjoy the novelty of havin' a steeple rise up into the sky in joy an' thanksgivin', instid o' which most of 'em is sent up with a wail. Ef houses for orphans is needed,—an' it 's a livin' disgrace thet they are,—but ef they are, why not build one when God sends a little child into a home instid o' when he sees fit to take it away? The lady thet give the "author's readin'" here, she was tellin' us about a little mountain settlement where the young engaged couples paid for the stained-glass winders, ez love come along, to celebrate their happiness—little bright-colored panes to stand for joy an' to fetch the color of it into the worship. Now, that struck me ez purty. I wish't they was more thankfulness brought into our religion, an' less mournin'. Not thet I 'd take out one sweet memorial of the dead. Of co'se, ez we git along further in speritual growth, an' come to realize the unimportance of death an' the importance of life, a number o' these things 'll pass away of theirselves.

Monuments commemoratin' personal sorrers is ap' to be selfish things, to my mind. When they stand for principle, why, that 's different. Sometimes I think the world shows mo' selfishness in sorrer than it does in anything else, anyhow.

Yas, that 's so true. Sonny an' Mary Elizabeth always makes thank-offerin's when the little ones arrive, but I did n't know it was known. You see, babies costs consider'ble, an' to some it might seem the hardest time to give anything; an' ef they spoke of it, it might look like ez ef they meant to reprove others for not doin' it. Givin' in the right sperit, though, with thought an' prudence, never seemed to make anybody any poorer. Them thet

gives that a-way is ap' to spend keerful, an' many a one thet thinks he can't afford it lets his money leak out in driblets. Sech folks ez that rarely saves anything. Sir? Do I believe in savin'? Why, what makes you ask me sech a thing ez that, doctor? Ef I did n't, I 'd be a turrible sinner, for I 've always done it.

Before Sonny arrived, he was always due, —seventeen year,—an' we put by a little, thess in case; an' quick ez he hove in sight, why, this whole gang o' grandchild'en seemed to loom up in the distance. You see, when a man has a child, he takes all the risk they is on grandchild'en. So I bought mo' land ez I was able to work it. I think it's a man's duty to his feller-men to fix things so thet neither he nor any o' his helpless child'en won't be left on their hands.

But that's a mighty different thing from hoa'din' away of great stacks of money for money's sake. That, an' the pride of possession which comes with it, is one o' the special pizens thet we 've got to try to keep from our child'en, far ez we can.

Talk about pride of possession, I reckon a certain amount of it is inborn; or, ef it ain't, it 's learned mighty young. Even the little child'en show it. I know one day this spring I was settin' out here on this po'ch, an' happened to overhear the little folks jabberin' out there under the oak. Half a dozen o' the neighbors' child'en was there with 'em. Well, they was talkin' along, one way an' another, when Sally Ann's third girl, last marriage,—little Sall' Ann,—she ups an' says, says she, "We-all 's goin' to have somethin' at our house thet you-all ain't got!" Well, they was silence in a minute, an' she kep' on, "We goin' to have a *cupalow* at our house" (tell the truth, that was the first I 'd heerd of it). Of co'se nobody knowed what she meant, more 'n thet "*cupalow*" had a fureign sound. But that was enough for Margie Porter. Do you know, doctor, these peaked-faced lame child'en always seem to be quick-thoughted to me. Pore little crooked Margie was settin' in the swing, her face all eyes. Quick ez Sall' Ann come out with that word "*cupalow*," why, she chirps up: "That ain't anything! *I 've* had the *spilar melingitis*!" An' she give herself a little hitch of superiority ez she cut her eyes around to see the effect. It seemed for a minute thet Margie was

ahead, but purty soon I heerd Mary Blanks's little Jamesie's voice. Them youngsters is so thin their voices is ez dry an' ha'sh ez a katydid's; an' sence I know their mother deprives 'em of butter in Lent, I imagine their th'oats needs 'ilin'. But to go back to this here rivalry.

When I heerd Jamesie pipe up, I chuckled, an' says I to myself, "What on earth is he got to crow over?" "Well," says he, "we 're goin' to have a sheriff's sale over to our farm!" That was a purty heavy piece of artillery, an' they all felt it; but the silence it made was soon broke by who but our little Marthy! Pore little thing! I know she had been sufferin' from the first challenge, an' I half wondered, though I did n't think about it, how she was goin' to make out. Well, doc, an' how do you think she done? You could guess for a month an' I doubt ef you 'd hit what she bragged on—an' it 's right in yo' line, too. When she come out with it, I all but give myself away gigglin' here behind the vines.

Says she, "*We 've* got the moest *child'en*." What do you think o' that, now? Yas; an' not satisfied with that, she started a-tackin' on to it. Says she, "We 've got three boys an' two girls, an'"—an' with that she took a long breath an' she out with it: "An' mama sewin' on little teenchy sleeves, an' I would n't be surpriged ef she 's goin' to get some more purty soon!" Marthy always says "surpriged" for "surprised," an' we let it alone. Sounds cunnin'. Well, they kep' on back an' fo'th, an' I 'lowed thet every one there had had his fling, when I see pore Madge, the Sutton child that Mary Elizabeth an' Sonny's took to raise. She was layin' down, twistin' a wreath out o' some clovers she had brought in from the fields, but I see her fingers moved purty slow, an' I was wushin' I could put some words in her mouth to brag on—I never like to see an orphan browbeat. But I need n't 've worried. What does she do when she see her chance but set up an' yell out like ez ef she had the best brag o' the lot, "*I'm 'dopted*!" An' I don't know but ef I was to git the popular vote now, I 'd find thet they-all felt she was ahead. I believe all the child'en at home consider thet she 's somethin' special because she 's adopted. An' it 's a good thing; makes 'em treat her respectful.

What 's that you say, doc? Oh, yas; I

don't doubt a-many a one says it 's ridic'ulous for them to take another child to raise, but I don't see why. Big families is gen'ally the ones where they 's most room. I 've seen many an only child fill up a home ten times this size so tight thet they never seemed to be even room in it for toleration of other child'en. An', besides, a little stranger comin' into a big family, why, it 'll git tied up in numberless little affections; an' then, too, they have the wholesome rough an' tumble of holdin' their own. Oh, it's great! An' I think it's ez good for the other child'en ez it is for the adopted. That 's the way all the orphans 'll be took care of when—when the millennium comes, ez you say. Of co'se the childless, why, they 're the special ones the Lord seemed to send into the world to nurture the fatherless. But they don't often see it so, an' of co'se many a one ain't got no gifts that a-way. What 's that you say? "Thankless"? Well, I don't know. Not more 'n anything else. Besides, who thet helps for helpin's sake thinks of thanks? No, that 's a mistake. I 've known some o' the most ungrateful own child'en on earth to break their parents' hearts; an' more 'n one adopted son or daughter have I seen grow up to be a staff an' a stay. No; that 's the eternal excuse of the world's shirkers—that an' "bein' afeard o' what inheritance they might have to deal with." I always think when I hear sech ez that: "Well, ef I was you, I 'd ruther take my chances on any perfect-lookin' little child with a clair eye, an' raise him the best I could, than to know he was the flesh an' blood of folks thet was so afeard of makin' a pore investment." An' I think I 'm right.

But I cert'n'y was tickled over Marthy's braggin' on the child'en. Showed they know how they 're valued. You know, I think with child'en it 's often "Held high, act high."

Yas; it is a pity about Mary Blanks's bein' sold out. She means well, but of co'se things lef' to a paid overseer 's ap' to go wrong; an' ever sence she 's been runnin' three clubs, why, this has been in sight. A woman ain't no smarter 'n a man in that respect. Quick ez a man starts to put in too much time at clubs, why, his business suffers.

I 've a funny little notion about Sally Ann's cupalow, doctor, ever sence I 've knew thet it 's a-goin' to cost exac'ly the

amount o' Mis' Blanks's mortgage. You 'd think thet bein' ez Mary Blanks is her own aunt, mother's side—thet—

Of co'se I don't say thet because they 're kin thet her cupalow an' her aunt's mortgage needs to be related, but they might. Ez you say, when the millennium comes—but of co'se they won't be no mortgages then, even ef they 're any widders, which God grant they may not be, or cupalows either.

A widder is always a distress-ed object to me, don't keer what circumstances I seem to see her in. Sally Ann with that high collar on her short neck under that crape veil, with all her toggerly, is even more pitiful 'n some I 've seen thet mourned in silence. I think they 're usually honest enough, but they 're so various. That veil o' Sally Ann's is thess ez honest in every one of its deadly creases ez the collar thet protests against it. It 's all in her. Oh, she cert'n'y did take on in her first grief, in both widderhoods. Tillie Blackstone says she tried her best to lose her mind the first few weeks, but she was n't able. Tillie is a turrible game-maker. She's so able to do without any husband at all thet she ain't ez considerate ez she might be of the different dispositioned.

Ez to heavenly cupalows, or millennial ones, ef they is any, they won't be no novelty. Every man thet 's been denied one here can have it ef he wants it then; an' he 'll build it to suit hisself, not to spy on his neighbors. Yas; Sally did brag thet she could see the inside of seven kitchens from the scaffoldin' of hers. She? Oh, she 's up there every day makin' some new discovery. Climbs like a cat. Grew up in tree-tops mainly. Yas, she 'lows thet when she gits a spy-glass she 'll be able to see who 's comin' an' goin' in every church door in town. No doubt she 'll be able to set in her tower an' watch her aunt's sheriff's sale, ef she 's a mind to; but she won't. She 'll be on the ground. She 's already bespoke uninterrupted bids, so they say, on some o' the best chiny, an' them cut-glass goblets John bought at the Chicago Fair—them an' the caster. She may buy 'em, but she won't git 'em for nothin'.

Yas; I think Mary may do very well keepin' hotel in town. You see, she 'll be there in the midst o' things, an' not lose so much time on the road; an' besides, the drummers 'll amuse her. an' she 'll have a

chance to stay at home an' discuss public questions. She 's already arranged to have the clubs meet there.

Yas; we 've got it arranged about the biddin' at the sale. The only person that ain't to be overreached is pore Mary Blanks herself. She intends to bid in sech things ez she 'll need for a hotel,—tin wash-sets an' thick dishes—for use in argument—an' a few sech suitable things. But what am I tellin' you for? Did n't I see yore hand-write on the subscription list? Can't fool me ef you did sign "Incog." That 's too much like the language of prescriptions to be much of a disguise for a doctor, anyway. Yas; an' I 'm glad you could see yore way to put down so much. No; Sally Ann would n't sign. She said she 'd stand by her Aunt Mame in private, an' I reckon likely she will—in little things like the cut glass an' casters. You know, she says she 'll let her aunt buy 'em back at what she gives for 'em any time. She 's good-hearted enough, ef she only knowed how to do. Yas; she 's offered to keep the pair o' peafowls, too—to keep 'em for their feed an' increase. Mary Blanks she won't sell 'em thess on account o' pore John buyin' 'em. Sally Ann is so took up with the idee o' seein' peacocks strut around that cupalow she 's buildin' thet she 'd pay 'most anything for 'em ef it was necessary. As to the increase, I doubt ef they 'll do more for her 'n they 've done for Mary. She says she thinks little Teddy 'll be tickled to watch the he one spread his fan an' strut, an' likely he will.

I never admired anything ez vainglorious ez a peacock, myself. I could set for hours, though, an' hold one o' their tail-feathers in my hand, thess a-lookin' it in the eye with delight. They 're cert'n'y wonderful. But, of co'se, my mind would be on God, an' not on the peacock. A single feather like that would be answer enough for me to all the infidels in the world, ef they was n't answered at every turn. But, somehow, the burnishin' of a bird's wing is sech a grachuitous exhibition of lovin' thought an' divine power thet I take p'tic'lar pleasure in it.

The red of a robin's breast has claired a troubled sky for me more 'n oncet, doctor. I ricollect one day, years ago, when Sonny was a little mite, an' he was sick, an' we could n't indooce him to take no medicine, an' you was called away, an' I come out

here in desperation, an' thess ez I stepped out I happened to hear a chirp right above my head, an' I looked up into that tree an' I see a father robin, his breast a-shinin' in the sun like copper afire. It was like a mericle, it was so lustrous. Well, after the first surprise, seemed like the only thing I saw was God, an' I thess lifted my eyes clair upward, an', doctor, ef God the Father did n't smile at me from the blue spot there between them branches, an' let me know thet I had no occasion to worry, why, I 'm not here to-day. I looked thess a minute, an' then I turned back into the house, an' my heart was at peace. No; I did n't tell wife about the robin,—she might 'a' thought that fantastic,—but I told her I 'd been comforted, an' thet God's everlastin' arms was right under us all, an' that we was actin' more scandalous in our Father's house than that pore little sick baby was in his, resistin' us in fear an' ignorance.

An' then I patted her shoulder, an' her face claired off, an' she remembered a kind o' spiced preserves thet Sonny liked, an' she went an' fixed up the medicine in it, an' fetched it in to the boy; an' when you dropped in that night you said she might take off her clo'es an' git some sleep. She had n't undressed for four nights. Now, ef I had n't saw God's love th'ough the robin an' fetched the joy of it in to her, she 'd never 'a' thought o' preserves on earth. No; cert'n'y I did n't mention the robin to you, an' you a busy doctor. Of co'se not. Besides, I was n't ez free-spoken about sech things them days ez I am in my old age. I 've often thought sence then, doctor, thet nearly all our worries come from mistrust, or forgetfulness, ef we only knowed it.

Did you ever take notice to the little child'en at a house of bereavement, when the father or mother is took away, an' maybe the props knocked from everything, how they thess walk around with company manners an' unconcern? They may be mystified, but they ain't never uneasy. Well, they 're always a lesson to me. No matter what the calamity is, the little ones seem to know they 're in their father's house, an' they don't never question. The grown folks thet have been instructed in faith an' ought to know better, why, they 're scared all but to death. You see, the child'en they 've got the right of it. They 're always took care of, an' so are we. Now,

don't it seem to you thet, no matter what comes, we ought to feel thet the earth is our Father's house, an' thet we won't be forgot in it?

What's that you say? Yas, that's true. My mother-in-law she did show that child-like faith when her troubles come—an' thess ca'mly packed up an' come to live with us, which was right enough, though it was disconcertin' for a while. For ten years she stayed with us in peace and harmony; but she had to be disciplined before I got things fixed. Not thet they was anything I could put my finger on, exactly; but I know I soon found I was losin' my relish for her, an' I knowed that would n't never do, an' so I straightened things out. She was ez pure gold in character ez she was deef an' aggervatin' in little things. These over-industrious women is ap' to be too rigorous. She? Why, she's left more patchwork, an' linen she's wove, an' sampler-work, than any two women I ever saw. Yas; Mary Elizabeth's got four samplers made by four grandmothers o' the child'en—three already bestowed, an' I don't doubt the fourth 'll be claimed in time. I like 'em to have sech ez that. It's stren'thenin' to character. Oh, yas, they'll have a little handed-down jewelry, too. I don't mind that. I like it. Why, I've bought the 'little girls a finger-ring apiece, with purty blue an' red sets in 'em, to put on when they're dressed up—not too big an' expensive-lookin'; thess modest little stones to shine th'ough their little mittens, lady-like an' sweet. I never like to see a woman's jewelry outflash her eyes.

Yas, I want our little girls to like dress an' fixin's enough to be properly set off when they're grown up. 'Most anything carried to an extreme becomes pernicious. You know Sally Ann claims that jewelry in a bureau drawer is goin' to waste, an' that's why she wears them green emeral's with her crape. Even what I said about hoadin' money can't be took too literal. Of co'se we all need to keep a little money piled up somewheres to draw on in an emergency—a little more 'n we're likely to need, too. Every child on the place here's got his little savin's-bank, but I always see to it thet the money stands for some p'tic'lar thing, not thess for pössession of money. One he's savin' for the mules he'll need to work his piece o' land by an' by, an' another for somethin' else. The second

boy he don't never carry hisn very far. He buys books mostly, an' electricity fixin's. Yas; he put up that door-bell, an' it rings, too—rings ef it's teched. Oh, yas; I s'pose I like it, but I don't, really. I like the different knocks I've known for years, thess a knuckle or a walkin'-cane or umbrella, or maybe a latch rattle, the way you always done. It's almost ez bad ez livin' in a city to haf to open yore front door an' not know who's there.

Ef I'm inside when it rings, I clair my th'ot befo' I know it—then I'm mad because I've been frustrated. Instantaneous preparation to meet anybody, from a preacher to a peddler, well—

What's that? Why, no, I never bother about what they spend their money for. Sometimes they waste it on trifles, but that's better 'n their bein' bossed in everything. Little Marthy, now, she's savin' for a "secret"; an' likely enough it's for some finery got up for old men, an' I'll have to wear it on my head or neck, somehow. I always suspicion their secrets. Yas, I reckon the second boy 'll go to college. All his tastes run that a-way. Sonny's able to send him, too, ef he'll be satisfied to go an' live with prudence. In my opinion, no boy ought to be able to live in college without prudence. It's ruination. No; I suppose ef he goes to college he won't want no land, an' it won't cost any more to educate him 'n what it will to give the others a start. I never used to like the way a college education seemed to give a man a distaste for the plow. Seemed like they went an' learned to know better. But Sonny says that ain't so. An' he claims thet the man thet writes a song for men to plow by does more for the cultivation o' the soil than ef he was triplets plowin' with discontent. An' I can see how it's true, although the writin' of songs seems like a child's play for an able-bodied man. Of co'se when a man goes away to college, why, he gits a chance to see things from a distance; an' ef he can look over the plowman's head an' discern blessin's hid from the face turned to the ground, an' weave 'em into a song thet 'll make the singer lift up his eyes an' listen oncet in a while, why, I say God bless him, let him do nothin' but make up songs for the toilers, an' I believe the Lord o' the harvest 'll give him credit for days' work, too.

Yas; Sonny has writ a hoeman's song,

an' Jim Peters he's set it to music, an' they say some o' the young men whistles it an' dresses by it in the mornin' when they git up to go in the fields. But Sonny's song ain't got no p'tic'lar religious word in it. It's got consid'ble love hints runnin' along half hid th'ough it, an' a swing to it thess exac'ly like a lively hoe motion. I declare, in some o' the verses you can acchilly seem to see the corn growin' an' smell the ground. Last Saturday week the black fellers come up an' serenaded us, an' they sung it all,—four parts with a hoe-fling chorus,—an' I tell you it ain't ca'culated to make young folks live indoors—not whilst they're young, anyway.

Yas, they's life an' happiness a-plenty in cheerful labor in the open fields, an' a mighty slim chance for the doctor. Why,

they's even wealth in it ef it's lived right; not riches, maybe, but wealth.

You need n't laugh, doctor; I mean what I say.

Why, the way I read Scripture, it seems to me we're given to understand thet heaven is a home of wealth. "Many mansions" sounds that a-way, I'm shore; an' golden streets shows thet they won't anything be considered too good for use. An' sometimes I've thought thet maybe it meant to give us to understand thet simple riches—like gold—was to be trod underfoot. An' all the Revelational jewels, why, they seem to be set either in the walls or doors or somewhere, not let loose in piles, to be swapped or squabbled over. No riches to possess, but thess wealth to enjoy.

## TOPICS OF THE TIME

### The Restored White House

**I**T being absolutely necessary to adapt the residence and offices of the President of the United States to increased executive and social demands, it is our national good fortune that the work was accomplished at a time when the arts of architecture and decoration in America, having passed through phases various, had at last arrived at a period when the work could be done not only with the highest structural skill, but also in a thoroughly sympathetic spirit. Previous and slighter alterations showed either that the time was in general unpropitious, or that the wrong talent had been employed. But that the native tastes and especial training of Mr. McKim—and, it may be added, of Mr. Glenn Brown, his local coadjutor—all tended in the direction of fitness of equipment for the important work to be undertaken must be acknowledged by every competent critic in America.

There was good fortune, also, in the presence in Congress of the late Senator McMillan, and of others who, like him,

were naturally receptive toward right suggestions from competent architects. The part taken by the writer of our article himself, Mr. Charles Moore, should be particularly mentioned at this time, when Mr. Moore is passing from his public position into a highly responsible business connection elsewhere. In any complete record of the adoption of the plans for the new city of Washington,<sup>1</sup> as well as for the restored White House, a more extended acknowledgment than this we are now making must be given to the intelligent comprehension and quiet and effective influence of the Clerk of the Senate Committee on the District of Columbia.

Most important of all was the very obvious good fortune of the presence in the White House of an executive who respected its tradition and individuality, and, very especially, of the lady whose portrait accompanies the article, and whose good sense, judgment, and taste have been valuable elements in the achievement of a highly satisfactory result. It is the testimony of all who are familiar with the matter that her personal influence has always favored

<sup>1</sup> See Mr. Moore's articles on "The Improvement of Washington City" in *THE CENTURY* for February and March, 1902.



the demands of permanent needs rather than of present and individual convenience; so that right feeling, no less than refinement of selection, has been the rule in this admirable refashioning of the "President's House."

### Shocks to National Pride

EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND, in a recent public address at Philadelphia, referred to the American vice of "national vanity," the general conviction among our people that, no matter what may go wrong with us for a time, things in the end will be sure to come out right, and that meanwhile it is not worth while to make any great ado about evils that are not likely to prove fatal. He thought that our very success in overcoming difficulties had ingrafted such over-confidence upon the American character. He confessed to his own share of this optimistic sentiment,—with regard to public affairs, pleading guilty indeed to be chief among such sinners,—but he pointed out the dangers of a too convinced optimism.

This failing was ludicrously apparent to our European critics when the nation was young and felt its own future with a sometimes bouncing boastfulness. It has, however, been supposed that we were rather less given to self-vaunting now that such advertisement has become quite superfluous, through our astounding growth and entirely obvious and, to the Old World, sometimes menacing prosperity. Yet down in the heart of all Americans may be said to lie dormant a sense of national superiority, as to our governmental system and our actual condition, that needs only slight excitation to make it vocal.

And no wonder, when we consider the physical and political advantages of our territory and citizenship. Yet the feeling of self-confidence, of self-gratulation, ought to be just lively enough to keep us hopeful and active, and, of course, not so vivid as to make us insensible to threatened dangers. Vanity and self-satisfaction tend to interfere with the education of both individuals and nations. When self-appreciation means self-respect and wholesome pride it is a good thing; it is an excessively bad thing if it makes us loath to acknowledge the ills that must be cured, the dangers that must be averted.

The evil and danger that President Cleveland had, at the time, in mind was the condition of the mass of insufficiently trained colored people in the midst of our white populations; and his desire was to arouse the community to an interest in the movement for the education of these people in a way that would help them to profitable employment and useful citizenship.

The enormous delicacies and difficulties of the so-called "colored question" point to great dangers, unless this question is humanely and wisely dealt with; and the same may be said as to the "labor question." But the evil that ought at the present time to stir the American people perhaps more deeply than any other, that ought to take the conceit out of the boastful, and set the entire honest sentiment of the country actively at work in the line of cure, is the political corruption that shows itself in various forms in various parts of the country.

It might be well to inquire if those who are inclined to learn nothing from abroad, and are prone to boast American superiority in all things whatever over all the nations of the earth, can find in the recent history of any of the greatest of the European nations as numerous examples of wholesale corruption in city governments as we have had the shame to witness in this country during the past year. At one time recently the decent citizens of at least three American cities were engaged in sending to the State prison or into panic-stricken exile a large proportion of the leading officials of their respective communities. At the same period one of the oldest, most renowned, and socially most conservative of our Eastern cities had fallen into the hands of a group of corruptionists who squandered its franchises unblushingly and with little risk, apparently, of ending their careers behind prison bars. Meantime, our great world-city of New York had only just rescued itself, by a tremendous effort, from a gang of ruffians such as in modern times never dominated any large European community, with the possibility of slipping again into their clutches at the end of a two years' mayoralty term.

So much for our municipal failures. Looking at the politics of our States themselves, we find such a condition of affairs in one of the oldest States in the Union as we have recently referred to in these col-

umns, but which Mr. George Kennan, of Siberian fame, has more minutely described in the "Outlook" with characteristic precision and fearlessness. Mr. Kennan's story of the way a large part of the population of a sovereign State has been demoralized reminds us of Mr. Clarence C. Buel's account, in these pages, of the condition to which a large part of Louisiana had been brought just before the men of honor in that commonwealth rose up in their wrath and drove the lottery from their doors forever. But Mr. Kennan's story, though new in detail, was not new in substance. Several years ago Mr. Edward P. Clark<sup>1</sup> had published to the world the humiliating story of Delaware; from year to year every newspaper in the country hinted at or clearly told the dreadful tale; and still the evil grew till women urged their husbands to pluck the fruit of corruption, and men once honorable learned the easy lesson of bribe-taking, bribe-giving, and demoralized acquiescence in wholesale bribery.

It is the popular habit to attack the Senate of the United States with general condemnation. This is misleading. An honest man, who knows the Senate intimately in all its workings, the other day said of it that any such sweeping attack had the inexactness of caricature, the fact being that the Senate contains a group of well-equipped and disinterested public men who have become "experts" in governmental questions, and who get through in the course of the year "an immense amount of useful public business."

There is much truth in this. But the other thing is true also, that State after State, and some of our oldest States, are represented by men whom it is a loss of reputation to associate with intimately; who got their seats by "corrupt practices" of one kind or another; and whose presence in the Senate is an advertisement of the low tone of the State "machines" and legislatures, through whose corrupt management, or virtual purchase, they obtained their "honorable" seats. And a low-toned senator or representative means, as a rule, a low class of federal appointments in the States or districts thus represented; for it is a part of the miserable situation that every

means is taken to deceive the appointing powers as to the real character of those recommended by corruptionists to office.

We are fully aware that the delvers in American history are able to unearth an immense amount of similar political unscrupulousness on the part of our forefathers, in the times we rightly regard as heroic; all the tricks of corruption were not discovered by their descendants. We understand, also, that the full glare of publicity which evil things enjoy in the modern world tends to confuse historical comparisons. We further recognize that there are other and serious evils in foreign conditions that are not inherent in our institutions, and that there may be more "covering up" on the other side of the water. We, moreover, welcome all the consolation that may be derived from the fact that much of our present knowledge of our own evils comes through the advertising given to political crime in our day owing to the very efforts made by honest sentiment and heroic energy in the correction of the abuse and the overcoming of the evil.

So may it be; but, nevertheless, the evils will *not* be overcome until they are thoroughly acknowledged and understood; until they are plainly denounced; until no man excuses himself from the utmost effort toward stamping out corruption by the idle plea that "things will get better after they get worse," and that in America everything is "sure to come out right in the end." Yes; but what are *you* doing to make it come out right?

### The Genial in Literature

JOSEPH JEFFERSON is fond of preaching the desirability of the genial in art. He thinks it is the salt of literature and of the stage. He makes a very good showing for the survival of genial books and genial plays; and he is himself the most distinguished object-lesson in the theatrical world of the continuous success of geniality. The meanings of the term evidently in view by Mr. Jefferson are such as the following:

Giving spirit or life; enlivening; warming; comforting; contributing to life and cheerfulness; supporting life.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Clark, whose recent death is mourned, was one of the ablest and best-informed journalists of America. His reputation was rather professional than popular, for he was a type of the quiet, anonymous, expert workers who give character and tone to our better journals. He was a man of moral ideals and profound patriotism.

Of a social spirit; cordial in disposition and manner; kindly; sympathetically cheerful.

It is true that humanity has also an appetite for the tragic, though there should be a touch of geniality in this for the highest popularity; and it is true that even the harsh is not without audience and acceptance. But in the rush and strain of modern life is the distinctly genial especially valued. The romantic has been of late warmly welcomed, by contrast to straining modern conditions, but the genial seems just now, in America, to be living up promisingly to Mr. Jefferson's claims for it.

The success in recent years of "David Harum" proves this, and of Mr. Bachelor's books, and of Ruth McEnery Stuart's

stories, and of Kate Douglas Wiggin's books, which are in demand year after year, as if acknowledged to be one of the necessities of cheerful living. And now comes Alice Hegan Rice, with "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Lovey Mary," and straightway it would seem as if the genial were the one thing the public could not get enough of.

It is pleasant to think of the tired American seeking even brief and fleeting vacations from the stress of the chase after financial "betterment" in books that have in them so cheerful a philosophy of life. It is by such means that the inevitable "troubles and tribs" of this existence are reduced to a minimum. It was Mrs. Wiggs, it will be remembered, who never "applied superlatives to misfortune."



#### An Interesting Step Forward in Art

THE MUSEUM AT FENWAY COURT, BOSTON

THE recent opening of the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum in the Fenway, at Boston, was an event of exceptional significance. Indeed, in certain aspects it may be termed one of the most important occasions in the fine arts that has yet taken place in the new century. The collection itself is of rare quality, but the great value of the event lies in the fact that it means a long step forward in the display of objects of art with a due regard for their interrelations and for their individual and collective effect. The growth and extension of the world's great galleries of art are always visible. The magnificent new part of the Metropolitan Museum in New York has just been opened. The Boston Museum of Fine Arts has in contemplation a new housing of its collections upon a monumental site that has extraordinary opportunities for architectural effect. The scheme for a great acropolis of the fine arts at Brussels, just determined upon, has a scope and magnitude that will place the Belgian capital in the first rank among the world's art centers. These things, however, are in the regular order of progress; but at Fenway Court we have something that means a new departure.

It seems unnatural that the impressions

produced by the collections assembled in public galleries of art should be distinctively artistic. It is much like saying that the effect of a symphony concert is unmusical. Yet the former is almost inevitably the case. When a large number of works of art are brought together in the ordinary way, however beautiful each individual thing may be in and of itself, the total impression is unbeautiful. Beauty in the parts does not result in the beautiful whole that it should. The general effect is rather that of incoherence. Hence the visitor who wanders through the halls of a large museum of art is distracted, confused, 'jaded, by the constantly changing succession of impressions that he receives—impressions in which things artistic in themselves interact conflictingly, discordantly, by reason of their diverse nature and the multiplicity of uncoordinated sensations that they arouse. At the very base of the esthetic emotions produced by a work of art lies the sense of harmony derived from a proper balance of parts, from grace of line, from relative emphasis in mass, from due accentuation, from pleasing interactions of tone and color. But when regarded as parts of a larger whole, the works of art that make up a large public collection do violence more or less to all these considerations. The delight received from individual works in such collections is largely nullified by the confusion of

impressions made by the totality. One can truly enjoy the works of art contained in an institution of the kind only by subjecting himself for the time being solely to the influence of this or that object, and excluding, as best he may, the distracting influences that proceed from neighboring works.

The problem to which the founder of the museum in the Fenway has addressed herself, and which, by universal consent, she has solved in unexampled completeness, has been that of making of the institution as a whole a work of art worthily expressing each individual unit that enters into its composition and from which it is harmoniously developed. All true lovers of art have long realized the radical deficiency that, by very reason of organization, marks our great galleries of art. From the nature of the case these conditions have seemed hopelessly irremediable. Here, for the first time, the attempt has been made to give an organic unity, fundamentally artistic, to an important collection. The result is a genuine achievement. It may be compared to the effect produced by a garden in which the beauty of a well-considered design is developed from the individual charms of flowers, shrubs, turf, and trees—beautiful elements wrought into a beautiful ensemble. The fundamental law of beauty is heeded; each object is given the most fitting setting possible, the most fitting environment, the most fitting relation to other objects. Hence beauty in the parts is followed, as it should be, by beauty in the whole.

It is gratifying that this remarkable step forward should have been made on this side of the Atlantic. May we not regard it as one of the tokens prophetic of the day, remote though it yet may be, when this prosperous country of ours shall assume a primacy in the fine arts like that which it is now taking in the realm of industry? In the English press there has been much lamentation that so many treasures of art should nowadays be going across the ocean to enter into such collections as that formed by Mrs. Gardner. The fact that such works were removed from their wonted environment of old family associations has been deemed one of the most poignant features of their loss, and the sentiment seemed to be much as if they were doomed to exile in a savage wilderness. But, once a Titian, a Correggio, or a Crivelli has been removed from its original environment in Italy, is it not just as much at home on the borders of the Boston Fens as in a ducal palace or a baronial hall in England? Is its message not as directly addressed here as there?

There is one particular respect in which the remarkable collection at Fenway Court speaks a moral for the American people. As a nation we plume ourselves upon our intelligence, as we do upon our remarkable prosperity and our free institutions of popular government. But for true intelligence is it not essential that we as a people should be cultivated in all possible ways—in the best appreciation of the fine arts, as in literature, in science, and in industrial achievement? Now against our development in the fine arts, against the rounding out of that side of our nature, we have set the barrier of a tariff truly barbarous in its inhibitive provisions. It acts in most powerful discouragement against bringing to this country objects of art that would delight, educate, and enlighten the American people—things that persons of wealth would import in rich measure were penalties not imposed against their so doing. This feature of the tariff does not even have the merit of being protective, for these things do not in the least come into competition with the products of American art or handicraft. They simply yield to a plethoric treasury a little revenue that the country could much better afford to go without. No other civilized nation is so stupidly blind to its own interests. An impressive commentary upon the folly of it is that these treasures in Fenway Court, which people come to see from all over the world, might have been something like one half as large again but for a tariff that extorted from their owner enormous percentages of their original cost. To the museum proper belong only a comparatively few works. These were imported free of duty after the incorporation of the museum as an institution of art, in consequence of the determination of its founder to permit the public to share the enjoyment of her treasures. But these few works are all that the public may behold by right of such incorporation. The very numerous remaining examples, upon which such tremendous duties have been paid, belong personally to the founder, and it is only by virtue of her gracious consent, her genuine public spirit, that the public enjoys the sight of them.

*Sylvester Baxter.*

#### AN ANNOUNCEMENT

THE CENTURY has the pleasure of announcing that it expects to publish later a carefully prepared appreciation of Fenway Court and its collections, with adequate illustrations.

EDITOR.



# IN LIGHTER VEIN

## Ye Gentll Knighte

HE drew his rapier from its sheath,  
This knight of old romance;  
His lady wore a lily wreath—  
And something more, perchance.

"Oh, haste thee now, beloved, haste!"  
Her tears were as the dew.  
"For we must pass the fearsome waste  
While cruel foes pursue."

Anon she tore her golden hair,  
Anon she laughed in glee.  
In truth, the maid was strangely fair,  
And fairly strange was she.

The brave knight kept his keen blade drawn,  
Though not a foe was nigh;  
But Indian bands, Moors, Turks, drew on  
While yet the moon was high.

With nonchalance how debonair  
They rout the villains, while  
The knight wears still his knightly air,  
The damsel wears a smile!

For months these guileless children roam  
O'er mountain, plain, and glen—  
Far from the sweet delights of home,  
From manicures and men.

Yet brighter than the harvest moon  
His armor shone unscarred;  
Her snowy gown, her silken shoon,  
Nor spot nor blemish marred.

'T is not in our distempered dreams  
We meet these lovers gay;  
'T is where the page with history teems  
In a novel of to-day!

*Ada Foster Murray.*

## Palmistry

THE pretty palmist speaks to me  
In soft, melodious minor key;  
A willing captive, 'twixt her two,  
My outstretched hand presents to view  
Its telltale map of hopes and fears,  
A zigzag record of the years—  
Which she, with wisdom past my ken,  
Reads like the common script of men.  
"You have not loved," she cries. "Ah, no,"  
I answer; "but the line may grow."  
In sweet confusion she replies:  
"I read the hand and not the eyes."

*Charles Eugene Banks.*

## Ashes of Roses

YOU were fair as a handful of splendid roses  
When first I met you; and now you discover  
Me here at your shrine again, in the old poses,  
Thirty years later—which merely discloses  
Ashes of roses are sweet the world over.

*Madeline Bridges.*

## A Po'try Note to James Whitcomb Riley

THAR 's suthin' sez to me to-night,  
"Sit down an' write to Riley";  
Fer he 's the feller fotchted the tears,  
Yet made me kinder smiley.

I wish you 'd tell me how you knowed  
I hed a Marthy Ellen,  
An' how she used to sing like fun,  
An' be a boss at spellin'.

I reckon, too, you must hev hed  
Aroun' your daddy's medder  
Jist sich a fence ez we sot on,  
The time I thought I hed her.

The dandelines seemed yallerer then  
Than I hev seed 'em sence;  
In my experience uv forty years,  
I 've knowed no safter fence.

An' how 'd you know so much about  
The birds an' leetle ups  
An' downs uv nater's purty things?  
I 'll bet your dog hed pups!

You hain't said nothin' about 'em, but  
No feller 's hed your time  
That did n't hev his fun with pups  
An' hev his hat chawed fine.

What gits me more 'n anythin' else,  
An' allus makes me sniffle,  
Is 'bout that dear ole aunt of yourn;  
That 's whar you shoots the riffle

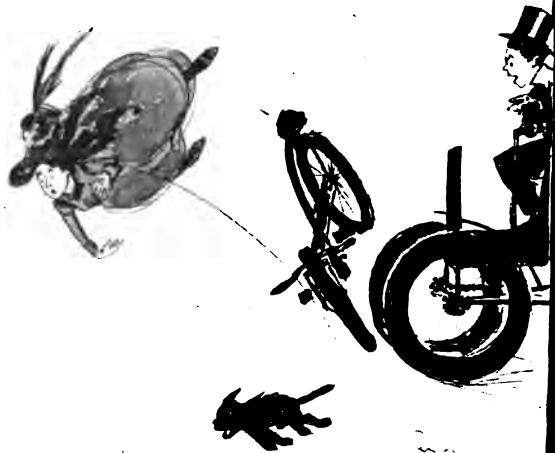
With your stout raft of hum-cut logs,  
An' gits into the eddy  
Whar ev'ry right man lives the most—  
In ole times, good an' steady.

I hed an' ole aunt, jist like yourn,  
Ez lovin', kind, an' smiley;  
I 'll tell you 'bout her—I jist can't,  
But—but—God bless you, Riley.

*Charles McIlvaine.*

# The Girl and the Automobile

AUTOMOBILE,  
FIFTH AVENUE:  
GIRL ON WHEEL:  
SCREAM OR TWO.



MAN JUMPS DOWN,  
GIRL VERY MAD:  
WEDDING UP-TOWN,  
GIRL VERY GLAD.



## Chetah

My first morning in the blue-grass region as the guest of father's old friend, Colonel Bedford, was a nearly perfect one, and I was early astir to get a glimpse of the country in nature's reputed paradise.

As I ventured upon the veranda of the "old Kaintucky home," I found my white-haired host walking up and down in a fever of rage. The moment his eyes fell upon me he began to unburden himself:

"Majah Blivens is a bawn fool, suh, a bawn fool; that 's what he is! Offe'd me five hund'ed dollahs foh my little Chetah! Bless Gawd, I believe the man 's addled, yes, I do, suh! Come ridin' by heah just now, an' says to me: 'Cunnel Bedfahd, I 'll give you five hund'ed dollahs foh that two-yeah-old Whulwind-Ticklefoot filly.'

"I laughed in his face, suh, that 's what I did! Then I got mad, an' I said to Majah Blivens: 'Suh, am I a pawpah? Am I pinched foh a measly little five hund'ed dollahs? Why, you ought to know bettah, majah! Five hund'ed dollahs would n' buy the gloss on Chetah's skin, suh! No, suh; I 'll not sell my daughtah, an' I 'll not sell Chetah!' Majah Blivens could n' look me in the eye, suh, an' rode away with his chin a-hangin' on his bosom.

"Why, suh, I 'd nevah dayuh to show my face at home again if I sold little Chetah! That filly 's been raised heah on this lawn, an' coddled by my wife an' child'en, an' she 's one of 'em. Yes, suh, Chetah 's one of my family; an' I think Majah Blivens was guilty of a most outlandish insult, that 's what he was.

"My wife loves that filly 's if she was the only hoss in the whole blue-grass region. Eve'y mawnin' Mahy goes out an' feeds Chetah a han'ful of sugah, an' then the puss 'll follow huh all ovah the fawm, happy as a kitten when Mahy rubs huh nose uh pats huh neck.

"Five hund'ed dollahs, indeed!" the colonel continued, his anger having somewhat abated. "Why, Chetah won twice that in huh fus race, undah a pull, suh. Mahy was hop-scochin' mad when I odahed niggah Tom to put the filly in trainin'. We had hahd wuds, an' things was mighty squally foh a time. But I had my way, suh, as I always do," the colonel went on, lowering his voice and glancing apprehensively toward the open door.

"But the trainin' went on, an' at last the day foh the race had come. No bettah blood evah entahd foh a five-eighths dash. Theah was Black Sam by Bonnie Scotland, Moonshine by Old Distillah, Cyclone by Thundahstawn, an' half a dozen othahs, as fine colts as evah entahd a paddock.

"Mahy was in the gran' stan', an' I noticed a deucedly unpleasant look in huh eyes. She

had asked me again a day uh two befo' to take Chetah out, but I would n' heah to it. But now that the time had actually come, I began to feel mighty uncomfutable. If the filly los' I knew Mahy would have the whip-hand on me fohevah. An' that set me to thinkin' hahd. I thinks I see my way out by puttin' the blind-ahs on Mahy. I knew fum long expeahence that I mus' let Mahy think she had made the final decision. An' so I went up to wheah she was a-sittin' in the gran' stan', and whispe'd: 'Come to think of it, Mahy, I don't believe Chetah 's good enough strain to keep the pace in this crowd. Theah 's mighty fine blood in this company. You know, Chetah's mothah was only a half-sistah to Ashland Belle—not a full sistah, Mahy. Don't you think we 'd bettah pull huh name down befo' she disgraces us?'

"It wo'ked like a chawm!" And the colonel chuckled delightedly as he recalled the success of his little ruse. "Mahy's eyes snapped like fiah as she said: 'No, suh! Chetah's blood 's good as any hoss's blood; let huh go.'

"An' I did let huh go; but befo' the staht Mahy called me up again an' made me solemnly promise one thing—that Tom should n' cahy a whip. If Chetah could win without a lick, all right, but no niggah should touch huh hide with a lash. She was one of the family, an' it would have been a disgrace to say she 'd been whipped by a niggah.

"If Chetah 'd los' that race I think I 'd have quit lickah an' joined the chu'ch. I was so troubled in my mind I could n' beah to watch the runnin'. I just tu'ned my back to the cou'se an' watched Mahy's face. Talk about yoh kinetoscopes an' yoh vitascopes! I saw eve'y phase of that contest f'om beginnin' to end—all in my wife's rapidly changin' expression.

"Now the youngstahs leave the paddock foh the post—that 's what Mahy's face says as she takes down huh glasses for a second. Then I see Mahy sit up an' huh face take on a look of inte'est—"About ready," thinks I. In a minute huh exp'cssion changes to one of anxiety, an' I know theah's trouble about the staht. The next moment theah 's as fine a pictuh of pain as evah I hope to see, an' I suhmise Chetah 's got a bad staht. Then theah 's a dead calm of tense suspense, an' I feel that Chetah must be makin' an effoht to ketch up with the bunch. A pallah ovahspreads Mahy's lovely face, an' I feel I mus' run up an' ketch huh to keep huh f'om fallin'. Face not so pale—"Filly mus' be comin' on," thinks I. A blush o' crimson an' a glad light in my wife's eyes—hoorah foh Chetah! Wife's eyes focused on the bunch o' leapin' squirrels. Wife on feet an' smilin'—"Wish I 'd put anothah hund'ed on that puss!" 'Chetah! Chetah!' an' han's goin' pitapat, an' the han'somest



woman in Kaintucky in teahs, but lookin' as sweet as the day I led huh to the altah!

"But," said the colonel, bowing apologetically, "pawdon me a thousan' times, suh!

Heah I 've been a-blowin' away, an' you 've not had yoh mawnin's mawnin'this mawnin'!"

*Ellsworth Shaww.*



Drawn by E. Warde Blaisdell

#### A SPRING IDYL

FLAT-HUNTERS TO LANDLADY: We like your rooms in many respects, but fear the ceilings are a trifle low.

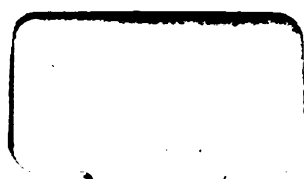






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